









The Ideal Summer Girl.

"Yes, summer is surely over. And the tall, thin, cool brunette—the ideal summer girl—now gives way to the cosey, calefacient blonde."

This is the statement publicly made by our esteemed and honored and usually judicious friend, "Talk of the Day," who from his column in the Boston Journal makes diurnal observations upon men and things. He pretends that the wit and learning which characterize that column are contributed often by others; but we know him too well to believe that. If he calls himself the Earnest Student of Sociology or Old Chimes it is just the same—there is but one of him. By his own confession he has been out of town lately. He sought a place where sweet corn was abundant, and we hope he found it. He seems, however, to have found something else deserving to be called sweet. These philosophical observations must have some basis of personal experience. If the ideal summer girl is "the tall, thin, cool brunette," as he says, are we not to conclude that he has seen one such during his wanderings? For how can we reach the ideal without some comparison of the actual?

The authority of our friend the Talker—if we may call him that—is very great. And yet we venture to dispute this assertion about the tall, thin, cool brunette. Probably he does not mean to imply that the brunette is always tall, thin and cool. There is a glowing type of brunette beauty—the beauty that is distinctively Latin. So nearly all the passionate heroines of fiction have been dark; only now and then some one is bold enough to give us a sandy-haired Jane Eyre. On the other hand, the "cosey, calefacient blonde" has again and again been made the type of the cold-hearted and treacherous. Lady Audley's blue eyes and golden hair must linger in the memory of every reader of the moving tale in which her secret is revealed. Far be it from us to take the ground that every Lady Audley is to be distrusted; nor have we any sympathy with the theory that Lady Macbeth was not the splendid dark creature she is usually pictured, but had red hair—though as she was a Scotswoman this might be natural enough. But we venture to dispute the assumption of Tennyson to the effect that "dark and true and tender" are adjectives necessarily to be associated. The tall, thin, cool brunette may have a heart, or she may not. We simply do not believe that you can argue such a point from the complexion.

There remains, of course, the question, what is the ideal summer girl? Here the Talker is silent. Perhaps she should not have a heart, but simply be a clever (not too clever) and amusing companion, who will neither arouse nor return affection, and from whom one can part with a gentle pang which will be, upon the whole, rather agreeable.

We do not see why the cosey, calefacient blonde is not quite as well adapted for this role, especially if the caloric manufactured be only summer heat. In short, we are inclined to suspect that our friend has been reasoning upon insufficient premises, and that there is no art to read the heart's complexion in that of the face. Whether the ideal summer girl be blonde or brunette—tall and thin or short and stout, rigid in her views of propriety or inclined to dispense with a chaperon—all that is a mere detail. The real question is, as we have said, what is the ideal? or indeed is there one?

Oct 11, 1897

A dainty foot without a shoe or stocking.
A faultless form without a trace of lodice.
Dancing in Drury, with abandon shocking
And scanty skirt, a little bright-eyed goddess.
Her rude spectators coarse applauses mutter,
Her orchestra an organ in extremis;
A rosebud fallen by fortune in the gutter
(A tale of common fortune all my theme is).
Five varied years cut down by the ancient mower;
A courtin' 'Airy comes with hair reverted;
Three feathers in her hat—you'd hardly know her—
A treat, a ring, a blow, a home deserted.
A stolid constable, a muddy river,
The end to which her starved dead baby drove her,
An idly curious crowd, a selfish shiver—
Ring down the curtain, Life's sad farce is over.

The Transcript informed us Oct. 9—a date long to be remembered—that Mr. Rene Bache was told by no less an authority than Prof. Simon Newcomb that "our sun is in motion—together with its dependent planets." Gosh!

"Tennyson was very fond of Americans." That's probably the reason why he was often so outrageously rude to them.

Mrs. Sherwood—generally called "dear Mrs. Sherwood," or is it "that dear, delightful Mrs. Sherwood"?—pours her sloppy and besugared recollections into the New York Times. By some joke they are bottled and sold as "literary." It appears from the Times of Oct. 9 that Mrs. Sherwood knew the son of Judge Pierpont in Rome in 1885. Hear her: "I knew him well, and received at his hands much kindness * * * He was taken with the fever late in the winter and died six weeks after. I happened to come North with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Astor, and at every station Mr. Astor stopped to get telegrams of the state of health of 'Eddy' Pierpont. Alas! When we reached Turin they were fearfully sad."

When you talk steadily to a man about your own business, you are an "egotist." When you listen to him talking steadily about his business you are "very sympathetic," a "whole-souled fellow"—"one of God's own"—that is if you do not yawn.

Mr. Cramp believes that Japan is the "coming naval power," and that it will come soon. This reminds us of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's remark: "Anywhere, as a general rule, Japanese fight only to kill."

Messrs. Gelett Burgess, Oliver Herford and James Jeffrey Roche propose to publish a weekly in New York. Man proposes, and the News Company disposes.

Ah, dear brethren, let us all remember our own foibles and failings, and let us, therefore, swat each other whenever opportunity is offered.

The Listener commented the other day on the names, foreign and native, of the Boston base ball nine. We call his attention respectfully to the following quotation from Camdens "Remains concerning Britain": "In respect of stature I could recite to you other examples, but I will only add this which I have read, that a young Gentleman of the house of Prent, being of tall stature, attending on the Lord Hungerford, Lord Treasurer of England, was among his fellows called Long H, who after, preferred to a good marriage by his Lord, was called H. Long, that name continued to his Posterity, Knights and men of great worship."

No, Miss Eustacia, you need not be ashamed of liking certain poems by Thomas Moore, even if fierce American patriots are slangwhanging him because he once wrote disparagingly of "our institutions." If you wish to have your own opinion bolstered up, quote Mr. W. E. Henley: "None in this century has surpassed him as a writer of light, brilliant and terrifying insolence; while he was a master of cadence, and his songs—as 'Bendemeer's Stream,' as 'At the Mid-Hour of Night,' as 'Doth Not a Meeting,' to name no more—have a rhythmical quality, at once exquisite and simple, for which you may quest in vain among the Minors of today." We do not understand why our fiercest patriots are not more respectful toward Moore; he received £2000 for "Lalla Rookh." Even Mr. Hall Caine, the Manxman with three tales, would be civil to him, if he should meet him in a parlor, or a bank.

Mr. George R. Sims, playwright, novelist, critic, has formed a compa-

ny to manufacture and sell a half a dozen, "the efficacy of which he has tested by personal use." Joeose London paragraphers will now ring the changes on titles of plays, "The Unexpected Heir," "The Wandering Heir," "The Missing Heir," etc., etc.

Newspaper men should remember gratefully the pluck of R. H. Sherard, whose published interview with Mr. Caine—Mr. Hall Caine—was repudiated by the novelist. "He prints a letter declaring that he left the Isle of Man, where he had been Caine's guest, with 18,000 words of a typewritten interview, exclusive of his notes, all of which had been dictated by Caine to a stenographer, and afterwards revised by him." It is so easy for a public man—even in Boston—to be foolish in print, and then to call the reporter a liar. And it is as cowardly and contemptible as it is easy.

Oct 12, 1897

"Have you heard, have you heard what the man of God said to King Gradlon at Is?"
"Do not give yourself up to love; do not give yourself up to passion. After pleasure, sorrow!"

"Who bites the flesh of fish, will be bitten by fish; and he that swallows, will be swallowed."

"And he that drinks and mixes wine, will drink water like a fish; and he that does not know will learn."

There is a popular delusion that no one starves in this enlightened country. Hardly a week, hardly a day passes without evidence to the contrary. Saturday, in New York, a decent Englishman reeled and tumbled over on the sidewalk. "For five days he had had no place to sleep and almost nothing to eat." Food and drink were offered him; after he had satisfied in a measure brute hunger and thirst, "he groped in the air, staring vacantly, and with an idiotic leer." Then he walked away, refusing money, wanting work. This account is not an instance of yellow journalism; it is taken from that staid paper, the Tribune. "He walked away." Suppose he should come to you, Mr. Auger? Would you help him to earn a living? Or would you not give him the address of some vague or red-taped charitable association?

There is a small society in town—a sort of a dining club—at whose meetings, we are told, there is fierce discussion as to who were or are the five—perhaps six greatest men in the world, and whether Shakespeare was, on the whole, greater than Dante. Then there are uneasy mortals who are framing lists of the 10 best poems, the 10 greatest novels, etc. Who are the six worst men you know? Who are the six ugliest women? Three years ago appeared a book entitled "Lives of Twelve Bad Men, Original Studies of Eminent Scoundrels." And who were raised to this proud position? James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell; Sir Edward Kelley, Necromancer; Matthew Hopkins, Witchfinder; Judge Jeffreys, Titus Oates, Fraser, Lord Lovat, Col. Charteris, Libertine; Jonathan Wild, Thief-taker; James MacLaine, the Gentleman Highwayman; George R. Fitzgerald, Fighting Fitzgerald; Walnewright, Poisoner; Edward Kelly, Bushranger.

The Academy (London) of Sept. 25 speaks of E. L. Voynich, the author of "The Gaffly," a new novel which has already excited more than ordinary attention, as "an American writer" and in the course of an extended review uses the word, "Mr." The maiden name of E. L. Voynich was Ethel Boole. She is the daughter of George Boole, the celebrated logician and mathematician, and she was born in London. In the early eighties she studied the piano at the Hochschule, Berlin. She afterward went to Russia, where she became more or less interested in the Nihilistic movement. The Government advised her to leave the country. Returning to London, she became associated with "Stepnlak" in working for reform in Russia. Five years ago she married Mr. Wilfrid Voynich, a Lithuanian political refugee, who escaped from Siberia in 1890. He is now a bibliographer, and he and his wife are employed by the British Museum.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times insists that politics in France are all a matter of tailoring. The man who could "don a brilliant uniform, fly a splendid plume from a glancing helmet, and disappear in a blaze of decorations"—this leads the Pall Mall Gazette to remark "but surely it is incorrect to wear them behind"—"would be Dictator tomorrow." Grévy had a shocking tailor; so did Carnot; Casimir-Perier "resembled a man who likes to wear a blouse, and who is obliged to put on evening dress;" and President Faure is a "homely, sloppily-

dressed kind of body." From which it would appear that the safety of France lies in its hand-me-downs.

A real pleasant time doesn't begin at a party until some one breaks the ice by saying something unfavorable about one who is absent. The guests look for a moment at each other as if in doubt, then all plunge in the hole, and a good time follows.—Atchison Globe.

Let us now add a name to the list of heroes. You read, perhaps, the bald announcement of the disaster to the British ships Thrasher and Lynx; but English newspapers bring fuller accounts. When the main steam-pipe of the Thrasher burst at a pressure of 160 pounds, the stokers were caught in the engine room. "One of them, Stoker Paull, who has subsequently died of his injuries, could, it appears, have escaped scatheless. But the brave fellow refused to save himself without trying to help a mate whose plight was more dangerous than his own. In this heroic endeavor he met with the injuries that cost him his life." It was only the other day that we read in Mr. Hearn's latest book, "Had Yuko been the most beautiful person in Japan, and her people of the highest rank, the meaning of her sacrifice would have been far less intimately felt. In actual life, as a general rule, it is the common, not the uncommon person, who does noble things."

Oct 13, 1897

Mr. Carl Faelten's First Piano Recital in Steinert Hall Last Evening.

Mr. Faelten's program was as follows:

Theme and variations, op. 142. No. 3..... Schubert
Song without words. Op. 19. No. 1..... Schubert
Scherzo. Op. 16. No. 2..... Mendelssohn
Spinning song. Op. 67. No. 4..... Mendelssohn
Sonata Characteristique. Op. 81a..... Beethoven
Im Walde. Op. 86. No. 3..... Heller
Gigue. Op. 81. No. 4..... Heller
Nachtstueck. Op. 23. No. 4..... Schumann
Etudes de Concert. Op. 25. Nos. 1 and 7..... Chopin
Polonaise. No. 2..... Liszt

An eminently respectable program, with the whole of a Beethoven sonata, and without any new piece that might startle or annoy. But as this concert was the first of a series, it may be that Mr. Faelten wished to begin in a reassuring manner, and refrained from experimenting with the audience. It is only fair to say that Heller is a name too little known today in concert-hall or parlor.

And the performance was like unto the program. Mr. Faelten is now a confirmed director of a music school, and the first duty of a director is to play or sing in an eminently respectable manner. A very virtuous, a passionate phraser, a tonal hypnotist might well excite alarm among prudent parents and draw to his class only the hysterical of either sex.

Let me not be misunderstood. I appreciate fully the enduring worth of a capable and patient teacher. The glory of the dazzling virtuoso is comelike, except in the mathematical calculated return of brilliance. His name is not always a certain memory, and a change in arrangement of hair may turn the idol of one season into the reproach of the season that succeeds. But the drudgery of the self-abnegating teacher is repaid by a rich and grateful harvest, and his precepts live and quicken after his own fingers are stiff and clumsy.

As I have intimated, Mr. Faelten's performance was distinguished by earnestness and a sort of grim punctiliousness in carefully thought-out expression rather than by sensuous coloring, irresistible rhythm, or any temperamental display. At times he would show very nimble finger-work, as in the Scherzo by Mendelssohn; and again he would be slovenly in the finale, as at the end of the sonata by Beethoven.

The audience, which filled the hall, gave him a most hearty welcome, and applause was bestowed generously throughout the evening.

Philip Hale.

Calus Gracchus and Livius Drusus were the first who introduced the custom of separating their visitants: Some were admitted into their closets, other taken into the anti-chamber, and some remained in the hall, or the court. So that they had their first, second and third-rate friends; but none of them esteemed as true, being only called friends in course, as we salute strangers with some title of respect. He will find himself much mistaken, who expects to find a friend in a palace, or tries him at a feast: You cannot depend upon men who take their compliment in their turn.

They were standing in Tremont Street, near Temple Place. Young Mr. Smirke gave the little newsboy five cents and took no paper from him. He even patted him on the head and spoke loudly and encouragingly to him, as to a timorous, shivering dog. His generosity was wasted. For Miss Eustacia was looking at street car signs, and she noticed only the fact that someone in the crowd was heavy with musk.

The Earnest Student of Sociology, who is very tired in consequence of watching closely the Luetgert trial, finds relief in considering the case of Gov. Atkinson. "It appears," the Student writes, "that the Governor is the most chivalrous of men, a man of culture, an elder in church and formerly teacher in Sunday School, with a drooping moustache." I am, therefore, not surprised to learn that "if a man dared to tell him Mrs. Atkinson is guilty, he would probably put a bullet in him."

What's this? Do we hear Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden confiding to a reporter that Lady Henry Somerset "has made a mistake"? There was a time—and not long ago—when the Queen could do no wrong. And it may here be said that Lady Henry Somerset takes an eminently practical view of certain problems. Did you ever hear of legislation extinguishing a vice?

Sassifery is discussing the marriage of the Duchess of Hamilton to a "commoner." But in the same paragraph you read that the Duchess is "no longer young."

We received "Q's" latest communication yesterday afternoon, when we were low in spirits on account of the dull and tetric weather. We read it gratefully, on our knees. We know of nothing equal to it in Occidental literature, and we doubt if even the celebrated sixth canto of the Champobhārata contains such a mixture of realism and symbolism.

THE PARABLE OF A TRAMP.

Tramp at Lady's door Medford would you be kind enough to put a tea spoon full of butter on this Brick Lady you astonish me with such a request Tramp that I may get the last taste of butter before I die oh my lovely home has departed Lady you must come in and have a good breakfast

Tramp Noon at Arlinton rings the bell Lady what do you want Tramp a piece of broken broken glass Lady for what purpose Tramp to go over in yon green field and look at myself dyen with starvation in that green field Lady Come in and have a good dinner you will not starve in Arlinton. Tramp to Boy in Lexington is your Mother in yes tell her I want to see her Lady appears have you a boat Lady yes I have would you lend it to me Lady what for Tramp to go out to yon Island I want to die I am homeless the birds of the air has nests the foxes have holes but I have no place to lay My head Lady you will have a good bed to night see this room and bed Tramp oh paradise this is invigoraten to a weary Man good night

The Transcript, enlarging the statement made in this column Monday, that Messrs. Gelett Burgess, Oliver Herford and James Jeffrey Roche will publish a weekly in New York, adds:

"The plan is for Mr. Roche to go over to New York once a week; the three men will dine together, and write and illustrate the paper before any one of them is allowed to take a mouthful."

But will not a cocktail apiece be allowed before work, or not even a glass of cooling beer? Go to!

Yes, Captain Dodd's horses are indeed accomplished, but long ago, Athenaeus tells us, the people of Sybaris were so fond of pleasure that they taught their horses to dance at their feasts to the sound of the flute. Ah, what feasts! For the royal wines of the town ran in great pipes, two miles and more, from the vineyards in the country to the city—a pipe-line that would seem to some a sweeter boon than any line controlled by Standard Oil, or other monopoly. And there were such illustrious citizens as Smindyrides, who, wishing to declare how happily he lived, said that for 20 years he had never seen the sun either rise or set, for he never went to bed till just before the break of day, and always slept till after sunset.

The former glory of New Bedford. Read the article in McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce for the year 1850. In 1842, 71,533 barrels of sperm oil and 51,112 barrels of whale oil entered the port of New Bedford, and even to the port of Boston over 12,000 barrels came. Then there is the famous tribute of Mr. Burke, beginning "Look at the manner in which the New England people carry on the whale fishery."

Oct 14, 97

The Greeks refer the invention of money to Hermodice, the wise wife of the foolish miser-careu Midas.

And did she invent it for a consolation? For this commentator follows Dryden in his version of Chaucer's tale, who claims that the grotesque secret of Midas was betrayed to the world by his wife, whereas others have stated that it was the hair-dresser who whispered the secret to a hole in the ground, but the wind carried it to the sipping reeds.

And there are many ingenious explanations of this story, which, in slightly varied form is found in the folklore of many countries. And certain sages declare this legend to be a sun-myth.

In a Mongol version no one knew that the King had the ears of an ass, for the young man who combed the King's hair with a golden comb lived only for the operation; he was killed when the toilet was over; until one day fellow won the heart of the King and prevailed upon him to wear a cap of the shape of the ears of an ass, and the people liked this cap so much they also wore the new-fangled head-gear. There is biting irony in this simple tale—irony that bites in republic as well as monarchy.

We are inclined to believe that Herodotus knew the secret of her silly husband. No doubt he showed her his ears, and asked, perhaps, for sympathy, or perhaps he was in his heart proud of them. And she then invented money. Many like unto her are alive today. They accept the ears of husbands when they are gilded.

The death of Dr. Stroeber on Mount Ararat will confirm the Armenians in the old belief—still held, so travelers say—that the summit of this mountain is inaccessible and that no one has visited it since Noah, although Parrot ascended the mountain in 1829. The ark was to be seen there for a long time after Noah with his family left it. Berossus assures us that several of the inhabitants thereabouts scraped the pitch off the planks and carried it about them for an amulet; and Abydenus knew persons who used the wood of the vessel against many diseases with surprising success.

The Brown collection of scores and music literature in the Boston Public Library will now be of more practical value than even it was before. Mr. Brown proposes through the season early each week to put the scores of the works to be performed at the next Symphony concert on a table where they can be examined by all that are so disposed. Now that the room of this extremely valuable collection is open to the reading public, the leading music papers of France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, England and the United States will soon be found on file. The cataloging of the collection—an extremely laborious and perplexing task—is nearing completion, and we understand the book will be ready for publication in about three months. The generosity of Mr. Brown toward the city will then seem the more incredible.

H. C. writes: "I noticed not long ago that in your account of the quarrel of the two young 'society gentlemen' of Louisville over a young lady you stated 'Instead of using old family shotguns and plunking each other they fought four rounds with bare knuckles.' Now, I wish to make an inquiry about the word 'plunking.' Do you regard it as a slang word? I remember when a boy of my father's in snowballing and of hearing and using the expression 'plunked into him.' In Worcester's Dictionary I find the definition of plunked as 'a kind of a blue color.' Now, as effect follows cause, does not that express the effect of getting a 'plunking' even with the bare knuckles? Both of the 'young society gentlemen' would probably look blue and feel blue after their fistful encounter."

We have a great respect for the word "plunk," nor do we shudder at the thought that it may be slang, for we love what Mr. Charles Whitley calls "the leapers and footpads of speech which inspire the grammarian with horror." As H. C. says, "plunked" is "a bit of blue color." The word this time is in Bailey's Dictionary, and has therefore a respectable age. But a still older word, we believe, is "plunket" a coarse woolen cloth." In New York and other States, "plunk," the noun, is a dollar, but we prefer the term "bone," especially when we are in genteel society. "To plunk into" is to jump into, to decamp hastily from one place to another, and now we are growing warm. You will find on page 24 of "Dialect Notes" (Boston, 1900) that Prof. Frost (the name is auspicious) of Russellville, Ky., a collector of local peculiar words, remarks "One may 'knock,' 'pop,' 'plug,' 'plunk,' or 'pomp' the 'muller' (middle marble) from 'taw.'" Inasmuch as the fight was at Louisville we maintain the verb "plunk" to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, to quote Bartolph. Plunked, that is, when a man is, as they say, plunked; or when a man is being—whereby—he may be thought to be plunked; which is an excellent thing.

Is there aught visible, tangible, measurable, that has never been mixed with sentimentality?—atoms that have never vibrated to pleasure or to pain?—air that has never been cry or speech?—dust that has never been a tear? Assuredly this dust hath felt. It has been everything we know; also much that we cannot know. * * * For what is dust? "Remember, Dust, thou hast been Sun, and Sun thou shalt become again! Thou hast been Light, Life, Love;—and into all these, by ceaseless cosmic magic, thou shalt many times be turned again!"

Thus may you console yourself when you are gagged and blinded in this wind-swept dirty town. Do not fume and spit, physically uncomfortable, in fear of microbes. The dust that tastes so vilely may have been a lip that you once would fain have pressed. Or you may be strangled by a fragment of a metamorphosed, formerly admired star.

Miss Evangelina Cosío y Cisneros—we are not cock sure of her name—is now in New York. Will she appear first in vaudeville or melodrama?

Recipes for olla podrida as it is served in Spain are going the rounds of the newspapers. According to Mr. Beatty-Kingston a puchero is "a still worse conglomerate of nastiness."

Our old friend James Howel, Esq., recommended in 1630 a cook to the Lady Cor. "He can Marinade Fish, and Jellies, he is excellent for a Pickant Sauce and the Haugou; besides Madam, he is passing good for an olla. He will tell your Ladyship, that the reverend Matron the olla podrida hath Intellectuals and senses; Mutton, Beef, and Bacon, are to her, as the Will, Understanding, and Memory are to the Soul; Cabbage, Turnips, Artichokes, Potatoes, and Dates are her five Senses, and Pepper the Common Sense; she must have Marrow to keep life in her, and some Birds to make her light, by all means she must go adorn'd with Chains of Sausages."

This reminds us that neither the apparition of the first spring flower nor that of the first snow-flake excites such household attention as the appearance of the first water-bug in a new and genteel flat, with exposed plumbing and other approved signs of conventional civilization. Even the neatly worked motto, "God Bless Our Home," swings uneasily from its nail.

It was only the other day that a Judge—not a Daniel, but just a plain, ordinary Judge—declared from the bench that mustard is not food. Perhaps the English species is not food; but the stuff that is smeared on Swiss cheese and bread in a beer-hall certainly is food. We know men who practically live on this mustard—with beer. They order cheese against their will, merely as an excuse for mustard, dearer to them than the thick and pungent brand of Tewkesbury mentioned by Falstaff or that of Cyprus lauded by Antiphanes. Do you say, "A terrible habit"? Dr. Muffett in "Health's Improvement" does not agree with you: "I commend the use of mustard with hieffe and all kinds of salted flesh and fish." Mustard was not known in its present form till 1720. A woman, Mrs. Clements, thought of grinding the seed in a mill and treating the meal in the same way that flour is treated. George I. approved her mustard; she kept the secret for a long time and made a fortune.

Are you in the habit of catching sections of conversation as they hurtle through the air? Yesterday afternoon a stout woman shrieked to another stout woman in Temple Place, "If I were you, I wouldn't wear strings." What did she mean by this?

Mr. C. M. Loeffler, the celebrated violinist and composer, wrote this last summer at Medfield a symphonic poem, entitled "The Death of Tintagales," in which two violas d'amore are introduced as solo instruments. This beautiful instrument has been neglected strangely by composers of this century, and the solo for it that serves as an accompaniment to Raoul's romance in "The Huguenots," is almost always played on an ordinary viola. Mr. Paur, who is much interested in the work of Mr. Loeffler, will produce this symphonic poem, inspired by Maeterlinck's tragic play for marionettes, at a Symphony concert this season, when the violas d'amore will be played by Mr. Kneisel and the very talented composer.

How much smoke is there in a pound of tobacco? "Let a pound be exactly weighed, and the ashes kept carefully, and weigh'd afterwards, what wants of a pound weight in the ashes, cannot be denied to have been smoke, which evaporated into Air; I have been told that Sir Walter Raleigh won a wager of Queen Elizabeth upon this nicety."

It is reported that the Sybarites used to invite their Neighbours' Wives a Whole Twelve Months before to their Entertainments, that they might have convenient time to Trim and Adorn themselves; for my part, I am of Opinion, he that would Feast as he should, ought to allow himself more time for preparation than they, it being a more difficult matter to Compose the Mind into an agreeable temper than to fit one's Clothes for the outward Ornament of the Body.

These grave words should be pondered by all that think of giving dinner parties (and the season of formal dinners is approaching). There was a host in London, a total abstainer, who added to the notes of invitation, "No Wine," that there might be no bitter disappointment, no wild regret. This idea is worthy of importation. And do not fail to send with each invitation the complete and revised list of guests, so that Old Chimes, for instance, may not be forced to sit at meat with the bore who surpasses the teredo. For there are few now living that have the force of character shown years ago by a Bostonian, who, asked to a dinner, called prudently a few hours before the appointed time, and, learning from the butler the names of the invited, left the house with his compliments and regrets.

It makes no difference whether your pet enjoyment be alcohol, tobacco, opium, cocaine, tea, coffee, absinthe, hashish, or Jamaica ginger; any one of them will produce degeneration of the delicate fibres by means of which nerve cells communicate with one another, isolate the individual units of the cerebrum, destroy memory, co-ordination, will, judgment, and wreck the individual physically, mentally, morally. This must be so, for Dr. J. H. Kellogg of Battle Creek delivers the opinion, and the omphalos of thought is at present Battle Creek, and planets look at it respectfully.

The Back Bay is now known to many as the most Geigiarious district in Boston.

Does anyone read today the memoirs of Laetitia Matilda Hawkins? She was so severe on her sex that she deserves to be remembered. And what a proper person she was! The Pharisee who went up to the temple to pray was but a breast-beating publican in comparison. Yet she had a sense of humor—witness this tale told by her in the same breath with a tongue-lashing of Nelson and his Emma: "A young lady, in the height of morning-fashion, and betraying herself only by the expensiveness of her dress * * * alighted gaily, and coming into the show-room, which was, excepting the form of the windows, a public shop, desired to see some dress hats for the morning; none exactly suiting her, she ordered one, with an injunction that it should be got ready immediately. 'For,' said she, 'one of our young ladies has a brother who is to be hanged tomorrow morning, and we are all going to see him go.'"

"Jean and Edouard de Reszke have been made nobles by the Tsar." They will now be able to charge at least \$50 more a night when they return to America.

"Luertger breaking down—His counsel still talking" are head-lines of unconscious humor.

That deep thinker, the editor of the Southern Ulster, remarks, "Any man after he is dead is just like any man." We are under the impression that the same thought is in Ecclesiastes. We prefer the editor's statement, "You find many a man shrunk in mind and he don't know it."

If you persist in eating fried eggs, envy the people of Seville. An ancient ceremony in honor of Apollo is held in La Plaza de la Magdalena every year, the 14th of July. A man in white apron and white cap produces a frying-pan, a crust of oil, and a basket of eggs. He breaks two eggs; he pours oil over the yolks; invoking the sun-god, he holds the pan toward the meridian. The eggs are fried in 45 seconds. We have never seen this culinary feat in Seville, but we do not doubt the truth of the story.

Oct 17, 1898
SYMPHONY CONCERT.
Chabrier's "España" and Glazounow's "Poème Lyrique" Played for the First Time at These Concerts.

The program for the first Symphony concert of the 14th season, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:
Academic Festival Overture, op. 80. Brahms
Symphony No. 2, in A major. Beethoven
Rhapsody for orchestra, "España." Chabrier
(First time at these concerts.)
Lyric Poem for orchestra, op. 42. Glazounow
(First time in Boston.)
The Emperor's March, in B-flat major. Wagner

Chabrier's "España" was played for the first time in Boston at a concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, led by Mr. Listemann, Jan. 11, 1892. At that time the piece was over eight years old. Our novelties are late, very late in arriving. The brilliant rhapsody was heard in several American cities and many times before it was allowed to delight a Boston audience.

Chabrier had visited Spain before he wrote this dazzling rhapsody. Whether he was thus inspired to write it, is a question of no material moment. Anber's "Masaniello" is alive with Neapolitan vitality and glowing with Italian color, and yet the composer never crossed the frontier, a man loath to stray from his beloved boulevards.

A man of receptive mind may visit Spain and carry away a controlling, haunting idea that is not musical. Thus Mr. Beatty-Kingston wrote of little save garlic, laziness and dirt; while our old friend Maj. Muldoon always began his one story of amatory adventure with, "When I was on the Peninsula with Sir Arthur, I became acquainted with a condessa, which is Spanish for Countess."

What amazing go, what brilliance in this fascinating piece! The staid; matron in the hall felt like footing a fandango, and it would not have been surprising if couples had formed for the jota, with its "whirl round and chasses, and nautch-wallah-ing," to quote from the program-book, which in turn quotes from Major Campion. I doubt if there was one sour-faced person in the audience while this rhapsody was a-playing. Do I hear some one say in a whisper, "But this is not dignified enough for a Symphony concert; the themes are nothing but dance-tunes?" Yes, and what dance-tunes! And how brilliantly, how daintily, how musically treated! As for that, dear sir or madam, symphonies themselves are a development of the old suite, which was built upon dance tunes from Allemande to Gigue. The effect of this gorgeous apotheosis of the jota was instantaneous and irresistible. The temperature in the hall was trying to players and listeners. The Academic overture was heard respectfully; the symphony was applauded decorously; there was much fanning, shifting in seat, stifled yawning. But the first measures of the Rhapsody made the audience sit up straight. Heat, foul air, discomfort, were forgotten. Even blood relatives looked kindly at each other. The applause that followed the final chord was hearty, prolonged and, best of all, honest. Let us hear this Rhapsody again, Mr. Paur, and read it with even more abandon. The jota is a fiery dance; Chabrier was a passionate fellow, if he was ventripotent; give the freest rein to the orchestra.

Let me add to Mr. Aphorhp's interesting article on Chabrier in the program-book by stating that the one act of "Briséis," the opera left unfinished by this composer of great talent, if not genius, was performed for the first time at a Lamoureux concert in Paris, the 31st of last January. The opera has been published by Enoch in most sumptuous form.

I have written at length about Alexander Glazounow, his life, his compositions, and the performances of them in this country and in Europe, in another column of this morning's Journal.

Perhaps Mr. Paur was wise in choosing one of Glazounow's earlier works—op. 12—which was played at Cincinnati by Mr. Van der Stucken's orchestra in 1885—for the introduction of this remarkable composer. I do not believe it is among his stronger or more characteristic pieces. Mr. Thomas, who has already brought out three of Glazounow's works in Chicago, and proposes to play five more this season, has not seen fit to include the "Poème lyrique" among them.

Two symphonies, Nos. 4 and 5, certainly deserve a hearing. The first has been performed with great success at symphony concerts in Cologne, Dresden, Hamburg, Mayence, Amsterdam, London, Magdeburg, Geneva. The fifth has been played twice in London.

Perhaps Mr. Paur may say, "But they are too Russian." Yes, but let us know what these Russians are doing. There was a time when Tschalkowsky was considered "too Russian," although the radical Russian school regarded him as "too cosmopolitan."

"Poème lyrique" is not a piece of great pretensions; but it was melodious without vulgarity; often saved from commonplace by an ingenious harmonic twist; broad and sweeping in theme and treatment; decidedly individual; orchestrally beautiful.

The program-book states that the Academic Festival Overture was written by Brahms in 1881. If this statement is true, it must have been composed hurriedly in the first week of January of that year, for it was performed early in the month at Breslau and Leipzig. It was not liked at first—even in Vienna—Dr. Delters to the contrary notwithstanding. And, however you may admire the architecture of the work, the decoration must strike you as dry and frigid.

There have been more inspired performances of the 7th symphony in Music Hall. I make all due allowance for the discouraging temperature and the fact that it was the first concert of the season. Mr. Paur was inclined to coquette with the straightforward themes of the first movement; but the finale was given with great spirit. The conductor was greeted warmly when he took his place.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Sketch of the Career of Alexander Glazounow.

His Life and Compositions; Notes on Performances.

Pieces by Mr. C. M. Loeffler in Maeterlinckian Vein.

Alexander Glazounow, whose name appeared last week for the first time on a Boston Symphony program, was born at St. Petersburg, Aug. 10, 1865. His family was in most comfortable circumstances, so that he has been able to give himself to composition without the necessity of distracting drudgery in teaching or playing. Showing indisputable talent as a child, he became at the age of thirteen a pupil of Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakoff.

His first published work was a string quartet (1883). This was followed by a piano suite on S. A. C. H. A., his own nickname. But he wrote pieces before this date of publication.

The first mention that I find of him in America is in a series of articles on Russian composers, written by B. F. Haggood and published in The Theatre (edited by Desher Welch) April 19, 1886. It is there stated that before 1886 Glazounow had written two overtures on modern Greek themes, op. 3 and op. 6, and "a grand symphony," E major op. 5, which had been performed in public; "The Forest," op. 19, a tone-picture of ancient Slav mythology, with Lyschli, the Woodsprite, Rousalkas, the water-nymphs, and Will o' the Wisp; two descriptive suites a Spanish serenade and bolero. And the writer stated (1886) that Glazounow had nearly completed two symphonies, a symphonic poem "Stenka Rasine"—this is op. 13 written in memory of Borodine—an overture "The Tempest" and a Spanish overture, as well as piano pieces. The writer added in shrieking rather than discriminating praise that the characteristics of Glazounow were "incredible breadth, power, inspiration, clearness of a strong organization, wonderful beauty, luxuriant fancy, occasional humor, elegant qualities, passion, and always a surprising limpidity and freedom of form."

My darling, what wouldst thou have more?

It is only just to the enthusiast to continue the quotation: "His only failure, and that a rare one, is a certain prolixity and superfluity of detail, arising from his glowing imagination. The national Russian and Eastern elements are often present in his works expressed by a masterly and truly creative hand."

This was in 1886. The next mention I find of Mr. Glazounow is a cablegram from St. Petersburg Oct. 8, 1891. I quote it as published at the time in the Boston Journal:

"A profound sensation was created here today. A young woman from Moscow was arrested, charged with being a nihilist. She confessed and admitted that she had left a trunk at the house of a well-known composer, Glazounow, in which was a revolutionary proclamation. The police proceeded to Glazounow's house and found the trunk. Glazounow protested his innocence, declaring that he was utterly ignorant of the contents of the trunk. He was nevertheless compelled to deposit as bail 15,000 roubles in order to avoid arrest pending inquiries to be made in the case."

What came of this investigation? Nothing, it seems. Surely Mr. Glazounow was not sent to Siberia. He continued to compose.



ALEXANDER GLAZOUNOW.

Now two years before this singular episode in the life of an artist, Mr. Glazounow was at the Paris Exposition, and at the Trocadéro, June 22, 1889, he conducted his symphonic poem "Stenka Rasine," which was then described by French critics of repute as a broad, lucid and very logical work. It is built on three themes; the first, the folk-song of the bargemen on the Volga; the second, a short and savage theme of bizarre tonality, typical of the hero of the poem; the third, a charming melody, typical of the captive Persian Princess. "All three are developed with great art, but the first is the one on which the composer chiefly insists, and which he transforms in a thousand ways, giving it at times unexpected grandeur. He makes the river a living, enormous being. * * * This feeling for nature, for nature individual and truly grand, is found in eminent degree in the compositions of Mr. Glazounow."

And June 29, 1889, at the Trocadéro Mr. Glazounow conducted his Symphony No. 2 in F sharp minor (in memory of Liszt) op. 16. This symphony was also praised highly. Mr. Jules Tiersot ended a most appreciative review by saying: "It is necessary to remember the name of Mr. Glazounow; we shall often hear it again, and it is one that will be prominent in the musical history of this end of the century."

It was only this year that Mr. Glazounow visited London—I do not say "for the first time," for I do not know—where, July 1, he conducted his Fourth Symphony in E flat, op. 48, at a concert of the Philharmonic Society.

He was last season with Messrs.

Rimsky-Korsakoff and Liadow, a conductor of the Russian Symphony concerts in St. Petersburg, and his address in that city was Kasanskaja 6.

Do you suppose that the Poème lyrique (op. 12) played here last night was the first appearance of Mr. Glazounow's name on an American concert program?

I do not pretend to give here a complete list of performances of this Russian's works in the United States.

"Carnaval" and "Danse Orientale" from Suite caractéristique (op. 9) were played by Mr. Seidl's orchestra at Brighton Beach in 1891.

"Triumphal March on the occasion of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, 1893, composed for a grand orchestra with chorus (ad libitum) op. 40," was performed in Chicago by the Exposition Orchestra, led by Mr. V. J. Hlavac of St. Petersburg, in June, 1893, and Aug. 3, 1893.

"Poème lyrique" was played at Cincinnati by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. Frank Van der Stucken Nov. 30, 1895.

"First Valse de Concert," op. 47,

"Cortège Solennel," op. 50, "Rhapsodie Orientale," op. 29, were played at Chicago in 1896 by the Chicago Orchestra, led by Mr. Theodore Thomas.

And Mr. Thomas proposes to play in Chicago this season these pieces by Mr.

Glazounow: Symphony No. 5, B flat, op. 55, "Le Printemps," op. 34; second concert waltz, op. 51; Suite, Scènes de Ballet, op. 52; and "Fantasie," op. 53.

Now let us examine the catalogue of Mr. Glazounow's works, noting occasionally performances.

He has written five symphonies. Outside of Russia, the second, as I have stated, was played in Paris in 1889. The fourth was played in Cologne, Feb. 19, 1895; Dresden, 1895; Hamburg, '95-'96; Mayence, '96; Amsterdam, '96-'97; Magdeburg, Geneva, and, as I have stated, London. The fifth was played at London Jan. 30 and July 23 of this year.

Other orchestral works are:

Two overtures on Greek themes op. 3, 6; Serenade, op. 7; Elégie, op. 8; Suite Caractéristique, op. 9; 2d Serenade for small orchestra, op. 11; Poème lyrique, op. 12; Symphonic poem "Stenka Rasine," op. 13; two pieces for orchestra, op. 14, of which No. 1, Idylle, was played in France in 1894; Mazourka, op. 18; Fantaisie "La Foire," played in Paris Dec. 23, 1894; two pieces for cello with orchestra, op. 20, of which one, a Spanish serenade, was played in Paris (with piano) March 20, 1895; Wedding March, op. 21; "Une Pêche Slave" (from the Slav quartet, op. 26); "The Sea," fantasia, op. 28; Rhapsodie Orientale, op. 29; orchestral picture "Le Kremlin," op. 30; "Le Printemps," op. 34; Columbian march, op. 40; Carnaval, overture (with organ ad libitum), op. 45, played in London May 8, 1897; Chopiniana, suite composed of Chopin's Polonaise op. 40, Nocturne op. 15, Mazourka op. 38, Tarantelle op. 43 orchestrated by Glazounow (I have an impression that this has been played in New York, as have certain other works by this composer of which I can find no record of performance. Will some one kindly complete the list of American performances?); first concert waltz, op. 47; Cortège Solennel, op. 50; second concert waltz, op. 51; Scènes de ballet, op. 52.

Chamber music: Quartet, D major, op. 1; quartet No. 2, F major, played in Paris April 26, 1895; Novellettes for string quartet, op. 15; five numbers; performances in Paris Dec. 17, 1894, Feb. 25, 1896; "Une Pensée à Fr. Liszt," op. 17, Elégie for cello and piano; Réverie for horn and piano, op. 24; Quatuor Slave, op. 26, played by Ysaye's Quartet, Brussels, Feb. 27, 1896; Meditation for violin and piano, op. 32; Suite for string quartet, op. 35, played in Paris December, 1892; "In modo religioso," op. 38, quartet for brass; Quintet for strings, op. 39; Elégie for viola and piano, played in Paris Feb. 17, 1895.

For piano: Suite on "Sacha," op. 2; Barcarolle and novellette, op. 22; waltz on the theme "S-a-b-e-l-a," op. 23; Prelude and two mazurkas, op. 25; Three Etudes, op. 31; Little Waltz, op. 36; Nocturne, op. 37; Concert waltz, op. 41; Three Minutres (pastorale, polka, waltz), op. 42; Valse de salon, op. 43. Three pieces (prelude, Capriccio, promptu, gavotte, op. 49). For voice: 2 songs by Pushkin, with French version, op. 27.

Glazounow wrote, with Artohoucheff, Whitol, Liadow, Sokolow, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Badinage," quadrille for 4 hands.

With Liadow he wrote the Fanfare played at the Jubilee of Rimsky-Korsakoff at St. Petersburg, Dec. 22, 1890.

With Liadow, Borodine and Rimsky-Korsakoff he wrote a string quartet on the word B-la-f. He contributed the finale.

With Rimsky-Korsakoff and Liadow he wrote a string quartet, "Jour de Fête" in three movements: "Christmas singers; Glorification; Chorus of Russian Dancers."

He finished and orchestrated the two movements of the incomplete symphony in A minor left by Borodine.

Mr. C. M. Loeffler worked diligently this last summer in Medfield. The richest fruit of his labors is a symphonic poem, entitled "La Mort de Tintagiles." You know the "little drama for marionettes" by Maeterlinck, the sinister tragedy that symbolizes the necessary, inevitable death of a delicate child. Mr. Loeffler does not attempt to paint in tones a musical panorama from the first speech of Ygraine to her final despairing shriek, "Monstre! Monstre! Je crache!" He tries to tell in music the impression made on him by Maeterlinck's remarkable piece. Perhaps he does not try to tell you so much as to assure himself, to confirm his own opinions.

You will find certain themes—for Mr. Paur, who admires Mr. Loeffler's talent

(I had almost written genius), and is interested deeply in his compositions, will conduct it here at a Symphony concert this season—and you may find them typical. One may suggest to you the storm, the howling sea and the wailing trees; another may remind you of the old and feeble warrior Agolvaie, who, looking at his old sword, thinks with sad pride of long ago heroic days; and surely the violas d'amore awaken the vision of Tintagiles, the foredoomed child.

For Mr. Loeffler has introduced two of these instruments so wondrously beautiful—"seraphic," Berlioz said. And he and Mr. Kneisel will play them. A man with the acute feeling for the nuance that Mr. Loeffler has shown, and with his rare mastery of orchestration, rare even in these days when so many score with incredible brilliance, could not die before he had used this strangely neglected viola in the fullest expression of fantastic thought.

Mr. Loeffler has also set "By the Rivers of Babylon" (Psalm cxxxviii) to music. He has written it for alto solo, female chorus (four parts), with orchestra of the usual strings, two flutes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two kettle drums, harp, two violas d'amore, and a viol da gamba. He uses the words of the psalm as far as "If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy," after which he introduces these words from other psalms, "Turn again our captivity as the streams in the south," "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;" then comes a long solo for viol da gamba which brings the end.

And music that Mr. Loeffler has set to songs by Baudelaire and Verlaine will probably be sung by Miss Lena Little in Steinert Hall this season. Mr. Loeffler will play the viola obbligato to them, and, it is said, that Mrs. Paur will play the interesting, highly original accompaniments.

I spoke last week of the possibility of hearing Ysaye at a Symphony concert this season. I am told that his managers ask a prohibitory price—some say a thousand dollars—for each appearance. And yet Ysaye will play with Thomas.

The Apollo Club has engaged these solo singers for the respective concerts of Dec. 1, Jan. 26, March 23, May 1: Pol Plancon, David Bispham, Antoinette Trebelli, Eyan Williams. The final concert will be made up of "request" numbers.

The Chicago Symphony concerts, led by Mr. Thomas, begin Oct. 22, 23. The first program will be as follows:

Festival March and Hymn to Liberty.
.....Hugo Kaun
For grand orchestra, chorus and organ, written for the inauguration of the seventh season of the Chicago Orchestra, at the request of Mr. Thomas.
Symphony No. 7, A major.....Beethoven
Overture-Fantasia, Romeo and Juliet.....Tchaikowsky
Hungarian Dances.....Brahms
Orchestration by Dvorak
Introduction, Act III, Vorspiel.....Wagner
Die Meistersinger.

Humperdinck's "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar," which is announced by the Cecilia as a novelty, was sung for the

first time in the United States by the Oratorio Society of Baltimore. Mr. Fritz Flnke, conductor, May 3, 1889. Our novelties come late.

Mr. Muirgett tells me that Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will sing here under his management Jan 5, in Association Hall, and Mr. Marteau will fiddle there Jan. 13.

Marcella Sembrich, with a company, will give two concerts in Music Hall, in November.

Theodore Thomas, with his Chicago orchestra and Ysaye, Plancon, and Nordica as soloists, will give three concerts in Music Hall in March.

The Adamowski Quartet and Mrs. Szumowska will give concerts in Steinert Hall.

The Ondrick-Schulz Quartet (Messrs. Ondrick, Barleben, Zahn and Schulz) will give three concerts in Steinert Hall. The program of the first concert, Monday evening, Nov. 29, will include Beethoven's E-flat quartet, op. 74. Smetana's trio, op. 15 (first time), and Mozart's D-major quartet. Later programs will include the quartet, E-major, Dvorak; quintet, Dobrzyński; sonata Klengel; quartet, Stenhammer, etc. The subscription ticket sale will open at Steinert's, Monday morning, Oct. 25. The pianists will be Mrs. Maas-Tapper, Mr. Stasny, etc.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Paur, conductor, will give ten concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Thursday evenings, Oct. 28, Nov. 18, Dec. 9, Jan. 6, 27, Feb. 10, 24, March 17, April 7, 28. The soloists will be Mrs. Szumowska, Mrs. Titus, Miss Wood, Messrs. Francon-Davies, Siloti, Jonas, Kniesel, Loeffler and others. Subscription tickets with reserved seats will be for sale at the University Book Store Saturday morning, Oct. 23, at 8 o'clock.

This is the anniversary of the death of Hummel at Welmar (1837) and Chopin at Paris (1849). Monsigny was born 150 years ago today and Manuel Garcia made his debut in Paris Oct. 17, 1816, in Cimarosa's "Secret Marriage." And it was on Oct. 17, 1894, that the Requiem of Gounod, originally written in remembrance of the death of a beloved grandson, was sung for the first time at the Madeleine, at a service in memory of the composer.

Philip Hale.

Oct 18. 97

The big October sun was high to set,
The fires that lit the west were overcast
With rising mist. The day was dying fast:

We stood together where the four ways met.

"This hour of peace," you said, "will bring regret
In the dark years to come we shall contrast

Our sunless Present with this happy Past,
And weep for us when we this hour forget."

The years have brought their dole of joy and pain,
Pains that are certain, joys that are unsure.

Yet some I know this sad earth can contain
One hour whose sweet remembrance shall endure.

One hour of happiness complete and pure,
My joys of loss weigh not against that gain.

"The Prince of Wales was one of the
sponsors of the infant son of the Duke
and Duchess of Marlborough." Nothing
was lacking in the brilliance of the
ceremony except the presence of Mrs.
Langtry.

Mrs. Langtry winning the Cesarewitch,
complimented by the Prince of Wales,
beamed by the Duke of Cambridge. Mr.
Langtry dying in the mad-house. Will
Duke or Prince attend the funeral?
or even send a mourning coach?

"Beautiful Anthony Hope is here!"
a Browning wrote, And Anthony is
as beautiful as he is beautiful. "He de-
clined to give his impressions of
America."

"When a man comes to Lewiston and
becomes intoxicated"—thus does the
Evening Journal of that town begin a
story. Intoxicated in Lewiston? Quelle
surprise!

The libretto of Mr. Ethelbert Nevin's
opera is "highly approved of by W. D.
Howells." It's a pity that the talented
composer should be so handicapped be-
fore the first performance.

This reminds us that "The Maid of
Marblehead" will be born in Plymouth
next.

Tennyson, it appears from the bio-
graphy just published, had by birthright
the saving sense of humor. Speaking
of his meeting with Frederick Robert-
son, the preacher, whom he admired
almost beyond measure, he said: "I felt
that he expected something notable
from me because I knew that he ad-
mired my poems, that he wished to
pluck the heart from my mystery; so
for the life of me from pure nervous-

ness I could talk of nothing but beer."
An example of searching criticism in
a line is his remark, "I can't read Ben
Jonson; to me he appears to move in
a wide sea of glue."

Mr. Johnson, a man of regular habits,
always puts on winter flannels Oct.
10, and insists that his interesting fam-
ily shall follow his example. We met
him Friday. He was a sight. We met
him Saturday. He stood on the Subway
platform near Park Street. Car after
car went by. He stood reading, and as
he read he smiled. "Why, Johnson,
why don't you go home to dinner?
What are you reading?" And Mr. John-
son answered: "I have been here since
4 o'clock. Do you know this is a de-
lightful book?" He was reading Pei-
gnot's "Chronological Essay on the Se-
verest Winters from 396 B. C. to 1825."

"The moving spirit," in the Academic
Richard Wagner Society of the Chicago
University, "is C. W. Seldenadel, a mu-
sical critic of national reputation." Why,
of course, Seldenadel? Seidenadel?
But who is Seldenadel?

The officers of the Columbus (Ohio)
Library have proscribed Victor Hugo's
"Les Misérables." Oh, the misérables!

But Boston cannot throw stones at
prudish windows. Poor Thomas Har-
dy's "Two on a Tower" is in the "In-
ferno," and "Jude, the Obscure" has
been voted improper by the delicate in
authority. However, Shakspeare and
the Book of the Prophet Ezekiel are
still open to the public.

It is the fashion for the amiably gen-
teel to deplore the "license of the
press." They declaim against the gos-
sip concerning stage-people, the attacks
on public men. This they do without
regard to historical perspective. Take
the case of the stage-people. A life of
Melba or Nordica written in the style
chosen by the biographers and critics
of Miss Anne Catley, "celebrated sing-
ing performer," and Elizabeth Billing-
ton would send author and publisher to
jail. And as for liberties taken with
public men! Before us is a copy of
"The Jockey Club," copied from the
10th London Edition and reprinted in
New York in 1793. Here is a delightful
paragraph from a sketch of the Duke
of Norfolk: "His Grace's father was a
bon vivant, regular and constant to his
system, drunk only once a day, and
that was from the hour of quitting his
pillow in the morning, until the hour
of returning to it at night. His only
nonnishment, during the latter part of
life, was drawn from suction, which
consisted chiefly of brandy, or rather in
that elegant and popular compound
spirit of British manufacture, cycepped
gin. Often have we beheld him at noon-
day, reeling in the different coffee-
houses from its omnipotent effects.
The son emulates the sire, and promises
soon to exhibit the same amiable pic-
ture of decent and honorable longevity."
And this is one of the most decent
of the attacks. Read, for instance, the
account of Marie Antoinette's life at
Trianon. The author with a fine sense
of humor, chose this motto for his
book: "I'll speak of them as they are,
no thing extenuate, nor set down ought
in malice." And we need not look so
far from home. Read the libels pub-
lished openly against Washington, Jef-
ferson, Adams, while they were alive.

Already is legendary mist shrouding
the fair form of Miss Leonora Jackson,
the violinist, who took this year the
Mendelssohn Prize (Berlin). She is not
the first American to win this honor,
although the contrary statement has
been tromboned. Miss Geraldine Mor-
gan gained the prize in 1886.

The Figaro devotes its two-column
leader to the marriage of Miss Sybil
Sanderson. Why that lady's marriage
should be worth two columns of the
Figaro leader space is a bit hard to
divine. Our contemporary seems to
think it an extraordinary thing for an
actress to marry at all. In France, per-
haps, it may be extraordinary; in Eng-
land we are used to it.—Daily Regis-
ter, Paris, Oct. 4.

Oct 19. 97

For every man is more or less made by
the company he keeps, the food he eats,
the place he works in. The very color of
the walls which hem him round when he is
at his daily task may have an influence on
his thought. Blue rests the mind. Gray
deadens it. White keeps it clear. And
red, unless toned down, might make one
mad.

These reflections of Mr. Charles
Henry Meltzer as he was on his way
to interview Mr. Henry George at Fort
Hamilton for the Criterion, recalled to
us the advice given by Mr. Richard-
son, the architect, to Mr. Dana, the
editor, for whom he was planning a

house. Mr. Dana protested against the
proposed size of the dining room. "It's
too big; it's enormous; I should be lost
in it." They were at dinner, and Mr.
Richardson replied, "A man that eats
such oysters as these, must have an
enormous dining room; he deserves it."

If you look in Allibone's Critical
Dictionary of English Literature, you
will find this allusion to Mr. Dana's
literary work: "He successively edited
The Harbinger, a Weekly Journal
devoted to Social Reform and General
Literature; the Boston Chronotype; and
in 1847 he became connected with the
New York Tribune, and is now (1858)
one of its proprietors. He edited the
Household Book of Poetry, N. Y., 1858."

This Household Book of Poetry—which
we believe is now a comparatively rare
book—is a noble monument to Mr.
Dana's catholic and yet fastidious
taste. "The purpose of this book," he
said in the preface nearly forty years
ago, "is to comprise within the bounds
of a single volume whatever is truly
beautiful and admirable among the
minor poems of the English language." He
warns the reader not to expect to
find every one of his favorite poems;
"but it is believed that of those on
which the unanimous verdict of the in-
telligent has set the seal of indisput-
able greatness, none, whether of Eng-
lish, Scotch, Irish, or American origin
will be found wanting."

It may interest the American patri-
ots making faces and saying naughty
words at this late day against Thomas
Moore to know that Mr. Dana found
seventeen of Moore's poems answering
the requirements laid down by him, and
even Emerson in his "Parnassus," a
smaller collection, included nine poems
by the abused bard. Nor did Mr. Dana,
unlike Emerson, shy at Poe.

A New York correspondent puts this speech
into Marcella Sembrich's mouth: "The
heavy Wagner heroines should never
be attempted by women who are, first
of all, singers." Heroine and part are
evidently synonymous words to this re-
porter. And yet to say that these heavy
parts are taken by heavy women is a
platitude; for the bulk of Sucher, Ma-
terna, Klafsky, Lehmann et al., is
known to all opera goers.

When you go by the Public Library
at noon, you see the street laborers
eating their dinners, which they take
from tin pails. You watch them curi-
ously, as though they were behind
bars in the Zoo, and you wonder, snob
that you are, how men can thus eat
publicly in the open. Or perhaps you
envy them their cheerful appetite, or
you are ashamed by the sudden convic-
tion of your own laziness. One man is
sitting on the curb, dejected, apparently
dinnerless. It is ten minutes past
twelve. His wife, who promised him
something hot, forgot to look at the
clock, or the little girl loitered by the
way. At last, he sees the child; he
glares at her; you hear the angry
words. And again you congratulate
yourself on your better breeding and
superior advantages. When you reach
your own home at night, sharp-set,
with cocktail pricked and artificial ap-
petite, there is an unaccountable delay.
Ten minutes pass; twenty go by; your
wife says timidly, "Henry, the cook met
with an accident this afternoon, and
the dinner will be a little late." Then
the storm breaks. You assert your
manhood. At the first sentence, which
begins, "Damn that cook!"—for you for-
get your genteel breeding and your
obligations as a vestry-man—your wife
bursts into tears, and your dear little
Angelica runs from the room, crying,
"Papa's cross again!" You have for-
gotten the shocking noonday conduct
of your brother-man, although your
face now looks uncommonly like his.

Poor Mr. Stanton! Do you remember
when he was the lordly Impresario, hir-
ing and dismissing singers in New York.
He sat upon a throne and his neck was
clothed with thunder. Choruses knelt
before him, and ballet-girls twisted
their worn and aged toes all in his
honor. Quantum mutatus ab illo! For
now in London Bankruptcy Court he
returns his liabilities at £852 and his
assets nil.

Why, Swendenborg himself, the rigid and
frigid, who perambulated Heaven and Hell
most placidly, self-complacent, with his full-
bottomed wig and his gold-headed cane, like
a cold-blooded bait taking an inventory—
even he fell into trances, sometimes of sev-
eral days' duration, when in the world of
spirits, and at other times his eyes shone
like fire, or he was discovered trembling and
ejaculating, and in a great perspiration.

In New York there is an attempt to
set aside the will of a woman on ac-
count of her alleged insanity. Mr. Ed-
ward B. Gordon, a witness, made the
following statement: "Her language
was neither refined nor vulgar." In
reply to the question, whether she ever
swore, he answered, "Oh, yes; she told

me to go to hell." Mr. Gordon, who
considers this speech neither refined
nor vulgar, is a plumber.

But Mr. Joyce, who is not a plumber,
only a lawyer or something similarly
inferior, thought the will-maker insane
—or at least eccentric, because he
caught her eating grapes out of a
paper bag. "That struck me as re-
markable for a woman of her wealth."
If Mr. Joyce had seen them served on
a golden salver, or Mrs. Johnson spear-
ing them with a diamond-headed pin,
he would have deemed her conduct
suitably noble. But has he never heard
that Mr. Russell Sage frequently takes
his frugal luncheon in a newspaper to
the office?

And Mr. Luetgert, the sausage
maker, said: "When I get out the first
thing I will do will be to get full—I
don't mean drunk. I'll have a good,
sound sleep under my own roof. Then
I will dream and do whatever the
dream says." Mr. Luetgert reminds us

of Barnadine in the play: "Unfit to
live, or die, O, groveling beast!"

At the same time we do not admire
Mr. Schuettler, the police captain, who
has shown a truly inquisitorial spirit.
"Times have changed," as Nemo re-
marked. "Now our District Attorneys
do not think it dishonorable to try
prisoners in the press and sentence
them before their hour—ex cathedra." You,
Mr. Jones, you, a quiet, respectful
citizen, may suddenly be accused of
the murder of your adored spouse, and
even before trial the officers will put
you through the "examination" which
is the modern equivalent of rack, boots,
strappado; the fact that you cannot
tell where you were last Tuesday at
precisely 39 minutes past three will be
"damning evidence" against you; and
there are newspaper men who, com-
menting on your "fiend-like face," will
send you to the gallows before the in-
telligent jury has looked curiously at
you for the first time.

The Criterion alludes gracefully to Mr.
Eugene Cowles as "the gentleman
whose voice silenced the roaring of the
surf at Manhattan Beach this past sum-
mer." And it is optimistic enough to
add that he and the Rev. Madison C.
Peters may possibly "become as effec-
tive in the cause of art as they have
been in the cause of noise."

"Mr. Salvi's Rudolph was good with-
in limits; he had a passion for exam-
ining his cuffs when he should have been
lamenting or loving." The cuff-shooter
in the drama is bad enough; in Puc-
cini's opera he must be intolerable.
When did the vile habit appear for the
first time? The first cuff-shooter whom
we remember was an amazing leading-
man in an equally amazing play, en-
titled, we believe, "Claire; or How
Women Love." The action accom-
panied his entrance speech: "Home again,
home to the old chateau! It is nine
long years since I have seen it, and
mother, and Claire, dear, dear Claire,"
and with last fond allusion, the left
cuff was shot its full length, yes, more
than its full length, for there was a
vision of soiled linen this side of it, and
near the elbow.

We omit today from lack of space the
customary slurs on Mr. Richard H.
Davis and Mr. Hall Caine.

Mr. Asher Huckleby, President of the
Luton Chamber of Commerce—we al-
most wrote Horrors—has designed a
new sun bonnet for horses. "The hat
has a cape made to cover completely
the back of the animal's head, and
instead of the horse's ears being ex-
posed, they are effectually protected by
a shield. There is no protrusion in
front, but the hat is finished off with
a neat band of plait, which fits across
the front of the face of the animal
and joins the cape at the back. The
hat is fastened on by means of a strap
which fastens round the neck, or can
be buckled to some of the harness." The
ingenious gentleman is now at
work on an automatic fly catcher to
take the place of the tall which Eng-
lishmen and Americans in shoals pre-
fer docketed.

Here is one London reviewer that at
last has come to his senses: "The late
R. L. Stevenson was one of those un-
fortunate men who, having no enemies,
has suffered more wrong at the hands
of invidious friends than any enemy
could have inflicted on him. The sub-
tlest and most mischievous form which
detraction can assume is overpraise, for
it necessarily compels a man to fall
short of what is expected of him, and
consequently to give the lie to his own
reputation. A simpler and truer man
than Stevenson never lived, and he
would have been the first to repudiate

Oct 20. 97

Why, Swendenborg himself, the rigid and
frigid, who perambulated Heaven and Hell
most placidly, self-complacent, with his full-
bottomed wig and his gold-headed cane, like
a cold-blooded bait taking an inventory—
even he fell into trances, sometimes of sev-
eral days' duration, when in the world of
spirits, and at other times his eyes shone
like fire, or he was discovered trembling and
ejaculating, and in a great perspiration.

In New York there is an attempt to
set aside the will of a woman on ac-
count of her alleged insanity. Mr. Ed-
ward B. Gordon, a witness, made the
following statement: "Her language
was neither refined nor vulgar." In
reply to the question, whether she ever
swore, he answered, "Oh, yes; she told

the reckless and fulsome eulogies of which he has recently been the object. They can have only one result, a result as disastrous to his fame as to the public taste. A reaction, of which even now there are no uncertain indications, must inevitably set in."

First Concert of the Harvard University Chamber Series in Sanders Theatre.

The first of the Harvard University chamber concerts in Sanders Theatre was given last evening by the Kneisel Quartet. The program was as follows:

Quartet, op. 76, in G major.....Haydn
Quartet in C major.....Mozart
Quartet, op. 74, in E flat major.....Beethoven

This program was admirably arranged for the opening concert of the series. It was educational in the true sense; masterpieces of masters of chamber music were played in a masterly manner. That the programs of these concerts are not to be restricted narrowly, that there is to be catholicity of taste is shown by the selections made for the concert of Nov. 2: Brahms's Quartet in C minor op. 51; Schubert's Variations from the Posthumous Quartet in D minor; Dvorak's Quartet in F major.

It was a great pleasure to hear these players in Sanders Theatre, where beauty of tone is never lost, where the slightest nuance is at once appreciated. Inferior players might well tremble at the thought of such a test, or a scratch would be magnified, a trifling slip would seem a catastrophe, or is the theatre so large that the musical fluid which should envelop audience and players seems thin and ready to evaporate. There is neither distracting proximity nor distracting and hilling isolation.

Is there anything to be said of these acknowledged masterpieces at this late day? As these concerts are in a way supplementary to Professor Paine's course with lectures, it might be regarded as an impertinence for one without the faculty to discourse as in a chair concerning these quartets. It is enough to say that the freshness of Haydn is perhaps even the more grateful in this epoch when spontaneity is so often the most laborious of achievements, and simplicity is beyond the reach of the self-torturing composer. It is so much easier to darken counsel with words than it is to speak with the lawless simplicity of Nature—and Haydn. The introduction to the first movement of Mozart's quartet, which struck with consternation contemporaneous pedagogues and shook the powder from wigs, has the modern feeling of unrest that was foreign to Mozart's period. The quartet by Beethoven may still teach a lesson to us all as well as delight us; for concerning it an authority spoke as follows: "More profound and full of art than agreeable and pleasant. The object of a quartet is not to celebrate death, to paint sentiments of despair, but to cheer the soul." And there are some who insist today that music should first of all inspire a mild and gentleman-like delight. I remember that Mr. John S. Dwight once found fault with the finale in which poor Massenet's nude "Eve" is cursed, because, as he said, the conclusion of every work of real art should be cheering and hopeful; but here Mr. Dwight forgot his Aristotle and such men as Aeschylus, Sophocles, and the Elizabethans.

The Kneisel Quartet played with its accustomed art, and its beauty of tone, exquisite precision, intelligent nuancing, and deep and genuine musical spirit were displayed in full splendor. The large and representative audience was loud in expression of approval.

Philip Hale.

Oct 21. 97

Bridle-goose arose, went to the bar, had an indictment read, and for all his reasons, defences, and excuses, answered nothing else, but that he was become old, and that his sight of late was very much failed, and became dimmer than it was wont to be; instancing therewithal many miseries and calamities, which old age bringeth along with it, and are concomitant to wrinkled elders: which not, per Archid. d. l. lxxvi. c. tanta. By reason of which infirmity he was not able so distinctly and clearly to discern the points and blots of the dice, as formerly he had been accustomed to do: whence it might very well have happened, said he, as old dim-sighted Isaac took Jacob for Esau, that I, after the same manner, at the decision of causes and controversies in law, should have been mistaken in taking a quatre for a cinque, or trols for a deuce.

When you were young you read Rabelais because some furtive-eyed school-mate told you with a snigger that queer stories were told by Panurge and Friar John. But you found the pages for the most part stupid. Now that you are

Why you marvel at the wit and wisdom and worldly knowledge and disguised spirituality of this glory of France. And when you read of a hideously protracted murder trial, with clamoring, red-faced experts and all manner of hysterical phenomena; when you read of the wrangling, divided jury, the majority "tiring out" the minority, and each jurymen eager to explode his views in print, you are tempted to believe in the practice of Judge Bridle-goose even in trials for murder. For he decided causes and controversies in law by the chance and fortune of the dice.

For civil causes our modern Bridle-goose might use small dice. Large dice thrown in deciding as to the guilt of one accused of murder would lend solemnity to the occasion, as does the donning of a black cap in pronouncing sentence.

It is true that trouble of the eyes, or a sweeping sleeve, might occasionally lead the superficial to doubt the inflexible justice of this aleatory verdict. But when Bridle-goose was once impeached for an error due to physical infirmity, the most righteous and illustrious Prince Pantagruel pardoned him, saying: "This one, sole, and single fault of his ought to be quite forgotten, abolished, and swallowed up by that immense and vast ocean of just dooms and sentences, which heretofore he hath given and pronounced."

Then think what a saving to the Government in capital cases! There would be no loss of time and labor in jury service. There would be a great storing of human wind for more necessary occasions. The dice should be examined carefully by the prisoner before the Judge rattles them for the awful throw. As in French courts a crucifix hangs behind the Judge, so in our courts this ancient motto should be painted boldly: "The dice of the gods are always loaded."

"Pilgrimage to Bunyanland" reads better than it sounds.

Mr. George F. Williams said in the hearing of the people: "In the judgment day I shall be commended for my work." An exclusive diet of Peruvian bark is the only thing we know that maintains this nerve. Mr. Williams flatters himself. We doubt if he will attract such attention on that day. Not that we question his honesty of belief; but he forgets that he will be only one of countless billions. Of course, it is very hard for him to realize this fact.

"There is a washerwoman in Brad-dock who can speak eleven languages." The real question, the burning question, is, "How does she do up shirts?"

So Mr. Max Heinrich has lost his slander suit against a Hartford newspaper. He should have sung to the jury, and not let his lawyer talk.

If you cannot succeed in literature, try something else.

The serial publication of Zola's "Paris" began yesterday. If the book is no more entertaining than "Lourdes" or "Rome," Zola will be admitted to the Academy.

However, we should not mock at Zola. He told a London reporter lately that "New York is a grand city, full of energy, and certainly not devoid of remarkable intellects. But New York will begin where Paris finishes."

The newest shade in Paris is a kind of lavender-blue, which is particularly effective in mirror velvet, and which is used in combination both with cerise and with violet, and with equal success in either case.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert has been apologizing for his "Bab Ballads." Foolish man! For spontaneity of humor they surpass his other works.

Germans, exercised over the Czech-German question, are boycotting Pilsener beer because it is brewed by Bohemians. We know of no more pathetic, tragic instance of patriotism.

Some one asked the N. Y. Sun "Which is the better English, to say 'I retired at 10 o'clock,' or 'I went to bed at 10 o'clock,'" to which the Sun made this sensible reply: "I went to bed at 10 o'clock," it has more English words than the other sentence, the principal word in which is French, and the words are shorter. "To retire" is a vile term. Richard Grant White said long ago: "If you are going to bed, say so, should there be occasion. Don't talk about retiring, unless you would seem like a prig or a prurient prude."

Mr. Henry M. Dunham's First Organ Concert at the Shawmut Congregational Church.

Mr. Henry M. Dunham gave the first of two organ concerts at the Shawmut Congregational Church last evening.

The program included Finck's organ hymn, Diemel's pastorate, the finale from Widor's 2nd organ symphony, Bach's prelude and fugue in C minor, Lemmens's "Storm" Fantasia, the adagio from Guilmant's Fifth sonata, Chadwick's Gaelic March (MSS). The organist played with Mr. Carl Stasny his own arrangement of Liszt's Cantique d'amour, and Widor's variations for piano and organ.

Mr. Dunham's abilities as an organist are well known. He is an organist, not a pianist who condescends on Sunday to play the organ, regarding it with more or less ill-disguised disdain. His technique is fluent, his taste in registration is of the best. He respects his instrument and does not degrade it to win cheap and easy applause. If there was any fault to be found with his performance last night, it was that the rhythm occasionally flagged, as in the fugue by Bach. There was a good sized and deeply interested audience. Miss Leimer sang songs by Schubert, Lassen, Schumann, Godard, Horrocks and Meyer-Helmund.

Mr. Dunham's second concert will be the 28th when he will be assisted by Mr. Max Heinrich and Mr. Alwin Schroeder. He will then play pieces by Bach, Dubois, Wagner, and his own "In Memoriam."

Oct 22. 97

At the Howard House the man of sin rub-beth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat, and our girls are waving their illy-white hoofs in the dazzling wait.

We have a quadrille, in which an English person slips up and jams his massive brow against my stomach. He apologized and I say, "All right, my lord." I subsequently ascertained that he superintended the shipping of coals for the British steamers, and owned fighting-cocks.

We sat in a public place the other night and heard conversation in the seats in front of us. Not that we strained ears, but the words were forced upon us, as the listening housekeeper says in the play.

"Did you meet the lady with Mrs. de Jool yesterday?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered carelessly.

"Do you know that she is the niece of a Duke, and a great favorite in London society? Salisbury is very fond of her on account of her intelligence and wit. A charming woman, charming."

"But why didn't somebody tell me who she was? I was introduced to her, and as I was in a hurry I was scarcely polite. I thought she was some ordinary person. Now that you speak of it I remember that she has a fine face. Do you know whether she is still in town? I should like to call on her."

Mr. Johnson was very grouchy yesterday. His way was frequently blocked, and he was obliged to stand for some time close to rude boys and ill-savored men. He does not think that processions should be allowed by the authorities. "The idea, sir, of suspending traffic, of crowding streets so that you are thrown into contact with so many people you do not know. It's outrageous, sir, outrageous." A procession puts Mr. Johnson into a fit of impotent rage, because he then realizes that he is after all a thing of little importance. His pride, his boast of ancestry, his invented and paid-for coat of arms—these are of no avail in a street crowd. There are taller men who see better than he sees. There are heavier men, with aggressive elbows and a forbidding, dominating eye, who are held in greater respect by those blocking the way. Mr. Johnson, for once, is simply one of very many.

It is significant that the young man who left Colby College with the intention of putting an end to his life put up at a Maine hotel.

We agree fully with Dr. Marion L. Woodward when he insists that his fellow dentists need "general reading for continuous culture." Inasmuch as dentists strive to charm their patients by incessant conversation, their minds should be richly stored with diversified knowledge. The ideal dentist does not talk at all; he does not even ask "Do I hurt you?"; he works steadily and thus keeps his bill within reason, for he is working by the hour. But this is an imperfect world, and so long as dentists will talk, they should be able to discourse agreeably on all subjects, from the beauties of the jury system as exhibited in the Luetgert trial to the style of Le Gallienne.

We had always supposed that the richest woman in the world was Mrs. Hetty Green, one of our American institutions. It is a blow to national pride to learn that the richest, etc., is the Senora de Cousino of Chill and Peru. She owns three palaces and many fleets of ships; silver, copper and coal mines; everything in Lima, not to mention miscellaneous things, as vineyards, stock-farms, and potteries. She is tall, dark, handsome, and a widow the other side of fifty. Her annual income is no

less than \$8,000,000. We do not know her address.

Here is a story from Aubrey de Vere's

"Recollections." When Woolner was executing a bust of Canon Kingsley, a critic looked at the work, and, noting the clean-shaven face, remarked that Kingsley wore whiskers. "Whiskers!" exclaimed the sculptor, "whiskers, sir, are not art!" But Mr. Woolner evidently never saw our old and esteemed friend Major Moses P. Handy, now of Paris.

Although we have not given specific advice of late to the farmer concerning his daily tasks, he has been always in our thoughts, even when we were sleeping in the theatre or attempting to defend Mr. Anthony Hope from the exuberant admiration of young and elderly ladies. Now that there is a breathing spell we rectify to Uncle Amos these exquisite lines, which are worthy of Mr. T. B. Aldrich, master of the quatrain. They are found in "October's Husbandry," by Thomas Tusser, Gentleman.

Whatever thing dieth, go hury or burn,
For tainting of ground, or a worsen ill turn;
Such pestilent smell, of a careenly thing
To cattle and people, great perill may bring.

Thy measeled bacon—hog, sow, or thy boar,
Shut up for to heal, for infecting thy store,
Or kill it for bacon, or souce it to sell,
For Flemming that loves it so daintily well.

And Uncle Amos should not be denied the pleasure of reading Mr. William Mayor's foot-note: "The measles in hogs arise from their being deprived of water. On that part of the coast where our author lived, many Flemings had settled; and their language and customs, as I am credibly informed by intelligent natives, may still be traced in Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk. It is evident that they were not very delicate in the choice of their food." Oh wise and solemn ass now gathered to thy fathers!

A cloudy night, and pretty hard it blow'd,
The dashy, splashy, leary little stinger—
Mounted his roan and took the road—
Phillico!

"My Lord Cashall's on the road tonight,
Down with the lads, make my lord aight—
Ran dan row de dow, on we go!"
Chorus—Ran, dan, etc.

Mr. de Koven's "Highwayman" is not the first to sing upon the operatic stage. There's our old friend Capt. Macbeath, who was the first operatic hero to strut in the United States; for the first strolling company of English actors in this country appeared, they say, in Virginia in the Beggar's Opera. Ah, the popularity of that rakish piece! The women of London carrying about with them the favorite songs of it in fans; and houses furnished with it in screens. And oh Lavinia Fenton, who dressed Polly so simply and sang so bewitchingly that the Duke of Bolton married her as soon as Death was kind enough to remove the Duchess; but Death jest-ed with the Duke, for 23 years after he ran away with Lavinia. The sweet thing was a wife for only nine years—and then she joined her predecessor. Did Lavinia say in the shades to her predecessor, "You made me wait a long time, but it was worth waiting for?"

And did Lavinia know the value of a passionate press agent? When she was about eighteen and a favorite with the public, the manager, Rich, offered her fifteen shillings a week. When the Beggar's Opera became an astonishing success, her salary was raised to thirty shillings a week. When the Duke ran away with her, he settled, according to Dean Swift's letter, "four hundred a year on her during pleasure, and upon disagreement, two hundred more. It was not a very extravagant period.

There have been several operettas, musical comedies, vaudevilles, call them what you will, that have treated in English the deeds of highwaymen, who are fine fellows in a public way. Sixteen years ago "Claude Duval," by Edward Solomon, was sung in London, and Mr. Fred Solomon, known to us all, was Blood-red Bill. Celli was the hero and Marion Hood the beauty who danced the minuet with Claude. For women have in all ages been partial to highwaymen. There's the instance of Sixteen-String Jack, who, although a master of his trade and one always worthy of respect, was in finesse inferior to Claude.

Jack took off his hat with a jaunty air—
The dashy, splashy, leary little stinger—
And he kiss'd the lips of the lady fair—
Phillico!

She sigh'd a sigh, and her looks said plain,
I don't care much if I'm rob'd again!
Ran dan row de dow, on we go!
Chorus—Ran, dan, etc.

"Are these verses from Mr. Smith's letter?" Oh, no, dear Madam, we fear you are not grounded thoroughly in pure and strong English literature. 'Twas a superficial period when you were at school, and the fashion in books was not to be commended. You read Mrs. Hemans, and you shed tears over the fate of L. E. L. The manly verses quoted here are from Kit's song in "Sexteen-String Jack" by the ingenious Mr. Leman Rede.

We had always admired the highwayman, whether mounted on his good black Bess or footing it; but when he took to riding a bicycle with a brake, tool box and a sanitary saddle the hero fell from his pedestal. The President of a trust seems to us now a more gallant figure.

Have you never felt, good sir, with Piccadilly weepers that are an honor to your sex—have you never felt a wild desire to clutch a rich Bostonian by the throat as he is riding his pet dog at night or returning from a free Lowell lecture: to clutch him so that he would gasp and hardly hear your demand for money—\$100, \$50, \$10—even 50 cents? The pleasure of seeing his rage would be worth the balance. And when Mr. Williams—you know his initials—painting his pictures dips his brush in lightning and eclipses, we revel in the thought of seeing him some night roaring through Beacon Street with a torch in one hand and a kerosene can in the other. How the windows are thrown up! Notice the funny appearance of Mrs. B. Farnes without her wig! Another trumpet peal from Mr. Williams, and a prominent Son of the Revolution crawls under the bed! Which of the houses would you prefer

to loot? See, they are carrying out the solid silver ice picher and cups from Auger's dining room; they were given to him by fellow-committeemen for "faithful service," but he will not mind the loss; he found out long ago that they were plated ware.

Yes, the highwayman of romance was a fine fellow. He robbed the rich and gave to the poor; he kissed the women, even when they were just a little too ripe; he danced, he sang, even on the scaffold; he left behind him rich material for copy.

Mr. Anthony Hope is an eminently sensible man. He thought the Public Library the best thing of the kind he ever saw and the Judge's charge to the jury in the Municipal Court was "an especially good one." His manners are easy and oil drips from his tongue. Hope rhymes with soap.

Mr. Sarcey, the eminent dramatic critic, assures the world that the beef of the average Parisian butcher is that of the superannuated cows of the metropolitan dairies. We had supposed that it was that of the retired cab horses.

There will soon be a chrysanthemum show in Horticultural Hall. But what has become of the dude who once wore the flower in button hole? Fashions fade, even when flowers remain.

It is an amateur photographer that declares, "A photograph at the best must be an indiscretion; the attempt to pass it off as a picture only aggravates its impertinence."

The Little Review of Practical Knowledge asserts that ophthalmia is increasingly frequent among bicyclists. They will reply, "In my eye."

An English newspaper wishes to know how eight golf champions in Great Britain are possible in one and the same year.

The Emperor Williams' "literary masterpieces" do not sell. Will his subjects be liable to the charge of lese-majesty?

"Mr. Murphy will coach Yale." Harvard imports from England, but Yale is still true to Ireland.

Verdi celebrated his 83rd birthday the 9th. An Italian newspaper says he loves nature, literature, and "of course, music." This last does not follow. As cooks eat little, so many musicians dislike to hear music—except their own.

A Frenchman has discovered that lubrication may be produced by hypodermic injections of salt water. And consider the cheapness of such dissipation. Here may be a means of settling the liquor question.

Miss Willard is right. "What women today most need is a better physique, and that means nutritious diet, simpler food, loose corsets, larger shoes, fresh air at night." But there has been great improvement in the physique of American women within the last 20 years. A wasp-like waist is no longer fashionable, and many girls of weak mothers are athletes.

"Why does not some doubly rich millionaire settle this coral island controversy once for all by making a boring into a coral island?" asked Darwin a short time before his death. Professor Edgworth David of the Sydney University did not wait for the millionaire. A boring was sunk by his expedition to the Ellice Islands to a depth of 557 feet through solid coral rock without

reaching bottom, and thus Darwin's theory of coral rock formation is substantiated.

ON 24.97 A FOREIGN HABIT.

There has been much said of late about Thomas Moore's satirical remarks in rhyme concerning the United States and its inhabitants. We do not discuss now the propriety of putting his name among his literary fellows on tablets of American public buildings; we simply suggest that he has been only one of many.

He is one of the line which numbers Mrs. Trollope, Basil Hall, Captain Marryat, Dickens among the caricaturists of our institutions. Such men as Freeman and Matthew Arnold did not hesitate to express disgust or contempt when they were our guests, and right here in Boston a very eminent English visitor recommended the soup at a private dinner, assuring his wife loudly that it was "not at all nasty"—a speech that he surely would not have made at a London dinner where he was on the right hand of the hostess.

Moore, who in private life was one of the most worthy of men, the best of sons, a devoted husband, a firm and loving friend, wrote, no doubt, honestly as he thought. The nation then was young. Manners were comparatively crude. He read in American newspapers scandalous articles written by Americans against Americans in high places. He was loyal to his own country and his adopted country. He was no sneered, sneering carper. Sir Walter Scott, no mean judge of men, said of him, "It would be a delightful addition to life if Thomas Moore had a cottage within two miles of me."

This poet of rare gifts was a victim to the English habit of insular abuse. There is no use trying to disguise the fact: an Englishman applauds any dart swiftly thrown at this country. But is the race alone in this respect? Is it the only one that is intolerant?

The Parisian still believes that Paris is the centre of civilization—but it is not necessary to cross the Atlantic for instances. There are hundreds of Americans who are convinced firmly that all Frenchmen are immoral; that all Italians at home are lazy, and do nothing but lie in the sun; that Germans smoke porcelain pipes sixteen hours in the day; that Russian happiness is a prolonged debauch. There are Americans who travel and express surprise when they find electricity freely used in foreign cities. Patriotism is an excellent thing; it is a noble thing; but patriotism is not necessarily an overmastering belief that there is nothing good outside of the patriot's country.

ANENT JURIES.

The late trial for murder in Chicago has excited discussion concerning the efficacy of the jury system in capital cases, and there are some who go so far as to declare that this system is no longer suited to modern demands, and that Brougham's famous eulogy of the twelve good men in a box was nothing but a vain rhetorical flourish. It is hard to see how "modern demands" are much different from ancient demands when a man is on trial for his life, and they that quote derisively Brougham's speech as a rule are careful to omit the qualifying adjective "good."

We do not propose to discuss the merits of the verdict in the Luetgert trial; but it is permissible to state, it is indeed a duty to state that the manner in which the trial was conducted reflects but little or no credit on the lawyers engaged therein, the petty officers, or those members of the jury who allowed themselves to be questioned as to their opinions during deliberation. The trial of a man for his life is a solemn thing; it should not be conducted flippantly or in anger. The prosecuting attorney is not ex-officio a grand inquisitor in the evil sense of the word; an expert is not necessarily a venal

liar; a witness is not inevitably a perjurer even when he contradicts himself; a jurymen has the greatest responsibility that can be thrown upon him in this world. Nor is it decent for a reporter—even though he bear an honored name as a birthright—to anticipate evidence, dissect testimony or indulge in hysterical speculation while the trial is proceeding.

That nine men hold to one opinion does not prove of itself that the other three are unduly prejudiced or obstinate for a mercenary cause. The majority is not always right, even if we do not go so far as some who say the majority is always wrong. Remember the abuse that was heaped upon upright men who voted for the acquittal of President Johnson. They were accused openly and violently of receiving bribes, of being mentally weak; there was no charge, however base or insulting, that was not brought against them by the bitterly disappointed. The majority of their party was overwhelmingly against them. And yet today, when the whole affair is a matter of history, and the grave has claimed many of those who cast votes, no one will seriously charge any of those once-abused men with voting against their honest convictions.

Lawyers have suggested that trials for murder should be without a jury, or that 9 votes out of 12 should decide. Sagacious members of the Bar find no relief or safety in such a change. They believe that by some means or other justice is awarded in 99 cases out of 100, when only reasonable care is exercised in the selection of the jury; that hard, shrewd sense is not confused by cunning lawyers, that the impression formed by seeing the accused one and the witnesses is almost always just. Because a jurymen forgets his own responsibility and becomes a restless chatterer, greedy for public notice, it does not follow that the theory of juries is antiquated and impracticable.

SECOND SYMPHONY.

Novelties by Tschalkowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Gernsheim Played Last Night in Music Hall.

The program of the second Symphony concert was as follows:
"La Grande Paque Russe," Rimsky-Korsakoff
Concerto for violin in D major, Gernsheim

Symphony No. 1, B-flat major, Tschalkowsky
Capriccio Italien, Tschalkowsky

The overture was written by Rimsky-Korsakoff in memory of Borodine and Modeste Moussorgski. The former died in 1887, the latter in 1881. Rimsky-Korsakoff was very fond of these men, whom he met with Balakireff and Cui at the house of Dargomijski. In 1870 he roomed with Moussorgski; and they worked together not only in the same chamber, but during the same hours.

Rimsky-Korsakoff orchestrated these pieces by Moussorgski: The polonaise from "Boris Godounoff"; the Intermezzo which exists also in Moussorgski's orchestral version and in piano form; "La nuit sur le Mont Chauve"; and he put the finishing orchestral touches to "Khovantchina."

The first mention of this overture I find is that of the performance in manuscript at a Popular concert in Brussels, April 13, 1890, when it was conducted by the composer. Built upon themes of the Russian church, themes that are of poignant meaning to the faithful, the work no doubt is more effective when played to a Russian audience. We foreigners are obliged to regard it simply as music, and the chief feeling awakened is that of surprise, which is at times akin to curiosity and the desire to know "what is coming next." I do not believe that all the contents of the overture were brought fully into the light. The second trombone solo, for instance, a recitative accompanied by six divided cellos and two double-basses, is marked "a piena voce," but the player was gentle, very gentle, and inclined to sentimental warbling. There are some interesting effects of instrumentation, but when you take away the themes themselves with their sombre dignity and the ecclesiastical cadences in the harmony, the rest seems thin and perfunctory.

Mr. Schnitzler is a violinist of many excellent parts, although last night his intonation was not always faultless; but why in the world did he choose the conventional, manufactured, and dull concerto by Gernsheim. What a waste of time in memorizing and in performance! Mr. Schnitzler possibly shortened his life by some minutes if not hours by the labor he bestowed on this concerto. I am glad the audience applauded him heartily, for he is a violinist of genuine ability, even when he deliberately hangs a millstone to his fiddle-bow.

The program book contained some startling statements. It informed us that Mr. Schnitzler played this concerto at Rotterdam in 1857 or 1858 under the composer's direction. Either Mr. Schnitzler has visited the fountain of youth, or he has an admirable make-up, or the program-book is mistaken; for surely Mr. Schnitzler does not look so old.

Furthermore as this concerto is opus 42, and Gernsheim was born in 1839, he had written at least 42 pieces by the time he was 13 or 19—a fertility that is truly rabbit-like.

And again we read that Gernsheim went to Rotterdam in 1874. This grows worse and worse. It is safer to say that there is some mistake—perhaps a typographical error.

Tschalkowsky's "Italian Caprice" was first played in London in 1885. Thomas conducted it in Chicago as early as 1890, and it was probably played before that in New York. We did not miss much here by the delay. There are evidences galore of the composer's orchestral cunning, and the melodies are characteristic, but there is a very strong dash of the vulgarly that is found in many orchestral pieces of his early period, and is suspected even in some later and greater works.

The B flat major symphony of Schumann is fast getting threadbare, and its orchestral dress is dusty. The scherzo, with its reminiscence of a Schubert song and portions of the finale are worth hearing, but the freshness is gone from the first movement and the larghetto is now without authoritative beauty. The Schumann of genius is the composer of certain piano pieces, certain songs and the D minor symphony.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Novelties at the Birmingham Festival.

Stanford's "Comic Requiem"—Richter's Leading.

Mr. Winner Talks of "Listen to the Mocking Bird."

The Birmingham Festival plays an important part in the musical life of England, if only on account of the new works that are produced there for the first time. There are various opinions concerning the merits or faults of the chorus; but the majority of authoritative critics do not speak favorably of the tonal quality of the chorus or its attention to nuances. Then there is the "Elijah" fetch; because "Elijah" was produced there for the first time, it must be given often at these festivals. This reminds us of a story told by

Artemus Ward about Dr. Schwarz, a leading citizen of Baldinsville, whom he met one evening in the village oyster-saloon.

"Do you see them beans, old man?" and he panted to a plate before him. "Do you see 'em?"

"I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used temperly."

"Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now because I eat beans then."

Let us see what the novelties were this year at Birmingham and how they were received.

The Festival began Oct. 5 with the traditional performance of "Elijah," with the almost traditional Albani as the chief soprano. That night the novelty was a work composed expressly for the Festival by Edward German and conducted by Hans Richter. Mr. Blackburn says: "In this respect Mr. German certainly showed his wisdom, for I rather imagine that Richter extracted every ounce of significance that there was in the composition. It is clever, no doubt, most ingenious, and even at times engrossingly intricate and cunningly contrived. But there the kind of praise which one assigns to the highest kind of work must cease. However, German is certainly a musician of interesting past achievement, and of singular future promise; but he has not, in the large phrase, 'arrived' in his 'Hamlet.'"

Mr. Blackburn wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette, Oct. 6:

"This morning, conducted by the composer himself, and—particularly when I remember the same conductor placed before works with which he is in far too little sympathy—conducted with a good deal of spirit and with much natural interest, Prof. Stanford's 'Requiem' was given as the most attractive novelty of this festival. Why in the world did he choose the 'Requiem' for the libretto of his new work? It is true that some kind of an answer is to be found in the death of Lord Leighton, to whose memory it is intended to be a monument. But, in the first place, consider the rivalry against which Dr. Stanford pits himself. The greatest requiem in the world, in so far as it was completed, is Mozart's, and it is quite impossible to imagine any composer, even of Prof. Stanford's gifts, to approach the particular greatness of that work. Even Verdi, who comes second, perhaps, at a long distance, has made competition extremely dangerous, for indeed Verdi—like every Roman Catholic musician—had somewhere set in the very fibres of his being the spirit which evolved the sentiment of the tremendous 'Requiem' book. To Prof. Stanford—and I am judging now a posteriori and by no means according to preconceived ideas—that book brings something of an exterior and foreign inspiration. He has, of course, read the 'Requiem' service of the Catholic Church carefully, critically and thoroughly; but he has read it also as a student:

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

If you read such words as these even as a student a vivid imagination can do much for you in the appreciation of their significance; but, try how he will, no student, no professor, to whom the words come as a kind of externally impressive picture, will give them their true internal significance—a significance given to them by Mozart, by Verdi, above all by the Plain Song version which has long stood to some musicians as the limit of a certain kind of emotional music. If, indeed, such examples had not existed, a criticism of this nature might, if Prof. Stanford had done the best by his lights, seem of course in the extreme. But a standard has been made, and a judgment has to be passed accordingly.

"But I will maintain, even according to the inspiration you expect from a serious apprehension of the literature of the 'Requiem,' that Dr. Stanford has not written what might mildly be called an appropriate work. Here are some words from the 'Offertorium': 'Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu.' Given their truth, such words have a terrific enough meaning; yet I found myself scribbling on my score to the very cheerful choral melody by the professor gay little doggerel sentences which seemed just as fitting as the grave words that were being sung, as thus—

Come while the light is shining,
Come while the flowers are gay,
Trip it while youth is mirthful,
Trip it while life is May.

I protest that this is no caricature; the choral melody was extremely pretty, and the final chorus at the end was even exciting, with a glad sentiment of dissipation about it; but when you remember that prayer, 'free them from the torments of the pit and from the lake of endless depth,' you found that Professor Stanford had contrived to make you rather miss the spirit of the thing. I have indicated—more I cannot do within the limits at my disposal—where the thing falls as a Requiem; as a work of absolute musical accomplishment, however, the matter is a different one. The 'Dies Irae' is, as a whole, disappointing; but it has many passages of very great merit, such as only Professor Stanford could have written just in this style; and I do most heartily praise him here for his real distinction and his frequent fineness of musical sentiment. The 'Benedictus' and the first part of the 'Agnus Dei' are also really lovely, with a quietude and yet with a richness that must be admired on all

side. A I pointed out in a preliminary notice, he reminds one twice very strongly of 'Lohengrin' passages, once audaciously in the 'Ne Cadant in Obscurum'—a phrase which I beg him to revise—and once rather agreeably at the very close. I should like to write more upon what is a really interesting subject, but at present that is impossible. The performance was on the whole good, though the chorus was curiously out of tune far oftener than need have been. Madame Albani, Miss Brema, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Plunkett Greene sang the solo parts well enough."

Mr. J. A. Fuller has been censured savagely for his edition of Purcell's "King Arthur" which was used at the festival the night of the 6th. Mr. Blackburn sides with the censors, and he has this to say about the performance of the originally noble work:

"I note that an eminent critic writes of last evening's (the 6th) performance: 'Henry Purcell's music to "King Arthur" was probably never given in its entirety in a concert room until this evening.' No more curious statement could have been made, for the very serious complaint which is to be brought against the concert is just this, that the work was hacked about in the most merciless manner, and that it was cut down, mutilated, and disjointed without any sentiment whatever. For example, Purcell wrote an overture in D minor which should have precluded the whole work; the overture was left out. A beautiful measure in the spirit scene was also omitted. A large portion of the introduction to the pastoral scene was omitted. Preludes and dances were then omitted with absolute ruth-

lessness in later scenes; and of these, worse than all, the prelude to the noble 'Passacaglia,' about which Mr. Maitland made some excellent remarks the other day, which filled me with glad expectations—was all dropped with the exception of 17 bars only; the magnificent dialogue, 'You say tis love,' was sacrificed, although the comparatively feeble song to St. George was included; and, by way of crowning disappointment, the noble Chaconne, with which the work should have concluded, was, to the amazement of the audience, suddenly dropped, leaving everybody to applaud the production with every symptom of coldness and perplexity. I record the exact truth when I say that this experiment of producing the 'King Arthur' music as a kind of example of our great music of the past was nothing short of a fiasco. It is useless to fix the blame upon this or that more or less responsible person. Herr Richter, one supposes, knew what he was about when he made his cuts; but of this there can be no doubt, that any committee of any future festival or concert must, if they propose to give Purcell to the public, have the courage of their opinions, and must go through the matter in hand with stern resolution and without looking back. I have read that lesson here at length, because it is one of vital importance to musical art in this country."

The remaining novelty was Arthur Somervell's setting of L. Binyon's "Ode to the Sea." Mr. Somervell, when I knew him in Berlin in '83 and '84, was a young man in delicate health. He came from the Lake region, and was of a peculiarly sweet and lovable nature. He studied composition under Kiel. Some of his songs have been sung in Boston, as "Once at the Angelus" and "Shepherd's Cradle Song." He has written far more ambitious works, as a Mass that was sung by the Bach choir, London.

I am sorry to say that Mr. Blackburn was not enthusiastic over this new work.

"Although my appreciation of the work is somewhat qualified, I am, nevertheless, bound to say that it seems to me a real advance upon his former compositions. A critic whose name has, if I knew it, entirely slipped my memory, has very truly been taking quite a number of us to task for too often looking the gift horse in the mouth (as it were) when a new work is submitted condescendingly by the great ones of earth to our consideration. He quoted the words, if I remember aright, of the late Mr. Davidson and the late Mr. Chorley, and warned us that at any moment a Wagner might be passing our way, and that it was quite on the cards that we might receive such an one with shouts of Davidsonian derision. The warning, almost I may call it the threat, is terrible enough, but for once I will risk it and give it forth as my seriously definite opinion that Mr. Somervell has not, by the composition of 'An Ode to the Sea,' added to the world's stock of great musical art. Frankly, it is with merit; it is foolish sometimes, but not often; I will even say that if he will cut away the number entitled 'In England's Name' it is never foolish, for the rest has a certain ardor and virility which are impressive although not touching in the remotest degree. In a word, Mr. Somervell gives one the impression of having done his best; his melody—always excepting that number, 'In England's Name,' is good, sound, and musicianly; it has no divine inspiration, but it is both intelligent and intelligible."

Nor did Mr. Blackburn care for our old friend Plunkett Greene in Dr. Parry's "Job": "He sang with a great assumption of dramatic feeling that I grieve to say seemed to me somewhat unconvincing. He exaggerated the part at times absurdly, and . . . he made, as a matter of fact, far less of an impression than, considering his gifts and his capacity, he should have done."

At the close of the Festival Mr. Black-

burn recalled "two vivid and brilliant points—Richter and Richter's orchestra." And what he says of this conductor may well be quoted here, especially as there is a rumor in the air that Richter some day may live in Boston and be busy here in his profession; furthermore what Mr. Blackburn writes is acute criticism couched in memorable language. His letter is dated Oct. 8:

"I mentioned as the last words of my last night's dispatch that Richter had given us a superb interpretation of Mozart's G Minor Symphony. Superb is the only epithet for the thing. In the first place, it is true, he had a most noble instrument under his hands. By rehearsal, and by the great fact of all playing together during so many hours, there can be no doubt that the already fine players of this orchestra have been drilled into an almost perfectly sensitive combination. Then, with Richter set at the head of such a living instrument, Richter, with his peculiar breadth, delicacy, appreciation, and mastery—I say peculiar because there is certain music which he neither cares about nor wants to care about—it follows that when music such as he does thoroughly enjoy is set before him, he cannot fail to produce something of exceptional artistic value. Such is the music of Mozart's G Minor Symphony, the morning freshness, the clearness, the vitality and the tenderness of which he brought out last night with extraordinary ability. The beautiful mirth of the last movement showed Richter in his element. He raced through it in tremendous spirits that swept his hearers away, as it were, on the waves of laughter. Certainly he gave us the full benefit of Mozart's genius which, in absolute music, is not often displayed elsewhere with so splendid a fullness, so golden an effect, so perfect an appreciation of the right means to attain the right end. If I were asked to select from all the works of the past great masters any one which contains the hope, the expectation, and the optimistic confidence which filled the hearts of the composers of last century and which were the mainsprings of their inspiration, I should choose the G Minor. Mozart had a sentiment about death which at times comes out—particularly in his 'Requiem'—almost terrifyingly in his music; but the fact of death did not necessarily reduce him to a condition of despair. In the music of his sorrow, therefore, you find, as you find in this symphony, tragedy united in the most exquisite proportions with perfect sanity. With him death and life meet, as it were, in a gay tavern, and each plays his part with varying fortunes, but with equanimity. It was Richter who gave us this notion last night."

"I have dwelt upon the Mozart at this length because it made so strange and terrible a contrast to the Tschalkowsky Symphony which was performed this afternoon, and which justifies me in asserting that Richter again proved himself to possess the most consummate genius of interpretation, inasmuch as this performance would alone have made it worth while to organize the whole Festival for its sake. I do not exaggerate. I have heard this Tschalkowsky a few times, and I have experienced many musical emotions; but I have known few musical emotions of just the acute, the overwhelming, the almost desperate character which I endured this morning while Richter played this work of the contrast between the Mozart and the Tschalkowsky. What could be greater, more insistent, more poignant? The struggle between the desire for happiness and the futility of the world is nowhere in musical art made more articulate than here. In every passage there is either the terrible struggle to be gay, as in the second movement, or the willful madness of intoxication, as in the third movement, or the despair—not the rest!—of the grave, as in the first and last movements. Here is pessimism transformed into sound, and Richter charmed his band into reciting that pessimism with an absolute fullness and completeness that were nearly too much for times for endurance. I know that with the lapse of time this symphony which now utters the ultimate word of modernity will become a mere classic; but at present it has the power to press the heart as well as the intellect of the world, and all that power was elicited today by Richter at this Festival of the Midlands."

Do you remember the song "Listen to the Mocking Bird?" If you have come to Forty Year you sang it, or played it.

I saw a letter last week from Mr. Septimus Winner, the composer of that song. "On November 25th," he wrote, "I expect to celebrate my golden wedding, having outlived my three-score-ten, without the aid of doctors or crutches." Mr. Winner started his musical career in Philadelphia in 1841,

and he is still engaged in business in the same city.

The Evening Bulletin (Philadelphia) published Oct. 9th this interesting account of the origin of the well-known song.

"There has been some question regarding the authorship of the popular song, 'Listen to the Mocking Bird.' This is, perhaps, because the author's nom de plume, 'Alice Hawthorne,' has always appeared upon the title page. The song was written and copyrighted by Septimus Winner, April 17, 1855, at the old Post Office Building, Chestnut Street, below Fifth. As Mr. Winner's name has never appeared upon the title page, the credit of the composition has been attributed to various personalities. A day or two ago Mr. Winner called to have a chat with me over his sprightly and cheerful reminiscences of the delights of Philadelphia in the '50's—he was in

the orchestra of the old Chestnut at the '40's—and in the course of a talk he spoke of 'The Mocking Bird,' and said: 'Let me give you the authentic version of the song's authorship. About the year 1851 a colored youth (who strummed upon the guitar and sang in public places) with a peculiar formation of the front teeth, by which he was enabled to make the most admirable imitations of the mocking bird, made my acquaintance, and I proposed that I would compose for him a song to suit the occasion, which culminated in the well-known ballad. It was through this minstrel the song was conceived and brought into public notice. It might be interesting to state that in his original manner he would sing in a recitative manner such words as these:

Katy on the ice pond slip,
Forty-seven hullofrogs hanging on her lip.
Then he would speak, 'Say, listen to the mocking bird,' and whistle all sorts of extemporaneous snatches of melody, with trills and changes of true imitation of the bird. His voice was but of limited compass, hence the few notes of the scale that are found in the melody with but three chords in the harmony; yet this very simplicity seemed to be appreciated by the public."

An Italian newspaper tells this tale of revenge. A trumpeter in an Italian opera house was lately discharged. The next night at a performance of "Carmen" he took his seat near the wind-players so that they could see him. As soon as the conductor raised his stick, the trumpeter took out a lemon and began to suck it. The mouths of his ex-colleagues were filled with water. False notes; false intonation. Hisses from the audience; furious remonstrances; general riot.

Philip Hale.

Oct 25. 97

The Autumn is old,
The serene leaves are flying,—
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying;—
Old age, begin sighing.

Yes, yes, but oh, be jolly, as the advertisement says in the street car. Let us begin the week cheerfully. This is the story told yesterday by Mr. Jules Renard, the intelligent foreigner, while we were resting after church.

THE ORANG-OUTANG.

"My husband gives a wonderful imitation of the orang-outang," said Mrs. Bornet.

The guests looked at Mr. Bornet. They were listening after dinner to terrible stories told in turn.

"The most extraordinary story in my opinion," Mr. Bornet had said, "is 'The Murders in the rue Morgue.' Poe has put this together so skillfully that although I read and re-read it, I never guess at the orang-outang."

"I assure you," said Mrs. Bornet, "he imitates the beast to perfection, and the first time he did it, I cried out for help."

"Are you joking?" asked the ladies; "do you really imitate the orang-outang, Mr. Bornet?"

"But he doesn't look like one."

"Yes, there is something, if you observe him closely, in the smile."

One young woman, timid and fearful lest her prayer should be granted, insisted:

"Oh, do it, please."

Mr. Bornet shook his head. "It is not done so easily! It is necessary to be in the mood and in costume; I should say rather, without costume."

This speech chilled the warmest curiosity. The women no longer insisted, except by saying, "It's a pity!" "I should have been delighted to see it."

"Now, Mr. Bornet, be amiable in the matter. Give us only a sketch. Take off your coat."

"An orang-outang in shirt-sleeves," answered Mr. Bornet, disdainfully; "on my word, you are making fun of me."

"Look here, we are not prudish. Mrs. Bornet, does your husband wear flannel?"

"Yes—but very little."

"Mr. Bornet, push up your sleeves to the elbow. That will give an idea."

He hesitated between the fear of not giving the imitation and that of giving a poor one. On the edge of his chair, he enjoyed the eyes fixed on him, the mouths half open, the hands stretched out and trembling.

"Well, I'll do it, since you insist."

He took off his coat and put it carefully on the back of his chair.

"I ask your indulgence for three reasons. In the first place my wife exaggerates my ability, or she is perhaps deceived. In the second place I have never imitated the orang-outang in public. Finally, and this may surprise you, I assure you that in all my life I never saw an orang-outang."

"You deserve the greater praise," they said.

"Let me at least take off my starched wristbands," said Mr. Bornet. "They bother me."

"Go on, go on, I beg of you," said an exasperated woman, already pale.

It was a fiasco. From the first gesture, like a flippant thistle-head, the scattered illusion vanished. The big man exhausted himself in futile contrivances. He made faces, sweated, shook his clumsy arms, tried to keep down his waistcoat; and his watch, which had left its fob, skipped from one leg to the other.

A ridiculous sight! That an orang-outang?

An ugly ape, harmless and vulgar.

Yes, the guests were suffering, and Mrs. Bornet, a woman of tact, said in set tones to her husband: "Darling, you are not in it."

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tions (One Dollar, postpaid) may be sent
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THIRD SYMPHONY.

"Thus Spake Zarathus-
tra," by R. Strauss.

Nietzsche, the Dionysian, In-
spires Strange Music.

Mrs. Titus Sings Arias by
Mozart and David.

The program of the third Symphony
concert given last evening in Music
Hall was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in F major.....Brahms
Requiem, "Nun ruhe in der Friede," and Aria,
"Inferno," from "Il Flauto Magico".....Mozart
Symphonic Poem, "Thus Spake Zarah-
thustra," Op. 30.....Richard Strauss
(First time in Boston.)

"Charmant oiseau," from "La Perle du
Rhin".....David
"Invitation to the Dance," Op. 35.....Weber
Arranged for orchestra by Felix Weingartner.
And first a word about the program-
book.

Mr. Apthorp says: "The name of
Zarathustra is of Nietzsche's invention;
it is a fanciful variant of Zoroaster."

And this statement appeared in Bos-
ton.

The word Zarathustra was known
centuries before Nietzsche was born.
Zoroaster is the Greek form of the old
Iranian Zarathushtra and the new
Persian Zarath—two words meaning,
some say, "possessor of old camels."

The reader is led to believe from the
sketch of Strauss that he is still living
in Weimar. In 1889 went to Weimar
as Court Kapellmeister with Eduard
Lassen. Not a word about his return
to Munich, which took place in 1894. He
has just refused a call to Hamburg. He
is still first conductor of the Court at
Munich at a salary of \$3000 a year.

"Thus Spake Zarathustra" was begun
Feb. 4, 1896, in Munich, and finished
there Aug. 24 of the same year. It was
first performed at Frankfurt, Nov. 27,
1896. The composer conducted. He
conducted it also at Cologne, Dec. 1.
It was played in Berlin (under Mr.
Nikisch), Nov. 30.

It was played twice in Chicago by
Theodore Thomas's Orchestra the lat-
ter part of last season.

Now this Zarathustra is not the old
sage who is said to have laughed the day
he was born; he is Nietzsche himself.
Strauss, abandoning Schopenhauer,
found comfort in the strange book of
Nietzsche, and the third act of his
opera "Guntram" gives abundant proof
of his study of the now insane philoso-
pher.

Before the work had been performed,
this program was published: First
movement, Sunrise. Man feels the power
of God. Andante religioso. But
man still longs.

He plunges into passion (2d move-
ment) and finds no peace. He turns
toward science and tries vainly to
solve life's problem in a fugue (3d
movement). Then agreeable dance
takes sound; he becomes an in-
dividual, and his soul soars upward
while the world sinks to the depths.

But Strauss himself gave this explana-
tion to Mr. Otto Florsheim in Berlin:
"I did not intend to write philosophical
music, or to portray Nietzsche's great
work musically. I meant to convey mu-
sically an idea of the development of
the human race from its origin, through
various phases of development, re-
cursing as well as scientific, up to Niet-
zsche's idea of the Übermensch. The
whole symphonic poem is intended as
homage to the genius of Nietzsche,
who found its greatest exemplification
in his book, 'Thus Spake Zarathus-
tra.'"

There are two ways of regarding this
remarkable symphonic poem: One to
consider it as program music, and
judge it by the degree of force with
which it expresses certain metaphysical
ideas—to consider it as a "psychological
fugue," the other is to regard it as ab-
solute music, as though there were no
title, no motto. I belong to the party
that believes there are no ideas in mu-
sic except musical ideas. If you name
an overture "Egmont," you may natu-
rally try to find music characteristic of
that hero's life; but if you should name
the overture "Duke of Alva," could
you not also find in the same music
expressions of the characteristics of
that soldier and ruler, with the final
exaltation of a people victorious over
him? In this music of Strauss, the final
warring tonalities, B major and C ma-
jor, may, according to the philosopher,
represent the ascension of the ideal
and the sinking of the earth into the
abyss, or you may say that the eter-
nal riddle is thus left unsolved—
but how far away all this is from mu-
sic. Let me now record the impressions
that follow a first hearing; and they
are vague and almost timidly advanced
after the only hearing of such an in-
tricate and unusual work.

The opening is marvelously broad and
impressive. The secret of its strength
is simplicity. The introduction of the
Gregorian "Credo" and "Magnificat" is
effective, although in fact nearly all
that comes after the opening with its
organ pedal and rolling drums is more
or less and-diminished. The section en-
titled "Von den Freuden und Leiden-
schaften" is full of interest, but I con-
fess the fugue "Von der Wissenschaft"
is to me as a mole in the ground. Nor
does the orchestral brilliance of the
sections "Der Genesende" and "Tanz-
liede" disguise the inherent vulgarity
of themes and poverty of truly great
ideas. But the "Nachtlied" has pas-
sages of rare beauty, and the finale,
with its disquieting tonalities, is strong
on account of its deliberate leaving the
question unsolved.

This symphonic poem is a stupendous
work, one that should be heard again,
and soon. For surely if this music is
madness it is the madness of a master.
There is infinite color in detail; there is
a giant's command of harmonic treat-
ment and harmonic abuse. Whether
the marshalling of all these instruments
makes thereby the greater true effect is
a question to which I am now unwill-
ing to say "Yes" or "No." It surely
aggravates apparent cacophony. To
me at present the work is not as noble
or beautiful music as the preceding
"Death and Apotheosis" which was
played last season.

The extreme difficulties disappeared
in the triumph of the performance, and
Mr. Paur is to be congratulated warmly
on the intelligence, authority and sym-
pathy with which he led. His task was
evidently a labor of love and admira-
tion.

Mrs. Marian Titus made her first ap-
pearance at these concerts. Her voice
is of great compass, and it is of pure
and agreeable quality. She sang the
aria from David's opera delightfully.
The recitative and the first part of the
aria from "The Magic Flute" demand a
broader, more dramatic voice; she sang
them with intelligence and she dis-
played a firm and smooth legato; and
in the bravura passages that follow she
sang with more than ordinary accu-
racy and skill. Her colorature seemed
natural and not deliberate or aggres-
sive. The modesty of her bearing lent
an additional charm to the exercise of
her art.

When the Weingartner disarrange-
ment of Weber's "Invitation to the
Dance" was first played here, the
joke was taken in good part. This
particular joke, however, did not bear
repetition. I am sorry that Mr. Paur
thought otherwise.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Hebert Nevin Talks to
Vance Thompson.

Gossip, Foreign and Domestic,
Concerning Musicians.

Notes and Comments on Pieces,
Singers and Players.

Mr. Vance Thompson has been talk-
ing about Mr. Ethelbert Nevin—Nar-
cissus Nevin—whose songs have so
often delighted you. For they knew
each other when they were much
younger; indeed Mr. Nevin told me the
other day that they taught each other
mathematics and geography when they
were youngsters.

And this is the way Mr. Nevin ap-
peared to Mr. Thompson a week or two
ago:

"There was a touch of gray in his
thick hair—that head of thirty! but ten
years had hardly changed a line in his
face. It was the old, boyish face,
bright with enthusiasm, mirroring
every lyric emotion, foretelling every
subtle and beautiful thought. I know of
no man whose face is so truly that of
a poet—one who has lived in Arcadia—
and walked, too, among the shadows
and in the cloister of life. He has al-
ways reminded me of the Raphael in
Van Vondel's drama—he who came
down brightly to plead with Lucifer in
the shadows. To me there is always an
element of the miraculous in the man
of genius."

"The last time I played in New York,"
said Mr. Nevin, "was in December,
1894, and since then—well, I have gone
to and fro in the earth. Most of the
time I was in Italy and France. I
played in Paris a great deal. And then
I wrote 'Maggio in Toscana,' and there
is a great deal in manuscript, songs,
pianoforte pieces, trios for piano, violin
and 'cello—all of them unpublished."

Now, Mr. Thompson says—or, did he
dream it?—that La Pastorella—No. VI.
of the Suite "May in Tuscany" is this
sad tale in music:

"She was a little shepherdess—a wo-
man like a field of clover. It was in
Montepiano, in the Apennines. Her sol-
dier-lover had been sent away to fight
King Menedek. She mourned for the
lover whom she had loved too well.
She wept at times, because she could
not go to the priest. She knew that
her soul was lost for love's sake and
she mourned. Her sheep strayed on
the hillside; her staff lay at her feet

unheeded, with her face on her knees
she thought of her lover, of Menedek's
fierce men, and, thinking of her lost
soul, she shuddered and cried aloud.
On the gray hillside."

And Mr. Nevin said unto him: "The
little maid of Montepiano we became
great friends. I was the first Ameri-
can who had ever been there. For a
music room I had rented an old barn;
the donkeys and sheep and cows used
to come in and stare at the grand piano
I had brought up from Florence. When
I played they wandered away. The
little shepherdess sat on the hillside
guarding her sheep and waiting for her
lover to come—for him who would never
come. My wife and I used to do
what we could for her, but what could
we do? Her gratitude was touching.
When two lambs were born she named
them after my children, Paul and Dor-
is."

The two men talked of composers.
"Bach is my daily bread," said Mr.
Nevin; "ah, MacDowell—he is the
greatest living composer—that is, for
the musical student who goes to his
work for study; of course, Richard
Strauss has done wonderful things."

And Mr. Nevin proposes to teach,
compose, and play in New York. He
will give three concerts of his own
works after January. In the spring he
will return to Europe. Schott, his Ger-
man publisher, is arranging a tournee,
and he has already agreed to play in
France and England. In London he
will give a concert devoted to his own
compositions—new works.

The Criterion published with this con-
versation a "caricature of Nevin by
C. D. Gibson." It is indeed a caricature.

A singing teacher of New York took
to Berlin phonograph horns into which
some of her pupils had sung. "The
experiment was so successful that en-
gagements to sing in Germany in con-
cert and opera were obtained for two of
the pupils, based solely upon the phono-
graphic samples." This is a good story
—for the teacher.

Verdi celebrated his 84th birthday Oct.
9. An Italian correspondent writes:

"To the modest villa of Busseto, near
Parma, where he lives, there came a
perfect inundation of telegrams, letters
and addresses of congratulation from
all parts of the world. Those from
Italy came from all sorts and condi-
tions of men, from the members of the
Government to the peasants around his
villa. Italians consider Verdi the most
glorious star in their galaxy of living
celebrities, and are proud that his birth-
day is honored in every part of the
globe. Although so old, Verdi is as
sturdy as an oak, upright, healthy, and
youthful looking, his eyes sparkling
with all the enthusiasm of early man-
hood. This, united with the simplicity,
modesty, but at the same time rough-
ness of his character, makes him a
unique figure. He dislikes society, re-
ceiving only a few intimates at his
house and keeping entirely aloof from
all celebrations of a convivial charac-
ter. No persuasion, for instance, could
induce him to be present at the recent
centennial celebration of the birth of
Donizetti, whom he had known and
highly appreciated. When committees
were formed all over Italy to organize
fetes for the jubilee of the beginning of
his musical career, everything was
done to induce him to participate, but
his refusal was absolute. He suddenly
left Milan and shut himself up in his
villa. Verdi loves nature, literature,
and, of course, music. To a friend who,
entering his study, found a rare edition
of Dante open on a reading desk, he
said, pointing to the book: 'It is out
of that that I have taken my greatest
inspirations.'"

Marcella Sembrich will sing here in
Music Hall the 23d of November.
Messrs. William Lavin and David Bis-
pham are in her company.

She appeared for the last time in New
York at the end of the first season of
the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr.
Abbey, manager. The year was 1884.
She then played at a benefit the 8th
violin concerto of De Bériot; then she
sat down at the piano and played a
nocturne by Chopin; and she then sang
"Ah, non giunge," from "La Son-
nambula."

This remarkably versatile musician,
admirable in all that she undertakes,
reappeared in New York, last Wednes-
day, after an absence of 13 years. And
how has Time dealt with her? Listen
to the opinion of Mr. W. J. Henderson,
a just, learned and sympathetic critic:

"Mme. Sembrich returns to us with
the luscious beauty of her voice unim-
paired. Its pure, round, mellow qual-
ity, and its perfect smoothness are still
there. Her method of production was
always a delicious mixture of skill and
daring, and if one now occasionally
hears the effort of the glottis in the
attack, he forgets it the next second in
the emission of a body of spontaneous
sound that issues like a flood of light.
The old skill in the execution of the
arabesques of song, the vocal lacework,
whose purpose is so often questioned,
but whose effect is never denied, is still
hers. To be sure, there was some note
of uncertainty in a trill in the middle
register, and there were one or two
stagecats that trod somewhat heavily upon
the pulse of the rhythm. But these
were matters of small import in the
presence of the gushing fountain of
free, certain, dazzling tone which Mme.
Sembrich gave us. Her voice has a
quality which makes listening to it
such a rich, sensuous pleasure that the
hearer almost forgets the consummate
skill that lies behind the tone. Mme.
Sembrich is a thorough musician, and
her phrasing is filled with musicianly
judgment and instinct with a sym-
pathy for dramatic values. And then
there are life, vigor, color, and signifi-

cance in her style. She sang the Moz-
art air with splendid power and with
a satisfying revelation of its dramatic
purpose. Her 'Casta diva' was admir-
able in the smoothness and purity of
its tone and in the beauty of its expres-
sion, while the finale was a piece of daz-
zling, ornamental work. Her 'Ah! non
giunge,' too, had all the old-time bril-
liance. In the lieder she astonished her
audience by the excellence of her enun-
ciation and by her complete com-
prehension of that style of singing. In
these songs she was ably assisted by
her husband, Prof. Stengel, who played
the accompaniments with the feeling
and touch of an artist."

The Speaker (London) speaks as fol-
lows of three singers well known in
Boston:

"Mr. Lloyd d'Aubigné has now been
heard as Faust, as Rodolphe in the
'Vie de Bohème,' as Romeo, and as
Turiddu—four different impersonations
in eight days, and all creditable ones.
Mr. Lloyd d'Aubigné is evidently a
tenor after the manager's own heart,
or so many opportunities would not be
offered to him; nor if he failed to turn
them to good account would they be so
often renewed. He is neither a light
tenor nor a 'robust' one, but something
between the two. He has not yet un-
dertaken any Wagner parts, though
there is no reason for believing them
to be beyond his means. He might pos-
sibly prove as good a Tannhäuser as
M. Berthold; he would certainly show
himself a better Lohengrin than M.
Brozel.

"The performance in which M. Bert-
hold assumed for the first time in Eng-
land the part of Tannhäuser was, on
the whole, a very good one. The new
tenor, while singing his music with a
fair degree of expression, did not dis-
tinguish himself as an actor. Neither
the voluptuous beauty of Venus nor the
maidenly purity of Elizabeth seemed
much to affect him. But he bore him-
self well; he knew his part, and, in a
musical sense, seemed to feel it. Ma-
dame Marie Duma, who, off and on,
has been singing with the Carl Rosa
Company for some years past, was ex-
cellent as Elizabeth. All Wagner's
maidens are destined apparently to find
on the stage rather matronly repre-
sentatives, the chest development de-
manded by the singing of his somewhat
exacting music being but little in accord
with the slender figure that one natu-
rally attributes to the graceful damsels
of his poetic dreams. Few artists, how-
ever, have fulfilled all the requirements
of the part of Elizabeth in so satisfac-
tory a manner as Madame Marie
Duma."

This was the program of the Chicago
Orchestra concert last night, Theodore
Thomas, conductor. The singer was
Mr. Campanari.

Overture, "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Suite, "Scherzade".....Rimsky-Korsakow
Prologue, "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Theme and variations, quartet, D minor.....Schubert
String Orchestra.
Second Concert Waltz, op. 51 (new).....Glazounow
Aria, "Dinorah".....Meyerbeer
Symphonic Poem, "Mazeppa".....Liszt

NOTES.

The review of the Symphony concert
is in the news-section of the Journal.

"Larks," a musical farce in three
acts by Wilton Jones, with music by
Barrett, Lee and Crook, was produced
for the first time at the Borough The-
atre, Stratford, Oct. 11.

"Kitty," a comic opera in two acts,
by Walter Parke and Henry Parker,
produced originally at Cheltenham,
Aug. 30, 1897, was performed in London
for the first time Oct. 11, at the Theatre
Royal, Kilburn.

The Musical Record for November,
which is just out, contains these ar-
ticles: "Annet Comie Opera," by B. E.
Woolf; "Personality in Conducting,"
W. F. Apthorp; "The Birmingham Fe-
stival," by J. F. Runciman; accounts of
music in New York, Chicago and Bos-
ton by W. J. Henderson, Wm. Arm-
strong and Philip Hale, respectively; "A
Musical King," by Henry Haynie; re-
views of new books and performances
in Europe, and a new portrait of An-
toinette Szumowski.

The performances of "Salvatorello"
at the New Royal Opera, Berlin, by the
Italian Children's Opera Company drew
enormously. The juveniles, boys of
eight to sixteen years of age, are twenty-
eight in all. Alfredo Soffredini, the
first teacher of Mascagni, is the com-
poser and librettist of the opera, the
conductor, impresario, and trainer. The
opera is founded on certain adventures
of Salvador Rosa, Salvatorello, who ran
away from home at the age of thir-
teen. "The singers sang and acted with
finish and accuracy seldom heard, and
were so much in earnest that older
artists might easily take a lesson from
them."

M. Camille Saint-Saëns has a horror
of anything that resembles an ovation.
The other night, at the Opéra Comique,
the master suddenly perceived a gen-
tleman in whom he recognized M.
Dereims, the ex-tenor, who, after mak-
ing him a long series of bows, left his
stall and made straight for his (M.
Saint-Saëns') box. M. Saint-Saëns rose
hurriedly to beat a retreat, when, on
opening the door, he was confronted by
an old lady in black and a younger one
in pink. "Good evening, cher maître."
Saint-Saëns bowed without replying.
"I am Madame Dereims, and this is my
daughter. My child, you see before
you the greatest..." "She is very
tall for her age," called out Saint-
Saëns, and, with a frightened face, he
ran out of the building.—The Era.

So the De Reszkés have been en-
nobled by the Tsar of the Russians.
For the sons of an innkeeper this is
doing very well indeed. The "de"
which they assumed long ago is at last

justified. Strange, is it not, that most (honors have come from the lower classes? Lafrance was a railway porter, Campanini a blacksmith, and Jean de Reszké, as I have said, an inn-keeper's son. Jean was never intended by nature for a tenor—at all. Up to middle life he was a baritone and attracted no attention. He may be said to have forced his voice into a tenor register. For many years he sang in the small towns of Europe without particular notice, and it was his sister, Mile. de Reszké, who made the first hit of the family at the Opéra in Paris. It was through her influence that the de Reszkés got to Paris. Paris was the open door to success in New York, to wealth and Polish estates and English race-horses, and—last of all—a patent of nobility.—The Criterion.

"The Children of the King" (Die Königs Kinder), a fairy tale by "Ernst Rosmer"—Mrs. Elsa Bernstein—originally produced at Munich Jan. 23, 1897—was performed in London for the first time in English and with Humperdinck's incidental music, Oct. 13, at the Court Theatre. The Pall Mall Gazette speaks thus of the music: "The practice—have in certain provincial theatres and according to the gospel of Mr. Daly—of accompanying dialogue to slow music has long been discarded as a hopeless contradiction in terms. When, however, Herr Humperdinck undertook to treat Ernst Rosmer's fairy tale, 'The Children of the King,' produced in English dress last night at the Court Theatre, in this manner, such a view of the question had clearly never occurred to him. With a resolution and an audacity that say much for his courage, if not so much for his appreciation of the adequate in art, he has provided this play with a new set of self-motives, whereby a soft orchestra is supposed to explain the action of the piece at every important dramatic moment. The result is that the unfortunate critic is at all times distraught between a desire to hear instrumental music that sounds quite attractive, and a desire to follow the spoken dialogue, which, so far as the human voice is concerned, is, of course, entirely out of relation to that music. * * * It is frankly impossible to judge of the music which must be heard under other conditions to be judged fairly. There are bits in it which seem quite fascinating, and one can at all times detect what we should naturally have expected, considerable skill of orchestration. Other passages at times were far too eminent to provoke more than miseminent; but this, be it said, is a hasty judgment."

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, writing Oct. 19, thus describes the new opera "Le Spahi": "When M. Pierre Loti's book 'Le roman d'un Spahi' was published in Paris it obtained a certain success of esteem, due in a measure to the vivid descriptive scenes of African life, to which the eccentric nautical Academician had literally sacrificed all pretence to romance. It is, therefore, quite impossible to explain why a talented librettist like M. Louis Gallet should have set himself the impossible task of adapting to the boards a work that lacks the essential feature of a stage play, that of action. M. Gallet and his collaborator, M. André Alexandre, have not endeavored to modify the artless, elementary and inept love story of 'Le Spahi,' and more's the pity. Overlaid by the transcendent position of the members of the French Academy employed, the librettists have respected their superior to a disappointing degree. The infinitesimal action of 'Le Spahi' takes place at St. Louis, Senegal. Jean (the Spahi), flattered by a certain Cora, who attempts to share her charms with a superior officer, is on the verge of despair. In vain he endeavors to drown his sorrow by indulging in copious illusions; his mind is ever haunted by the image of the faithless Cora. Fatou, a young negress, is infatuated with the Spahi, and she eventually succeeds in comforting the disappointed lover. The latter, with unromantic listlessness, turns his blighted affections from Cora to Fatou, and we are related to several successive love scenes, which, in their pretty tropical surroundings, are at first soothingly picturesque, but soon become tiresome. Fortunately, a skirmish is at hand; a charitable bullet puts an end to the Spahi, who bids farewell to dear life in the arms of the bewailing Fatou. The composer is M. Lucien Lambert, whose core won honors at the annual competition of music instituted some years back by the Paris municipality. M. Lambert deserves high commendations for his work. It is far from perfect, but one no mean quality is discernible—dramatic expression. In Act I. Fatou's recital is very clever, and is of unquestionable originality. The air de ballet and the finale of Act II. are delicately treated. In the last act the most effective passage is the dramatic recital of Jean, who, when wounded, endeavors to join the retreating army. This alone would suffice to place M. Lambert in the foremost ranks of rising musicians. The orchestration is masterly throughout; the score is full of promise for the future. It is only fair to add that many of its shortcomings are due to the scanty opportunities afforded by an insipid book. Mile. Giraudon, in the part of the negress, Fatou, obtained a legitimate and well-deserved success, not only as a singer, but as a graceful and talented comedienne. The part of Jean was written for M. Mondaud, who recently retired from the stage in favor of M. Badiali. The latter's performance last evening suffered sorely from want of rehearsal. M. Carvalho is to be congratulated on the very effective manner in which the play was mounted. Chorus and orchestra were equally satisfactory."



LOEFFLER: A BOSTON MUSICIAN.

(From a photograph taken by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, and never before published.)
A sketch of Loeffler, by Philip Hale, is printed in this number.

LOEFFLER: A BOSTON MUSICIAN.

By Philip Hale.

Technic and imagination are the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Loeffler violinist and Mr. Loeffler composer. His fantastic imagination demands an equally fantastic technic. And by the expression of strange thoughts in unusual, almost incredible fashion, he finds relief from self-contemplation. He is not selfish; he wishes to share his shudders with congenial men and women; and perhaps he writes at times to convince himself of the reality of his own visions; for Mr. Loeffler sees visions and dreams dreams.

His subjects are mist-enwrapped, or sepulchral, or they are taken from humble life in strange lands, or it is a drama, a symbolical drama of Maeterlinck that inspires him. His first orchestral work, "Les Veillées de l'Ukraine," in which the solo violin was played by him in Music Hall six years ago this November, was inspired by tales told by Gogol. Do you remember his Sextet, performed at a Kneisel concert in February, 1893, the sextet written in memory of Dennis Bunker? Here is no conventional lamentation, no smug and approved death march. He goes to the Volga for his mournful tune, the "Ei Ouchnem," sung by bargemen as they draw with straps fastened about them the loaded boats against wind and tide. Does he compose a Divertimento in A minor to display his skill as violinist and composer? He chooses for theme of his brilliant finale the old plain song "Dies Irae, Dies Illa," the tune to which the dead dance, while he fiddles and examines them curiously. And what, pray, is his latest work, the one written in quiet, hum-drum Medfield, a microcosm of New England? He is in Belgium,

looking at Maurice Maeterlinck dressing the marionettes for his little drama, "The Death of Tintagiles." He sees the tragedy stripped of its symbolism; an every-day household tragedy; the little boy is doomed; no one can save him; the Queen who wishes him ill is Death, whom no one sees and who is reported to be old and ugly. How may childish innocence and the pathos of such early death he best expressed? Mr. Loeffler, who has long loved the viola, hethinks himself of the viola d'amore. He hears the seraphic tones of two violas d'amore sighing and sobbing responsively or in tears together.

Even when he sets songs by Baudelaire and Verlaine to music, the "Dies Irae, Dies Illa" haunts him. The skull grins at the embraces of lovers; it mocks the desolation and the despair of the deserted or the pursuer of the ideal.

Now the genuineness of this musical feeling is indisputable. There are composers who are first of all poseurs. There are violinists who use a violin to accentuate natural eccentricity. Mr. Loeffler is without such affectation. As a virtuoso, he never calls attention to a difficult passage; on the contrary he apologetically diverts attention by the amazing ease and natural brilliance of the performance. His music is a frank, modest revelation of self. A man of cosmopolitan life, he is singularly individual in his music. He is first of all a colorist of rare power. I am not extravagant when I say that as a colorist he is among the very first now living. By harmonic thought and by orchestral language he achieves orchestral results that are without a precise parallel in

musical literature. His orchestra is without echo. Its speech is known only by Mr. Loeffler.

Fastidiousness, purity of taste, courtesy, wit that at times is keen-edged, elegance that must have pleased the Prince in whose orchestra he played with César Thomson—these personal qualities save him from extravagance in music, how-

ever fantastic his subject may be. They save him also from unwillingness to consider and criticize his own work. And there is thus a distinction in the music that is again purely individual. There are poets that are apart, Poe, the Thomson of the City of Dreadful Night, Baudelaire. There are dramatists of kin as Tourneur, Webster, Ford and Maeterlinck. In music there is Loeffler.

On All Saints' Day hard is the grain,
The leaves are dropping, the puddle is full;
At setting off in the morning
Woe to him that will trust a stranger.

Great are the canonized. Great or even greater are the thousands of humble, unknown saints who made this wilderness like Eden, and this desert like the garden of the Lord. And wretched is that household though clad in fine raiment and envied by the thoughtless or the base that does not know a ministering saint, enskied here upon earth.

On All Saints' Day the tops of the branches are bent;
In the mouth of the mischievous, disturbance is congenial:
Where there is no natural gift there will be no learning.

Overheard at the Symphony concert:
"Those men don't pay any attention to Mr. Paur; I don't believe they care for him. The harder he beats at them the louder they play."

"Emperor William for some time past has been greatly incensed at the unfavorable comments made in the American newspapers upon his personal characteristics." But is not his old schoolmate Poultney still faithful? And Poultney is an American—at least, he writes for American magazines.

On All Saints' Day blustering is the weather,
Very unlike the beginning of the past fair season:
Besides God there is none who knows the future.

Time and the Hour and the Courier growl and we growl with them at the barbarous street and theatre and car manners in this city. But on the sidewalks are many visitors, a-shopping, and a-gaping who will not respect traditional law of the road. They remind us of the people of Nineveh—"that great city wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle."

Mr. Percival Pollard speaks thus pleasantly of Mr. R. W. Gilder: "This great man's popularity is increasing so rapidly, and the demands on his time are piling up so dangerously, that I believe he intends an announcement of the manner in which he will hereafter divide his days. He will wear his red sash every Monday. On Tuesday he will write sonnets. On Wednesday he will dine. On Thursday he will dine. On Friday he will dine. On Saturday he will dine. On Sunday he will name a park after himself in the morning, and dine twice in the evening. Can you fancy a finer fortune?"

On All Saints' Day 'tis hard and dry,
Doubly black is the crow, quick is the arrow from the bow,
For the stumbling of the old, the looks of the young wear a smile.

"Subscriber" sends this acid letter: "Quotation from the Journal of Oct. 29: 'Benjamin Harrison, the country's only other ex-President, has a baby, too, but it's only a girl.' We think the writer of the above feels bad that he does not belong to the 'only a girl' sex, or is it only an expression of the usual conceit of a certain class. The writer of this having worked in the city for the past 15 years, and having witnessed the rowdiness, animalism, and the sickening and vile tobacco expectorations in street cars and on all the sidewalks proceeding from the opposite sex, she feels thankful she belongs to the 'only a girl' sex.' There are good men and true gentlemen. All honor to them. May their number increase." "There now, you hateful thing!"

Calangauſ U'n goddalth,
Aradyr yn rhyech, yeh yn ngwalth:
O'r cant odd cydymmaith.

You should read "The Art of Conversing." The author signs his (or her) name "A Member of the Aristocracy" and the publisher is Warne of London. Here is the formula for refusing to pay cash for charitable concerts, or rather this is the way the Aristocrat does it: "You must not ask me; I should not be able to come on that evening; and I don't care to give tickets away. Besides I should not know to whom to give them. Your concert is sure to go off well without my small aid; you are so popular." And do you wish to know how an Aristocrat shakes an undesirable person? "Good morning; what a beautiful day it is," remarks the one-to-be-shaken. "Yes, very." "Which way are you going? I will walk a little way with you, if you like." "I was rather thinking of sitting down; it is so hot walking." "Yes, suppose we do. I see some chairs over there." "Do you know, I think I had better not sit down, but walk on. I rather expect my aunt will take a turn this morning in her lath-chair, so I will say good-bye."

When I am dead, O dearest let me lie,
Not in the cold black earth, where worms
await,
But where white fire shall woo this mortal
freight
And make it almost beautiful to die.
In that fair solitude shall I defy
The terror of the tomb, and meekly mate
My body with the dust, where small and
great
Drop, heedless of the crowd that rushes by.
But if within some treasured urn you keep
The poor pale ashes that were once the
flesh
Which held you to its heart in days of
yore,
Weep not too wildly o'er that endless sleep,
But yield your lovely soul to love afresh,
Since life comes once, and never, never
more!

We have not talked about death for some time. Yet who is ever wholly free from the thought of death? When you first stretch legs in bed each night do you not unconsciously or deliberately measure yourself for a coffin?

And it is meet and fitting that today of all days we should think cheerfully of the next "transfer and promotion." For this day is All Souls, when thousands of the devout pray for the spirits of the departed. This is also election day, when certain politicians will be buried deep in graves carefully dug by them while they thought they were digging for another. And there are some that may well envy the burial of Henry George.

Then again it is November—it is early in the month, and we are not yet accustomed to its presence. A month of ill omen! Nearly a century and a half ago Bishop Warburton wrote: "I am now got hither to spend the month of November; the dreadful month of November! when the little wretches hang and drown themselves, and the great ones sell themselves to the court and the devil."

Consider the words of Jeremy Taylor: "Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two; and the spring and the autumn sends throngs of men and women to charnel houses . . . and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity . . . The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases . . . Calentures and Surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, they all minister to death; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones."

There is no greater pleasure than reading in bed—with pipe and two candles. And there is no more delightful bed-book than this same "Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying" by Jeremy Taylor, D. D., chaplain in ordinary to King Charles the First.

As you stretch yourself, think over the actions of the day. God help you, if you recollect no mean or unworthy deed, for otherwise there is no help for you. Wretched, truly wretched is the condition of that man who shakes hands with himself in smug congratulation just before he falls asleep. You remember how you said nothing in defence of your friend when rich Mr. Hunker abused him; how you felt contemptible pride when Hunker addressed you as "Dear boy!" at the club; how you said the thing which was not to save yourself the trouble of a half-

hour; how you put off the washer-woman who needed the small sum you had then in your pocket; or you are worried by debt; or you realize that you do not write as glibly and confidently as you did a year ago, and you know that the modern newspaper is nourished chiefly on young, fresh blood; or you say to yourself, "What is the good of it all? What is the use of it all?" Then turn to Taylor's chapter entitled, "Consideration of the Miseries of Man's Life;" your rest that night will be the sweeter, and you will not shiver unmanfully at the thought of eternal rest.

Wise men now tell us that asthma is superinduced by asparagus. So this is what's the matter with the vegetable? We knew something allied it.

Dr. Eugene Deschamps is the man who puts this statement in scientific form. He tells of a victualler over 40 years of age, who suffers from severe spasmodic attacks of coughing whenever he attempts to prepare raw asparagus for the cook. He is arthritic and nervous. Twenty years ago he became a cook, and remained so for a long time, but was temperate, and hence suffered little general ill-health. From the first, however, he found that while trimming asparagus in the kitchen violent sneezing, coryza, and running of the eyes set in. Within half an hour dyspnoea followed, with cough and expectoration. All these symptoms used to vanish within an hour or two. Hence he managed to continue at work, and arose to be chef in big hotels. But whenever he assisted the under cooks in dressing asparagus the fits returned worse than before. He now owns a restaurant. Last spring he helped his own cooks on a busy evening, and plucked a few stalks of asparagus. The fits of asthma came on at once with unusual violence. The increase of intolerance of asparagus is remarkable, as the patient is better off in every respect than he was twenty years since—prosperous, contented, and strong. He can peel onions, carrots, turnips, and other roots with perfect comfort, but after plucking a considerable amount of salsify mild sneezing and coryza sets in, but without dyspnoea. He has all along been able to eat asparagus freely, as the meal is never followed by any of the troublesome symptoms. The British Medical Journal, from which we took this interesting report, adds that spasmodic asthma is produced by roses, musk, tea, ipecacuanha, smell of a cat, fried fish, dust of oats, malt, rice, feathers, wool, and that caused by the demolition of old houses.

Mr. Max Heinrich Gives the First of Three Song Recitals in Stein-ert Hall.

Schumann—Frühlings-Ankunft; Maiwürmchen; Er Ist's; Schneeglöckchen; Röslein; Röslein; Der Sandman; In's Freie; Bel-saizer.
Brahms—Four serious songs: Ecclesiastes, III.; Ecclesiastes, IV.; Ecclesiastes, 41; I. Corinthians, XIII.
MacKenzie—The First Rose; Hope; Spring's Secret; Spring Is Not Dead; April Weather; A May Song; Summer at Last.

Mr. Heinrich was dramatically authoritative and interesting last night, but his points were made too often at the expense of song. When a man of his authority violates fundamental rules of song, the evil does not work solely against him; it spreads; it influences imitators, and these imitators are bad singers, without a spark of Mr. Heinrich's indisputable talent.

Very charming were phrases of song and piano accompaniment in the shorter pieces by Schumann, and the last measures of the ballad of Heine were declaimed with rare effect. Now, I do not care for this ballad as music, it is labored and without beauty or strength. The effect made was due entirely to Mr. Heinrich's delivery, and if he had read the verses and improvised music of a melodramatic nature the spell would no doubt have been as potent. Or if he had read the 5th chapter of Daniel to improvised music I believe he would have gained his effect. "Belshazzar, the King, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousands." There is more true music in this verse than in Schumann's ballad.

Then take the serious songs by Brahms. I believe that nine-tenths of any effect produced by them lies in the sublimity of the words themselves. When Mr. Heinrich was the most distinct in enunciation—most melodramatically distinct—as in the third of the group, the song carried the most weight. And in these songs there was the power of declamation rather than that of singing. In the third, the one just mentioned, the declaimer created an atmosphere; the hitherness of death was italicized as though by gesture and facial play. But it is impossible to praise the delivery as singing in any sense of that term. And so the closer approach to singing in the simple song by MacKenzie that followed was a positive relief.

Yes, Mr. Heinrich is a man of strong

individuality. He is almost always interesting. He has highly dramatic moments. Let another try to imitate his methods, and he would fail miserably; for the power of Mr. Heinrich is in his individuality. If you accept that, you forgive his vocal omissions and commissions; but you find no excuse for the imitator who neither sings nor displays individuality.

Mr. Heinrich's second recital will be on Dec. 7.

Philip Hale.

It is a great pity this is not a free country. There are a great many things I want to do and—

For instance, I should like to gild my silk hat with the gold paint you see sold in the streets, dye my hair blue, and walk down the sunny side of Broadway reciting Latin verses. Now, I dare say there is no law against all this, but custom is stronger than law and I know perfectly well that it would not do. It's a great pity.

We talked yesterday with a Bostonian who had just returned from Juneau and could talk of nothing but Klondike and claims and digging and pans and nuggets. Now, this man has already land and beeves; he controls mortgages; he has always a wad in a waistcoat pocket; he inherited and he will inherit. And how he talked about money.

"There was a Judge out there—he gave up the law—left the bench—took a simple kit—well, he showed me what he took out at one lick—I could not hold out straight with both hands the nuggets that came in at one whoop." And his forehead was wrinkled with excitement; his hands trembled; the nails seemed for the moment claws; his voice shook with emotion; his eyes were those of one suffering from exophthalmic goitre.

And as we watched the poor fellow we were reminded of a beautiful passage in the complete works of Artemus Ward: "To a young person fresh from the land of greenbacks this careless manner of carting off solid silver is rather of a startler. It is related that a young man who came Overland from New Hampshire a few months before my arrival, became so excited about it that he fell in a fit, with the name of his Uncle Amos on his lips. The hardy miners supposed he wanted his uncle there to see the great sight, and faint with him. But this was pure conjecture after all."

It is not to be considered who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best.

This same Bostonian has summer

place as well as city house, and in this he equals the ancient and luxurious Persian kings. He owns a yacht, horses, books, pictures, plate. He is head of a family devoted to him. If Black Care follows him, it is from abundance, not from want. And yet he sighs for adventurous youth and longs to leave everything to gain still more. A pitiable sight! A pitiable mental condition!

Do you remember Charles Reade's epic description of the rush to Australia? It is in that most entertaining novel "It Is Never Too Late to Mend."

"The workman sold his tools, bought a spade and a pick-axe, and fled to the gold; the lawyer flung down his parchment and off to the gold; the penny-aliner his brass pen and off to a greater wonder than he had ever fabricated; the schoolmaster to whom little boys were puzzling out—

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames

made the meaning perfectly clear; he dropped ferule and book and ran with the national hunt for gold; outward-bound ships lay deserted and helpless in the roads; the wilderness was peopled and the cities desolate; Commerce was paralyzed, industry contracted; the wise and good trembled for the destiny of the people, The Government trembled for itself.

"Then did great labor, insulted and cheated so many years in narrow over-crowded corners of the huge, unpeopled globe, lift his bare arm and cry, 'Who bids for this?' and a dozen gloved hands jumped and clutched at the prize; and in bargains where a man went on one side and money on the other, the money had to say 'thank you' over it instead of the man."

When you saw last week the new comic opera at the Hollis, did you wonder at the infatuation of women, noble dames and kitchen-wenchies, for knights of the road? 'Twas only yesterday we read in an English catalogue of engravings this announcement: "McLeane (James), celebrated highwayman, hung at Tyburn, 1750; full length, standing in open country, hat under arm, sword at side, mask on ground, inscribed, 'The Ladies' Hero, or the Unfortunate James McLeane, Esq., original impression, folio, circa 1750, scarce, 18s.'"

"A new and sumptuous edition of the Rollo books." Dearest to us are the original editions with the queer illustrations. There's "Rollo's Travels," for instance, with the picture opposite page 79 of Mr. Holiday and Rollo looking at the walking-beam on the steamboat. And the conversation between Rollo and his father in the cabin!

"How do you like it, Rollo?" said Mr. Holiday.

"Pretty well, sir," said Rollo; "only it is rather dark."

"They cannot have many windows in a sea-boat," said his father.

"Why not?" asked Rollo.

"Because, perhaps, the sea would dash in."

There is dispute among those in search of copy concerning the antiquity of the verb "to jell." Is it or is it not an Americanism? "Why," asks a woman in the New York Times, "should I say that my jelly does or does not jell, any more than I should say that my custard does or does not cus?" This verb "to jell" is found in widely distant States, and we find no trace of it in English dialect dictionaries. As a matter of fact, the only definition of jell given in Bailey's Dictionary (1736) is "Broth, which having stood till it is cold, grows into a thick Consistence."

Some little time ago a most circumstantial story appeared in the newspapers about a traveling cat; it belonged to a lady in Godalming, who sent it by train from London to Leeds, and lo! within five days it departed on its travels, and shortly after reappeared in Surrey. After some considerable experience of cats we incline to think that there is a mistake somewhere in the story and in all of the hundred others like it. Let inquiry be directed to any maid-of-all-work in town or country, and if truthful, she will tell you that, either for reasons of her own or in obedience to the command of others, she has more than once "strayed the cat," and that it is the easiest operation possible. The country cat wanders more than the town one, but, nevertheless, carry her a mile or two in a covered basket, and she is irredeemably lost. Take a town pussy into the next street but one, and "she dunno where she are."—Pall Mall Gazette.

But they who servilely admire you in Prosperity, like old Ruptures, Spasms, and Cramps, which, as Demosthenes speaks, ache and pain us most, when some fresh Misfortune has befallen the Body, stick close to you in the Revolution of your Fortune, and rejoice and enjoy the Change: Whereas, if a Man must needs have a Remembrancer of a Calamity which his own Indiscretion hath pulled upon him, 'tis enough you put him in mind that he owes it not to your Advice, for you often dissuaded him from the Undertaking.

"Strangers in Gotham are at once detected by their peculiar speech," says a contributor to that entertaining and courageous weekly, the Criterion. There was a time when the Boston man was known by his shawl; but, it appears, that now his speech betrays him.

This contributor, however, is not deaf to the dialect of the born New Yorker. "The New York boy, city born and bred, can be detected in a moment by the peculiar way in which he pronounces the 'ur' sound in such words as 'birth,' 'bird,' 'earth,' and 'heard.' . . . The queer little twists that enter so largely into the language in marring one of the cardinal sounds that compose it are thus expressed in Gotham tongues: 'Ur-yith' is how a New Yorker says 'earth'; 'hur-yid' for 'heard'; and 'mur-yid-der' for 'murder.' Those of us who were born in New York have heard the public school teacher insisting upon this peculiar twist. Most of us, too, have heard nice, careful little girls on the way home from school correcting careless companions by insisting that 'you mustn't say burd; you must say it nicely, bur-yid.'"

To New Englanders, the dialect of Philadelphia is far more objectionable. We have heard estimable men and women of that city twist and rack certain vowels until the letters and diphthongs shrieked.

We met a man yesterday who did not vote "on account of the rain." He was well enough to go to his office in the morning; to look at a house in Brookline in the afternoon; and to visit a theatre after dinner.

After all, ladies and gentlemen, are not the two chief points these: (1) Is the play, "Tess," a well-made and effective play? (2) Is the play well-acted? What is the world has the

"morality" or the "immorality" of Hardy's great novel to do with the consideration of the play that bears the same name?

Have you observed how they that admire the "sturdy" language of the Elizabethans and inquire curiously into the true meaning of Shakespeare's sonnets are the first to roll skyward whites of eyes at the "coarseness" of Hardy or Ibsen?

Then there are others who do not object to rank indecency in farce-comedy. As long as they laugh, they find no harm. But when a master like Hardy presents frankly, truthfully and irresistibly problems of daily life, there are hysterical cries for civet.

Hardy summed up the whole matter in a sentence of his preface to that sublime tragedy, "Jude, the Obscure": "For a novel addressed by a man to men and women of full age, which attempts to deal unaffectionately with the fret and fever, derision and disaster, that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, and to point, without a minelag of words, the tragedy of unfulfilled aims, I am not aware that there is anything in the handling to which exception can be taken."

Marriage schools in South Germany are now commended. Housekeeping is the main feature of the curriculum. Foreigners have said derisively that the ideal German wife is a "Hausfrau"; but German homes are the happier because the women believe that they should help their husbands, lighten burdens, and relieve them of extraneous and unnecessary anxiety. The American idea that the husband should relieve the wife of all responsibility, even though he run into debt in the endeavor, is borrowed from Oriental tradition and observance.

Signor Leon Lorenzo, a chestnut-

roaster in London, was brought before a magistrate for obstructing the streets. He excused himself by remarking: "Mestoppabreakapiecacoka."

Alderman and Clerk (in chorus): What!

Leon: Stoppabreakapiecacoka!

Mr. Monckton (the clerk): What does he mean?

A constable explained that the defendant meant he stopped to break a piece of coke for his fire.

Alderman Halse: One shilling.

It is a sad thing when zeal for the law so eats a man up as to induce him to break it, and to break a good many other things at the same time. This was the case of Henry Gough of Marylebone, painter. He has a brother Alfred, and both he and his brother have wives; and the other day the wives were sitting and drinking tea together, when suddenly Henry burst in upon them, overturned the tea-table, smashed the cups and saucers, and commenced to abuse and assault his wife. Mrs. Alfred remonstrated with him, and he hit her on the head with an iron plate. Alfred was sitting meanwhile in the shop, and was so far from intending to join the party that it is recorded he was eating a raw onion, which, of course, he would never have done if he had thought it possible he would go to the ladies. But when his wife was hit with an iron plate Alfred cast aside his half-eaten onion and his polite scruples, and rushed to the fray. Henry relieved him with brotherly frankness and a hammer, and knocked him out of time in the first round. So far, of course, our sympathies must be with Henry; but when he goes on, in the most unsportsmanlike manner, to kick poor Alfred when he is down and break two bones of his legs, he loses our respect, and we are almost glad of the appearance of the stern 152 D. As Henry quitted the dock on Saturday for his well-earned nine months, he gave the explanation of his conduct. "Sir," said he, with righteous indignation, "my brother's got four dogs at home, and he ain't paid the license for four years."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Nov 5, 1897

Mr. Stephen Townsend's Concert Last Evening in Steinert Hall— Miss Eustis's Debut.

Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, assisted by Miss Gertrude Miller, soprano, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. Mr. John C. Manning was accompanist. The program was as follows:

O Casto Flore.....Massenet
Duet: "Calm as the Night".....Goetz
"La ci darem".....Mozart
"Oh Could You".....Tschalkowski
"Sweet Repose".....Schubert
"This Only Once".....Tschalkowski
"Immer bei Dir".....Raff
Two songs.....Tschalkowski

With a melody in a theme, the first of a cycle of three songs: "The Eliland".....Von Flieitz

This was a pleasant concert. The program was well arranged; for they who knew the cycle by Von Flieitz were able to leave the hall without missing songs or duets that were more entertaining.

Mr. Townsend has a frank, manly manner of singing that at once puts him on friendly relations with an audience. His voice is naturally excellent in quality and flexibility, and it is not without sensuous charm, when sensuousness is demanded. Of late, however, his tones at times have a tendency to wobble, as was observed last night, especially in the air from Massenet's "King of Lahore." In the song by Schubert he displayed an enviable command of legato, and in the duet from "Eve" he again showed that the wobble was by no means chronic. The drinking song by Rles was sung with great spirit, so that he was recalled twice by the good-sized and appreciative audience. Mr. Townsend is more than a singer of promise; he is a singer of actual performance. He should remember, however, that in the singing of songs such as he chose last night tonal beauty should never be forgotten even in the most stirring climax.

Miss Miller has a voice of ample compass and rare beauty. It is a melting voice, which, used as it is with more than ordinary vocal skill, would be irresistible in suggestion of a mood or in more passionate appeal if the singer were only more authoritative, more deliberate in making her points. This young woman has almost everything in her favor: youth, good looks, a pleasing bearing, voice, technical acquirements. What she now needs is experience, the exertion of an individuality. Here is a singer who has it in her power to shine in concert, oratorio or opera. Her performance last night, admirable as it was in many ways, was only a hint at the possibilities that lie before her.

The accompaniments were too often nervously unrhythmical and poorly balanced.

Philip Hale.

MISS EUSTIS'S DEBUT.

Miss Lydia Eustis, a niece of Ex-Ambassador Eustis, made her first public appearance yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. She sang songs by Faure, Gounod, Widor and Schumann. There was a small and very friendly audience. It would be more agreeable to speak of her appearance as a "social function," but since criticism is expressly invited it is only just to say that she is not yet prepared to sing in public. Neither her voice, as it now is, nor her technical proficiency warrants her appearing at present as a professional. What she may do in time if she receives better instruction, is not a matter of criticism.

She was assisted by Mrs. Szumowska, Mr. T. Adamowski and Mr. J. Adamowski, who played Brahms' C minor trio. Mrs. Szumowska also played pieces by Chopin and Liszt; Mr. T. Adamowski, Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasia; and Mr. J. Adamowski a rondo by Dvorak.

However, there are some People that differ little or nothing from Children, who many times beholding Malefactors upon the Stage, in their gilded Vestments, and short purple Cloaks, dancing with Crowns upon their Heads, admire and look upon 'em as the most happy Persons in the World till they see 'em goaded and lash'd, and Flames of Fire curling from underneath their sumptuous and gawdy Garments: THUS there are many wicked Men, surrounded with numerous Families, splendid in the Pomp of Magistracy, and Illustrious for the Greatness of their Power, whose Punishments never display themselves till those glorious Persons come to be the publick Spectacles of the People, either standing on the top of the Rock, ready to be tumbl'd headlong down the Precipice; which indeed cannot so well be said to be a Punishment, as the Consummation and Perfection of Punishment.

We have quoted from an essay entitled "Concerning such whom God is slow to punish," and the opinions of the ancient Greek dressed in English by Mr. John Phillips, look straight toward the New York city of this week. There are many voices, exultant and lamenting, cynical and righteously angry. These voices are heard across the Atlantic, in cities where men accustomed to good government look at us curiously, and talk together, half-contemptuously, half-pityingly, while they look as through a telescope from another planet. But there are some who, not despairing of the Republic, hear above all voices this solemn cry of warning and encouragement: "The dice of God are always loaded."

There are preliminary throws; there is apparent yielding to greed and corruption and lust; the powers of darkness hold their little jubilee; the people gaze and are secretly uneasy; but when it is time for the great throw, the throw in which everything is at stake, the dice of Eternal Righteousness are loaded.

Today the mob rules in New York; not because it outnumbers the body of law-respecting citizens who wish a city

to be managed as honestly as a decent man would run a factory; but for reasons that well excite the pity or derision of outsiders. Does any one pretend that there is a case of vox populi, vox Dei? The final throw is yet to come. Knaves have their wits about them; by such tools they live. The great public, slow, unworldly, foolishly good natured, lazy, permits much even to its own detriment, suffers and laughs, is cruelly wronged and tries to find an excuse for the wrong-doer. At last conviction enters into its thick brain. There is a

roar of rage. The giant exerts its strength. Samson-like, it bursts its bands. There is red work, as in the days of the French Revolution. Or there is still more terrible punishment, as when Tweed and his gang were hurled from their gaudy thrones and vulgar joys and were wanderers, outcasts, jailbirds. And do you think that this Comedy of the Bosses will have no tragic ending?

Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons.
It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth.

They played in London lately a new duologue entitled "An Ibsen Christmas." Rita returns to Henrik. It is Christmas night. Why should not they, too, rejoice?

"What is Christmas to you—a Norwegian Swedenborgian?" he asks; "whilst I thank God, am an Atheist!"

Henrik then tells a frightful dream. He thought he was in a large theatre with "two rows in the pit, and paper in the stalls," while overhead he saw this inscription: "We run this at a loss, but Ibsen is our prophet."

Rita refers to her aunt.

"I had a father," exclaims Henrik.

"And you never told me," rejoins Rita, reproachfully.

Yes, they are fond of the theatre in England. Mr. Arthur Coles Armstrong and other deep thinkers are inquiring into the character of Hamlet.

Councillor Allen writes to Councillor-elect Sullivan "By Republican votes you have redeemed the district." "Redeemed" is here a good word, a very good word, a surpassingly good word, in fact the one word. We wonder whether Mr. Allen knows its full meaning.

The real advantage of living in a flat is that it effectually prevents self-absorption. The flat-dweller cannot help being genuinely interested in his neighbor's affairs, and of course the natural consequence is that he comes to love his neighbor. Thus it was in Blenheim Mansions, Marylebone. Mr. Ray lived there, and unfortunately he quarreled with his wife. Had he lived in a villa, or even a semi-detached house, he might have continued to do so till this day without exciting any interest in his neighbor's minds; as it was, their connubial conversation kept Mr. and Mrs. Green, of the adjoining flat, awake till four in the morning. After breakfast, when it may be assumed that the tempers of all four were somewhat strained by the occupations of the night, a discussion arose between Mrs. Green and Mr. Ray on the disposal of the dust from the common stair, which Mr. Ray accused Mrs. Green of shovelling in at his door. Mr. Green appearing to support his wife, Mr. Ray took him by the throat and pushed him about the corridor; after that he retired to his own premises, but shortly reappeared with a poker and a knuckleduster, and expressed the most extreme views as to the disposal of Mr. Green in this world and the next. After this performance had continued with variations for some hours, the aid of the law was invoked, with the result that Mr. Ray has abandoned Blenheim-mansions for two months in favor of a better regulated if less sumptuous establishment.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Prisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,
With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow!
Night lengthening into months; the ravenous foe
Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear
Crunches his prey; the insufficient share
Of loathsome food;
The lethargy of famine; the despair
Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued;
Toll done with skinny arms, and faces hue'd
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind!

These are lines from an ode to Kane, who died forty years ago; lines written by Fitz James O'Brien, who once honored this city by living here and made the Atlantic Monthly illustrious by contributing to it those remarkable sto-

ries "The Diamond Lens" and "The Wondersmith."

And how was Kane received by his country after his return in 1855? O'Brien tells us of welcome by States. "His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,
Burst from its decorous quiet as he came,
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand. The large-lunged West

From out its giant breast
Telled its frank welcome. And from main to main,

Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
HONOR TO KANE."

You should read this Ode to Kane, which was first printed in Harper's Weekly; for although O'Brien never "resided in Cambridge" or ate turnips at Brook Farm, the Muse had smiled on him and revealed her dainty ankles.

"Yes, but what did Congress do for Kane?" Resolutions were passed by several Legislatures, the Legislature of New York voted him a gold medal, the Royal Geographical Society of London gave him its gold medal and an honorary membership, the Queen's medal was presented, a testimonial was given him by the British who lived in New York—"Yes, but what did Congress do for him?"

We quote from the Biography of Kane by William Elder: "Congress, having failed at its first session after his return to appropriate, by a national recognition, the honors he had won for his country, had no other opportunity for repairing the neglect till after his death; then a gold medal was ordered—of which, I believe, nothing has been heard since the passage of the resolution."

Nansen is over six feet; Kane was five feet six inches, and in his best health weighed about 135 pounds. His book was a wearing, fretting task to Kane; writing and lecturing seem to agree with Nansen.

Mr. Lehmann is certainly an affable and courteous gentleman; he is said to be an accomplished oarsman; he has the grim honor of sharing in the funeral banquets of Punch, of sitting in the receiving-vault of mummied quips and jests. But is it not a mortifying fact that he comes to Cambridge not solely as an honored guest but in response to a Macedonian cry for help. Are there no Americans who know how to coach a crew? It seems to us that we have heard favorable reports concerning a certain Mr. Courtney at Ithaca, N. Y.

"Reader" sends this sketch of zoological interest: "Seeing in your 'Talk of the Day' column a statement that if you take a cat shut up one or two miles from her home she is lost, I send you this fact. I myself caught a cat and put her in a close box and she was taken three miles in the close box in a carriage and shut up for a while in the house, but the day she was let loose she came back to her old home; she was obliged to go round or over a hill to get back."

Nov 7, 1897

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

An Evening Without a Soloist or Any Orchestral Satisfaction.

The program of the fourth Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in C major, "Tours," Op. 66. Haydn
Four Movements from Serenade No. 7. Haydn
In D major, "Haffner".....Mozart
Cadenzas by E. Paur.
(Violin Solo by Mr. Franz Kneisel.)
Overture to "Leonore," No. 2.....Beethoven
Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, Op. 52. Schumann

This was a concert that gave respectable pleasure. The composers were all good men and true. There were no doubtful characters admitted, no Russians—terrible fellows, reeking with vodka—no frivolous and suspicious Frenchmen, leering at estimable matrons of the Back Bay, no queer Swedes or Norwegians or Danes or Italians.

To be sure there was wedding music, but the music Mozart wrote was eminently fit for the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Haffner, daughter of the wholesale merchant and burgomaster, to Mr. Spach. None of the guests became intoxicated, and there were no jests to bring a blush to the bride's face.

Haydn's "Bear" symphony was played here under Mr. Nikisch, Dec. 7, 1889. The program book then stated that it was the first performance of it in Boston. This seems hardly possible, but

the statement was not contradicted. It is my impression that the symphony has not been played here since. And no wonder—for there is little of interest in it except the finale, which says something and in an ingenious fashion. The first three movements are hopelessly antiquated, without any of the beauty that is often found in old-fashioned things.

And much of the Mozart would have been dull if the performance had not been so admirable. Of course we hear this music all out of proportion. It was written for a festival occasion, and there was feasting, there was laughter, there was wooing between the movements. It was played by a small orchestra, not by such a large band of strings with a few wind instruments. But played as they were last night the movements chosen gave pleasure, especially the andante, minuetto and rondo. Mr. Kniesel played the solos with exquisite finish and beauty of tone. Mozart himself would have applauded. And the cadenzas by Mr. Paur were in excellent taste. They were in the spirit, and they were not too long.

We are so accustomed to the Leonore No. 3 that we are likely to forget the grandeur of the No. 2 overture. There are passages in this Leonore No. 2 that seem to me even more dramatic than any in the so-called greater. I am not sure but that as a theatre overture it is more stirring, nor am I willing to admit that the coda is less effective for theatre use. And how modern this overture is! What sonority! What effects gained without summoning tubas, bass clarinets, regiments of extra instruments! For here is depth of thought as well as strength in expression.

The overture in the little symphony of Schumann is very delightful music. The grace and spontaneity of melody rise above the somewhat dogged technical endeavor.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Coming Lectures on Old English Composers.

Miss Webster Will Talk of Masques and Madrigals.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

Miss Mary Phillips Webster proposes to give three lectures on Music in England in Shakespeare's Time at Chickering Hall tomorrow afternoon, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 18, and Monday afternoon, Nov. 22.

The lecture tomorrow afternoon will treat of church music, of which Tallis and Gibbons were shining masters; of musical theory in 1597, as illustrated by Thomas Morley's celebrated "Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music" of Madrigals with examples by Wilbye and others.

The lecture Nov. 18 will treat of popular music and court masques. Miss Jenny Corea will assist at this concert. Miss Webster writes to me:

"Miss Corea will probably sing at least two songs, possibly more. The words are by Thomas Campion. The first song is 'Now, Hath Flora Robb'd Her Bow's,' music by Campion. The second song is 'Time That Leads the Fair Round.' The music by Thomas Campion was originally a dance in the masque. Mr. Arkwright, the editor, states that the original harmonies are kept in every case. He has evidently been very careful, even refraining from adding up the chords where the third is a king. The masque was performed at Whitehall before James the First on Twelfth Night, 1607, and was in honor of the marriage of Lord Hayes. The songs have been preserved. It is possible that we may give them all, as they are interesting and not long."

The program of the third lecture will be devoted to instrumental music, and Miss Webster will play pieces by Johann Sebastian Bach, Mundy, Bull, Philip Jones and Gibbons.

Miss Webster studied the piano with Mr. Lurg, and harmony with Mr. Anderson. She has given piano recitals since 1904 when she played pieces by Handel, Haydn, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, Chopin, Moszkowski. She was largely instrumental. I am told, in playing the Esterpe which flourished in the early eighties.

The club as the means of giving better organ quartet concerts. At the time it was formed the Mendelssohn Quartet Club gave hardly any concerts. There was a dearth of string music. The Europe gave this music impetus which it has never lost. It seems strange enough now to think of going to New York for a Quartet. Yet we hired New York musicians for more than one season.

Miss Webster was for three years principal of music in the girls' department of the Perkins Institution. A

few years ago she gave the first children's concerts in Boston, a set of four, in which she was assisted by Messrs. Allen, Fries, Lang and Perabo.

These lectures promise to be of more than ordinary interest. England today has one composer of more than respectable merit—Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose talent is operetta. When we hear the academic music of such men as MacKenzie, Parry, Stanford and the salon platitudes of such men as Cowen et al.,

let us remember that there were once musical giants in England. We are well acquainted with even the inferior music makers of Germany. It should be the pleasure as well as the duty of the student to become familiar with English music that was respected in other countries at the time it was written, and is today, in many instances, still fresh and beautiful.

Here is an admirable description by Mr. Blackburn of a suite by Tchaikowsky—No. 3—played in London under Richter Oct. 18:

"His playing of the last two movements of the Tchaikowsky—a musician whom he thoroughly understands—was what may almost be described as a piece of deliberate but most successful frivolity; yet the world is something too vague, Tchaikowsky, at the period of his career which saw the production of this suite, some eleven years, in fact, before his death, was battling as it were with the terrible emotions which were finally responsible for the writing of that last and greatest of his symphonies, which was finished a few days before his end. For that reason frivolity seems too empty a word to apply to the suite under consideration, for even now, though gladness is here the dominant note, there is a certain undercurrent of despair, faintly heard indeed, but no less there. It was this curious combination of emotions which Richter perfectly interpreted last night, with an intelligence and with an apprehension that revealed to us simultaneously the genius of the composer and the insight of the conductor."

Are you fond of "Maritana?" Read this appreciative and critical note by Mr. Blackburn, called forth by a performance Oct. 20, in which our old friend "Mr. Berthold, despite his foreign accent, was an exceedingly good Don César" to Mr. Ludwig's Don José: "Let the situation be frankly acknowledged. Wallace in his day wrote a most meritorious and popular work, which belonged more or less to his day exclusively. Dozens of operas are produced in this day which have infinitely less contemporary merit than 'Maritana,' yet they are applauded and praised as if they were works of art to last for all time. 'Maritana,' let it be confessed, is the work of one who had within his brain a mine of musical possibilities which he never had the time or the industry to cultivate with the completeness which they deserved. His contemporary rival was Balfe, but Balfe did not possess half the spontaneity, half the sense of instrumental vitality which were buried somewhere in the restless mind of Wallace. Berlioz admired him, and guessed much of the musician that lay enclosed and folded there; but Wallace did not do himself genuine justice. The result is that the opera which was his masterpiece—'Maritana'—remains to this day as a work which fills one with regret that so great a possibility always just falls short of real musical greatness. In a word, if it were produced at the present day, and were it the child of the modern spirit, there is no doubt that it would receive the praise which has been accorded to the best of contemporary work by all modern critics."

It is a singular fact that the only worthy life of Wallace is by a Frenchman, Arthur Pougin. This thin pamphlet, published in 1866, is now rare. Readers of Berlioz will remember the pages devoted to Wallace, pps. 413-424, in "Les Soirées de l'orchestre." They treat of "His adventures in New Zealand."

The program of the Chicago Orchestra concert, Theodore Thomas, conductor, given last night was as follows:

Overture, "Consecration of the House".....Beethoven
Symphony, G minor.....Mozart
Dance of the Happy Spirits, "Orpheus".....Gluck
Dance of the Furies, "Orpheus".....Gluck
Tone-Poem, "Don Juan".....R. Strauss
Introduction, Act III, Tannhauser.....Wagner

Bacchanale, Tannhauser.....Wagner
Overture, Tannhauser.....Wagner

We read constantly of the glittering life of the virtuoso; of the diamonds, gowns, and scandals of a prima donna; of the mad plaudits and extravagant salaries bestowed upon singers, pianists, violinists. But there is a darker side to the musician's life.

An inquest was held Oct. 26 in London on the body of John Francis Borschitzky, aged seventy-six, a native of Bohemia, a composer and teacher of music.

Mr. George Green, a friend and fellow lodger of the deceased, stated that the latter had lately been losing his eyesight. He had also lost an appointment at Folkestone, upon which he depended for a livelihood. He used to say he

was working for future generations, and should die when his work was done. Witness did not think he meant to take his life voluntarily. He had no relatives alive. He felt that he and his system of teaching were not appreciated as they should be.

The Coroner: New methods spring up and catch on, and the old teachers, I suppose, suffer.

Charles Scott, a butcher, deposed that on Friday morning he saw the deceased leaning against the railings of a house in Duke Street, Euston Road. Witness saw the gleam of steel, and then noticed that the deceased was cutting his throat. He took the razor from him and called the police.

Police Sergeant W. Bamsey, D Division, stated that he conveyed the deceased to the University College Hospital, when he handed to him the subpoenaed letter, addressed to the Coroner, which was read: "22, Burton Crescent, St. Pancras, W. C., Oct. 22, 1897. To the Coroner. Sir—My weak eyes are the cause of my suicide, and I fear to become a burden to others. As I have no relation that I know of alive, and my 40 years' work might be scattered anyhow, so for the last few years, when my eyes began to trouble me, I spent all my spare time and money to have the music plates corrected and re-engraved, and my manuscripts revised, as I wish to leave them to posterity. Now all my works are in the British Museum for the next generations, whenever they may be wanted. The pleasure the working at my compositions gave me is an ample reward to me. I thank God that he sent me to England, and just at the time (1849) when my service in pedagogical music was wanted. I thank the English people for their hospitality; all my employers are the originators of my compositions. I published the music for my own use. If I kept it quasi-secret it was because I could not do justice to both business and profession. I have never been really ill, but now it seems to me that all the man is heir to have accumulated in an indescribable agony. This is not willful murder. But it would be wrong for me to complain, for nobody could wish for a more agreeable visit for three-quarters of a century to this world than I have had. Even in the fourth quarter I joyfully prepared my works for the British Museum. My feet are trembling; I feel I am going to do wrong, but it must be done. It is my last effort in this world.—Yours, etc. (signed) J. S. Borschitzky. P. S.—Kindly send the enclosed to Miss Blumenthal. She is executrix of my last will."

And there are musicians, male and female, in this city, who "suffer" as poor Borschitzky did, from "new methods."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Alexander Zemlinsky's "Sarema," an opera that took a prize, was produced at Munich Oct. 10.

Léon Boëllmann, the talented organist of St. Vincent de Paul, Paris, died lately at the age of 35.

Antonio Donadio, a baritone once famous at the San Carlo, died at Naples lately, 80 years old.

Frances Saville was praised to the skies in Vienna for her singing and acting in Puccini's "Bohème."

The Melinger orchestra, led by Fritz Steinbach, will give concerts in Berlin the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th insts.

Anne Benoitte Louise Levoye, once a favorite at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, died in October, at the Rossini Asylum, 74 years old.

The first Seldi concert in the Astoria hall, New York, was given Nov. 4. The soloists were Marcella Sembrich and Leo Stern.

Mr. George Mac-Master, well known by American students in Paris, has been appointed organist of Christ Church, Neully.

The three act comic opera "Die fromme Helene," supposed to be by Adalbert v. Goldschmidt, failed miserably at Hamburg.

The Review of Reviews for November has an article by William I. Cole on the series of organ recitals given last winter under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Club.

"Die Lachtaube," an operetta by Eugen von Taubert, was given for the first time in this country at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, Nov. 4. Miss

Julle Kopacsy then made her first appearance.

Carl Prill, the violinist who was formerly concertmaster of the Gewandhaus orchestra, will form a string quartet in Vienna with Liebert, Ruzitzka, and Jos. Sulzer.

Frank Ondrick, violinist, left Vienna the end of October for a tour in Russia. He will return to Vienna in January and play Dvorak's concerto and a new concerto by Hermann Graedener.

The program of the Gesellschafts concerts in Vienna this season will be as follows: Dvorak's "St. Ludmilla," Nov. 14 (first time in Vienna); "St. Paul," Dec. 15; César Franck's "Beatitudes" (first time in Vienna), Feb. 27; "Paradise and Peri," March 13; "The Seasons," Jan. 15; Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," April 6.

The gestures of Miss Aekté, the new prima donna at the Paris Opéra, are described as "graceful and natural. She knows by intuition what others have to learn, and what the majority never acquire—how to walk. Mr. Hansen, the ballet master, is a palmtalk man; but he himself walks badly and, therefore, cannot be considered a proper authority on this important question."

Leone Giraffoni, operatic baritone, died in October at Moscow. He was 73 years old. Thirty years ago he was well known in London. He was the original Renato in "Un Ballo in Maschera" (1859); Doge in "Simon Boccanegra" (1857); and he created the chief baritone parts in Marchetti's "Romeo and Juliet" (1865), Pedrotti's "Mazeppa" (1861) and Gomez's "Salvator Rosa" (1874). Through speculation he lost a handsome fortune. He then became a teacher and was made professor of singing at the Moscow Conservatory.

Sir Arthur Sullivan says of young women, "They can compose pieces much as the average man can write an intelligent letter, and just as you would not on that ground describe him as a literary man, this feminine facility in composition implies little more. Yet they are splendid executants, singers, and players." He has had a little form printed which he sends to young people who wish his opinion of their musical ability. "I don't at all like delivering judgment. It's very unpleasant. One must give honest criticism, and it's very unpleasant to have to say to a girl, 'You have no talent—try something else.'"

These pieces will be played by the Philharmonic Society under Richter in Vienna this season: Beethoven, Symphonies 3, 4, 6, overture Leonore No. 3; Berlioz overture "King Lear," Brahms, Symphony No. 3, Academic Festival overture; Bruckner, Symphony No. 3; Dvorak, Symphonic variations, "Das goldene Spinnrad," Goldmark, "Prometheus" overture; Handel, Concerto in G minor; Haydn, Symphony in D major, No. 5 of the Paris set; Mendelssohn Symphony No. 3, Overture "Meeresschild und glückliche Fahrt"; Moszkowski, Suite No. 1; Mozart, Symphony in D major (K. 355); Schumann, Symphony No. 3, Overture "Julius Caesar"; R. Strauss, "Don Juan," Tchaikowsky, Suite No. 3; Wagner, "Faust" overture.

The Paris correspondent of the Era (London) writes: "A few years ago a gentleman belonging to a highly aristocratic family dropped his title to devote himself to music. Under a pseudonym he published a few ugly songs, and finally tried his luck at a one-act operetta which, although it scored a tremendous success at the house of his noble relatives, proved a hopeless fiasco when brought out at a fifth-rate little playhouse in the suburbs. The story, however, had a funny sequel. One of our confrères, who criticised the operetta, having advised the composer to 'resume his title and drop music,' the composer's uncle—an irascible old colonel—went to the newspaper office armed with a tremendous stick to chastise the scribe who dared to criticize his nephew's work."

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to nature, art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

You know this quatrain, which stands as a proud inscription on Landon's palace of marmoreal prose and poetry. We quote it with no special purpose. No one of these paragraphs in agate has necessarily anything to do with anybody or anything.

There are men; there is woman.

We believe that Q. has been studying Landon. Before this, as you all well remember, he contributed to this column prose poems worthy of Rimbaud or Renard, in which he showed the high imagination and ardent rhetoric of the former and the fine and grimly humorous observation of the latter; he also contributed on at least one occasion a poem in Emerson's most subtle manner.

Today we take pleasure in presenting to you, for the comparatively trifling sum of two cents, Q.'s latest work, which, like unto Landon's "Last Fruit off an Old Tree," is in prose and verse.

THE FIGHT.

Seeing condensed accounts of pugilists in the leading newspapers of the day and elaborate accounts in the inferior ones I am very glad police has power to put down prize fighting. Thirty years ago they could not no more than they could a foot ball game. I give a condensed account or sketch in prose of a brutal fight in the sixties, taken from comic papers and leading ones. Half the New York papers limited each round. Some prophesied there was a samson coming. Some of the church papers prophesied that the day for prize fighting was done. This sketch was taken from them roughly the ring was formed full five miles wide for fear the pugilists would slide the blows reigned down as loud as thunder that made the millions round to wonder they fit and fit and gouged and bit and struggled in the mud until the ground for miles around covered o'er with blood and piles of noses ears and eyes so large and massive reached the skies one fellow's face was smashed to jelly and then the sponge went up for Kelly and then the wizard looked afar and prophesied the coming star and Oh I wonder how He did for the Coming Star was then a kid and how the wizard could foretell the Coming of the great John L. and thus spake the ugly wizard the Coming man will bring a Blizzard he gave a scream and two or three Hops they will be Chased round the world by Cops I give a tip and that is straight it will come to pass in Ninety-eight.

The reading of second-hand-book catalogues is a lively inducement to persist in living. Thus we found yesterday in a French catalogue a page devoted to polyglot notes. Here is the "British note."

"Amongst the many miseries which are the defects of the qualities of that most excellent sport of fishing, on of the most exasperating is to chance on grayling steadily on the feed while totally out of season."

Dear are the books that you own, but the books that you long for are dearer. You watch the steady rise of Sir Richard Burton's annotated version of the Arabian Nights—a book that should be in every household. You remember when you could have bought it for half the sum now asked. You remember when you were invited to subscribe for it, and you threw the circular into the waste-basket. Oh foolish Bostonian! And now it is too late.

Is there no pleasure in reading such an item as this?

1700. Nevile (Henry) The Isle of Plues; or a late discovery of a Fourth Island in Terra Australis Incognita. Being a true Relation of certain English Persons, who in the Dayes of Queen Elizabeth, making a Voyage to the E. Indies, were cast away and wrecked upon the Island.—and whose posterity have been found by a Dutch ship, An. Dom. 1667.—the whole Relation follows, written and left by the Man himself a little before his Death, and declared to the Dutch by his Grand-child, post 8 vo. (pp. 16), hf. roan, top ed. (slightly stained). Very Rare. £2 5s.—\$12 60. 1668. A rather coarse story of the adventures of a George Pine, who is said to have been shipwrecked in 1559, and cast, with four women, on an uninhabited island, where his descendants, after a lapse of 53 years, amounted to 1789 persons.

On November 8th, 1862, Mr. Saint-Beuve told our old friend Mr. de Goncourt: "Was it Edmond, or Jules?" we do not know; perhaps they were all three together—that he would have been happiest in the 18th century: "In those days there was Society, Society, which is after all the best of human inventions."

Mr. William Junker of St. Petersburg said to a Cincinnati reporter, "Boston has made the best impression on me of any of your cities that I have visited."

Mr. Junker is a gentleman and a scholar. Mr. Junker—as is well known—is one of the most distinguished—Junker? Who the deuce is he anyway?

It appears that the Constitution of Delaware prohibits women from being admitted to the practice of law in that State. The framers of that Constitution were evidently admirers and lovers of the sweet sex. They anticipated the judgment of an Englishman who wrote twenty odd years ago: "Once woman takes to digging in that garden of bitter herbs the distinguishing charms of her character begin to fade away. The gracious curves of her disposition give place to bony angles. Her whole nature becomes hardened, morally calloused. It is terrible to see with what fierce energy she throws her whole soul into the new pursuit. To man's more phlegmatic nature law offers few attractions, and it seldom becomes a passion with him. But with woman it is different, as the experience of many cases of late years shows. Once she has dabbled in law she is like a tiger that has tasted blood. She cannot stop. A new power has been developed in her, and she revels in the sense of it, and is ever on the look out for fresh opportunities of proving it. . . . But it will be said, 'when women are wronged, what are they to do? They must have justice.' This is altogether a mistake. The darlings have nothing whatever to do with justice. Why is it that in the lower walks of society, lovely woman too frequently appears with a black eye? The reason is obvious. Because there she herself frequently shows a disposition and an ability to give black eyes, and when she does, she knocks chivalry on the head also. By electing to fight man with his own weapons she practically unsexes herself, and throws away the strong advantage of confessed weakness. By insisting upon fighting her own battles, by condescending to meet man upon his own ground, she waives the privileges of her sex, she sinks the woman in the plaintiff, and rejects the services of that doughty champion Society. Let her be without a remedy at law, make her in truth an unprotected female, and woe betide the villain who dare do her wrong. Outraged society would rend him limb from limb." And yet, oh paradoxical fact, the female lawyer, out of the court, is generally the shyest and the gentlest of women. Portia's aggressive convictions were merely a part of her disguise.

We read of a Person of Quality, who at the Sight of an Eel would presently fall into a Swoon; and, what is more surprising, if an Eel-pie was brought to Table, though not open'd it put him into the same disorder.

When you are at a loss, Mrs. Honeydew, and perplexed with choice of dishes for your guests—yet why should you attempt to pay back social obligations by giving dinners that you can ill-afford and not to the great satisfaction of men and women who are accustomed daily to stewed meats and claret—run over memoirs and books of gossip; you will find in them many hints. Thus Mary Granville in a letter written in 1734 mentioned the fact that four persons were to dine with her that day, and she had dressed this bill of fare: "Boiled leg of lamb and loin fried, collyflowers and carrots, beef-steaks; secondly, roast-chicken, artichokes and lampreys, cherry pie; thirdly, jelly, strawberries, cream and cherries."

We read this condensed novel by E. M. Laumann in La Paix (Paris) of Oct. 27th:

The Father: Remember, my son, there are things in this world that are worth more than money.

The Son: I know it; but you have to have money to get them!

Raoul Pugno, the pianist, arrived in New York Sunday. Music lovers will undoubtedly find pleasure in hearing him; for he is described as "a powerfully built man."

It is related of a certain Count's Son that his Lips would swell on tasting an Egg, and that he would foam at the Mouth, and purple and black Spots appear on his Face.

There is a woman jailer in Boone County, West Virginia. Lest we be misunderstood, we hasten to add, she is a widow.

The Cairo correspondent of a London newspaper tells of an Egyptian fellow who is able to change his complexion. "In a red room he blushed violently, and went deadly pale when working among yellow wood. He was once tried with blue tints, in the indigo-dyeing department, and he developed a very fair tinge of green with a little forcing. Then he was triple-jointed, which also heightened his deceptions, for he could apparently shorten and lengthen himself by putting one leg right round the other and then go on walking with equal ease. His features were interchangeable, as often as not he wore his mouth on the back of his neck, or had it exchange places with his ear. When he turned the upper part of his body half round, only an experienced warder could tell whether he was going or coming."

Indeed, a singularly gifted individual, a never-falling delight as a husband to a woman of moods or decorative tastes. And yet we remember that Mr. Zyto, a retainer in the household of Wenceslaus, son of the Emperor Charles the Fourth, could "presently change his face as well as his Stature; and sometimes when the King walked on Land, he appear'd as if swimming towards him in the Water."

What does your mother give you for being a good boy?—She tans me when I ain't.

"Dr. Conn, one of the most eminent dairy bacteriologists in the country, expresses the opinion that Boston has a better milk supply than any other city of its size in the world." How many housekeepers in Boston agree with him?

Authorities in Paris have attempted to regulate barber shops and thus protect the public against bacteria. The universal comb is to be of nickel-plate and the brush is to have a metal back. "Locks that lie scattered on the floor must be covered with sawdust and removed after each operation; M. le Coiffeur is to wash his hands before passing to a new client, and all his armory, razors, scissors, shears and combs, must be left in boiling water for ten minutes after using." But is the barber forbidden to blow on the patient's neck?

This reminds us that there is a dog in London who wears false teeth. His owner is a dentist—and thus there is a suspicion of advertisement.

We are informed that there are fashionable women in America who in public pull out mirrors, open boxes and powder their faces, and that the necessary equipment worn on a chateleine is "the latest thing." Powdering hair has not been fashionable in England since 1733, when it was discarded by Queen Charlotte and the Princesses.

Dr. Crummell pretend that he threw up his commission because powder was used in the army, although it was distinctly unfashionable. The use in France dates from the 16th century. Henry III. preferred musked violet powder. There were muns of that period who showed themselves masked, painted, and powdered. The kind most in fashion was silver powder. Poor girls, wishing to be like noble dames, soaked their hair with powder of rotten wood taken from old buildings. In deepest mourning powder was abandoned. In 1786 Sobry wrote: "The moderate use of powder is a matter of decency as well as convenience, and it has been considered an absolute necessity among all civilized nations." In 1789, when flour was very scarce, 24,000,000 pounds of starch were made into toilet powder.

Still to be powdered, still perfumed—Lady, it is to be presumed, Though art's hid causes are not found, All is not sweet, all is not sound.

BANDA ROSSA

Plays for the First Time in Boston

at Music Hall—First Appearance Here of Carlotta Stubenrauch, Violinist.

The Banda Rossa, Mr. Eugenio Sorrentino, made its first appearance in Boston last evening in Music Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
"Mefistofele".....Boito
Fantasia on Garibaldi's Hymn (for Bombardino).....Sorrentino
Mr. Colaneri.
"Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
Violin Solo. Ballade and Polonaise.....Vieuxtemps
Carlotta Stubenrauch.

"Carmen".....Bizet
Marcia Trionfale.....Sorrentino
The performance of the overture to "William Tell" led one to doubt whether the great reputation of this band was well founded, for with the exception of the final allegro, which was given with infinite spirit and admirable clearness on the part of the clarinets, there was little of conspicuous merit and there were passages that were untuneful and almost crude. But when the Mefistofele fantasia had been played, it was no longer difficult to see why the Banda Rossa has received such hearty praise in different countries. Each selection afterward enlarged wonder.

It must be remembered that this is a concert band, not a regimental band that primarily plays marches and gives concerts only when occasion presents itself. It is the band of San Severino; it is the musical pride and pleasure of that town. No doubt other organizations might surpass it in street parade. I know of no band that approaches it in concert performance.

And the strength of the Banda Rossa is in the ensemble rather than in solo display. It is true there are admirable soloists. The first cornet, for instance, is a marvelous player on account of the purity of his tone and the beauty of his phrasing. He sings on this instrument with more intelligence than that displayed by many lauded prima donnas. Students of singing can learn valuable lessons in style by observing him. He plays as though he were first of all acquainted thoroughly with the text; there is not a detail of emotion that is either slurred over or exaggerated. A marvelous player! For your cornetist is usually a terrible wild fowl—an aggressive person with a blatant, obscene instrument.

But this artist is Santuzza or Marguerite, or Carmen. What has been said of this cornetist may be said of other soloists in the band, though in a little cooler language. The tenor trombone is of the first rank, as is the first clarinet. The oboist has a delightfully biting, acid, true oboe tone, and his phrasing is worthy of the highest praise.

The strength of the band is in the ensemble. The flexibility and the elasticity are as remarkable as the cantabile, the singing quality. Seldom have I heard a picked and well trained chorus sing with such attention to shades of expression. The crescendo is most skillfully prepared, and the climax is overwhelming, for there is never anticipation, and until the final crash there is always the thought of reserve force that can be called upon. The attack in fortissimo and in piano is faultless. Chords are sustained and released as by our Symphony Orchestra, it must be confessed, with general greater precision. The clarinets phrase as though they were violins. Furthermore, there is a sense of proportion. In the stormiest passages, the formidable army of brass does not sweep the other instruments before it.

Again, all these dynamic contrasts are employed musically, for the expression of the composer's ideas, not for the grotesque proof of rigid and unmusical drill. This band in ensemble never loses the idea of song; and the idea of song is intelligently musical and dramatic. In this one and most important point, I know of no band that equals the Banda Rossa. Such a performance as that of the "Mefistofele" or the "Carmen" or the "Cavalleria Rusticana" fantasia reflects the highest credit on the players as well as the most excellent leader, Mr. Sorrentino.

There were numbers added to the program, as Gillet's perhaps too familiar piece, Mr. Zar's "Turkish March" (so called), etc. Mr. Colaneri showed nimble technic and fine tone in his con-

ventional solo. Mrs. Markarete von Vahsel, soprano, was suffering from a cold, I hear, at any rate, she did not sing, but Miss Stubenrauch courted to the audience in honest child-fashion, and played to a pale and ineffective piano accompaniment the admired piece by Vieuxtemps. She is a little girl of indisputable talent. This talent is not displayed so much in monstrous and unwholesome technique as in genuine feeling and spirit. If she is treated wisely and not spoiled by flattery; if she is allowed to pursue her studies and hear good music, she will in all probability attain an enviable position in the ranks of violinists. She was applauded enthusiastically last night, and she played in response.

There was a good-sized and very inflammable audience. The band was welcomed heartily, and the stormy and prolonged applause was released as by a hair-trigger.

The Banda Rossa will give concerts the remaining evenings of the week and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The program this evening will include Massenet's "Scènes pittoresques," selections from "Pagliacci," "Mignon" and either "Aida" or "Traviata."

Philip Hale.

Nov 10, 1897

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments.

THE PROPHECY.
Our hawk-eyed neighbor the Trans-
script stands as on a tower.

Ring'd with the azure world, she
stands.

She sees far-off vast forests of genealogical trees. She sees, as in a vision, the face and the form of the first ple-woman in Washington Street. She sees and is silent—pondering the woe of an old subscriber seeking in vain, even in her generous columns, an unfailling remedy for bunions of long standing.

'Tis Monday night and the silence is broken. She lifts up her voice and prophesies in bugle tones:

"A curious bit of evidence as to the hold gained by that strange book 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' by Friedrich Nietzsche comes to hand in the announcement of the concerts to be given during the coming season by the Symphony Orchestra. In the list of works to be performed for the first time is a 'Symphonic Poem,' by Richard Strauss, called 'Also sprach Zarathustra.' Those who have read the book will look forward with great interest to hearing the musical equivalent of this remarkable prose poem."

Thus she prophesied Monday, the 8th of November.

Forgetting in her dark tripodian passion that Strauss's symphonic poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," was played at a Symphony concert in Music Hall, Oct. 30.

The condition of President Dwight is described as pitiable, and his friends no longer attempt to disguise their anxiety. Odds on the Yale-Harvard football games are offered, with Yale at the small end and there are no takers.

We read in the thrilling account of a murder trial—one of several—published in a local contemporary that "Mrs. Kelley is a petite, slender woman, but her countenance is all that a mother's could be." Does this acute observer and deep thinker advance the general proposition that "petite, slender" women seldom have appropriately maternal countenances? Or will he insist that tall, fat women make the best mothers? We do not question his authority; we only wish to start in such philosophical investigation without any handicap of ignorance.

Do you say "Cruel is he that kills a November house-fly"? But this fly is the most annoying and bothersome of his kind. He is like unto the caller who "sits out" the more decent, whether they arrived before or during his visit; who heeds not yawns or glances at the clock; who tells the same old stories and asks the same old questions till fatigue shapes the face of the hostess into a death-mask. There is only one difference between them: it is possible to kill the fly without running the danger of arrest and final dancing upon nothing.

The establishment of the new telephone station determines most satisfactorily the boundaries of the fashionable quarter known as the Back Bay. If you live, oh happy man or woman, in St. Botolph, Falmouth, Scotia, St. Paul, Dundee, Haviland, Norway, or Cumberland Street, you "reside in the Back Bay," and your name should be in the "Swagger Directory." If it is not there in the next edition, you have just cause for action.

How the naturally most desirable districts for living have been neglected, flouted, in this city! There is City Point, there is East Boston. But uncertain, restless fashion did not appreciate the advantages of either quarter.

Let us now praise famous men. Mr. Nicholas Wood, a yeoman of Kent, could eat with ease at one meal a whole sheep, and once he ate thirty dozen of peacocks. At Lord Wotton's he ate four oxen and four rabbits at one meal. Another time he devoured eighteen yards of black-pudding; and once after he had eaten a whole hog, he swallowed three pecks of damsons. "In my presence," said Mr. Taylor, "he ate six penny leaves, three six-penny real-pies, a pound of butter, a good dish of thornback, a slice round a pack-leaf an inch thick, and all this in the space of an hour; and the house affording no more, he went away unsatisfied."

And do you think the passionate press agent in literature is a thing of modern invention? Why, there was John Galt, who created the apparition Byron, the Byron "distinguished for superior personal elegance, particularly in his bust."

In "Hortus Sanitatis" (which went through five editions between 1490 and 1547), you may read "that a man crowned with ivy cannot get drunk." Did no one take the trouble to see how easily this statement could be disproved?

From the same elstern we draw this little bucket of information: "Mole's blood sprinkled on a bald head makes the hairs come back."

The Sozialist of Berlin published lately this plaintive paragraph on the front page: "Today our readers must, unfortunately, content themselves with four pages—a situation which is extremely disagreeable to the editor. Manuscripts and contributions are accumulating on our hands, and many things which ought to be said are passed over in silence. It would be otherwise if our readers would pay for what they order, and what they receive." The Buffalo paper edited by Brother Most will please copy.

Your orthodox historian puts
In foremost rank the soldier thus,
The red-coat bully in his boots,
That hides the march of men from us.
Tell me what find we to admire
In epaulettes and scarlet coats,
In men because they load and fire,
And know the art of cutting throats?

We were talking together in a club-room. There was peace, for the chief birds were still down town, and the gulls had not yet arrived, expectant of cocktails. Mr. Bludyer, the eminent dramatic critic, who is popularly supposed to live chiefly on raw meat and New England rum, put his hand on our knee and made the following confession:

"My great-grandfather, a man of handsome property, raised a regiment at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War and fought in several battles. He was finally accused of criminal cowardice—they say the accuser was a personal enemy. He demanded an investigation, but before his innocence could be established he was captured by the British in an engagement, and he died a prisoner. His widow was left poverty-stricken."

"Great is the power, lasting the curse of cowardice! My dear boy, I tell you in confidence, I believe firmly that the charge was true, that my great-grandfather was a coward. And for this reason: Cowardice has ruined my life; it has also saved me. As a coward I was afraid of fire, of flood, of ghosts. I would not join the army, I feared lest I should be killed. I could not learn to swim or to fight—the reason was nothing but cowardice. Then I grew up timorous, pale, and feeble. Even now, I would not sleep in a dark room. Even now I dislike to go out at night. I am sure that my hand will clutch my ankle, and I hear strange ironical chuckling in the shadows. In the country I cannot bear the view of the sky at night, and oh, the irony of it! As a dramatic critic, I am praised, feared, and cursed for the 'cowardice' of my opinions. Man, this 'cowardice' is a colossal bluff."

"I am not a coward, and I give as much as I can in my articles—and do not let me see the practice," whereas he really wishes me to sign. I feel that I am merely a part of a big machine, and I am not personally responsible. I wash away and out and carve and use the big gun, rejoicing insolently in my cowardice. As a reward, I hear myself described as 'a brave fellow'—one who is not afraid to say what he thinks. I cannot buy his opinion. If I were to sign a dramatic review, I should follow the formula of a certain dramatic critic, who writes invariably in a laudatory manner: 'He done noble, and the audience was well home well pleased with its everings entertainment.'"

"In reality I am the shyest of men. Here I am drinking New England rum. And why? I don't enjoy it. I drink it to give me artificial courage—for I must see a new American play this evening—and to round out the impression of vigor and boldness. At home I drink weak tea with a great deal of sugar. I know you will not believe this confession. You will call me a modest. I know that my great-grandfather must have been a coward, and there is one that knows my cowardice—she is my wife." And with this sad remark, Mr. Bludyer, the eminent and fearless dramatic critic, called for another New England rum and water.

The slave market, opened in Philadelphia this week, is well attended and bidding is brisk. Secretary Muckenfuss announces the sale of Bierbauer, Hallman, Carsey, Grady, Houseman, Coleman, Esper, and other base ball players, all sound in wind and body.

American ornithologists assembled together in New York are studying birds. With, or without, cold bottles?

Mr. William R. Emerson stated here in a lecture that fashion is as strong in house building as in millinery. What is needed, of course, is more individuality in design. A house should reflect the characteristics of the owner. Thus Old Chimes says that if he were to build he should insist on his own plans. "My idea of a house is this: the first story should be without doors or windows. The front door should be in the second-story, and the only communication with the street should be by means of a drawbridge. If the hell should ring, I would look out of a peep-hole, and if the caller were a bore or a creditor I could with the utmost security laugh coarsely or snap derisive thumbs." Is not Old Chimes a plagiarist? Did not Rath Krespel in Hoffmann's wild tale live in a house similarly planned?

A Bostonian writing to the New York Times is thus a traitor to his city: "It is always pleasant to catch an Americanism in a half-fledged condition, and certain lately published newspaper paragraphs make it evident that there is a tendency to confuse 'postman' and 'postmaster,' making the former do double duty. Its substitute in its proper place is 'mailman,' and this in Boston! 'Has the mailman ben?' is a question actually heard under circumstances making it evident that 'Has the postman called?' was meant. The 'ben' is nothing new, and 'bin' is the substitute actually taught in many of the public schools, but 'Has the mailman ben?' is a gem."

If then the bruit and unreasonable creatures are not exempted from the sentence of death pronounced by the law; if they chance to kill a man; how much more punishable then is man endowed with will and reason, when maliciously and aduisedly he taketh away the life of his neighbor?

Again the cry is raised, "Nothing but accounts of murder trials in the newspapers," and there is genteel, well-bred expostulation. And yet, fair sir, one of the first lessons taught your little blue-eyed son Adolphus in Sunday School is founded on the story of Cain and Abel. What did good old Dr. Isaac Watts, D. D., sing in his excellent poem entitled "Love Between Brothers and Sisters?"

Hard names at first, and threatening words
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs or naked swords,
To murder and to death.
The devil tempts one mother's son,
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
Till he had killed his brother.

As we proved some time ago in the Journal, the Rabbis and the Fathers of the church spent much ingenuity and time in determining just how this famous murder was accomplished; but we did not then quote from D'Herbelot's "Bibliothèque Orientale" (1776, folio) the account which now seems to us the most reasonable. Cain had made up his mind to put an end to Abel, but inasmuch as he was the first murderer, he could not follow any precedent or tradition. Thus was he sorely distressed, until the Demon came to his aid, presenting himself in the shape of a man with a bird in his hand. This man put the bird on a stone; then taking another stone in the other hand, he crushed the bird's head. Cain saw this deed and resolved to imitate it. He waited until Abel was asleep; then taking up a big stone, he let it fall with all its weight on the head of Abel, who was thus separated from life. And other equally singular information concerning the delayed burial of the corpse

may be found in D'Herbelot's work—"books that have helped me"—under the head "Cabil."

You have a pretty literary taste. You admire the grim humor of De Quincey's essay on Murder as one of the Fine Arts. You enjoy history; and there is murder on nearly every page. Is there no blood-letting in Scott, Dickens, Dumas, Dostoevsky? We remember graphic descriptions of murder in plays by Marlowe, Shakspeare, Webster, Middleton and others of the glorious company. Do you recollect the tribute paid Jael in the book of Judges? "She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer, and with the hammer she smote Sisera; she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples." Are there to "harrowing accounts" in Fox's Book of Martyrs?

Did you ever read a more incredible tale of murder than the story of the Guldensuppe tragedy? Do you mean to say that there is no lesson to be drawn from Mrs. Nack's testimony on the witness stand? Is there no lesson in the wretched death of Alice Brown, whether she were choked by merciless, groping hands, or by equally merciless hands governed by open, hostile eyes?

Look over the "Theatre of God's Judgments," by Thomas Beard, "Preacher of the Word of God" and teacher of Oliver Cromwell. There you will find page after page that treats of murderers. There may you read of Ithilbald, King of Gotha, who "at the instigation of his wife, put to death very unadvisedly one of the chief peers of his realm: after which murder, as he sat banquetting one day with his princes, enlironed with his gard and other attendants, hauling his hand in the dish, and the meat between his fingers, one suddenly reached him such a blow with a sword, that it cut off his head, so that it almost tumbled upon the table, to the great astonishment of all that were present." There you may read of Pople, King of Poland, a murderer who was devoured by rats, an answer to his ordinary oath, "If it be not true, would rats might devour me;" of Peter, son of Alphonse of Castile, who was "a most bloude and cruell Tyrant;" of Justinian, the younger, who was exlilled with his nostrils slit, but, recovering his sceptre, he never blew his mangled nose, but he caused one of the conspirators to be executed; of Alboinus, King of Lombardy, who used to drink to his wife, Rosimund, in a cup made of her father's skull, whom he in battle had slain; of a certain woman of Milan, who "hung a yong boy, and after devoured him in stead of meat, when as she wanted none other victuals, and when shee was examined about the crime, shee confessed that a spirit perswaded her to doe it."

Did not Gabriel Peignot, lover of books, compile a chronological notice of all the sovereigns, Princes and Princesses of Europe who perished by a violent death or were exposed to danger of assassination from 1437 to 1840—beginning with James I. of Scotland and ending with Edward Oxford's attempt on the life of Queen Victoria?

Or read in Thomas Fuller's "Holy State and the Profane State" the life of Andronicus, with the introduction concerning the tyrant, "who counts men in misery the most melodious instruments, especially if they be well tuned and played upon by cunning musicians, who are artificial in tormenting them, the more the merrier; and if he hath a set, and full consort of such tortured miserable souls, he danceth most cheerfully at the pleasant ditty of their dying groans." Or have you, yourself, never felt a wild desire to kill some man or woman?

But God's justice on offenders goes not always in the same path, nor the same pace; and he is not pardoned for the fault who is for a while relieved from the punishment; yea, sometimes the guest in the inn goes quietly to bed before the reckoning for his supper is brought to him to discharge.

Mr. G. Trewella Martin, tenor, assisted by Miss Spencer, Miss Thomas, Dr. Clark, Mr. Townsend and Mr. Van Vleet, gave a concert in Steinert Hall last evening. New songs by Herbert Johnson, J. L. Gilbert, D. Fitzgibbon, J. H. Richardson, N. J. Spring and Philip Greely were sung.

The carriage stopped. The three friends alighted with their hydrocephalous canes which were so heavy that they carried them at arms length to show their strength. They were pretentiously bustling, proud of their existence, clothed distressingly in fashion.

The first said, "Get out, I've got the money."

The second said, "But it is my turn."

The third said, "You are not in your

own house," and he added to the driver, "don't you take it."

And they hunted for a long time, ramming their fingers into pockets, and while the driver looked at them, they looked furtively at each other.

How disgusted you are by the ostentation of young Fitzsquirrel. If he meets you in the street car he immediately pulls out ten cents and beckons to the conductor as though he were afraid his generosity would have no vent. You protest. "But I have it right here." Or in the theatre lobby, restaurant, barroom, club he shows the same restless desire to exploit pecuniary good will—or is it pecuniary condescension? You begin to examine your dress; you stare at yourself in the mirror. Are your features pinched? Have you a lean and hungry look? Is your linen frayed? Do your clothes suggest the sartorial glories of the early eighties? Why this ostentatious charity on Fitzsquirrel's part? Yes, you are vexed, you are insulted. As you go to bed, thinking over the day, you remember with a chuckle that Fitzsquirrel must have saved you anywhere from \$2.75 to \$4.25 during the evening. And you say to yourself, "what an ass that fellow is!"

How seldom you hear of a female hermit! Perhaps there is one in the Public Library, in some room that holds a private collection of musty books wrapped carefully in layers of dust. Her speech may tremble from long loneliness, and her eyes, unaccustomed to the sight of man, may glisten with a strange light when she is let loose. There was a "female hermit" in Belleville, Illinois, who died Nov. 9 at the age of 82. But she was not a real hermit, for she had a husband. "When she married her second husband 30 years ago, she was a beautiful woman, fond of society. He insisted, it is alleged, that she wear out the dresses of his former wife before new ones were purchased. She refused to do so, and when her own dresses wore out, she made dresses of old rags and quilts." Foolish woman! Why didn't she insist that he should wear out the trousers of her first husband before he ordered new ones?

The knagging husband after accuses his wife of chattering; he makes the charge loosely and in bad temper. He should be more discreet; he should speak in scientific spirit, as one investigating a baffling problem. Thus at the breakfast-table, the most suitable arena for domestic strife, after a short and concentrated glare, he should cough and say in sub-acid tones, "My dear—or perhaps 'darling' is more biting—"do you know what Dr. Guillemin says in his great work—Dr. Auguste Guillemin? Probably you do not, for you read nothing but trash. Well, Dr. Guillemin says that women are more loquacious than men, because each emission of a vowel costs them less pulmonary effort for the generation of cyclones of the same length giving the same word." Don't hiss this speech between foaming lips. Speak clearly and slowly, so that your little daughter will wonder at your knowledge.

Mr. Dooley was bent over a little leather-covered book when Mr. Hennessy came in and he was muttering to himself: "Slivin an' six is thirteen, put down three an' carry wan; eight an' four is twelve, plus wan is thirteen; put down all iv it. Wan hundred an' thirty-three. My-yah, 'tis har-rurruk r-runnin' th' finances iv a large business."

"What ar-re ye doin'?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"I've opined a bank account," said Mr. Dooley, with pride. "An' I'm goin' to close it to-morrow."

"I had twinty dollars in a savings bank wanst," said Mr. Hennessy, "an' it bust up. Th' thief that r-run th' bank carrid it over to Europe with him an' spint it on wine, women an' song. May th' wine pizen him, th' women bate him an' th' song break th' dhruims iv his ear. If ye had a wife ye wudden't put yer money in a bank. Ye wudden't be let. Th' good woman keeps mine in a pocket that Spike Hinnissy cudden't find his way to. Annwywan that robs me'll have to steal her too—an' he'll have none th' best iv it."—Chicago Evening Post.

Mr. Foulkes says that an idol of Buddha was useful to him in "writing articles for periodicals and magazines." How was it useful? As a paper weight? Or did it suggest copy in some occult manner? They tell of a critic in this town who, a few years ago, was in the habit of putting a five dollar bill in front of his inkstand before he began to write his review of the show. We have always doubted this story. If he had put a fifty cent plege, or even a

on a dollar bill before the inkstand—but a critic with a five dollar bill? Go to!

Who shall dare to say that he is not a bore to some one? Who will even venture to doubt that the greatest bore they know may not, given the occasion and the listeners, delight every one with the brilliancy and interest of his conversation?

When a distinguished foreigner, visiting England, shows that he appreciates his opportunities, that he feels himself at home, we like to treat him well and keep him a long time. That is what we are going to do with Count Gourville, formerly of Paris. This gentleman had a distinguished career in France, both in and out of prison, and when he landed in our island with the modest provision of ten forged circular notes, our tradesmen and others, especially ladies, received him with open arms. The Count's special talent lies in making acquaintance with ladies and robbing them of their jewels, but over this part of his career something of a veil was drawn yesterday. It was stated in general terms that he was "wanted" at Bath, Bristol, Hastings, and Eastbourne; but his best performance on this side of the Channel was with a curate, from whom he sought spiritual consolation, confessing his erring life, and begging the reverend gentleman to be the means of reconciling him to his sorrowing parents at Paris. The curate, taking the wings of the dove but omitting to include the wisdom of the serpent in his luggage, flew to Paris with his interesting charge; and while he went to find the parents the Count walked away with his return ticket and £100 worth of his property. We cannot allow such genius to leave the country; and we have it safe for the next five years at least. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ABOUT MUSIC.

Mathilde Marchesi's Book of Reminiscences.

A Long Study in Self-Appreciation and Vain Glory.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

"Marchesi and music; passages from the life of a famous singing-teacher," by Mathilde Marchesi, with an introduction by Massenet. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers.

This is not the first book that bears Mrs. Marchesi's name as author. Her "Erinnerung aus meinem Leben" was published in 1877.

Mrs. Marchesi's more elaborate work is a disappointment. It might be called "I and My Pupils; a Study in Self-appreciation."

Furthermore it is not always accurate. Thus on page 47 she says that Henriette Sontag died in Rio de Janeiro; but Sontag died June 17, 1854, in Mexico. On page 72, speaking of Prince Poniatowsky, Mrs. Marchesi says "His opera 'Pierre de Médecis' formed part of the repertoire of the Paris Opéra many years." Now how many years? Produced March 9, 1860, it was given 34 times that year; eight times in 1861; five times in 1862, and then it disappeared from that stage.

On page 298, Mrs. Marchesi speaks of "Madame Mary Howe, now the principal light soprano at the Berlin Royal Opera House."

Again there are passages in exceedingly poor taste, as when (page 15) she says, "About this same time Nicolai made me an offer of marriage." Poor Nicolai is dead! He can neither admit nor deny the soft impeachment.

The Barnumism of this book is colossal. It is one long, prolonged puff for Mrs. Marchesi, the singing teacher. It is not unlikely that its appearance was intended to be synchronous with the proposed arrival of Mrs. Marchesi in this country; that it was intended to arouse attention and fire the parent's as well as the student's heart to extravagant outlay in lessons.

On page 260 we read, "As for showing what I Melba herself thinks of and how she feels towards her Paris professor of singing, let me copy her autograph from the pages of a precious album." Then follows a letter of hot appreciation.

Inasmuch as Emma Eames has of late years expressed her opinion freely and forcibly concerning Mrs. Marchesi, the quotation of this autograph in Mrs.

Marchesi's album is of almost pathetic interest.

My dearest Teacher and Friend I want to tell you here, on leaving you, how much I owe to you, not only for what you have made of my voice and talent, but for your sweet and motherly counsel in every way. You have taught me not only to deeply love you, but to have perfect faith always in your unerring judgment. What I am you have made me.

Your loving and devoted pupil,

EMMA HAYDN EAMES.

Mrs. Julie Wyman's praise was also recorded, and is duly quoted, while Mrs. Marie Van der Veer Green exclaimed in pen and ink: "Oh! dearest madame, that word 'Farewell.' It has such a wonderful ring! I am so proud to be your pupil, and so grateful for all your kindnesses. God bless you."

Now, I do not mean to question the success of Mrs. Marchesi's career as a singing teacher. It has been remarkable. Think of the list of pupils: Krauss, di Murska, d'Angeri, Proska-Schuch, Salla, Tremell, Gerster, Stahl, Nevada, Papler, Rlsley, Gisela Staudigl, Blanche Marchesi, Calvé, Melba, Horwitz, Eames, Wyman, Starkweather, Howe, Suzanne Adams, Sanderson, Fricci, Dorsy. You may say this, and you may say that: the fact remains that Mrs. Marchesi can show the results of her training by pointing to women who have done much on the concert or operatic stage.

And in this book there are entertaining passages, especially those that relate to her earlier years; there are shrewd reflections—for Mrs. Marchesi is always shrewd; but why should the author be so spiteful after an episode that happened 33 years ago to write (page 112) "Miss Louise Pyne, being the soprano, played the part of the prima donna of the troupe, looked down on me in consequence, always had the seat of honor at table, stepped first into the carriage, and made herself generally disagreeable in order to impress us fully with her importance?"

If anyone wishes to learn something about Mrs. Marchesi's pupils and a great deal about their devotion to their teacher, this book will be useful. It is to be regretted that there is no index to this volume of testimonials, for thus the facts of value are sunk far down as in a jar of cloying jam.

Surely all musicians who had the great pleasure of hearing the Banda Rossa last week wondered at the control of the conductor over his men and admired his indisputable musicianship. A short sketch of him will therefore be of interest. I tell the tale as told to me.

Eugenio Sorrentino was born at Rossano, Calabria, Sept. 18, 1866. He first studied in the "Literature College," where the teachers soon discovered his musical talent. At the age of 12 he entered the Majella Conservatory in Naples. He was graduated with high honors after long study with D'Arienzo. His classmate, Spinelli, is the composer of the opera "A Basso Porto," that has met with such success in Germany, especially Berlin; and his classmate Cilea is the composer of the opera "Tilda."

Mr. Sorrentino has composed many works for orchestra—as a Suite that is well known in Italy. In 1889 he went to San Severo to be the conductor of the Banda Rossa, which was then known only in the town and the neighboring city. After diligent rehearsal for some months, the band became famous throughout Italy. It gained the first prize, a gold medal and an emblem, in competition at Genoa in 1892, when 64 bands played in rivalry. King Humbert invited it to play at the reception given Kaiser Wilhelm when he visited Italy. Its fame spread throughout Germany, which country was visited in the following season with great success. Concerts were given in Berlin, Bremen, Breslau, Cologne, Dresden, Hanover, Munich and other cities.

In Italy brass instruments are manufactured, but the wood instruments are imported as a rule from Germany, France, Belgium, Austria. The metallic instruments with mouthpieces are all cylindered; those made with pistons are for export, and they are less expensive. The names of the instruments used in the Italian bands are the pistonino, cornettino (little bugle), cornetto (cornet), flicorno (contralto), clavicorno (alto), basso-flicorno (baritone), bombardino (or euphonium), bombardone (contrabass); and there are also basses and contrabasses called pelltini, after the name of the maker, Pelitti. Italy has not adopted universally the Boehm flute. In the Conservatory of Milan a clarinet of 14 keys with double mechanism of C sharp is used. There

are those in favor of the clarinet with 19 keys. Nearly all Italian clarinetists play with the reed on the upper side.

Mr. Henderson, in the New York Times of the 10th, thus spoke of Mr. Richard Hoffman's appearance at an orchestral concert under Seldi in Chickering Hall the afternoon of the 9th:

"The pianist of the afternoon was Mr. Richard Hoffman, who has not appeared at an orchestral concert of late, and who was welcomed with much cordiality. The pianist's choice of the Mendelssohn G minor concerto, as well as the presence on the program of the same master's A minor symphony, was, of course, due to the fact that within a week the fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death passed. The performance had another historic interest, however, for Mr. Hoffman played the same concerto some twenty years ago, at his first appearance with the Philharmonic Society. His presentation of it yesterday served to bring sharply to mind the great change in ideals of piano playing and pianoforte music in forty years—perhaps not wholly for the better. Who can say? But the simplicity, the naïveté of Mendelssohn's passage work, the politeness of his piano diction, and the thoroughly gentlemanlike manner of his concerto writing are not highly spiced enough for a generation fed upon the honey of Chopin, the champagne of Liszt, and the ginger of Brahms.

This kind of music, however, is admirably adapted to the qualities of Mr. Hoffman's playing. His style is as clean and as crisp as a new bank note, and quite as emotional. It is solid, substantial playing without any glow of tone-color, any breadth or any depth. Mr. Hoffman plays finely within the limits of his school, but his school is that of the glacial period, when the piano tinkled and the 'Etudes Transcendantes' of Liszt were not. The pianist's runs and arpeggios were smooth and mellifluous, and his cantabile was of the same description. It was good piano playing, but it belonged to an earlier date than this. Our present taste may be utterly wrong, however, and the future may demonstrate that we have tried to force the piano out of its province.

"But Mr. Hoffman's transcriptions do not belong to the present any more than his playing of Mendelssohn. There was a time when such twiddling of fingers in the upper treble as he gave us in his arrangement of 'Hark, hark, the lark!' would have been esteemed a remarkable reproduction of the voice of the dear little bird. But that time has gone, too. We are subtler, more symbolical, now. No doubt Herr Richard Strauss could show Mr. Hoffman that a lark could be symbolized by three trombones and a snare drum, if the program notes were sufficiently full."

The date of this concert, referred to by Mr. Henderson, when Mr. Hoffman made his first appearance, was Nov. 27, 1847. The program was as follows:

"Die Weihe der Töne".....Spohr
Overture "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Aria from "Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart
Mrs. C. E. Horn.
Concerto in G minor.....Mendelssohn
Richard Hoffman.
Scene and aria from "Ernani".....Verdi
Mrs. Horn.
Overture "Egmont".....Beethoven
George Loder conducted the orchestra of 55.

The program of the concert of the Chicago Orchestra, Theodore Thomas, conductor, last night was as follows:

Overture "Rienzi".....Wagner
Symphonic variations.....Dvorak
"Ah! Perfidio".....Beethoven
Orchestral numbers from "The Damnation of Faust".....Berlioz
Indian Suite.....MacDowell
Polonaise "Mignon".....Thomas
Mrs. Nordica.
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Weingartner

The Musical Courier of the 10th says: "News comes to this office at a late hour that the long drawn out rumor of a possible visit to this country of Arthur Nikisch and his Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra has some foundation. The great conductor will very probably bring his orchestra to America this season."

Some say that Mr. Nikisch is desirous of living in New York, and that efforts will be made to provide him with an orchestra. There was a scheme for his return some time ago, but inasmuch as the contract called for concerts at Brighton Beach, Mr. Nikisch proudly refused. It hardly seems possible that he would give up his positions in Berlin and Leipzig to live in New York; but Mr. Nikisch is a restless soul.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Marie Engel will sing in Madrid this season.

Miss Beatrice Hereford will give a recital in Steinert Hall Dec. 15.

"The Mastersingers" was given for the first time in Paris Nov. 10 at the Opéra.

Mrs. Ada May Benzing is now contralto in the choir of the South Church, New York.

Mr. Max Heinrich's second song recital will be in Steinert Hall the evening of Dec. 7.

Guiraud's second orchestral suite was played for the first time in America, they say, at Pittsburg, Nov. 4.

Novacek's Perpetuum mobile was played for the first time in this country by the N. Y. Symphony Society Nov. 6.

Miss Harriet A. Shaw will give a harp concert at Wellesley College at the opening of the college course Monday.

Dyna Beumer sang for the first time in New York Nov. 9. She was not

praised by Mr. Henderson in the Times.

The National Gramophone Company of New York will give a series of weekly invitation recitals. The first will be Nov. 19.

Mr. Carl Stasny will be the soloist at the recital to be given by the Ondrick-Schulz Quartet at Steinert Hall on the evening of Nov. 29.

Méhul's "Joseph" is to be added to the repertory of the Paris Opéra. Bourgaud Ducoudray will write recitatives to take the place of Alexander Duval's dialogue.

Mr. Felix Fox will play pieces by Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Heller, Liszt, Brahms, Lacombe, Philipp and Balakireff in Steinert Hall Dec. 2.

The program of the second Knelzel Quartet concert, the 22d, will include Mozart's C major quartet; Brahms's clarinet sonata in E flat; Grieg's G minor quartet. Messrs. Pourtau, clarinetist, and Facien will assist.

Miss Mary Phillips Webster will give the first of three lectures on "Music in England in Shakespeare's Time" Monday afternoon in Chickering Hall at 3 o'clock. She will then treat of church music, musical theory and madrigals.

A value by Glazounow for piano was played at a concert given by members of the Faculty of the Boston Training School of Music Nov. 5. We do not remember to have seen Glazounow's

name on the program of any pianist in this city.

The composition classes at the New England Conservatory have been arranged on an entirely new plan, under Mr. Chadwick's direction, and the students in that department are more numerous than ever. The next term begins on Thursday.

Not the least important feature of the "Kirmess and Opera Carnival," which will be held at Mechanics' Building from Nov. 24 to 30 inclusive, will be the orchestral music furnished by Mr. Thomas M. Carter and members selected from his popular band.

Mrs. Helen Hopetkirk will give a concert in Steinert Hall Tuesday evening at 8.15. She will play Beethoven's C sharp minor sonata, op. 27, No. 2; Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques and pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Brahms, Chopin, Henselt, Rubinstein, Olsen and Weber.

Miss Alice A. Cummings of Brookline will make her first appearance as a pianist at the first concert this season of the Boston String Quartet, in Association Hall, Wednesday evening, the 24th. The program will include Schumann's D minor trio and quartets by Beethoven and Mozart.

The program of the Symphony rehearsal and concert Friday and Saturday is as follows: Mozart's Symphony in D major (without menues); Paderewski's concerto for piano; Dvorak's Suite in D major, op. 38; Auher's overture to "Part du Diable." Mr. Alberto Jonas will be the pianist.

Miss Lena Little and Mrs. Emil Paur will give their first recital at Steinert Hall the evening of Nov. 30, when Mr. C. M. Loeffler will assist them. One of the features of the program for that evening will be the accompaniment on a viola d'amore by Mr. Loeffler of songs written by himself.

"A Musical Festival," a sort of competition of military and civil bands from all parts of France, will be held in Nice. Among others, the celebrated band of the Garde Republicaine will come from Paris at the expense of the town of Nice—and it is rumored that the competition will be open to other nations.

Miss Harriet S. Whittier and Mr. J. C. Manning will give a concert Thursday evening in Steinert Hall. Songs by Gunkel, Nevill, Corbett, Manning, Sullivan, Hahn and Bemberg will be sung by Miss Whittier, and Mr. Manning will play pieces by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, MacDowell, Chamade and Liszt.

Edouard Marie Ernest Deldevez is dead. He was born in Paris May 31, 1817. He was first conductor of the Paris Opéra (beginning in 1873) and the Conservatory concerts (beginning in 1872). He retired from these duties in 1885 on account of ill health. He wrote much music from symphony to ballet; he also wrote valuable and interesting books entitled "Curiosités Musicales" (1878), "L'Art du Chef d'orchestre" (1878), "A History of the Conservatory Concerts From 1859 to 1885" (1887), "De l'Exécution d'ensemble" (1888), and a Comparison of Notation in the Classic and Modern Music.

An event of uncommon interest to musical Boston will occur Sunday evening, Dec. 5, when a festival of sacred music will be given at the Boston Theatre by a notable array of musical talent. A picked chorus of several hundred voices will sing to the accompaniment of a grand chorus of 70 performers with church organ and harps, and the solo parts of the choruses will be entrusted to distinguished and popular vocalists, who will also be heard in attractive numbers. The stirring "Unfold, Ye Portals," from Gounod's "Redemption," and a particularly beautiful Choral by Von Weber, "In Constant Order Works the Lord," an American edition of which has just been published by Ditson especially for this event, will be two of the principal offerings. The musical direction of the festival is in charge of Mr. George Lowell Tracy, and rehearsals have been begun at the Bijou Opera House, through the courtesy of Mr. B. F. Keith. Complete details of the affair will be made public shortly.

The New York Times spoke thus Nov. 5 of the new operetta at the Irving Place Theatre, New York. "The operetta was 'Die Lachtaube,' by Eugen von Taub, a hitherto unknown composer in this country, who clearly belongs to the Vienna school of builders of comic



MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

By Philip Hale.

If, wishing to know the career of this remarkable singer, you should open the Musik-Lexicon of the learned and accurate Dr. Riemann, you would read, in substance, as follows:

Sembrich, Marcella (her real name is Marcelline Kochanska-Sembrich is her mother's family name), a phenomenal singer, a coloratura soprano, born Feb. 15, 1838, at Wisniewczyk, in Galicia, where her father, Kasimir Kochanski, violinist and teacher, lived. When she was four years old she began to learn the piano, and at the age of six the violin. When she was twelve she entered the Conservatory at Lemberg, and took piano lessons of Wilhelm Stengel, who afterward became her husband. After five years she studied the piano with Epstein, in Vienna, where she began to take singing lessons of Victor Rokutansky, in 1875. The next year she studied singing with G. B. Lamperti, Jr., in Milan. She made her debut in "I Puritani," at Athens, in May, 1877. She returned to Vienna, studied a German repertory under Richard Lewy, and in 1878 joined the Dresden opera company, where she remained a year and a half. In June, 1880, she appeared in London, where she was engaged for five seasons. She sang in concert nearly all the great cities of Europe, went to America (1883-84), in the summer of 1884 studied with Francesco Lamperti the elder. In 1878 to 1880 Dresden was her home. In 1880 she moved to Berlin, where she was an excellent violinist.

From this exposition of facts you may infer that there had been a great deal of interest in the career of this singer.

Her father was a wanderer, stopping here and there where he found pupils,

and Marcella wandered with him, even before she could walk. He was very poor, and at times it was necessary for him to make his own instruments. Thus he put together a rude piano, upon which he taught himself, that he might teach. He was stern, exacting toward his daughter. Winter nights he would take her from her bed to play to him; and when, cold and sleepy, she would make mistakes, his discipline was severe. And yet she now remembers this rigid training with gratitude. There was another wanderer, an old man, "grandfather Tanowicz," they called him, who went about Galicia, singing and playing to the people his compositions, curing the folk of disease, comforting them in trouble, and hunting out children of musical promise, thus using a small pension allowed him by the Government. He met Marcella and at once recognized her talent. But—as they say—he could not bear to hear her sing, and he likened her song unto the vocal yearnings of the cat. She did not gain admittance to the Conservatory at Lemberg, but Stengel, a professor there, took her into his class. And then she began to earn her living by playing at dances. Stengel found out one day that he could teach her nothing more. A poor man, he took her to Vienna; and there they were in doubt as to whether she should be a violinist or a pianist; but when, at Stengel's wish, she sang to them, they all told her to turn her back to instruments and devote everything to song.

Her first appearance in Dresden was in "Lucia," and she sang in German, which she had lately learned (she now sings in Russian, Polish, as well as Italian, French and German, and she speaks English with some fluency). It was late in

1880 that she first appeared at St. Petersburg, and since then she has sung there almost every year with extraordinary success. She has sung there before three Tsars; in 1884, at a concert given for poor students, she appeared as singer, violinist, pianist. According to her own story, she had a New York last week, she had up her violin playing until a few years ago. "But I realized that it required more time than I could give to it to keep in fine condition. So five years ago I played for the first time. It was at a charity matinee at St. Petersburg." Her skill as a violinist no doubt contributed largely to her surpassing confidence

as a singer, as de Beriot's bow trained the voice of Malibran. When she first appeared in Vienna (1887) Hanslick, praising loudly her faultless legato and sostenuto, free from exaggeration, scooping, or tremolo, wrote, in conclusion: "It is well known that she excelled as violinist before she became a singer. And this was, as in Christine Nilsson's case, most beneficial to the purity of her intonation and the sensitiveness of her ear."

Interviewed, she reveals herself as a sweet, kindly, sensible woman, discriminating in her judgment of singers and composers, without flattery as well as without bitterness. Here is what she says about a much discussed subject:

patent. Its pure, round, mellow quality and its perfect smoothness are still there." He mentions "the emission of a body of spontaneous tone that issues like a flood of light;" "the gushing fountain of free, certain, dazzling tone." She is, he says, "a thorough musician, and her phrasing is filled with musicianly judgment and instinct with a sympathy for dramatic values. And then there are life, vigor, color and significance in her style. * * *

Her 'Casta diva' was admirable in the smoothness and purity of its tone and in the beauty of its expression. In the lieder she astonished her audience by the excellence of her enunciation and by her complete comprehension of that style of singing."

So that which was true fourteen years ago of this great singer, Mr. Henderson says is true today. But you must remember that she learned the art of singing.

"There are so few teachers now that the absence of well-trained singers is not surprising. One need think only of the work that used to be necessary to see the difference now. Formerly years of study were necessary; now within a few months a girl thinks that she is ready to begin her career. If she has a great voice, then success is possible in the heavier Wagner roles. They need no singing; all that is necessary for them is plenty of voice. But the woman who would sing Elsa, Elisabeth, Senta, or Eva must know how to sing."

And thus does she speak of two of her rivals:

"Calvé is a true artist, and, above all things, an actress. She can create wonderful effects. Her Carmen is wonderful, and her Ophelia very fine. But no other woman would dare attempt the things that Calvé does. They would never be accepted from anybody but her. She contrives to give them a power of her own, which, astonishing as they are, makes them seem wonderfully fine as she does them. Melba is a woman with a remarkably beautiful voice, with a silvery quality and a clearness such as one seldom hears. Among Wagnerian performances I have never seen anything that impressed me so much as Sueher's Isolde. It seemed to me perfect, although when I heard her first it was not at the height of her powers."

Of late years she has divided the year between Russia, Austria, Germany and Spain. She has two sons; neither of them shows musical talent.

This remarkable singer will appear at Music Hall, Nov. 23. Her first appearance in this country was in Abbey's company, New York, Oct. 24, 1883, as Lucia. Her first appearance in Boston was in the same company and part, Dec. 27, 1883, with Campanini and Del Puente. Her subsequent appearances in this city were as Amina, Dec. 29, 1883; Violetta, Dec. 31, 1883; Rosina, Jan. 2 and March 8, 1884; Ophelia (first performance of "Hamlet" in Boston), March 3, 1884, and Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni," with Nilsson, Fursch-Madiand Kasehmann, March 6, 1884.

Her first reappearance in this country was in concert in New York, the 24th ult., when she sang airs from "The Escape From the Seraglio," "Norma," and songs by Schumann, Schubert and Becker. Mr. Henderson, the severe and just critic, wrote in the New York Times: "Mme. Sembrich returns to us with the luscious beauty of her voice unim-

opera, and has treasured in his mind the melodies and favorite forms of his distinguished predecessors. But if much of the 'Lachtaube' music is reminiscent, and not any of it can be fairly called brilliant, it is, nevertheless, all tuneful and spirited. The book, by Herren Landesberg and Stein, is said to be an adaptation of a Spanish tale, and is of a sort of Boccaccian quality in its intrigue, and rather elemental and juvenile in its humor. The scene is a village in Poland, and Tatjana, the pretty wife of Wasylko, an innkeeper, is nicknamed the 'cooling dove,' because of her good temper and high spirits. Her good looks and coquetry are very serviceable in the inn business, but Wasylko is often a bit jealous. Now, the ruler and tyrant of the neighborhood is the Wojwode, Pan Gabriel Ostrogski, and he determines, with the assistance of his funny henchman, Postulka, who owns all the mind the Wojwode ever uses, to possess Tatjana for his very own. Wherefore he has Wasylko arrested on a false charge. Then the fun begins. Of course, Tatjana is honest and true, but when jealous Wasylko, escaping from the officers, returns to his inn to find the preposterous Wojwode there, his suspicions are strong. He dons the Wojwode's robe, hat and sword and proceeds to that dignitary's home, where a ball is in progress, and (this being comic opera) he is mistaken for the Wojwode, which is a rare experience for any man. Tatjana is also there, trying to secure the release of her husband; and every man who sees her falls in love with her. For that matter, this tendency seemed as strong last night in the audience as on the stage. Fraulein Julie Kopacsy is plump, merry, and altogether charming. Her prettiness is of the piquant sort. She has a good voice for operetta, and she knows how to use it. Her laughter is infectious. She depicts the artless coquetry, the innocence, the rusticity, the high spirits, the strong affection of Tatjana admirably. She also peels potatoes well. Fraulein Kopacsy was cordially received. The cast included Hanna Wrado and Jean Felix, competent artists, in the needful sentimental roles; Edmund Hanna, a rather deliberate comedian, as the funny Wojwode; Julius Ascher, as the ingenious Postulka, and Rudolph Senius as the innkeeper. The chorus was sufficiently strong in numbers and in good form, and the orchestra was held well in hand by Willy Wolf. A solo dancer from Vienna, Fraulein Adele Renée, appeared in the ball room scene, and her dancing was liked."

After each one had eaten for four, and all as no one ever ate, the three friends said parallelly: at the approach of cheese, "yes, for I am fond of toasted cracker." when the liqueurs were passed, "I never touch alcohol; but now—if it will give you any pleasure!" when the cigars appeared, "you do not object to smoke?" "My father smoked," said the hostess; "my brother smoked; I have played and grown up on the knees of smokers; my husband used to smoke; I have an uncle who smokes a pipe and I am very fond of him; and I love the smell of tobacco although it fouls the curtain"—and all this in one breath.

Mr and Mrs. Mouser sat in their new flat. The flat was literally new, and they were house-warmers. They were talking more or less amicably together. Every now and then there was the sound of mighty rushing and roaring; the foundations of the house were disturbed, and the pillars were shaken. Mr. Mouser turned pale and held fast to the arms of his Morris chair. His faithful—too faithful spouse tried to look as though the air were heavy with peace.

He finally said, "Do you think we had better ask the Whistletofts to dinner? You know they warned us against the railroad trains, and they would be sure to say something unpleasant?" A snort of defiance was the reply.

The Whistletoffs were invited. They accepted. There was suspicious silence within and without during the soup. Mr. Mouser noticed that Mrs. Whistletoff's right ear appeared tense and strained, while Mr. Whistletoff kept looking toward the window that commanded a fine view of at least six practical tracks. A glass of wine started conversation—a conversation in Bostonese. Among the subjects discussed were the Subway, the Symphony concerts, and Mrs. Gardner. And as the cookery was good, they all enjoyed themselves, although Mrs. Mouser every now and then talked loudly as though she were afraid the guests would hear a noise outside.

The Whistletoffs, before they left, presented genteel verbal affidavits of pleasure. Mrs. Mouser went about reducing the prodigality of gas. Mr. Mouser, having drawn with some difficulty his better pair of varnished boots, sat smoking a long clay pipe. "How do you account for it?" asked his wife; "I didn't hear a train go by, and Mrs. Whistletoff was green with disappointment. She had no excuse for saying 'I warned you,' or 'I don't see how you can stand it.' How do you account for the quiet?" And Mr. Mouser, smiling a superior smile, took the pipe out of his mouth long enough to say, "Well you see, I went down the back way about 6 o'clock and greased the tracks."

They say that Cléo de Mérode's mother washes her daughter's clothes. Her prudence is to be commended, not derided. There should always be one thrifty person in a family, for there are few Kings left, and they are notoriously fickle.

Dr. Felter is explaining why a child cannot reason syllogistically. It always seemed to us that the chief reason is because his parents never let him get beyond his premise.

This question of free alcohol in art is a serious one. We believe that musicians, as it is now, have more alcohol than is good for them.

And this reminds us of the great success of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. Paur, in New York last week. Mr. Henderson wrote as follows in the New York Times of the 2th: "The tonal splendors of the Boston orchestra are glorious. The instrumental color is always so rich, so solid, so noble that it seems to have something more than merely sensuous beauty. But that is because it is used as a means not an end. The phrasing of the orchestra is like that of a great singer, and every nuance is full of meaning. But it is hardly profitable to go into details about the matter. Suffice it to say that this is a band of virtuosos, singing through their instruments in perfect unanimity and with a high and inexhaustible artistic enthusiasm."

"The days and months are to grow longer." Are they not long enough?

Professor Arlo Bates, steering a steam carriage and controlling it with imperturbable intellectuality, although steam hisses and sputters and clouds envelop him, is a noble instance of the triumph of mind over matter.

Adaptability to environment and the use of varieties of weapons are two of the earliest distinctions by which man rises above the level of the brutes, and rarely have these characteristics been more notably combined than in the case of Mr. David Michael, alias Stroud, of Gee Street, Goswell Road. His landlady had turned him out, and, ruminating on the appropriate instrument of remonstrance, he perceived that the domestic meat chopper, contrasted with a clasp knife, which breathes a spirit of adventure, would be the most likely to appeal to her. So he provided himself with these implements, let himself in with his latch key, of which his landlady had unaccountably omitted to deprive him, and observed to her genially, "I have come to kill you now." At this point she ceased to give him her undivided attention, and went away to fetch a policeman. This might have disconcerted another man, but Michael at once grasped the situation. He saw that both the landlady and the policeman would look foolish if there was nothing for them to do when they arrived; so, with a thoughtful tact, which really amounts to genius, he turned his attention to the furniture. By the time he had broken 20 pounds worth, the policeman came, and Michael, feeling he had done enough for fame, modestly withdrew. As the policeman followed and officiously persisted in demanding an interview, he availed himself of some loose timber from a scaffolding, and

crushed stable Grimes on the back of the neck. Yesterday he expounded the forbearance of his character at North London, and he will have an opportunity of further enlarging on the subject at the Sessions.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Nov 16. 97

I do not remember the day, and there was no month. I had walked for hours through the streets of the city. I had been jostled by elbows, brutally impatient. Women had looked at me without affection.

At the day's end I was very tired. My heels were raw. I was empty of food. It was then I came to the street of Unfulfilled Intentions. East and west the street runs, so that he who will may stand midway, at dawn, and see the sun rise and, turning himself at eventide he may see the sun go down behind the rim of the earth. The red was piled high in the West, as I entered the street of Unfulfilled Intentions—a red confusion, infinite and sad.

Thus begins Mr. Vance Thompson's prose-poem, published in the Criterion and entitled "The Street of Unfulfilled Intentions." Perhaps you do not wish to read the rest of it. You are right. There is no law compelling you to read it, and so you can turn with a sigh of relief to a book by your beloved Hall Caine or equally beloved Sarah Grand. To some this prose-poem is a work of cunning art and of infinite, sad suggestion. For wretched is the man that has entered that street and the open door of the house from which is heard the humming of the harp, and has given "the sele of the night" to the tenth man whom he afterward caught by the edge of the coat while "yellow torches bickered in the wind," but still more wretched is he that has never known this wretchedness.

There is entertaining reading in this last number of the Criterion. The fact that the members of the staff have instructed their lawyers to bring suit for libel against the publishers of the New York Sun neither amuses nor distresses us, but the fact that Dr. Nansen cannot digest Welsh rabbit, although Ibsen has had "a tremendous influence on his life," was entered immediately in a note book. We enjoy, even after a second reading, Mr. Rupert Hughes's review of concerts. "One of the most striking things about this orchestra (Damosch's) supported by Americans and existing here, is that the composers represented on its programs are, practically, always either dead men or foreigners, if not both. * * * Mr. Damosch's chief tribute to America was the recent production of his own study in Wagner, based on 'The Scarlet Letter.' But Mr. Damosch is not native to our soil, and the Teutonism of the cast made one feel that the name should rather have been 'Die Zgarled Tledder.' * * * He and Mr. Seidl to American music assume that most insulting of attitudes, indifference and exclusion. The fault is not America's. There is more than one of our composers that has written better music than Lalo and Novacek could ever dream. MacDowell, Paine, Kelley, Beck, Foerster, Chadwick, et al., have written scores that would honor even your august desks, Herren Seidl und Damosch."

There's many a true word spoken from the chest, as Mr. Tommy Tompkins remarked on a famous occasion. But in Boston the native composer has a somewhat better show. You may say his claims for recognition are shrieks—but why should he not shriek? A man of talent is tempted to bury his talent if it is not recognized in the market-place as a thing of value. And after all, music to be known and judged must be heard.

We mentioned this proposed libel suit. We do not believe in such suits, which are often an ingenious method of advertisement. If Jones in the heat of passionate criticism states that the ears of Smith, the eminent playwright, are longer than those generally worn this fall, why should Smith feel hurt and set the clumsy and creaking machinery of the law in motion? Let him imitate rather the philosophy of Caesar, who read the libel of Catullus, laughed, and invited the poet to dine with him.

What a sensitive community there is in London! A correspondent writes: "You know, of course, that in this country (England) anything is held to be a libel at present. Percy Notcutt had to pay Ella Russel £100 because he put her name second and not first on a concert announcement; the Saturday Review had to pay MacKenzie £400 because it said that the Academy of Music was bossed by men who had not the morals of a company promoter. Society had to pay Lottie Collins because it said there was a touch of vulgarity in her performance; and

a jury decided that Mr. Runciman should pay a sub-editor of a music journal £200 because another man declared that Runciman had written a sentence which the sub-editor claimed applied to him."

It was only last month that Verdi celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday, and now the news comes that his wife is dead, Giuseppina Strepponi, who was born at Lodi in 1815. His first wife was Marguerite Barezzi, who was, according to report, singularly beautiful, witty and attractive in every way. Married to her in 1835, he had by her two children. In 1840 children and wife died within three months, and Verdi was left to write a comic opera in pursuance of a contract. Is it any wonder that the operetta, produced in September of that year, failed dismally? Several years afterward he married Miss Strepponi, a famous opera singer in her day. She made her debut about 1835, and created a part in "Nabucco" when it was first performed in 1832. Pouglin says her voice was of great range and magnificent quality; that it was controlled with rare skill; and that as an actress she was a great tragedian. She left the stage about 1850. Fétis declared that Verdi's music—remember, it was the music of his earlier period—ruined her voice (Fétis was not an admirer of the great composer), and that in 1846 she was already vocally a wreck. To Verdi she was a devoted wife, a wise and far-seeing counselor. There were no children by this second marriage.

MISS MARY WEBSTER

Lectured Yesterday Afternoon in Chickering Hall on Music in Shakspeare's Time.

Miss Mary Phillips Webster gave an interesting lecture—the first of three—yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. She spoke of church music; of musical theory in 1597, and of madrigals.

She described the rise of church music under the encouragement of the Tudor Dynasty, and she spoke of Henry VIII., who, educated for the church, studied the art before he gave his mind more intently to marriage and divorce. She sketched the career of Thomas Tallis, who, as a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, served four monarchs, at the statutable stipend of seven pence a day. She read his quaint epitaph, and gave by means of the piano some idea—necessarily imperfect—of the character of his vocal music for the church. She gave an interesting version of "Old Hundred" as harmonized by Dowland, and she also spoke of William Birde and Gibbons, quoting at length from the former's "Reasons briefly set down by the author to persuade every one to learn to sing"—thus, for instance, Reason 3, "It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes." The remarks on Thomas Morley's book, which for many years was the theoretical guide for English students, were of value, and the time devoted to madrigals and John Wilbye was all too short.

Perhaps Miss Webster exaggerated when she said nothing was known about the life of William Birde. He was probably born in 1544, and he was organist of Lincoln Cathedral in 1563. In 1569 he became a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, where again he knew well his teacher Tallis. He was an accomplished player on the virginals, a mathematician of repute, a good man and citizen, one who suffered for conscience' sake. He was married and had children. In 1601 he substituted for Dr. John Bull, and he died in 1623.

Miss Webster will lecture Thursday afternoon on the popular music and court masques, when she will be assisted by Miss Jenny Corea, soprano. On Monday afternoon, the 22d, she will speak of the instrumental music and play pieces by Birde, Munday, Bull, Gibbons and others.

Philip Hale.

Nov 17. 97

Rich and rare were the teeth she wore!

So Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the celebrated American dentist in Paris, is dead. He was never weary of snatching fortune from the teeth of misfortune.

Many are the stories about him that will now be published, and there are many that will appropriately go only from mouth to mouth.

And yet Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustafson in that queer book entitled "Genevieve Ward," tells with apparent delight all the details of the little dispute between Dr. Sims and Dr. Evans, when the ambulance service was formed early in the siege of Paris. Dr. Evans objected in the presence of several to Dr. Sims as a committeeman, whereupon Dr. Sims struck Dr. Evans "coolly across the mouth with open palm."

Mrs. Gustafson says: "Dr. Evans immediately sat down in the nearest chair, and, in a crouching attitude, with his hands lifted, deprecatingly cried out several times, 'Oh, don't hurt me! don't hurt me!'

Why don't you pick up a hammer for him, instead of whimpering like that?" cried Mr. Ward."

Afterward in court Dr. Sims was sentenced to pay a fine of 300 francs, and Dr. Evans shook his fist in Mrs. Ward's face."

Our old friend Edmond de Goncourt knew Dr. Evans. The latter told one of the Frenchman's relatives that women, in the emotion of visiting him professionally, often left in his office the most impossible things—"that some-

times compromising letters fell from their pockets." We do not see how anything could fall from a woman's pocket—although we are not experts in these matters—and how did Dr. Evans know that the letters were compromising unless he read them, an action that is not usually included in the pursuit of theoretical or practical dentistry.

Of Dr. Evans's intimacy with Napoleon III. and the Empress, how he did or did not assist the latter in her flight, a more pathetic flight than that of Browning's Duchess, of his real estate speculations; of his ability as a promoter; of his share in the creation of the Avenue de l'Opéra, which Sala regarded as one of the three most remarkable achievements of essentially modern architectural construction; ("the other two are the Holborn Viaduct and the Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele at Milan")—of all this you may read in stories of Parisian life, and in such memoirs as were written by the "Englishman in Paris."

And you will also hear of countless and unostentatious deeds of charity done by this man of varied and indisputable talents.

There were other dentists in Europe twenty years ago who jammed napkins, india rubber contrivances and assorted instruments into royal or imperial mouths. The dentist who looked after the teeth of Italy's Queen was born in Maine. In Rome he flourished like a green bay tree. The chief dentist in Berlin was also from Maine. He bored and hammered the teeth of Bismarck with the same coolness and strict attention to business that he would have shown if the patient had been some ardent prohibitionist from

Lewiston. He delighted in gorgeous raiment, in horses, and in sport. Paul Lindau was often at his house, and Mrs. Lindau, a woman of extravagant beauty, was a not unwelcome guest. There was an American dentist in Dresden who each year went to Vienna to tinker imperial teeth. He was the dental friend of Wagner, and the boy Siegfried used to visit him. The American dentist was so famous throughout Europe that there was a saying "Americans must have the worst teeth in the world; for their dentists are the best." But of all these useful workmen Dr. Evans was easily the most conspicuous.

"Mr. Gamaliel Bradford points a moral" by considering the late election in New York. Yes, but it takes Mr. Bradford a column and a half to make a point.

Vienna, too, has its trials and tribulations. Draught beer is going up steadily, day by day.

English humor, on the other hand, is a fixed quantity. Even in the Pall Mall Gazette, owned by an ex-American, we observe with sorrow a jest that surely was addressed originally to the Punch office. Mr. Justice Darling once, "when very junior, engaged in a case at sittings which lasted long after the court usually adjourned for the day. At 5 P. M. Mr. Darling was still proceeding with his oration. 'Do you notice the hands of the clock Mr. Darling?' said the Chairman blandly. 'They seem to me, sir,' counsel replied, 'to be in their normal position at this time of the day.'"

We spoke yesterday of libel suits. The mention of the Pall Mall reminds

us of the delightful letter received by the editor of that journal early this month:

MYSELF VS. HUNT.
To the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette: Sir—I have just read your lying and impudent article on this case. Thanks to an exceptionally stupid jury you were fortunate enough to secure a verdict, but you omit to add that the lying and impudent scoundrel who wrote the libel had no, the courage to go into the box to support it.

Yours, etc.,
WILLIAM NOLLOWAY.

HELEN HOPEKIRK

Played the Piano Last Evening in Steinert Hall—A Program of Conventional Respectability.

Mrs. Helen Hopekirk played these pieces in Steinert Hall last evening:

First Symphonies Schumann
Piano Scarlatti
Sonata Bach
Sonata C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 Beethoven
Intermezzo Brahms
Rondeau Ruyter
Piano Schumann
Sonata Chopin
Sonata Liszt
"The Swan" Debussy

We have a right to expect from Mrs. Hopekirk a better program than that chosen by her for performance last night. She is a woman who has traveled and played in more than one country. She is a woman who has not hesitated before this to play here comparatively or utterly unknown pieces; thus in the recitals given by her early in 1922 the names of Borodin, Schmitt and Szymanowski appeared on her programs, which also, by the way, included the pieces by Scarlatti, Schumann, and Chopin. Last night the only strange name was that of Ole Olsen, the Norwegian, who was born in Hammerfest in 1867, a Suite for strings by him was played lately in New York. Now it is the duty, as it should be the pleasure, of such an experienced pianist to acquaint her audience with truly modern works. The C sharp minor sonata of Beethoven could well be spared, especially when it is played in such a staid, unromantic, infatigable, rigid, cut-and-dried fashion as it was played last night. Nor would Steinert Hall be struck by a thunderbolt if no sonata by Beethoven or any other man appeared on the program. This fetish worship in music is deplorable. Ten composers were represented last night, and all save one are dead.

And now a word about Mrs. Hopekirk's playing. She made her first appearance here nearly fourteen years ago. During the years that have passed since she first appeared at a Symphony concert she has studied faithfully. The results of her study are seen in the development of her technique, rather than in any higher musical growth. Last evening there were frequent exhibitions of smooth mechanism. There were clear and even runs; there was the easy triumph over mechanical difficulties. But Mrs. Hopekirk's phrasing is often incomplete and without reason. She does not always appreciate the value, the beauty, the necessity of a long phrase. Her punctuation is faulty or careless. Thus she will run phrases together; she will almost begin the second before she has finished the first, as though there were no such thing in music as a period or full stop.

Nor do I find her often admirable technical performance illuminated by any glow of imagination, or warmed by any touch of sensuousness, or distinguished by austere nobility. There is no relieving burst of passion, even though it be crude and misdirected. This, her latest appearance in Boston, strengthens and rivets the conviction entertained unwillingly before; that she is without native musical temperament. And therefore while I respect her industry, her sincerity, her modesty and her honestly earned technical proficiency, I do not admire her as an interpreter of any work that demands the expression of serious feeling, rapid beauty, or burning passion; nor do I find in her the subtle, persuasive magnetism that in other pianists of less technical acquirements creates at once an atmosphere that envelops the hearer and steals away cool, critical faculty of judgment.

Therefore last night those pieces in which the least emotion was inherent gave the greatest pleasure. The Etude of Schumann that are full of the divine melody were the least interesting, because Mrs. Hopekirk is not happiest in an ability in the more intimate etudes she did not by skilful coloring suggest a mood or lead the hearer to self-inspection, and in the stormier passages there was neither irresistible power nor fiery sweep. I have already pointed out her academic and conventional performance of the sonata. She followed, alas, in the footsteps of celebrated pianists, but does any musician ever arise for a moment that Beethoven ever wrote the first movement and the finale to be played in such metronomic fashion, or with the conventional piano marking of the opening arpeggios in the finale and the sudden crash that is the heart's beauty, strength or meaning? Again take the 1st movement of Brahms' Op. 15, No. 1. If I am not mistaken, here we have the reverie of a cradle song, the dream of tonal beauty. But Mrs. Hopekirk's performance there was utterly unattractive, and there was no applied, meaningful and distinctive accentuation. And therefore in the polonaise, and inferior piece, with nothing that is at times cheap and dreary, I found Mrs. Hopekirk more pleasing on account of her fluent technique.

There was a good sized and applauding audience.

Philip Hale.

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies; leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions; such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing; rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations.

We earnestly call the attention of the officers, male and female, of certain busy societies in New York to the fact that a marble statue of Sophocles has been placed on the summit of a column of the main hall in Columbia University. This playwright, as all readers of the classics know, was a man of suspicious life. Indeed, Hieronymus of Rhodes tells shocking stories about him, and the fact that Sophocles was finally choked by a grapes at the age of 92, or 95—for there are various statements—should not blind us to the fact that the playwright was not a worthy example for young men either in his life or as a statue. If it is really necessary that his statue should stand in New York—which is a godless town, we hear—let it be a partner-in-shame of the Bacchante.

But worse is to come. We learn that Mr. Charles F. McKim proposes to give to Columbia University a statue of Euripides to be placed on the summit of another column. Now, according to Lucian, this playwright was a parasite, and, according to graver writers, he was bibulous and a hypocrite; for they say he hated women only in his plays, "because he had two wives together (this being allowed by a decree of the Athenians) and was heartily tired of both." They tell queer stories about his performances at the Macedonian Court when he was intoxicated with wines, and the alleged cause of his death is unfit for publication even in a yellow journal. It is true that he once wrote an epigram on a disaster that happened at a peasant's house, where a woman with her two sons and a daughter died by eating of mushrooms; but what is this when weighed in the balance?

And why this respect paid in Columbia to those who died so many years ago? Why should there not be a tribute to those now living and ruling in New York? We suggest respectfully that Mr. McKim and Mr. Schermerhorn, who proposes to give a statue of Augustus Caesar, should countermand their orders and instruct the sculptors to prepare the statues of Messrs. Croker and Platt in brass. President Low is too magnanimous a man to make any private objection.

There has been much foolish talk of late inspired by the dedication of the de Maupassant statue. Some have seized the opportunity to preach moral lessons in Pecksniffian vein; others have lamented the environment of de Maupassant and declared that if he had lived in New England he would have been a greater artist, possibly a Miss Wilkins in trousers and plug hat. The most striking feature of the statue is a Parisian woman reclining on a couch and reading a novel; the author occupies a secondary position. This led the Daily Messenger (Paris) to remark, "Remembering de Maupassant, one has the impression that the author on the column would be happier if he were to get down and take a seat on the sofa by the young lady."

Mr. Justice Romer of London has decided that a fried-fish shop is not necessarily a nuisance. Mr. Couper, the pastry-cook next door to Mrs. Furness, who keeps such a shop, is of contrary opinion, for he replied to the defendant's counsel who asked him what he complained of: "A stink, pure, unmitigated stink—it is a corrupt smell. If it is fish the defendant is frying, the fish must date back to Jonah's time. The official would blow the roof off your head."

Here is an instance of the pleasant relations that exist between soldiers and civilians in Germany, and are encouraged by the Emperor William II. The story is told by the Frankfurt Gazette. A young workman going to the barracks to see his relations met at the gate Capt. Ofell, and saluting, said, "Good day, Captain." The officer appeared to be astonished, and replied, "I don't know you." The workman, however, went into the court yard of the barracks to watch the recruits exercising. Capt. Ofell followed him to drive him away. The officer, drawing his sword, chased the workman to the gate of the barracks, where he struck him several times, wounding the workman, so that he is now in a dangerous condition.

We observe that it is now fashionable for singers and pianists to begin their concert at 8.15 instead of 8 o'clock.

Why not 8.30 or 8.25? Eight o'clock seems to us the more reasonable hour, for the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep. The singer or pianist may say, "But if I begin at 8 o'clock, there will be late comers who will disturb the audience and me." Yes, and if you should not begin before 9 o'clock there would be late comers anxious to be observed. Someone has suggested that 8.15 is "a more high-toned" hour. If this is so, and if 8 o'clock is inherently vulgar, we withdraw our objection. We share the aversion of Tony Lumpkin's friend toward anything that is low.

We glean joyfully from that model newspaper, the Southern Ulster, the following account of an episode in the daily life of Milton (N.Y.): "Since Fernandez the Cuban Barytone came back from the war he has been afraid of getting wounded."

Last Saturday night he was observed coming down the road to the Maple Terrace House half shot.

Carrambisima! "

We also note this "personal" from the same invaluable paper: "The Marlboro hustler of that town Mr. H. Scott Corwin and wife has gone on a couple weeks to the sea shore for water and salt air, we no doubt believe that his lungs will be renovated and cleansed with new life also better eating qualities as well as quantity."

Do you smile at such personal journalism? The item is of probably greater interest to the inhabitants of Ulster County than any announcement here of the proceedings of Mr. and Mrs. Higglesworth is to the general public of Boston.

Miss Harriet S. Whittier, Soprano, and Mr. John C. Manning, Pianist, Gave a Concert in Steinert Hall Last Evening.

Miss Whittier sang last evening in Steinert Hall songs by Gunkel, Nevin, Corbett, Manning, Sullivan, Hahn and Bemberg. Her selections were an agreeable relief from the program of the conventional "song recital," although all the songs were not of high worth. Mr. Hahn, I take it, is Reynaldo Hahn, who was born in Venezuela in 1874, studied with Massenet, and is now in Paris, where he is at work on a "Polynesian Idyl" in three acts. The songs by Mr. Nevin are not of his best. The pretty tune by Mr. Corbett—auspicious name—struck the audience on the heart, and Mr. Manning's tune also gave pleasure.

Miss Whittier is well-known and respected here as a singer, and it is not surprising that she was welcomed warmly and heartily applauded. Last night she sang with her usual understanding of the text and appreciation of the composer's intentions—for she is a singer of more than ordinary musical intelligence. I regret to say that the voice did not always second this intelligence. It was at times rebellious, as though tired. The phrase was not always sustained, in spite of brave endeavor; and the technique was not always fluent.

Mr. Manning played Beethoven's G major rondo, Schubert's Impromptu op. 142, No. 3, Schumann's "Autenschwung," an Etude by Chopin and Chopin's Sonata with the funeral march, MacDowell's Improvisation, Chaminade's Humoresque, Liszt's D flat major Etude and arrangement of Schubert's Erlking.

At first he was evidently disturbed by late comers; but such disturbance did not excuse the grave faults in his performance of the Rondo and Impromptu. His rhythm was unsteady—there was, for instance, a persistent and singular anticipation of the third beat in the Impromptu; the middle notes of runs were sometimes slurred; and in the Rondo the end of a phrase was always treated cavalierly. Borrowing from the terminology of another art, you might say that his drawing was crude, that there was no background, that his picture was monochromatic. The simplicity of the Rondo was a stumbling block, and for once the Impromptu was without poetry. But in the familiar piece by Schumann he showed more appreciation, skill, and temperament. To say that he has no right as yet to play the sonata by Chopin in public would be perhaps unfair; for there were passages in which he acquitted himself with credit. His performance of the funeral march was affected in the highest—say rather in the slowest degree. His grief was subdued, too deep for utterance. I admit that there are pianists who go to the funeral demonstration that is popularly supposed to distinguish a wake; but Mr. Manning's recoil from this was too violent in its quietness. And the tempo? No back ever went so slow even when it was hired by a timid, elderly woman by the hour.

Mr. Manning has certain gifts as a pianist, but I wish that he would study for a few years under a stern and competent master and not play in public. I wish this for his own advantage. What he needs now most of all

is pedagogic training. The pedagogue gracefully on the surface of the keys, with capricious tempo, and to the applause of friends, will not advance him one step toward the goal. And it would be a pity, if his good natural stuff were thus frittered away.

Philip Hale.

Great Alexander had a Horse,
A famous Least of mighty force
Ye cleave'd Bucephalus:
He was a stout and sturdy Steed,
And of an excellent Race and Breed,
But that concerns us not.

Figaro (Paris) has been discussing "The Patners of America." George naturally, figures prominently, but it is not General "George" Washington, who was first, etc.—it is the late George Pullman. Figaro asks, "Did Mr. Pullman do well or ill?" And then, after considering the matter for two columns, it leaves the question unanswered, thus paying a delicate compliment to the intelligence of its readers. In France, it is said, Mr. Pullman would not have been allowed by law or opinion to frame his will as he did. This consolation is given the sons: "You, at least, have a better start than your father had." Sons may learn valuable lessons from the fate of the young Pullmans. A parent should never be left alone. If you have means, employ a private detective. It's a wise son that knows his own father, and wisdom is not given to all. And yet as we write, the thought of \$3000 coming in each year as regularly as the seasons and tides, and without any labor on the part of the receiver, is not wholly unpleasant. Judge Grant, of course, would spurn the sum and throw the checks in the waste basket, but we should sign the receipts with a trembling hand, and tears of joy would splash the signature.

An artist said to us yesterday, "They ask me why I persist in painting trees. Why don't you paint portraits or something that tells a story? But I prefer trees; to me they are more uniformly beautiful than human faces. Tell me when you walk along Tremont Street or any street, or when you are in theatre or church, how many faces do you see that you really believe were made in the image of the great Creator? Perhaps the East Wind has pinched the features and roughened the skin, but it is more likely that petty cares and worries have marred and defaced them and made them mean. Look about you in the street car. See the suspiciousness, anxiety, grotesque self-importance, stinginess, timidity, snobbishness stamped on many of your neighbors. You do not have to be a mind reader to know their mental condition. When I mix freely with mankind, the lines of Whitman keep jogging my memory: 'Those are really men! the bosses and tufts of the great round globe!' And I know of no surer remedy against self-conceit than the daily reading of Whitman's poem of Faces."

"No, I am not uncharitable. I recognize the tragedy of the old laborer in the corner, with his rough hands and battered face. I see the curse of heredity and feel unutterable pity. And again I remember Whitman:

"I saw the face of the most smeared and stobbering idiot they had at the asylum, and I knew for my consolation what they know not; I knew of the agents that emptied and broke my brother, The same wait to clear the rubbish from the fallen tenement; And I shall look again in a score or two of ages, And I shall meet the real landlord perfect and unharmed, every inch as good as myself."

"But for the present I prefer to paint trees. They are unconscious. They do not ask to be taken in the pose of a philanthropist or a statesman. They do not chatter. They do not bedeck or bedizen themselves. They do not ask other trees, or the clouds, or the grass what they think of the picture. They are not anxious about exhibitions, nor do they strain ears to hear what is said about their face and figure. They are always natural and self-contained. Do you think they are soul-less? How do you know? They do not refuse shade to the beggar and the outcast. They do not shudder if tramps lean against their trunks. I except poplars, for something frightened them long ago and they hold up shrieking hands toward the sky. You should be more respectful toward trees. They furnish coffins."

Philosopher Dooley explained to Mr. Hennessy why he proposed to close his account with the bank, not knowing that a reporter of the Chicago Evening Post stood by: "This mornin' Dorsey th' plumber come in fr a little bill I was owin' him. 'How much is it?' says I. 'Five dollars,' says he. I set down an' wrote out a check th' way Pather Kelly showed me, an' tossed it to him. 'What's this?' says he. 'A check,' says I. 'Fr five bucks on th'

Tenth National Bank, where I keep me capital." "Look here," says he. "I didn't fix no catchbasin an' no beer pump f'r th' Tenth Naytional Bank," he says. "I done it f'r you, an' I want ye'er money." "My good sir," says I, "that check is as good as money, an' even better," I says. "Behind it," I says, "is not only me own capital, but th' intire capital, includin' money lint on Alley L stock, ly th' Tenth Naytional Bank," I says. "I had th' facts f'r'm th' good ma-an. 'More thin that,' says I, 'th' whole govermlnt ly th' United States is behind it,' I says. 'Th' ar-rmy an' navy an' th' park polls will fight f'r that check," I says. "McKinley was elected to make that check good," I says. "I don't care a-a cloth f'r wipin' jints," he says. "I voted f'r Bryan an' I want money," an' bedad, I had to give it to him."

Nov 20

"Books of travel"—a pile of those.
"Selected essays"—a trifle dry.
"Lives of eminent men"—in rows.
"Recollections"—a fair supply.
"Verse"—well, poets are getting shy.
Paying the publishers knocks them out;
Not that it matters much, say I:
Most of their books we could do without.

You wake in the morning after a feverish sleep in which you have heard the voices of icemen, milkmen, and the booming of electric cars. You do not feel well—not on account of any dissipation, for you smoked only two or three pipes and drank only two bottles of beer before you went to bed. For some reason or other your mind goes back to your boyhood—how you then were roused from deep sleep by your father's voice; you rub your eyes; is he calling you now? How absurd; you know he will never call you again.

You feel jaded throughout the day. When night comes, you say to yourself, "I will dismiss business and thought of business; I'll read the newspapers or a book and go to bed early."

The newspapers do not interest you long. You yawn over the account of the first production of "John Gabriel Borkman" in New York. You do not care much for the theatre; it's hot, and the plays bore you, and you are beginning to be afraid of a crowd. And you remember that Nansen said lately, "I am tempted to think that Ibsen has done his best work. He is an old man now. His imagination seems to be failing. There are times when Ibsen seems to be merely mystifying us."

The fact that a long-distance bicycle racer wept when he was in court charged with scorching does not move you. Men in certain actions are in a condition that is almost epileptic, and bicycling, no doubt, is one of these actions. He was nervous, and he wept not because he was ashamed, but because he was nervous. If he had knocked down an old woman or a little child, he would have been calm, for his attention would have been diverted.

You read of Bettina Girard and the arrival of her mother, and you hope the newspapers will give the poor girl a much-needed rest. She is in her mother's arms. Let her remain there. She played her game in the sight of the people. She is through with it, tired, disgusted. May she find peace!

You wonder at the names on the front of the new National Academy of Design in New York: "Names which hold a supreme place in the world's history of art; Phidias, Giotto, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Durer and Velasquez." You remember that in Paris, when you were younger, the students laughed at Raphael and called him the Bouguereau of his period. Where is the name of Rembrandt or Botticelli? But after all, what odds!

Miss Florence Jones tried to kill herself because "she had lost faith in everything." This seems illogical to you for you know many that have no faith, and prosper thereby and are respected in the community.

"Old Theatre Goer," noticing the appearance of Dixie as a magician, recalls a quotation that appeared on the placard of Robert Heller, original in advertisement as well as in performance: Shakespeare wrote well; Dickens wrote better; Anderson was hell; But the greatest is Heller.

The Commercial Advertiser thus biffs the indefatigable and passionate press

agent: "The chief information that their representative had to communicate was the fact that Mr. Pugno had learned to play poker on the voyage and had won \$30 from Mr. Ysaye. This sort of thing is supposed to please the

American public, which is none the less well aware that Mr. Ysaye and Mr. Pugno are not curiosities, but highly and justly esteemed virtuosos."

You smile feebly and throw the papers on the floor. You will read something better, a novel, a book of essays. But what?

But fiction—there is the stuff that goes; Novels and stories, piled on high. What becomes of them? Goodness knows—Critics are hard to satisfy. Many are smitten hip and thigh (They sell the better for that, no doubt) Some are published only to die—Those are the books we could do without.

You glance at a novel by Meredith, but it is not easy reading. You wish you had never read the stories by Charles Reade or Dumas or Melville, so that you might find enjoyment. You pick up a book of modern essays, and you find Montaigne said the same things much more entertainingly. Then you pick up a book by Elbert Hubbard, and you read "A city is no place for children—nor grown people, either. I often think. Birds and children belong in the country. Paved streets, stone sidewalks, smoke-begrimed houses, signs reading 'keep of the grass,' prying policemen, and zealous ash-box inspectors are insulting things to greet the gaze of the little immigrants fresh from God. Small wonder is it, as they grow up, that they take to drink and drugs, seeking in these a respite from the rattle of wheels and the never ending cramp of unkind condition."

You are tired and sleepy. Your mind goes back to the old days, when you needed no overcoat in winter. You wish you were going to play yard-sheep tomorrow with Lew Hall and Eddie Banister and Mike Blanchfield. You wonder why you are so tired. But you are growing old. The year is dying, and you are dying with it.

Nov 21 1897

ABOUT MUSIC.

Notes Concerning Some Concerts of the Future.

What They Thought of the Opera "Diarmid" in London.

A Queer Story About the Fiasco of Marie Van Zandt.

The Cecilia will give Max Bruch's "Odysseus" with some cuts Thursday evening, Dec. 2. Other works that will be given during the season are Humperdinck's "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" (first time in Boston) Goring Thomas's "Swan and Skylark" (first time in Boston), Sullivan's "Golden Legend," Brahms's "Song of Fate" and Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose."

The Cecilia announces that the piece by Humperdinck will be given "for the first time in America." But "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" was sung in Baltimore by the Oratorio Society, Mr. Fritz Finke, conductor, May 3, 1893.

Mr. Horatio W. Parker, who is closely associated with music in Boston, has written a new dramatic oratorio or cantata, "St. Christopher." This work will be performed this season by the Oratorio Society in New York under Mr. Damrosch, and at the May Festival of the Hampden County Musical Association, Springfield, Mass., under Mr. Chadwick. It is a pity that the Cecilia did not think it worth while to produce this work. The old saw about the prophet is true today.

The program of the third Harvard University chamber concert in Sanders Theatre Tuesday evening is one of unusual interest. Mr. Baermann and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play Mozart's quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon in E flat (K 452), and Hummel's septet for piano, flute, oboe, horn, viola, cello, and double bass in D minor, op. 74. Mr. Baermann will play Beethoven's sonata appassionata for piano op. 57.

The autograph of Mozart's quintet was for a long time owned by Thalberg, the pianist. The piece was written for the concerts of Lent, 1784, in Vienna. Mozart wrote his father about it, April 10, 1784, "I regard it as the best thing I have ever written. I wish you could have heard it. How beautifully it was played!" It was first performed March 30, Mozart was so pleased with it that he chose it for performance when Paisiello stopped in Vienna on his return from St. Petersburg at a concert given

ALBERTO JONAS.

By Philip Hale.

This is the story of the career of one of the best pianists of the day. Alberto Jonas, as it has been told to me. A review of his performance at the concert of Alfonso XII. was published in the Boston Journal of this date.



ALBERTO JONAS.

the Symphony concert is published in the Boston Journal of this date.

He was born in Madrid June 8, 1868. When he was twelve years old, before he had studied seriously, played France, Germany and England.

He felt the need of thorough study, and he therefore entered the Brussels Conservatory, where he remained five years, studying composition with Gevaert and taking many prizes. He then pursued his studies in Germany.

In September, 1890, he took part in the Rubinstein Competition at St. Petersburg, and made such an impression that Rubinstein took him as a pupil.

And then he appeared in many countries as a virtuoso—England, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Russia, Mexico. At his first appearance in Berlin, Nov. 6, 1891, he played Paderewski's concerto and pieces by Chopin.

His first appearance in this country was in New York, late in 1893, at a Damrosch popular concert. In January, 1894, he gave a series of recitals in Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, when his playing of pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Grieg, Saint-Saëns, Moszkowski was heartily and unanimously praised. Thus the reviewer for the Evening Post said "He is a pianist to whom one can listen with pleasure, for this reason, among others, that he does not confine him-

self to the beaten paths, but plays pieces which other pianists, for some reason or other, always neglect." And Mr. Krebbs, in the New York Tribune of Jan. 11, wrote: "Mr. Jonas's playing of these things, while in a certain way self-concentrated and even introspective, was unflinchingly poetical; and in several of the Chopin pieces and in the Schumann fantasia rose to a height of passionate intensity. The fantasia, indeed, received an interpretation of great vigor and convincing power. Mr. Jonas commands a tone of beautiful quality, the effect of which he knows how to heighten by the dextrous use of the pedals. His technique is neat and fluent; but it was not till he had almost reached the end of his program yesterday that he disclosed, in the 'Gnomes' and Moszkowski's enormously difficult etude, the full measure of his powers in this way."

Mr. Jonas was appointed two years professor of the piano at Ann Arbor University, and his concerts have been given lately in the West. He is described as a man of many accomplishments other than musical, and of a modest and sympathetic character.

interest, so that he summoned the youth before him and gave him a watch which bears on a lid the crown of Spain in relief.

Jonas at the age of eighteen visited

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"Down he goes again!" the bargeman cried in Thackeray's "Coddlingby"; "down he goes again: I likes wapping a lord!"

It is not surprising that when "Diarmid" was produced in London, Oct. 23, the critics had sport with the librettist, the Marquis of Lorne. Mr. Runelman's article in the Saturday Review was a masterly example of roasting; but let us now consider the review published in the Speaker:

"The opera of 'Diarmid,' written by the Marquis of Lorne, composed by Mr. Hamish McCunn, seemed to make, at the first representation, a decidedly favourable impression on the brilliant audience assembled to hear it. That the libretto of the new work was from the pen of the Queen's son-in-law counted, no doubt, for something. Les Amants de Vérone was composed in our own time by a French Marquis, and 'Don Desiderio' by a Polish Prince.

to find a great personage who has produced a libretto we have to go back to the days of the Regent of Orleans, who wrote an opera-book which was set to music by Rey, the musical conductor of the Paris Opera House. Some one said to the Regent that the libretto was admirable, but that the music was very poor. Yes," replied the Duke of Orleans; "and if you were speaking to Rey you would say that the music was admirable and the libretto poor. I am afraid I have both made a mess of it. Nothing of that kind can be said of the writer and the composer of 'Diarmid.' They have produced between them a moderately interesting and sometimes striking work; and if it possesses the enormous, though in England not particularly novel, defect of being a flagrant imitation of Wagner, the Marquis and Mr. McCunn may fairly be called upon to share the blame.

"It has been said that the opera was received with demonstrations of satisfaction on the opening night. Whether, however, it will continue to delight the public is quite another question. It would be interesting to have the name of one single opera composed in the style of Wagner which has ever met with the slightest success; which, for instance, has been performed half a dozen times, or which has even numbered five, or indeed four, representations. Prof. Villiers Stanford, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. Cowen, Mr. Hamish McCunn, have all made the experiment, and all with a like result. There seemed to be a good chance of Mr. Hamish McCunn's getting his new opera of 'Diarmid' performed four times before the end of the Carl Rosa season; but it was not to be. Produced for the first time on Saturday last, it was announced for repetition on the following Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. On reflection, however, the management came to the conclusion that two more performances would be quite enough; and it may be doubted whether, after the three representations of the present season, 'Diarmid' will be heard again. For this the composer has only to thank his over-indulgence in 'leading motives' and his second-hand Wagnerism generally—as if there were nothing to imitate, or rather to emulate, in Wagner without abject worship of the mere dry bones of his pretended system. 'Those,' wrote Wagner himself, 'have read me without understanding me who think that I have ever put forward theories for the guidance of other composers.' "After a dozen more failures (unrelieved by a single success) of operas written in deliberate imitation of Wagner, the pretended Wagnerian principles of composition will, perhaps, be given up, and our writers of operatic music will find themselves capable of treating a subject in accordance with its own dramatic requirements. Meantime, while sacrificing unduly to the god of his adoration, Mr. Hamish McCunn has ventured in many places to write spontaneously—out of his own head and out of his own heart; and always in these cases with the happiest results. The most intensely Wagnerian of all Wagner's works—'Tristan and Isolde'—owes its success not to leading motives, but to the passionate melody of the duet and of Isolde's death scene.

"In the two most popular, by far, of all Wagner's operas—'Lohengrin' and 'Tannhauser'—leading motives' play but a small part, especially in 'Tannhauser,' the earlier of the two. But, apart from considerations of this kind, the 'leading motive' system demands an amount of attention and of preliminary study on the part of the operagoer which, except from an exceedingly small number, it is not likely to obtain. At a first hearing it is almost impossible for those not already familiar with the score to recognize the 'leading motives,' and not at once to recognize them as they are introduced and reintroduced, is to miss altogether their dramatic significance. Opera on these lines is opera only for the instructed few, whereas all other forms of the drama (including opera without 'leading motives') is, in part, no doubt for the few, but in the main for the many. "It is said that 'Diarmid' represents only a first excursion into the literature and traditions of the prehistoric Celts;

and it is to be hoped, for the sake of the works which Lord Lorne and Mr. Hamish McCunn are now meditating, that Mr. McCunn will put into the music of his next legendary opera much more of himself and much less of the great master who seems to exercise on our English composers less an inspiring than a crushing influence. Meanwhile Mr. McCunn's attention may be invited to the fact that his generally Wagnerian opera, the most successful features are the absolutely anti-Wagnerian ones of the ballad sung by Eliza in the first act, the duet called 'The Rowan and the Cherry' in the last act, and the whole of the tuneful, brilliant, highly rhythmic and thoroughly artistic ballet music."

Let us not neglect wind instruments and the players of them, the winders of the Pall Mall Gazette early in the month told the following tale:

"The trombone is an instrument which, when played alone, ought to be played very much alone indeed. If you are going to play the trombone all day, and far into the night as well, then a sequestered and unpopulous vicinity, such as Salisbury Plain or the summit of Skiddaw, seems clearly indicated. Certainly the trombone is not what may be called a next-door instrument, and when a lady who lived next door to it went to the cadit about it, she did not proceed without strong cause. She was good enough to say that she didn't mind it so much in the middle of the day, but that when the bairnies were asleep, it was a decided inconvenience. Moreover, she was the wife of a householder, whereas the trombonist was a bachelor only, and had all the rest of the

metropolis to trombone in. The cadit regretted that he could only suggest the County Court, and an official warning; but, incidentally, a remedy of a sort suggested itself. The lady was asked if her husband had complained to the soloist, and she said that he had, and that the soloist had 'only laughed.' Still, he was bound to stop tromboning in order to laugh, and thus the more the lady's husband complains the less the lady herself may have to complain of."

Philip Hale.

The New York Times said of the Kneisel Quartet concert in New York, Nov. 16: "It would not be a difficult task to fill a column with praises of the playing of the Kneisel Quartet. The four members of the organization are singularly well constituted for the work they have in hand. Each is a master of his instrument, and each has an instrument of fine tone and power. The technical excellences of their playing embrace all that is good in the performance of string quartets. But there is something behind mere technique, which alone and unaided could never produce such results as those heard at the concert of the Kneisel Quartet. All of these four men have genuine artistic natures. They have the deep, affectionate sympathy with all that is noble in musical art and the keen analytic insight into it which make the musical life worth living and which command for them the homage of music lovers. They work together in the most perfect harmony of thought and purpose, and the result is that through their instruments they sing a quartet with a vitality of style that is too frequently absent from chamber music performance. The other papers were equally loud in praise.

The Sunday Sun says: "Now that Marie Van Zandt has gone back to Paris and made her peace with the public there, somebody has unearthed a story about her troubles of 12 years ago, showing that the riots which forced her to leave Paris were the result of political maneuvering, and not in reality a demonstration against the singer. Mlle. Van Zandt appeared at the Opéra Comique one night in the spring of 1885, and her condition was such that she was not able to proceed with her part. It was said that she was intoxicated, although Mlle. Van Zandt explained that the state of her health combined with a dose of chloral taken for toothache was responsible for her condition. When she tried to reappear the students of the Latin Quarter hissed her off the stage. Subsequent attempts to sing renewed the riots, and she finally disappeared from Paris. It was only last spring, after 12 years' success in other countries, that she returned to the stage in Paris. Her reappearance took place at the Opéra Comique, and Paris welcomed her back cordially. Nobody ever quite understood why a great favorite, such as Marie Van Zandt was at that time, should have been made the victim of the display of virtue so unusual for the students, and that phase of the incident attracted attention at the time. Now Mr. Gorn, who was a high official in the Prefecture of Police at the time of the riots, says the demonstration against the American was planned in order to divert attention from other matters then of intense importance to the political leaders of an impetuous nation like the French. Just after Mlle. Van Zandt's unfortunate experience at the Opéra Comique the Government received news of a disastrous defeat at Langson, in Tonquin. This news reached the opposition, and it was decided by the Socialists, Radicals and students of the Latin Quarter, ever ready to agitate against anything, to make a demonstration against M. Jules Ferry. The crowd were to meet at the Place de la République, and walk down the boulevards to the Foreign Office, shouting, 'Ferry, assassin!' 'Ferry, à la Seine!' 'Consuevez Ferry,' and other sentiments, which, in view of the political situation in Paris at that moment, were extremely disquieting to Jules Ferry. It was plain that something would have to be done to prevent the demonstration, and the Prefect of Police was appealed to. This was the Prefect's chivalrous suggestion: 'I have a notion. Mlle. Van Zandt is a vastly interesting person just now. They are discussing all over the Quartier Latin whether she drinks brandy or chloral. Suppose we get up a monster demonstration against her. It will be at its height when the anti-Tonkin manifestos are marching along the Boulevards. They are sure to stop to cry, 'Viva' or 'A bas, Van Zandt!' This plan was adopted. Mlle. Van Zandt was to make her reappearance that night. The claquees from all the subsidized theatres, all the detectives who could be spared and as many friends as they could gather went to the Opéra Comique. Those that could went inside and the rest gathered around the building. The young singer, nervous but not anticipating such a brutal trick, made her reappearance, trembling but hopeful. The manner of her reception is historical. She was driven from the stage. Inside the crowd hissed and yelled. Outside it increased rapidly, and the interest was kept up by the detectives. Whenever the excitement showed signs of flagging the detectives cried out, 'Mlle. Van Zandt is coming out now!' or some man coming from the stage entrance would call out, 'She is going out now by the front door. Let us run around and bar her way.' By such means the crowd was kept together until midnight and the excitement kept up. Then it was too late to march to the Foreign Office. The trick was a complete success. The newspapers had been made to prepare the way for the riot by printing outbreaks of virtuous indignation against the prima donna. To persons who were not aware that they had been victimized by the Government their astonishing moral attitude was incomprehensible. The articles almost directly incited the people

to riot. But M. Ferry and his intimate friend, the Prefect of Police, M. Canes casse, who devised the riot, are dead now, and there is nobody to deny the truth of the story just told of the Van Zandt riots. These demonstrations were so unusual that Paris accepts this explanation today as the first truthful account of the occurrences. They made Mlle. Van Zandt a nervous wreck for two years. She said only last spring that she could never hear today the air from 'Il Barbiere di Sevilgia,' which she was singing that night, without it making her ill. Last year, when she sang again in Paris, the Government decorated her with the medal of an officer of the French Academy. This fact has been mentioned as having some bearing on the truth of the revelations just made in Paris."

MR. ALBERTO JONAS

Plays the Concerto for Piano by the Ingenious Mr. Paderewski at the Fifth Symphony Concert.

The program of the fifth Symphony concert last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 46 in D major (K. 504).....Mozart
Concerto in A minor, Op. 17.....Paderewski
Suite in D Major, Op. 33.....Dvorak
Overture, "Part du Diable".....Auber

If Mr. Jonas had not appeared here for the first time as a pianist, this concert might justly be dismissed with a few lines. There was no new piece produced. Mr. Paur still persists in calling Auber's "Part du Diable" "Carlo Broschi," although in Germany—if he must have a German title—the opera is much better known as "Des Teufel's Antheil," but Mr. Paur evidently does not believe in mentioning the devil to polite ears.

We regret to see that Mr. Paur allows the title "Damnation of Faust" to appear on the program of next Saturday. Why does he not soften the horrid word? "The Damnation of Faust" might be regarded as a tribute to New England dialect.

The Symphony and the Suite are familiar here. They are pleasant, amiable pieces, and should be played occasionally; for there's no use in going in for thunder and guns and all that twenty-four concerts in the season. There are charming passages in the Suite, which was written when Dvorak was irresponsible, before he was a purveyor of occasional pieces, or a head of a conservatory or a buyer of gold bricks in the shape of true Congo-Indo-Indo folk-songs. The spontaneity and the freedom from anxiety make this work the more delightful. No, Madam; this suite is not great music; you are right, as ever; but it is pleasant to hear, and it was written honestly.

The story of the career of Mr. Jonas is told today in the magazine supplement. Some may say that he was unfortunate in his selection last night, because Mr. Paderewski himself has played the concerto in Music Hall; and some, no doubt, will go so far as to speak of "presumption," for to them Mr. Paderewski is not a mere mortal, nor is he subject to human infirmities such as perspiration or the craving for food or drink. I myself should have preferred to hear Mr. Jonas in some other concerto, because I fail to recognize any great inherent merit in Mr. Paderewski's concerto. I admit that it is much more interesting and much better made than his Polish Fantasia, which is an audacious mixture of dullness and claptrap. But such is the authority, such is the hypnotic force of the Polish pianist that when he plays his own pieces you are fortunate if you are not persuaded into thinking at the time that they are miracle machines.

Mr. Jonas made a favorable impression. Perhaps the distinguishing feature of his performance was its elegance. His extremely well-developed technique did not take you by the throat and compel you to cry out, "Remarkable!" Yet it was constantly in evidence through clearness, accuracy, and a peculiar crispness that was neither hard nor brittle. The technique made no boastful bid for attention; nor was it unduly modest. It was frank, brilliant, individual, and above all, elegant. And in this concerto it is so easy to be extravagant, pyrotechnical, greedy of applause! Mr. Jonas played with the modesty of the true musician, nor was the audience unappreciative of his worth. And yet I wish Mr. Jonas had played some other concerto.

Philip Hale.

MR. JOHNSON CONCERNING SNOW.

Snow again! I was born too late. Everything has been said since snow fell and persons thought.

Your eyes blink at the snow as well as at the sun, but the sun turns snow into mud, and snow can do nothing against the sun.

I open my window, and it seems to me that the snow covers the whole earth. This gives one a good idea of heaven, from which it fell.

The whiteness of snow has been extolled. Is it then so white? I should like to see it in spring when there are apple blossoms.

And what are the birds doing? They no longer sing. It's always the same story. When you would enjoy listening to them, see if you can find them.

Alone, with curved back, with shaking knees an animal hastens along the street. Is it you, or I.

I go out bare-headed; I stand a moment under the falling snow; and as my hairs whiten, I feel myself grow old; I feel my-

self grow old in body, heart and mind. I am afraid, and I go back to the house.

Enough—the snow bores me. If it were not falling, I should insult it.

But we hear Mr. H. M. Bagsterline saying, "Pooh!" and "Pish!" and likewise "Pshaw!" What Mr. Bagsterline wishes to read every morning at breakfast is some useful fact, something of benefit to Mrs. Bagsterline and the little Bagsterlines, something that he may read aloud with effect, so that Eliza, the table-girl, will think he is an uncommonly intelligent man.

We can oblige Mr. Bagsterline, for we have a remarkably fine stock of assorted facts for winter use. Here are some for a starter:

Musk in the tender language of courtship means, "Just tell them that you saw me."

The number of bees in a good, comfortable swarm is 30,000.

Mr. Gabriel Peignot, a distinguished statistician, declares with authority, that out of 872,564 marriages, there are 1362 women who have run away from their husbands; 2361 husbands who have run away from their wives; 4120 couples separated voluntarily; 191,023 couples living at war under the same roof; 162,320 couples hating each other cordially, but politely concealing their hatred; 510,132 couples living with marked indifference toward each other; 1102 couples reputed happy who do not live up to the reputation; 135 couples happy in comparison with other couples more unhappy; and 9 couples truly happy.

Medicine was invented by the Egyptians.

An onion is a vegetable remedy against bores.

The Musical Courier says: "Once a clergyman of considerable eminence but sensational proclivities volunteered to write anonymously for the Sun. In his first article he made the amazing blunder of trying to adapt himself to what he supposed to be the worldly and reckless tone proper to a Sunday newspaper. Mr. Dana chuckled quietly, and sent the manuscript back, after indorsing it, in blue pencil, 'This is too damned wicked!'"

It is a woman that says, "If homely, a woman has no business to think of a career unless exceptionally endowed." Now, no man would make such a speech. The woman forgets, however, that no one of her sex believes that she is really homely.

Mr. Oscar Wilde remarked to an acquaintance in Paris: "It is strange how as one grows older, his philosophy of life becomes so simple as to be capable of reduction to three or four elementary principles. Now, my philosophy, for instance, is all summed up in three fundamental axioms."

"And what are they?"

"Well," said Wilde, musingly, "the first of them is this: Never go to see a play by Henry Arthur Jones."

"And the other two?"

"Oh, the other two don't really matter if you only observe the first."

My friend Miss Brown belongs to another class of bore—the conscious bore. She is painfully conscious that she is not in touch with her hearer, and is forever making laborious, clumsy efforts to switch herself on. Whether it is that there is some fundamental incompatibility between Miss Brown's mind and mine, or whether it is merely due to clumsiness on the part of Miss Brown, we have never yet succeeded in connecting our two minds. We shoot remarks at each other, hoping they may hit the bull's eye—merely to hear them echo on a far-away brick wall. The result is that after half an hour spent in the company of Miss Brown, I find myself suffering from all the symptoms of acute boredom. My eyes are sunk in my very head; the skin of my face is tight; the muscles of my cheeks are stiff, and on the top of my head is a sensation which was described to me the other day, by one who frequently suffered from it, as "paleness of the brain." Candor bids me confess that it has sometimes occurred to me that, while sharing the incompatibility of mind, the clumsiness in trying to establish connection may be mine, rather than Miss Brown's; that, in short, I may be the bore, and Miss Brown the chief sufferer. An uneasy feeling that this may be the case has once or twice lately come over me, on seeing from the fixed expression, the muscular rigidity, the pallid hue of Miss Brown's face that she is suffering from the same symptoms of acute boredom that are at the moment torturing me.—Pall Mall Gazette.

TUESDAY.

Helmed Tuesday, with a face of care Under the shadow of his hair; A lion skin his shoulders bear.

He slew the beast and wears the scars; Not scatheless comes he from his wars Against the cold opposing stars.

The gentler gods all mortal be; Last of his kin alone goes he Bowled down with immortality.

And do you ask the meaning of this poem? We really do not know. It was written by an Englishman. Perhaps if you should turn up your trouser-ends before reading it the second time a great light would break upon you.

One of the most delightful features of Mr. Gelett Burgess's "Vivette" is the map, which gives you a suggestion of what Boston might be, were the streets arranged differently and named in more poetic spirit. It is true that street car conductors are doing good work for more euphonious nomenclature. Thus Bothnia Street is called by them alternately "Bothnia" or "Bothnia." This lends distinction to the inhabitants thereof, and we understand that rents are rising steadily in consequence.

Anthropologists will remember the immense quantities of whisky drunk in the United States.

Young Griffo is playing in hard luck. He has been arrested for vagrancy, and it was only a few days ago that he was hurt by a street-car which he endeavored to best prompted thereto by vaulting, but none the less commendable ambition. Is there no Society for the Relief of Distressed Pugilists anywhere? There are societies for almost everything in this nobly charitable land.

Overheard in Winter Street. A colored brother is discoursing to his companion, and etiquette is the subject of his story: "Mr. Johnson, do your hands seem as big to you as they do to me? If I were you I'd hold them behind me when I'm talking to a lady. That's what I do, and I'm a great favorite."

Mr. Hilary Bell treated the production in New York of "John Gabriel Borkman" seriously, as it should be treated. "The Criterion Independent Theatre began its projected season yesterday afternoon with a performance which was of literary, dramatic and artistic interest. The play was excellent, the acting admirable, the purpose commendable and the audience sincere as well as discriminative in approval. The object of the Criterion people was achieved. Folk who came to scoff remained to applaud. It was a noble object, not a mercenary one. In this undertaking, said they, the Criterion does not wish, and certainly does not expect, to make money. Everybody concerned in this experiment is disinterested. The chief and constant aim will be to help the stage by providing object lessons which we hope will serve to raise the standards of dramatic art in this country. Surely a worthy ambition."

We regret that civilization in the West is still in a crude or rudimentary state. Miss Elmira McCoy of Topeka, a school teacher, sent three onion-eating pupils home, "and announced that thereafter no pupil who ate onions would be permitted to remain in the room," and in this decree she was sustained by the Principal. These holders of lamps unto the feet of the young do not know that the onion is of the fourth order of heating medicines; that, chewed, it relieves paralysis of the tongue; that the Arabians speak favorably of it as a rubefacient; that it is a powerful alexipharmic medicine; that it is an excellent cataplasm, with salt, rue and honey, for the bites of mad dogs; that in severe cases of baldness it occasions a rapid growth of hair. And yet they are allowed to guide the tender young!

He was standing by the open window with an anaemic thing in mauve. "The end of life," she said, "is finding pearls in other people's oysters." "That is a paradox," he answered. "Truth is a paradox," said she. He looked inquiringly. "You are an Ibsenist, I see." "The Serpent was an Ibsenist," she replied, with her collected smile. "The Sea Serpent?" he queried, and the

muscles of his neck relaxed a little. Then, hastily brushing the dewdrop from his brow, "This atmosphere is too rarefied for me," he murmured. Again that far-away look in his eye. He seemed to yearn for a thing forgotten.

It was just about one hundred and sixty years ago that Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany, was much pleased with Miss Sutton, an "agreeable, solid and sensible girl." "She is a different turn from any girl I have ever met with, and continues her love to reading. She goes to bed at her usual hour, nine o'clock, and sups between seven and eight upon spoon meat or roots, and I hope that regularity will make her healthy." It was Mrs. Delany, by the way, that recommended this sure cure for ague: "A spider put into a goose-quill, well-sealed and secured, and hung about the neck as low as the pit of the stomach."

M. B. S. writes to the Journal as

follows: "I wish to warn your readers against a hair-dresser who solicits custom. She is a mulatto girl of prepossessing appearance. She charges \$5 for several treatments, and insists on being paid the whole sum in advance. She calls once or twice—and then disappears. She has treated me and several of my friends in this fashion."

KNEISEL QUARTET

Gives Its Second Concert—Performance of Brahms's Clarinet Sonata in E Flat.

The program of the second concert of the Kneisel Quartet last evening in Association Hall was as follows:

Quartet in C major, No. 6.....Mozart
Sonata for clarinet and piano in E flat, op. 120, No. 2.....Brahms
First time.

Quartet in G minor.....Grieg
It was early in 1895—Jan. 27th—that Brahms and Mühlfeld played at Leipzig two sonatas in manuscript for piano and clarinet. The one in F minor was played here at a Kneisel concert Nov. 25, 1895, by Messrs. Pourtau and Foote. It was then voted a dull thing, with tiresome gurgling for the clarinet. The one played last night left a more pleasant impression, although I doubt whether it will ever be ranked among the second best works of Brahms.

The first movement is by all odds the freshest, most spontaneous in melody, and most musically developed. The chief theme is delightful in its frankness, and the whole movement is genial. From here on there is a steady decrease in the interest. The middle portion of the second movement does not save the rest of it from the reproach of manufactured passion; the variations that follow are dry, and the perfunctory finale is lamentably weak in the invention. Nor was this unfavorable impression due in any measure to the performance, which, on the contrary, was excellent. Hanslick once described the clarinetist Mühlfeld as a "Blasengel." The term might with even more justice be applied to Mr. Pourtau, whose exquisite and haunting tone is equaled by the nobleness of his phrasing and the keenness of his musical intelligence.

The other numbers of the program are familiar, and they require no extended comment. It is enough to say that the admirable musicians gave rare delight by the strength and beauty displayed in the interpretation of the classic serenity of Mozart, and the wild exotic romanticism of Grieg. The dangerous simplicity of the former and the peculiarly trying difficulties presented by the latter were as alike to them as are praise and blame to Brahms; but there was this difference; the Oriental deity is sublimely indifferent; the musicians are alive with poetic feeling and the finest sympathy. Such concerts are a great pleasure; indeed, it is not too much to say that the concerts of this Quartet are the concerts of the season. The third of the series will be given Dec. 6.

Philip Hale.

Nov 24. 97

MARCELLA SEMBRICH

Sings in Boston After an Absence of Over Thirteen Years—She Is Still a Remarkable Singer.

Marcella Sembrich sang last night in concert in Music Hall. She was assisted by Mr. Wm. Lavin, Mr. de Gogorza, and an orchestra of Symphony men led by Mr. Beignani. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
Prologue from "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Mr. de Gogorza.
Melodia Canone (strings only).....Serrao
(First time in Boston.)
Sevillana.....Massenet
Grand Aria, "Il Seraglio".....Mozart
Mrs. Sembrich.
Romanza, "Cielo e mar" (Gloconda).....Ponchielli
Mr. Lavin.

"Ratcliff's Dream".....Mascagni
Recitative and Aria, "Norina".....Bellini
Mrs. Sembrich.
Overture, "Mignon".....Thomas
"Serenade de Don Juan".....Tschalkowsky
Mr. de Gogorza.

Lieder.
a. "Nussbaum".....Schumann
b. "Forelle".....Schubert
c. "Ich liebe dich".....Foerster
Mrs. Sembrich.
Romanza, "Ah, non credes" (Mignon).....Thomas
Mr. Lavin.
March, "La Reine de Saba".....Gounod

I heard Mrs. Sembrich for the first time last night. I therefore am unable to point any moral by indulging in comparisons between the singer who first appeared here as Lucia, Dec. 27, 1883, and the singer of last night. I am unable to talk knowingly about what she did in '83 and '84, and what she did not do. I only know what she did last night.

I have not heard for many years a concert singer that gave me as much musical pleasure. Her first aria, "Marten aller, Arten," sung by Constance in Mozart's charming opera, left me

cool and indifferent. I felt like asking her "Is this all?" There was the intelligence of the born and trained musician, there was the ability to follow or disregard tradition—she rather to discriminate in tradition—there were admirable moments; but her performance afterward showed clearly that in this aria she had not warmed to the work. In the "Casta diva" she displayed supreme mastery of phrasing, and of all this is implied in that one word: Management of breath, beautiful legato, punctuation, the ineffable grace of beginning and ending her sentences and the unerring balancing of the same. It would be easy to unite at length concerning her mastery of technic which was shown even more in phrases of apparent simplicity than in dazzling colorature. There are voices of more sensuous charm. I readily understand how any one leaving the hall after the first aria could have gone home disappointed, knowing her European reputation of the last ten years. But the quality of the voice grows upon you; and more and more you recognize the purity and nobility of her art.

She is a woman of uncommon musical intelligence, and this is revealed, not ostentatiously but quietly in a dozen ways, in which singers of great fame often show their limitations. Women have visited us, women with golden voices and impeccable colorature; they have come to grief in a simple phrase, either by showing imperfect or labored legato, or by exhibiting a surprising and appalling lack of musical understanding. Here is a woman who sings in marvelous fashion the famous melody of Bellini—one of the most beautiful tunes that ever was written—who dazzles by the brilliance of bravura, who shows a command of the grand style, who sings intimate songs by Schumann and Schubert with the simplicity and appreciation of great art, who feels the rhythm, the gayety, the bravado of a waltz by Ardit, and then dismisses an audience with an old French song of tender, pathetic grace. Of how many women now upon the stage could this be said truthfully and without exaggeration? Then let it be added that during the evening there was never the suggestion of the spoiled prima donna.

She nothing common did, or mean, Upon that memorable scene.

But Mrs. Sembrich is to sing here again Saturday afternoon, and further discussion may well wait. There is little to be said in praise of Mr. Lavin, and Mr. de Gogorza was heard to a little better advantage in the "Pagliacci" prologue than in the Tschalkowsky serenade which he sang to an orchestral accompaniment. The orchestral performance does not call for comment, unless it is worth while to speak of a few unpardonable instances of slovenliness and untunefulness. The piano accompaniments were played delightfully by Prof. Stengel, the husband of the singer. There was a good-sized and enthusiastic audience. I understand that the matinee will be better attended. Surely no singer, surely no person who really enjoys music should fail to hear such an ornament to her art.

Mrs. Sembrich will sing Saturday afternoon an aria from "Ernani," a waltz written for her by Strauss, and a group of songs. Mr. Lavin, Mr. de Gogorza, and Miss Florence Terrell, a pianist, will assist.

Philip Hale.

He had stood long buried in pensive gloom, sometimes on one leg, sometimes on the other. His hair hung dank. The room was deserted. The distant howl and clatter told him that the guests were at supper. He gazed moodily round the ghastly emptiness of the apartment. Then, moved by some impulse, he bent his steps to a corner where a recess had been fitted for the jaded coyness of those that could dance no more. Within this cavern all was dark. But as he peered into the shade of it he became aware of two green phosphorescent eyes bent upon him from within. He bowed his head resignedly, and knew there was no escape. There was a spell in those lurid eyes he must obey. He sank upon the seat beside her and gazed upon her features. As he got used to the light he

became aware that her face was freckles with an undercurrent of livid pink.

"You are a Basilisk!" he murmured, fingering her throbbing auburn hair.

That's the way we like our novels, hot with a little sugar. We are tired of lovers that travel by canalboat, reading at their leisure treatises on metaphysics, and indulging themselves in examination of self, submitting emotions and passions to test-tube and litmus paper. We are weary of villains who are hardly distinguishable from the heroes. We crave such villains as the desperate fellow in "The Span of Life," who with the aid of a morphine-syringe poisons grapes for the destruction of little children and never shoots down his victims without a blood-curdling "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Do you remember the appearance of "Kling Solomon's Mines" and "She"? Life was worth living when such novels were announced. "They were trash." Yes, but you read them through at a sitting.

It was a waltz. Reginald and the Basilisk danced as wildly as the wildest there. Suddenly they paused beneath the chandelier. Seizing her by the chin he gazed into her eyes, giddy and uncertain. The freckles seemed to chase one another over her cheek. She dragged him down and pressed a dozen warm kisses on his lips. "You are mine! mine!" she almost shrieked. Gargoyle faces laughed leering out of the circumambient

uncertainty; they were in the throng of jade! merry-makers, but alone, oh, so alone!

A novelist in Boston—do not laugh, there are novelists in Boston, yes, and actually living here—said to us the other day, "If I could only find a plot!" Here is a plot for him free of charge, and the story is a true one.

In 1739 a lady—a real lady—came into Birmingham, England, with a handsome equipage, and desired the landlord of the inn to get her a husband, being determined to marry somebody or other before she left the town. The man bowed, and supposed her ladyship to be in a facetious humor, but being made sensible how much she was in earnest, he went out in search of a man that would marry a fine lady without asking questions. After many repulses from poor fellows who were not desperate enough for such a venture, he met with an excise man, who said he "could not be in a worse condition than he was," and accordingly went with the innkeeper and made a tender of himself, which was all he had to bestow on the lady, who immediately went with him to one who gave them a license and made them man and wife, on which the bride gave her spouse two hundred pounds, and without more delay left the town and the bridegroom to find out who she was or unriddle this strange adventure. Soon after she was gone, two gentlemen came into the town in full pursuit of her; they had traced her so far upon the road, and finding the inn where she had put up, they examined into all the particulars of her conduct, and on hearing she was married gave over their pursuit and turned back.

Truly a noble dame, one worthy of a full length portrait in the gallery constructed by Thomas Hardy.

Dance upon dance they had danced together. At times they sat silent, his hand in hers. The intoxication of the Basilisk had entered into his blood. He thought with a passionate regret of the days of his boyhood. A moment came when her head was turned aside to fling a word to a bleak-eyed chaperon. He strung his trembling limbs for one last effort and tottered feebly to the door. He yearned for liberty; but the spell was on him as in a dream. While he clung trembling to the doorpost a voice thrilled across the polished floor, "I see you!"—and he knew that his opportunity was gone.

Why did this noble dame offer herself to the first comer? And why were the respectable males of the town so backward? There was no hint of scandal. Who were the pursuers? Did she wish by one sudden marriage to escape one deliberately contrived and repugnant? Was the excise man a pretty fellow in spite of his abject condition? Did she ever see him again? Did she never regret that she had not braved the world and lived with him? Perhaps the memory of her apparition haunted him; perhaps it aroused him to doughty deeds. It's a pity that Mr. Hardy has not accounted for her action and her fate with his grim irony.

Yale is right chipper, right perky. She now carries a chip on her shoulder. Will Cornell knock it off?

Judge Sweetland of Providence has reversed the decision of a century. What! an umbrella not common property?

Nov 25.

The Boston String Quartet, Assisted by Miss Alice A. Cummings, Pianist, Gives a Concert in Association Hall.

The Boston String Quartet gave its first concert of the season at Association Hall, last evening. The present members of this organization are Mr. Isidor Schnitzler, Mr. Jaques Hoffman, Mr. Henry Heindl, and Mr. Carl Barth. The presence of Mr. Heindl marks, I believe, the only change in membership in two years or more. The program was as follows:

Quartet, F major, Op. 18, No. 1.....Beethoven
Trio, D minor, Op. 63.....Schumann
Quartet, B flat major.....Mozart

The Beethoven quartet was given, as a whole, a most excellent performance. There was ample evidence of prolonged rehearsals, and careful study. The parts were individually well-played. The quality of tone was musical, the ensemble unusually well-maintained throughout. It was playing by four men at once sympathetic and ambitious. A word should be said in regard to a certain lacking in rhythmic effects, which was especially noticeable in the scherzo; in fact, greater freedom of accent, and a somewhat broader style of phrasing would have added not a little to the performance.

The playing of the trio also gave much pleasure. Miss Cummings played the piano part smoothly, in good taste, and with no undue force. Inexperience was at times apparent in the accompaniments, and in a rather feeble delivery of the melodic passages. She was at her best in the finale, showing therein brilliancy and considerable power.

An audience of good size was present.

T. P. CURRIER.

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

An old Thanksgiving text, a very old text, and we know of no loftier or more sonorous note than this struck by Habakkuk ("He that embraces": "The Wrestler"); Habakkuk of the tribe of Simeon, native of Bethzakar, carrier of food to Daniel in the den of lions; Habakkuk, whose tomb, according to learned Rabbis, was shewn in four places.

His wants were probably few. According to one tradition he was a farmer and did not disdain to carry to his reapers their dinner. The guzzling and gorging of this day in the name of Thanksgiving would have vexed his righteous soul, for did he not thunder against the Chaldeans for their mental and bodily greed? Probably a rude man in speech and action, one that would hardly feel at ease in a modern church with parlors and cooking range, one that would be eyed sharply by the sexton if he should ask for a seat.

But Habakkuk knew a spirit of thanksgiving that is not another name for a spirit of selfishness. You, Mr. Auger, are thankful today; you even go to church, although the historic habit, we regret to say, is fast becoming a tradition; you will make good cheer this evening. Why? Because you are alive, because those nearest to you are alive, and also because you are still well-to-do. These facts are of gigantic importance to you; they are a compliment to your care of yourself, your good luck, your fox-like shrewdness which you are pleased to call intellect. It was only yesterday that you said to your chief clerk—he is now 50 years old, and you pay him \$2 a week—"Why do you look so blue? Man, you ought to be thankful because you are alive."

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things: yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!

O death! acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience!

Thankful, "because you are alive"! Your clerk, Mr. Auger, has a wife. She is a dressmaker. She is not at the head of an establishment; nor does she own a little shop in an unpretentious street. She works patiently and humbly with her hands. A year and a half ago she was taken sick, cruelly sick. There was an operation. There was weary life in the hospital. The doctors sent in bills amounting to \$1100. Mr. Auger, this is a true story. We know the man and the wife, and we know the doctors. Your clerk is of old-fashioned New England stock; he thinks a debt should be paid. His wife is also cursed with an old-fashioned New England conscience. They scrimp themselves in every way. Your clerk does extra work at night to pay those bills. Did the doctors consider for a moment the modest circumstances of the patient? They not only charged the "regular fee," they also take pleasure in sending their regular statements to jog memory already tortured. Their rich patients escape more easily, although a bill may be neglected for a year or two. The poor support the rich. And you wondered why Mr. Blotter looked glum. Did you give him anything to be thankful for today? There are big-hearted merchants in town who give a turkey to each one of their help. Did you give poor Blotter even a Cape Cod turkey? And after his faithful service of a dozen years, you pay him \$2 a week, as though you were princely in your dealing with him.

You, Mr. Auger, grumbled a year ago this very day, because your income was smaller than usual. You said at the club, "What a farce this day is! Why should anybody be thankful?" And yet you had not denied yourself the indulgence of a whim or a luxury that year.

It is true that thankfulness is a comparative term. It is a word defined in various ways, according to the individuality and the environment of the user. Thus "the factory bells" in Reading, Pa., who disappeared mysteriously the day set for her wedding, is thankful because she did not make the fatal vow. "My, what a load is off my mind. How sweetly I slept the past two nights. Is not the country beautiful in all the desolation of the dying year." This poetical soul is happy and thankful today. And there are women—even in Massachusetts—who are not in thank-

ful spirit because they do not have Miss Goodhart's luck or courage.

Nine-tenths of the conventional thankfulness is rank selfishness. There are men and women in this city, who were born respectfully, who received as good an education as you did, Mr. Auger, or a better one, who are quick-witted and eager to work; and yet, this very day, without any fault of their own, either by the cruelty of circumstance or the fraud of a trustee, or the avarice of employers, they are without work, and without the prospect of work. This is no new story. The martyrdom of man is centuries old. This day might be ironical to them on account of old associations, memories of years when they themselves were perhaps a little careless in their thought of the needy and the oppressed. And yet—oh, sublimity of courage; oh, consolation of unconquerable hope! they bow the head, they kneel in prayer; for they know the meaning of Job's speech: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

The Thanksgiving feast of such would be to you a miserable meal; but it is without the skeleton borne as a memento mori that will be served at your sumptuous table; for they are not afraid to die.

We should eat to live, and to enable these frail bodies of ours to a more cheerful attendance upon the soul in her several functions. Something may be said in favor of those whom disease hath brought to a dog-like appetite; but nothing in the behalf of those gluttons, whose paunches have been so immeasurably extended only by a bestial custom, and an inordinate desire to gratify their own sensuality.

You stuffed yourself yesterday. You ate goblets and you drained drafts long after natural appetite had been satisfied. Hereditarily drove you to regard gluttony as a heroic action. And how do you feel today? Have you a flashing eye, a sonorous voice, a springy step? Read Walt Whitman's "A Hand-Mirror."

Now some slave's eye, voice, hands, step, Blood circulating dark and poisonous streams, Words babble, hearing and touch callous, No brain, no heart left, no magnetism of sex.

To what spiritual impression could you be susceptible today? Yes, you are rocky, very rocky. You were not intoxicated. It is likely that you drank nothing except water, coffee, and perhaps two or three glasses of cider; but you ate prodigiously, and you gloried in your gluttony. To us the glutton is a lower beast than the drunkard. And there are fierce gluttons who would deprive temperate neighbors of even a glass of cooling beer.

Today you realize the fact that your digester is not such an admirable machine as it was ten or even five years ago. You begin to see that you are less able to make of yourself a beast with any degree of comfort. And a time will come when you will feel less and less like eating. And then will come in turn the time when you are eaten—the most cleanly way is by fire.

You thought yourself a hero. You were flattered when your little niece, with her cheeks smeared with cranberry sauce, with stuffing scattered over her bib, choked out, "Oh, mamma, look at Uncle George eat!" Know, vain man, thou art a sorry figure in the Gargantuan catalogue. We appeal to history.

The Emperor Aurelianus used to be much delighted with one Phago, who in one day would devour a whole Boar, a hundred loaves, a sheep, and a pig, and drink nine or ten Gallons of Wine.

The Emperor Maximinus used to eat in one day forty Pounds of Flesh, and drink an Amphora of Wine, which is about seven Gallons of our Measure.

Mirmus Seleucus would eat up a whole Ostrich in one day; and being challenged by Marbarus a noted Drinker, though he was more accustomed to Water than Wine, yet he drank off two Buckets full of Wine, and continued sober.

Heracles was remarkable for his excessive Eating. It being his Custom to invite different Guests to feast with him at different Times of the Day, and himself would keep at Table, and hold out with all the successive Companies.

There was Matthew Daking of Black Barnley in Yorkshire, a boy who looked pretty well in the face and was cheerful, but he had such an appetite that if he was not fed as he called out for it, he would gnaw the very flesh off his bones. In six successive days he swallowed 384 pounds and 2 ounces of bread, meat, beer, milk, water, butter, cheese, sugar, tracle, pudding, rye, fruit, broth, potatoes, etc.

There was the extraordinary Marriot, a lawyer of Gray's Inn, "who plied himself upon his brutal qualifications of a voracious appetite and a powerful digestive faculty, and deserves to be placed no higher in the scale of beings than a cormorant or an ostrich. He increased his capacity for food by art and application."

And do you think such stuffers were not punished outwardly?

A certain Stage-Player mention'd by Olaus Magnus, commonly ate at one Meal as much as was sufficient for ten Men, and by that means grew very corpulent; which the King of Denmark being inform'd of, caused him to be taken and hang'd, as a Devourer of the Laborer's Food, and a publick Nuisance.

Pope Paulus the second, was very careful for his throat; for he delighted in all kinds of exquisite dishes, and delicate wine, and that in superfluity: by which immoderate and continual surfeiting hee fell into a grievous Apoplexy, which quickly made an end of his life. It is reported of him, that he ate the day before he died two great Melons, and that in a very good appetite; when as the next night the Lord struck him with his heave judgement.

Think us not sour-visaged. We are not of those who Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage Their best and dearest friend plum-porridge. We think with Simo in Lucian's "Parasite": "In order to form a right judgment of the excellencies and defects of dishes, ragouts and pastry, do you think nothing more is necessary than the puny wit of a pragmatical coxcomb, and not rather a combination of various talents? I, for my part, know of nothing more useful in life than eating and drinking; since without them there would be no question whatever about life." But we do not reverence the Sicilians for their building a temple to Voracity, nor do we envy Timocreon of Rhodes his epitaph: "Here lie I, Timocreon of Rhodes, great drinker, great eater, and one who had the worst of tongues."

Our system of education is, alas, at fault. The same Simo praised the efficacy of eating, both in rewarding and in punishing. "Parents can devise no better method of recompensing the industry of their children in the other arts than by what is the ordinary solace of a parasite. 'By Jupiter,' say they, 'the boy has written beautifully today; give him a luncheon! He has not written well, give him nothing!'" And these parents are alive here in Boston.

He who eats only for hunger and drinks only for thirst stands upon his own legs, and lives not by example, but by reason; provides for necessity and use, not for pomp and vanity; is a happy man.

Nov 28, 1891

TWO CONCERTS.

Marcella Sembrich, the Mistress of Legato.

A Remarkable Exhibition of Pure Bel Canto.

Miss Gertrude Stein Sings at the Sixth Symphony.

The program of the second concert given by the Sembrich Company in Music Hall yesterday afternoon was as follows:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai
Romance, "Roi de Lahore," Massenet
Aria, "Ernani," Verdi
March des Gnomes, Moskowski
Aria, "Lead me your Aid," Gounod

Lieder:
a. "Es blinkt der Thau," Rubinstein
b. "Veilchen," Mozart
c. "Vergebliches Staendchen," Brahm

Overture, "William Tell," Rossini
a. Canto del Prendidario, Alvarez
b. "Pauvre Fous," Tagliacchi

Concerto for Piano, third movement, Henselt
Waltz, "Voce di Primavera," Strauss
Songs: a. "Flore che langue," Rotoli
b. "I know not," Howe

March, "Prophet," Meyerbeer

It may be said justly of Mrs. Sembrich that her mastery of bel canto is unequaled by sopranos now in full possession of their powers. I know of no singer now living, with the possible exception of Adelina Patti, who approaches her in the art of beginning, poising, sustaining and finishing a phrase—and, alas the inexorable years!—Patti is now 54 years old. There are other singers whose coloratura may be at times fresher and apparently more spontaneous, but no one of them sings with such artfully concealed and yet authoritative intelligence. Admirable as was nearly all that Mrs. Sembrich did yesterday in the display of her art, fascinating as was the dash of the waltz song, delightful as was her exhibition of the grand style of Italian singing in the aria of Verdi, the aria from "Marriage of Figaro" (introduced as an encore), and the familiar rapturous, exultant song of Amina, perhaps she showed herself the supreme artist in the group of songs which

were accompanied by her husband. Seldom have I heard such an exquisite performance as her singing of Mozart's "Veilchen," that scena in miniature. And to the hearer that has heard Brahms's song so atrociously maltreated by singers in this town, the arch simplicity was a revelation.

Yet to the shame of so-called musical Boston, it must be said that the audience in point of size—not in want of enthusiasm—was unworthy a singer of world-wide reputation (Boston excepted) who is now in the ripeness of her vocal power. I hear that she proposes to give a song recital before she returns to Europe. Let us hope that the people of this town will realize before it is too late that a great singer is now in this country, a singer who relies upon her art, not upon assorted jewelry, startling costumes, or carefully circulated scandals.

Miss Florence Terrell, who made her first appearance here, is a young pianist, born in New Jersey in 1878, and a pupil of that most excellent teacher, Alexander Lambert of New York. She first appeared in that city three or four years ago at Carnegie Hall, when she played a Beethoven concerto. Her first piano recital was at the same hall March 11 of this year.

The finale of the Henselt concerto is hopelessly old-fashioned, as impossible today as the Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep or Gen. Persifer F. Smith's March; but it served in a way to show the fine technic of this pianist of indisputable talent. This technic is fluent and it is musically employed. There is strength without harshness; there is beautiful caressing tone. There is ease without affectation; there is just touch of conscious modesty, or rather, obedience to a master that will disappear with greater experience and is now not wholly displeasing.

For an encore Miss Terrell played an Etude de Concert by Schloetzer.

Mr. de Gogorza made a more marked impression than on the night of his first appearance. His voice was under better control, and he sang with more freedom. The voice itself is of sufficient force to meet ordinary demands, and it is of sympathetic quality. Mr. de Gogorza sang with taste, intelligence and true feeling. It seems to me, however, that he might still sing with greater abandon.

Mr. Lavin did not please me, either in respect of tonal quality or vocal art.

One occasionally rubbed his eyes and looked again at the orchestra to see if they were Symphony men who were doing such queer things of the stage—as in the first portion of the "Tell" overture.

The program of the sixth Symphony concert in Music Hall last evening was as follows:

Serenade No. 1, in D major, Op. 11, Brahms
Recitative, "Ja, so will's Gott," and Aria, "Lebt wohl, ihr Berge," from "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," Tschalkowsky
Symphony No. 5, in E minor, "from the New World," Op. 95, Dvorak
Scena, "Gerechter Gott!" and Aria, "In seiner Bluth," from "Reinzi," Wagner
a. Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps; b. Waltz of Sylphs; c. Rakoczy March; from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz

Miss Stein is not a stranger in Boston, but last night she appeared for the first time in this city at a Symphony concert. I have written some what at length about the career of this woman of passionate voice in the supplement published today. And after hearing her in the arias of Tschalkowsky and Wagner. I find nothing to modify or retract. Her voice is one of surprising range and sumptuous beauty; and each tone is warm with womanhood. Skillfully taught, musically alert, she does not tear passion to tatters; she knows the value of repose, of suggestion; she prepares her climax so that the outburst is inevitable, irresistible.

I confess I do not care for the "Reinzi" aria, but I listened with pleasure to Miss Stein's voice; and Mr. Paur evidently was enraptured by the atmosphere of the singer, for there was an awkward hitch that came near ruining the very choice.

The aria by Tschalkowsky had the advantage of novelty, but I think it would be much more effective in its scenic setting. In 1878 Tschalkowsky went to Paris, where, as Kashkin tells us, he was much preoccupied with the subject of Joan of Arc, and studied all that French writers said about her. The opera was written during the winter of 79-80. Produced Feb. 23, 1881, at St. Petersburg. It was far from being a success. Nicholas Rubinstein, a warm friend and helpful critic of the composer, considered it as "a retrograde step from such works as 'Vakoula' and 'Eugene Oniegn.'" He believed that he saw in it a desire to win the public favor, and added that a mediocre talent might succeed in this respect, but Tschalkowsky—never.

The Brahms serenade has not been played here for some years. First produced in Vienna, Dec. 7, 1882, under Herbeck, it was coolly received. There was talk of want of freshness and warmth. The two scherzos were omitted last night, and thus the piece seemed more unendurable. To me the opening movement and the menuetto are the finest portions of the work; the latter is very delightful music, exquisite in unaffected simplicity, spontaneous thought, and haunting melody. The Congo Symphony—with its negro-minstrel obo effects of angels singing in the distance to aged contrabands—was played with great fire, force and sweetness. The program was too long—for suburbanites and newspaper men.

Philip Hale.

GERTRUDE MAY STEIN.

By Philip Hale.

I remember Miss Stein fifteen years ago in Albany, N. Y., her birth-place. She was then a church singer, fretted agalust her narrow environment. A musician by birth, she used



GERTRUDE MAY STEIN.

nobly discontented. It was not that she envied others because they had won larger renown; it was because

From the first she saw her goal, and nothing turned her eyes from it.

A church singer admired and respected; a concert singer of repute in Albany, Troy and neighboring towns, she persisted in work. Fortunately for her she was prepared, advised, encouraged by an excellent teacher, Mr. Charles A. White, a pupil of the Lamperti of Dresden.

Now, many have voice, skill, ambition, temperament, but never find or make an opportunity. Miss Stein joined the Emma Juch Opera Company in 1891.

Do you remember the first performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" in Boston. It was an impotent performance—in Music Hall, Oct. 6, 1891. Emma Juch was Santuzza, a part for which she was most singularly unfitted. Montegriffo was an intolerable Turiddu. Mertens was Alfio, with a Dutch dialect. Miss Stein was the Mamma Lucia.

The season of '91-92 she traveled with the Juch company, appearing in the chief cities of this country and in Mexico, in such parts as Ortrud, Azucena, Siebel, Magdalena, Lola. At the close of the tour she settled in New York. The next season she sang with Emma Juch, Fursch-Mardi, Amanda Fabris, Stephens, Galassi and others in Anton Seidl's Wagnerian concerts. Thus she appeared here in Boston early in 1893.

Since then she has sung here with the Handel and Haydn (April 18, 1897, in "Hora Novissima"), with the Apollo Club, and in other concerts.

all means to perfect herself. She knew the meaning of the word work: and she was not afraid to work.

Her first appearance with the Boston Symphony is this month.

Her life the last two years has been a busy one. A church singer in New York, she has appeared at many Festivals held throughout the country, making each spring a tour with the Boston Festival Orchestra, under the management of Mr. Stewart. Her repertory includes the contralto parts in "Arminius," "Messiah," "Elijah," "St. Paul," Verdi's "Requiem," "Odysseus," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," etc.

Probably her greatest triumph was at the Worcester Festival, Sept. 24 of this year, when, with Mr. Evan Williams and Mr. Bispham, she appeared in Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah." Mastery of the art of song, musical nature, musical intelligence, dramatic instinct, finesse and passion were there displayed as in full light.

Her voice is a remarkable one, not easily classified. The lower register is full and deep, with the luscious richness that is found only in the true contralto. And yet the range is mezzo-soprano, without a striking contrast in quality. Her extreme upper tones are neither pale nor shrill, nor are there tubby, hollow tones about the middle C, as is so often the case in voices otherwise impressive or sensuous. This voice is a wondrous instrument, the medium for all emotions and passions. Nor is it the plaything of a dull or frivolous woman. It is controlled by a musician richly endowed with musical temperament.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Songs by Mr. Loeffler to Be Sung This Week.

His Macabre Muse Inspired by Baudelaire and Verlaine.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

Mr. Charles M. Loeffler has set to music, for alto voice, piano accompaniment, and viola obbligato, two poems by Baudelaire, "Harmonie du Soir" and "La Cloche fêlée," and these poems by Paul Verlaine: "Dansons la gigue," "Sérénade," one of the *Paysages tristes*, and "La chanson des Ingénues."

The first four of these songs will be sung here for the first time in public by Miss Lena Little Tuesday evening, when Mrs. Emil Paur will be the pianist: the viola will be played by Mr. Loeffler.

Let us look for a moment at the poems themselves.

"Dansons la gigue" is one of Verlaine's "Aquarelles" in the little volume, "Romances Sans Paroles." It is the first of the Streets, "Soho"; the second is "Paddington." As you remember, Verlaine was once a school teacher in England. He himself tells us that it was in London, in 1872 or 1873, that as one born in Metz, he "declared for the French nationality." London always appealed to him, and when he visited that city again in 1893, to lecture there—he also lectured at Oxford before the students—he wrote of the city: "For how exquisite a corner of London, in which there are so many exquisite and infamous corners, so few common or vulgar!" He speaks of the great town as "the immense city of pale rose and pearl gray." Again he says, "I found it, at all events, in its purely 'Continental' quarter, much changed, and much to its advantage, from the point of view, somewhat narrow, perhaps, of an old Parisian; and all this did but increase my long and profoundly felt sympathy for a city which I have praised so often for its force, its splendor, its infinite charm, too, in fine weather and foul, and which I am forced, in all good faith, to praise now for its charm of the moment, and a limitless hospitality, the understanding of tastes, the forgiveness of shortcomings, the appreciation of merits, of defects, even: I do but speak, be sure, of elegant, respectable defects." To him "the time came all too soon to leave England." He loved "delightful dawdling through a London of theatres (a very fairy-land!) music halls (a very paradise!)"

"Romances sans Paroles" was Verlaine's third collection. In his lecture he thus spoke of it: "Life had its way, and distress soon came, not without his own fault, to the household of the poet, who suddenly threw up everything, and went wandering in search of unsatisfying distractions. On the other hand, I will not say remorse (he did not experience it, for he repented of nothing), but vexation and regret, with certain consolations, compensations rather, inspired him in 'Romances sans Paroles,' thus named in order to express the real vagueness and the want of precise meaning which were part of his intention."

Now Verlaine is untranslatable. Here is a verse of "Dansons la gigue" to give an idea of the rhythm:

DANSONS LA GIGUE!

J'aimais surtout ses jolis yeux,
Plus clairs que l'étoile des cieux,
J'aimais ses yeux malicieux.

And here is a rough, halting paraphrase in prose. I omit the refrain.

And best of all I loved her beautiful eyes, clearer than any star in heaven—I loved her malicious eyes. Her ways were enough to grieve her poor lover, but how charming she was even in them. Yet I find still better the kiss of her full-blown mouth, since she is dead to my heart. I remember, oh I remember our hours together and our words, and this is the dearest of my possessions.

"Sérénade" is from "Poèmes Saturniens."

"I began in 1867," says Verlaine, "with 'Poèmes Saturniens,' a youthful affair, marked by imitations to right and left: Hugo, Gautier, Baudelaire, Banville. . . . The man who lived beneath the very young, the somewhat pedantic young man, who I then was, sometimes, indeed often, lifted the mask, and expressed himself in various little poems, not without tenderness: . . . These

verses . . . gave evidence of a certain inclination toward a half-erudite, half-dreamy melancholy."

Here is the first verse of the "Sérénade."

Comme la voix d'un mort qui chanterait
Du fond de sa fosse,
Maitresse, entends monter vers ton re-

trait
Ma voix aigre et fausse.

And again a paraphrase, something to give you a rough idea of the poet's irony:

My sour, untimely voice rises, oh, my mistress, toward you in quiet, as the voice of a corpse who sings at the bottom of his grave. Listen with soul and ear to the sound of the mandoline; for you, for you have I made this cruel and coaxing song. I'll sing your golden and onyx eyes free from any shadow; I'll sing the Lethic of your breast, and the Styx of your sombre locks. And I shall praise loudly, as it is fitting, your blessed flesh, whose rich odor haunts me at sleepless night. And at last I'll tell of the kiss of your red lips and your gentleness in martyring me, my Angel! my Punk!

Mr. Loeffler, who is surely macabre in his tastes, delights, naturally, in Baudelaire's wonderful "Fleurs du Mal"—verses wonderful in splendor of diction and wonderful in expression of the horrible and the perverse. "La Cloche Fêlée" is "The Cracked Bell."

It is sweet and bitter, of a winter's night, to hear, near the fire that sputters and smokes, distant memories slowly arising invoked by chimes that sing in the mist. The happy bell with lusty throat, lively and well in spite of old age, throws out faithfully its religious cry as an old soldier watching under his tent!

But my soul is cracked, and when in its troubles it wishes to people the cold night air with its songs, it often happens that its enfeebled voice is like unto the thick rattle of some wounded one, forgotten on the bank of a lake of blood, under a huge pile of corpses, and who dies, without stirring, in gigantic endeavor!

HARMONIE DU SOIR.

It is now the season when each flower vibrating on its stem evaporates as in a censer: sounds and perfumes turn about in the evening air; melancholy waltz and languorous dizziness. Each flower evaporates as in a censer: the violin shudders as a heart distressed; melancholy waltz, vertiginous languor. The sky is as sadly beautiful as a great altar. The violin shudders as a heart distressed, a tender heart that hates the vast, black nothingness! The sky is beautifully sad as a great altar; the sun is drowned in congealed blood—a tender heart that hates the vast, dark nothingness, absorbs all vestiges of the luminous past! The sun is drowned in congealed blood—your memory shines in me as the Vessel of the Host!

Mr. Loeffler, however, is not the first to be inspired by verses of Verlaine. Gabriel Fauré has written music for a voice, and Gustave Charpentier's "Impressions faussées" for baritone and orchestra (Paris, Mch. 3, 1895) founded

his piece on "La Veillée rouge" and "La Ronde des Compagnons."

The program of the fifth concert of the Chicago orchestra led last night by Theodore Thomas was as follows:
Suite No. 3, D major Bach
Symphony No. 3, E flat Schumann
Music to "Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Wagner now has a street named after him in Munich.

The celebrated bass Wiegand is now in a mad-house.

Leoncavallo's "La Bohème" met with great success at Milan.

Tschaikowsky's opera "Eugen Onegin" pleased at Agram Oct. 30.

Verdi's "Otello" was lately produced at Stuttgart for the first time.

The first performance of "Die Walküre" at Bologna was most successful.

Otto Türk, organist at St. Mary's at Zwickau, died Oct. 31, at the age of 63.

The review of the concerts of yesterday is in the news section of the Journal.

Announcements of concerts of this week are in the news section of the Journal.

Antonio Cano, guitarist and composer for the guitar, died at Madrid, at the age of 86.

Miss Rose Stewart will give a song recital in Steinert Hall on the evening of Dec. 21.

Miss Mackenzie, daughter of the composer, has chosen the stage as a profession.

Mr. E. J. Stoddard, recitationist, will this season appear with and direct the Carol Club, a female quartet.

A Plüddemann Society has been founded in Berlin, presumably for the worship of the late composer.

The first production of "Das Unmöglichkeit von Allem," an opera by Ant. Urspruch, was at Karlsruhe Nov. 6.

Isidore de Lara's opera, "Moïna," produced originally at Monte Carlo, is going the rounds of the French provinces.

The main feature of the program for Mr. Max Heinrich's second song recital in Steinert Hall, Dec. 7, will be seven gipsy songs by Dvorák.

The engagement of Miss Clara Damrosch to David Mannes has just been announced. Miss Damrosch is a daughter of the late Leopold Damrosch, and a sister of Frank and Walter Damrosch. Mr. Mannes has been for several seasons the second violinist of the Symphony Society.

Liebling, the pianist, appeared for the first time in London in a recital, Nov. 8. He played his concerto in A op. 22 with second piano, as he could not get an orchestra, and pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin. He was praised warmly for his "delicate touch and excellent quality of tone."

"La Souris Blanche," operetta produced at the Dejazet in Paris, with music by Vasseur, "not in his best vein," is a revival in altered form of a piece "La Filie de Cacolet," by Chivot and Duru, music by Audran, produced at the Variétés, July 10, 1889. The new piece "is pleasant enough, but silly."

Mr. Léon Jancey, formerly of the Odéon, Paris, then teacher of lyric declamation, and diction, applied especially to singing, will give a course of lectures in Boston with the assistance of Mr. Charles Morel, a baritone of Parisian reputation. In December he will be at the Copley Square School.

"The Scarlet Feather," operetta in London—we notice Mr. T. Q. Seabrooke is one of the company—is founded on "La Petite Mariée," by Lecoq (Dec. 21, 1873). It was performed in London by a Brussels company in 1876, and again in 1881 by a Parisian troupe, headed by Jeanne Granier, who created the part of Graziella.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will give a song recital in Association Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 14. Mrs. Henschel will sing songs by Gluck, Jomelli, Liszt, Schumann, Brahms, Henschel, and in duets by Martini, Goetz and Boieldieu. Mr. Henschel will sing songs by Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, himself, Loewe and Schumann. The sale of seats will open Monday, Dec. 6, at Music Hall.

Mr. H. F. Holt received the day before Thanksgiving the decision of the full bench in his lawsuit with Mr. Edgar O. Silver, and the firm of Silver, Burdett & Co. The decision gives Mr. Holt his freedom with an equal publishing right in the Normal Music course, and also sole right to publish his "New and Improved Normal Course in Music," and about \$500 in back royalties, which were due Sept. 1, 1894.

France has always arrogated to herself supremacy in the Terpsichorean art, but this proud position, according to M. Desrats, an acknowledged authority on dancing, is being lost. He has penned a report on the subject which, for dignity and despondency, might rank with the result of a royal commission. At the Opéra and the Conservatoire, he points out, since the disastrous reign of Perrin, men have practically vanished from the "corps de ballet," and the noble traditions of the great coryphæe, who could quote Cicero and Quintilian to their classes, have perished utterly. Women are all very well in their way, but they lack classical grace and refinement. Dear, dear! In society matters are still worse, and the dance as a fine art hardly exists, owing to English and American influences. As a remedy for this crying evil Mr. Desrats suggests that nobody must be allowed to set up as a professor of dancing until he has received a diploma from the State or some competent body, a salutary provision which he declares to exist in Germany, Great Britain and the United States. We were certainly not aware of this provision, and have no special desire to see it enforced.—London Chronicle.

The Era says that a strike of choristers in Paris was threatened: "An old chorister gives the following information: 'We are divided into two classes: those who belong to a theatre in receipt of a State subvention, like the Opéra and the Opéra Comique, and those who form part of a non-subsidized theatre. Choristers engaged at the Opéra are the most fortunate. They start at 15 a year, and their salary is raised every year until it reaches £80. At the Opéra Comique the pay is not so good, the maximum being only £60, with 75 extra for each matinee, which brings in another £10 yearly. In all other theatres a chorister never earns more than £3 10s. a month, although he has to work much harder. With constantly changing repertoire he has to attend every rehearsal without remuneration. Most of them are obliged to sing in the churches, and I believe that the church pays them better than the theatrical managers. The 'professional' choristers only number 20. The foreign element—chiefly Italians—is represented by 30, and we have decided to prevent, if possible, a further influx of strangers. At one time we were threatened with an invasion of choristers. It was the fashion to become a chorister, and one theatrical manager wanted to be particularly smart and engaged all the professionals and engaged amateurs, who, of course, offered their services gratis. It was not long, however, before he discovered his mistake, and was precious glad to take back those among his old hands, who had not been engaged elsewhere.'

The Daily Messenger (Paris) of the 10th says: 'It was a plucky undertaking on M. Camille Chevillard's part to make up the batch which M. Lamoureux, his father-in-law, has wielded for so many years, to continue the work so admirably inaugurated by his father's predecessor, M. Chevillard, however, came brilliantly through the ordeal, for yesterday's concert proved an absolute triumph, both for him and his orchestra. The performance opened with the overture to 'Ermont,' followed by Schumann's Symphony in D minor, both works being brilliantly interpreted. The program also contained two novelties, of which one, 'Sakko,' a musical tableau by the talented Russian composer, Rimsky-Korsakov, will, no doubt, become a favorite number at these concerts. It is a beautiful conception. The only one which

Sakko, a young merchant, is travelling is about to founder, whereupon the sailors throw him overboard as tribute to the King of the Sea. The King, who is just celebrating his daughter's nuptials, orders Sakko to play the lyre. Sakko does as he is bid, the King and all his subjects start dancing, the sea is set in motion, and the waves, rising mountains high, destroy every vessel. The terrified Sakko then tears the strings from his lyre. The dancing stops and the sea once more becomes calm. It is an impressive work, skillfully treated and pervaded by deep sentiment. The other novelty was the short introduction to the first act of M. Vincent d'Indy's opera, 'Fervéal,' brought out in Brussels in March last, a graceful number, which, however, cannot be fairly analyzed after a first hearing. Saint Saëns's symphonic poem, 'La Jeunesse d'Hercule,' and Wagner's 'Tannhäuser' overture brought this interesting concert to a close. The ovation which greeted M. Camille Chevillard afforded ample proof that he has fully won the sympathies of the public.'

Here is some gossip about the performance of "The Mastersingers" at the Paris Opéra. 'It is true that Mdlle. Bréval had the greatest trouble in retelling her part of Eva in "The Mastersingers," which Mdlle. Ackhé's friends wanted to give to the latter lady. Mdlle. Ackhé's friends, indeed, are very powerful, and I would not be surprised if very shortly we were informed that in consequence of "ill-health," Mdlle. Bréval had to surrender her rôle to her younger colleague. According to M. Lapiassada, stage manager at the Opéra, the rehearsal of "The Mastersingers" did not always run smoothly; every day a fresh difficulty being raised by the artists forming part of the cast. Thus M. Renaud, who impersonates Beckmesser, insisted on having an instrument exactly imitating the sound of the lute, which accompanies his serenade, and it was only after the article had been specially manufactured for him that he declared himself satisfied. M. Delmas complained that he could not find a proper stone on which he, as Hans Sachs, could hammer away to his heart's content to mark Beckmesser's mistakes. M. Delmas has a heavy hand, and after he had smashed a dozen stones somebody at last discovered a pebble on which he could operate without fear of a catastrophe. M. Alvarez's great trouble was his black moustache. He was quite prepared to sacrifice it, when, fortunately for him, his hair-dresser succeeded in imparting to it the desired blonde hue. M. Vaguet's fears lay in another direction. This gentleman—like the donkey in the well-known fable—is not good at dancing. Waltzing makes him feel sick, and the difficulty had to be overcome by placing him, in the fourth act, at the back of the stage, hidden by the corps de ballet. Mdlle. Bréval was worrying about her hair tresses. 'I know I will look a perfect fright in them,' she said, and I must say her fears were to a great extent justified. Even the choristers had something to say because they were informed that their number would be increased, and they feared competition, but all difficulties have been overcome and everybody is delighted that the dreaded premiere of "The Mastersingers" passed off successfully.'

At one time I spent many weary hours groping, as it were, for the wire, in an endeavor to attach myself mentally to the flow of Cousin Richard's conversation. But I have long since given it up as futile. Cousin Richard gave me no help; rather, I was inclined to think, evaded me, as if he preferred to shoot his remarks at random, rather than take the trouble to "switch" himself on. I realized, too, by degrees that he was quite unconscious that there was anything wrong with his methods; that so great a pleasure did he take in the mere exercise of talking that it did not even occur to him that it could be tiresome to anyone else.

Of late years I have been content to let him chatter on, pursuing my own thoughts, and letting his voice act as a sort of accompaniment, like the barrel organ or the German band in the street outside.

Professor Schadow gives these measurements of the artistically formed woman: "Height, 63½ inches; breadth of neck, 3½ inches; shoulders, 15 inches; waist, 9 inches; hips, 13½ inches." Of course she should neither be knock-kneed, bow-legged or pigeon-toed.

We often wonder whether these professors—for Professor Schadow is not the only "authority"—are married. If they have wives, do they flatter them insidiously by publishing their measurements, or do they thus ironically revenge themselves in the name of science?

This problem of ideal beauty has exercised deep thinkers for centuries. It was once the fashion to say that the ideal woman should have the eyes and

the carriage of Juno, the face of Hebe, the maddening charm of Venus, the figure of Diana, Minerva's arms, Latona's hands, the feet of Thetis, Vesta's whiteness, the freshness of Flora and the accomplishments of Euphrosina. Unfortunately this is all vague, very vague. A little definite information would be more to the purpose. Nor is this description much more satisfactory: "An English head, Italian eyes, German hands, a French figure and Spanish legs."

Some English poets have insisted that

Eve was the ideal. If they are right, the most beautiful creature now palpitating falls far short of the first maiden, wife and mother; for Mr. Henrion, a man of nice mathematical calculation, proved—to his own satisfaction at least—that the height of Eve was 118 feet and 9 inches. Adam was 123 feet 9 inches in height. Noah was shorter by 20 feet, Abraham was only 28 feet, Moses 13, Hercules 10; and, as Mr. Sabathier ingeniously replied, if a merciful Providence had not checked this prodigious diminution, we should not dare today to measure ourselves with the minutest insect that skips or buzzes.

Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,
Bonny Sophia, was her name;
Her waiting maid put on her clothes,
But she tore them off again.

We do not believe that Miss Eustacia will rush to her bower and make with measuring tape comparisons. She is ideal, the peerless virgin, and if Professor Schadow's measurements do not agree with the proportions of her sweet body, the Professor is a ninny, or a slave to a vain wife.

Miss Eustacia may have some slight irregularity that makes her the more fascinating, although the German professor would protest. How many would agree to the singularly minute description of Helen's charms given by Constantine Manasses? Brantôme mentions the thirty qualifications absolutely necessary to ideal beauty; but from such catalogues you might construct a prig, a doll, a fashion-plate. An old French chevalier was right when he wrote of Helen: "There is great probability, madam, that her beauty was not the only thing, since all the gods interested themselves to give her to those who were their favorites; and if she had been endowed only with a good face and a fine shape, she would have been an indifferent present to them. I imagine that what they valued in her was of more importance: it was her art of pleasing, and gaining the affections by her conversation."

And therefore, ye maidens young and old, do not be anxious about measurements. Follow the advice of the wise editor of the Southern Ulster: "When a fellow pops the question you girls wants to let your selves loose. Throw your arms around his neck and talk about furniture knives and forks and such like dont be to sure of a home for two."

The charm of the referendum to highly poetic natures is the beauty and the mystery of its name. Associated with the equally fascinating name of Initiative it becomes the dream and hope of millions. "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan." Would this be improved by substituting "in Canada did Juba Coons?" Who cares what referendum means? It means to the ear of a judicious hearer a thousand things utterable and a million unutterable. If Milton had heard of the initiative and referendum he would have put them on the map. They have more than the music of Javan and Gadire, or Ormus or of Ind. Coleridge would have woven a garment of pipe dreams around them. Poe would have made them a magical dark poem of refrains. Kipling may get hold of them yet.—New York Sun.

"A woman with the evil eye" takes the hands of servant girls in Orange, New Jersey, and makes passes. "They feel that they must do everything she tells them to do. After she has gone with the money they do not regain self-possession for several hours." This woman has many brothers here in Boston. They are called promoters.

And Sheriff O'Brien "remarked good-naturedly, 'We have here 216 cells that we can use, and there are today in this jail 237 persons.' " Is it surprising that detained witnesses are not equally good-natured?

In Egypt's land, contiguous to the Nile,
King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style.
She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,
To dry her royal pelt she ran along the strand.
A bullrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
A smiling baby in a wad o' straw.
She tuk it up, and said with accents mild,
"Tare-and-agers, girls, which av yez owns the child?"

We quote these beautiful lines, remembering the opinion of a deep thinker in Brooklyn: "The great object of having children learn poetry by heart is to give them ennobling thoughts and high ideals. It sinks into the mind and permeates the whole nature of the child."

The perspiring Fourth of July orator mops his forehead and exclaims,

"Thank God, there is no slavery in this land, there is no military despotism." We refer him to the report of the Loring court-martial case, the various reports of the convict system and the practices at the phosphate mines in Georgia, and the report of sweat-shop investigators in New York. Or do you think there is no slavery in Boston?

The dispatches from Vienna recall the good old ante-bellum days in Congress at Washington.

Mr. Wilder D. Quint contributed to the New York Times of the 27th an entertaining sketch of Judge Robert Grant. The deadly arrow still sticks in the Judge's side; for he is still explaining his curious statement about the impossibility of living in any kind of comfort on less than \$10,000 a year. "Explaining" is here a courteous word; if we had not dined sumbustiously on stewed meats and clarets we should write "crawling."

"Whose's Austin?" the headlines ask. The last we heard of the gentleman, he was in a popular song. "Oh, Mr. Austin!"

It is the manners of the women themselves

that strike cold chills into the mind of the observant. The defiant bearing of the modern middle-class girl is a curious study. By it she would seem not only to claim as a right the higher education, entrance to the professions, equal civic rights, and the freedom of the wheel, but also to exact those old-time courtesies which in her struggles for progress she has thrown away.

"I am very clever, and very emancipated," she seems to say, "but I am a lady, and I mean to be treated with deference, or I'll know the reason why." She is not treated with deference, and, so far, the "reason why" is hidden from her wisdom.

In view of the proceedings of the Reichsrath, Vienna, and the practical joke on Mark Twain, the following quotation from the Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 10 is of singular interest: "Vienna is a capital where, as a rule, your evenings die young and you find yourself, about the time that London is waking up for the night, with no other form of distraction available than the somewhat too familiar business of going to bed. Now, though, it seems that Viennese society has discovered something to sit up for, and that, too, in quite a new place. After the theatre, it is become the correct thing to attend the sitting of the Reichsrath, and as that body has lately taken to prolonging its sittings well into the morning of the morrow, entertainment is provided for quite as long as the new 'assistance' can reasonably require. The galleries, consequently, are full of pretty faces and dresses that are dreams. Youthful diplomacy more than fills the space reserved for it. A good Wolff might have been known to draw Mark Twain. To be sure, there are members of an economical turn of mind, who object that the game is hardly worth the candle. The candle, one of these reminded the two protagonists, the other night, costs some 6000 florins. It was robbing the taxpayer, he declared. The taxpayer, however, seems to be of opinion that he never got so much for his money before."

Paddy Flynn is dead; a friend of mine gave him a large bottle of whisky, and though a sober man at most times, the sight of so much liquor filled him with a great enthusiasm, and he lived upon it for some days and then died.

The London Truth publishes at last the whole truth: "There is nothing more artificial than the momentary popularity of a poet, a novelist, or a musician. It is due largely to fashion, which is as fickle in the matter of literature and art as it is in the cut of coats or the trimming of bonnets. . . . The fashion is set by one or two influential critics; more often still by one or two influential logrollers. Judicious advertising does the rest, and the book or the author gets his boom. How many literary productions have been boomed in this way within the memory of every reader of these lines, and are now no better than waste paper? As with the books, so it is with the writers."

Here is an instance in Brussels of the cruelty of so-called justice. "Some years ago a gendarme shot and killed a superior officer in a moment of rage, and was condemned to fifteen years' hard labor. Thanks to his good antecedents and excellent conduct in prison, he was liberated in three years, under the provisions of the Berenger law. A few days ago, actuated by suspicions regarding the conduct of his wife, he jumped over a hedge into a garden in order to watch her pass. The owner of the property caught him and prosecuted him for trespass. He was condemned to a fine of twenty-five francs, but according to the Berenger

lawyer will send him back to prison for twelve years. A plea was put in by counsel on his behalf, who pointed out the terrible consequences of a condemnation, but notwithstanding the insignificance of the misdemeanor, and the absence of wrongful intent, the Judge passed sentence." And no doubt the murder was provoked by some act of insufferable arrogance or oppression.

Notes and Queries tells a story and asks a question: "Every one remembers Sam Weller's story about the man who said 'crumpets is wholesome,' and who ordered in three shillings worth, 'toasts 'em all, eats 'em all, and blows his brains out.' In Boswell's 'Johnson,' in the chapter which records Garrick's death, 1779, Johnson and Beauclerk had a violent dispute about one Hackman, who was condemned to death for what was undoubtedly murder. Beauclerk tells the story thus:

"Mr. —, who loved buttered muffins but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself, and then he ate three buttered muffins for breakfast before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion. He had two charged pistols; one was found lying charged upon the table by him, after he had shot himself with the other."

"Could Dickens have got his story from this?"

not without reason. There were moments in his life when he was truly funny; but compare his methods with either of the Wrights in a Gaiety piece, and you will at once see what I mean when I say the essence of Gaiety pleasure was not there. The men and women were all in noisy earnest; there was not the flippancy, the devil-mcare touch-and-go, the gilded and ironical immorality (if you choose to call the humor by so harsh a name). Points were hammered in rather than suggested. The members of the company as a rule have not had practice in this delightful form of frivolity.

I except Miss Mary Young, who as Lucille was the bright spot in an otherwise leaden performance. She played with arch distinction and with agile mind and feet. Mr. Miller, in conception, was closer to the pitch as Gaiety than were his colleagues, although Mr. Edwards as Drivell was not wholly unsuccessful. Miss Fabris is not the woman for such a part as "La Favorita," however admirable she may be as one of the Valkyries in Wagner's music-drama.

To give the reasons for this opinion may possibly be considered ungallant; but to avoid any misunderstanding, I here state that she is not strikingly graceful in conventional dress, and in circus costume she is singularly awkward in gesture and heavy in movement. No vocal technic can atone for temperamental or physical deficiencies in a Gaiety piece.

The piece was staged handsomely. The scenes in the circus were well managed, and the final scene was one of uncommon fascination. The large audience was loudly applauding during the second act, and applause was loudest when the chief comedian was the furthest from a true Gaiety performance.

Philip Hale.

First Concert of the Ondricek-Schulz String Quartet, Assisted by Mr. Carl Stasny.

A new string quartet, composed of players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave its first concert last evening at Steiner Hall. Mr. Carl Ondricek, Mr. Carl Barleben, Mr. Fritz Zahn, and Mr. Leo Schulz are its members, and they were on this occasion assisted by Mr. Carl Stasny, pianist. The program was as follows:

Quartet, Op. 74, E flat major.....Beethoven Trio, Op. 15.....Smetana Quartet 21, D major.....Mozart The novelty of the evening was the trio. Frederick Smetana was a Bohemian, born near Prague in 1824, and was a friend and teacher of Dvorak. Early in life he came under Liszt's influence, and through his teachings became a pianist of note. Undoubtedly Smetana's passion for the dramatic and picturesque was first aroused, or at least fostered, by the father of the symphonic poem. He wrote a number of works in that form, and the list of his operas is still greater.

His earliest compositions, however, were largely for the piano, and, though rarely played in public, they are said to be worthy the attention of the pianist of today.

The Trio was his first important composition of this class, and was written in 1856. It is a singular work. It is out and out "Program Music," and I am sure that a program, even slightly suggesting its meaning, would have proved a decided boon to most of the audience. However it may lack in clearness, it lacks nothing in vigor. There are not a few passages strong and dramatic, and here and there charming themes which are never allowed to impress themselves firmly upon the ear. Close of the second movement, 1856, too, with its strong harmonic interest, is quite impressive, and is perhaps the most effective part of the whole work. All in all, the Trio contains much of interest, and it would be a pleasure to hear it again. It was well played by Messrs. Ondricek, Schulz and Stasny, and won hearty applause.

In the Beethoven, the club showed clearly the stuff that it is made of. The playing was virile and musically, if at times somewhat forced and rough. One felt that here is the making of a fine quartet, and there is little doubt that with continued practice together the new club will prove the truth of this surmise.

There was an audience of good size present that evidently entertained the players feelings of warm esteem.

T. P. Currier.

Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footed, clear-headed, comfortablest cities on the globe. Unlike every other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen don't seem to have bin apeshully intended by nature for the Burglary profession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of being swindled in some way, from the Risin of the sun to the sun down thereof. There I say, loud and continued applaus for Boston!

Such was the opinion of that distinguished statesman, the late Artemus Ward. And if you would know the opinion of a visitor of the last century, listen to the description of the town given in the History and Curious Adventures of Bampfylde-Moore Carew, King of the Gipsies, King of the Mendicants; in fact, monarch of several industrious tribes.

"The pressers here are generally full of work—there are five printing-houses—which is in a great measure owing to the colleges and schools for useful learning in New England; whereas at New York there is but one bookseller's

shop, and none at all in Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, Barbadoes, or any of the Sugar Islands.

"The goodness of the pavement may compare with most of London, to gallop a horse on it is three shillings and fourpence forfeit.

"There are nine churches in Boston, viz., Old Church, North Church, South Church, New Church, New North Church, New South Church"—this is indeed, boxing of the theological compass—"the Church of England Church, the Baptist Meeting, and the Quaker's Meeting.

"The streets are broad and regular." Oh, Mr. Carow! what a tradition is. "Some of the richest merchants have very stately, well built, convenient houses.

"The conversation in this town is as polite as in most of the cities and towns of England, many of their merchants having traded in Europe, and those that stay at home having the advantage of society with travelers; so that a gentleman from London would

think himself at home in Boston, when he observes the number of people, their furniture, their tables, their dress, and conversation, which perhaps is as splendid and showy as that of the most considerable tradesman in London."

There is a wealthy people,
Who sojourn in that land,
Their churches all with steeples
Most delicately stand;
Their houses like the gilly
Are painted red and gay;
They flourish like the lily
In North America.

It is not necessary to wait for the verdict of Time. A dealer in autographs has settled the matter.

"Reszke, Jean de, Opera..... 25."
"Reszke, Edward de, Opera..... 20."

Therefore Jean is the greater singer.
Or does the lower price accompany necessarily the lower voice?

There are few goods that can properly be "kept on hand." A glove merchant has the right to use the phrase; but boots are on feet, trousers are on legs—there is no need of pursuing the subject; every thoughtful reader will see and admit the point, and shape his speech accordingly.

Mr. W. J. Bryan is said to be interested in children's games, and it was only a few days ago that there was pleasant talk about Mr. Bryan and foot ball. Now when he hears a fine, manly little fellow saying:

"Here I am on Tom Tiddler's ground,
Picking up gold and silver."

does he seize the opportunity to point out to the lad the principles of bimetallic coinage, or does he frown darkly and condemn the gold-bug that framed the verse with devilish intent? Does he allow children to read the story of the talented goose with the golden eggs or to eat golden pippins?

Who hath not met with home-made bread,
A heavy compound of putty and lead—
And home-made wines that rack the head,
And home-made liquors and waters?
Home-made pop that will not foam,
And home-made dishes that drive one from home,

Not to name each mess,
For the face or dress,
Home made by the homely daughters?

Why this attention of newspapers to the spouting of the Reverend Thomas Dixon of New York? Does anyone care about his opinion? Surely Mr. Dixon does not care what he says. He is simply one of the performers in the Great Wild East Show, and his platform is not far from that of Dr. Chauncey M. Depew.

There is one serious objection to barber shops conducted on aseptic principles. The barber will have a fresh subject of conversation.

We have been asked to publish in this column extracts from "A Brief for the Cigarette." We respectfully decline, although the springs of copy are dry. We are not a foe to the weed; on the contrary, we believe in judicious use of it. We do not frown upon snuff or "eating-tobacco." But the cigarette is to us the abomination of desolation, and we see no reason why we should hurrah for it.

The time is drawing nigh when the prudent boy will buy with money given him by his father a Christmas present for his father, such as a Boston terrier, or a set of books that he himself is eager to read at his leisure.

MR. LOEFFLER'S SONGS.

Miss Lena Little Sang Them Last Evening, With Mrs. Emil Paur as Pianist.

Miss Lena Little, assisted by Mrs. Emil Paur, pianist, gave a song recital in Steiner Hall last evening. There was a good-sized and appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

SONGS.
Wie Melodien zieht es mir..... Brahms
Marchenlied..... Schumann
Sonnet..... Schubert
Come, we'll wander in moonlight..... Grieg
White Jasmine..... Richard Strauss
Serenade..... Debussy
Song of the gold fish..... Balakireff
Selim's song..... Rimsky-Korsakoff
Schlummer holds Liebelien..... Rimsky-Korsakoff

PIANO.
La Consolation..... Smetana
La fête des paysans bohemiens..... Smetana

SONGS.
Harmonie du Solr. (MS.)..... Loeffler
Dansons la Gigue..... Loeffler
La cloche fêlée..... Loeffler
Sérénade (with viola accompaniment played by the composer)..... Loeffler
Warum..... Tschalkowsky
Die Thraene bett..... Tschalkowsky
Es war im ersten Lenzenstrahl..... Loeffler

It is a more agreeable task to discuss in this instance, the program of the singer rather than her performance. So far as the majority of the songs is concerned, neither the quality of her voice, nor her production of tone, nor her management of breath, nor her intonation, nor her technic in general is to be praised even in faint or lukewarm terms. There was much that calls for downright, hearty condemnation. These are statements of fact, not of opinion. But let us consider the program, which was one of more than ordinary interest.

Now interpretation is in a measure a matter of opinion as well as fact. For instance, Mr. Loeffler's idea of the fitting interpretation of his Harmonie du Solr might differ reasonably from that of the singer, pianist, or hearer, just as another lover of Baudelaire might not find Mr. Loeffler's music to this sonorous poem the true tonal expression of the poet's thought. But when technical means are deficient or hopelessly wrong, the interpretation must suffer in large degree, and the hearer may therefore do the composer injustice.

Thus the "White Jasmine" of Strauss seemed strained and without effect; and the constant modulation disturbing to either an irresistible appeal or the suggestion of a mood. No doubt it is a difficult task to sing it absolutely in tune; and the performance last night left the impression that the song was not worth the labor; but the "Serenade" by Strauss seemed dainty and delightful, and not merely by reason of the charming accompaniment. I do not believe that Miss Little did all that can be done with the Russian group, and yet the quaint beauty of the first song of Balakireff with its picturesque accompaniment and the dramatic force of his second song were appreciated in spite of the singer's serious limitations, and the slumber song of Rimsky-Korsakoff was refreshing in its unaffected melodious grace and genuine tenderness.

Mr. Loeffler's songs are really pieces for voice, piano and viola. They are remarkable compositions, remarkable for their originality, workmanship, and imaginative strength. To me the "Harmonie du Solr" is the least successful, not from any technical objection, but as the tonal expression of the poet's thought. Here is an instance where no setting for a voice can accentuate or enlarge the wondrous beauty of the verse. "Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand reposoir." This line alone defines the rivalry of music written to be sung. And again the words "censolr" and "ostensoir" as they are employed by the poet, are a stumbling block to the musician. I can imagine that a symphonic poem for orchestra with these verses for a motto might be of power and beauty, not with any thought of panoramic detail, but as a musical rhapsody invoked by the splendor of Baudelaire's expression. I prefer the wild sadness of Mr. Loeffler's "Dansons la Gigue," into which Miss Little, although she sang it with a dash that provoked hearty applause, introduced occasionally a coquetry that was incongruous in its lightness. I prefer again the lofty thought, the bit of reverie, the fierce despair of "La Cloche Fêlée," with its haunting song of the viol, and the persistent appearance of the plain-song of the Dies Irae. Was the composer wise in returning to reverie after the climax of Baudelaire's last line? It was courageous in him to undertake the courage, and I think the result justified him. As for the macabresque irony of "Serenade," it took a Loeffler to italicize Verlaine. Remarkable songs! Songs that appeal at once to anyone who has the slightest imagination, that delight the musician by the wealth of ingenious detail. How that death's head of the Dies Irae grins through the music at the sadness, mockery, or despair of the poet! It is only just to say that Miss Little made a brave endeavor, that Mrs. Paur displayed appreciation, and that Mr. Loeffler, the virtuoso, shone as brilliantly as Mr. Loeffler the composer. Mrs. Paur played sympathetic accompaniments, and in the unfamiliar pieces by Smetana she displayed smooth runs and an agreeable touch. The pieces themselves disappointed me by their conventionality. They are from the group of "Révcs" which the poor composer offered vainly for about \$10 apiece. They were not published until 1879. Smetana's first piano pieces were composed in 1848.

Philip Hale.

"The Circus Girl" Opens at the Museum.

"The Circus Girl," a musical comedy in two acts, book by J. T. Tanner and W. Pailings, lyrics by Harry Greenbank and Adrian Ross, music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton, was produced at the Gaiety Theatre, London, Dec. 5, 1896. The first production in New York was at Daly's Theatre, April 26 of this year, and Nancy McIntosh, Virginia Earle and Messrs. Powers, Graham and Scott were in the company.

It was produced here for the first time at the Boston Museum last night by Mr. Charles Frohman's company. Mr. William Potter Brown was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Bliges.....John C. Slavin
Sir Titus Wemyss.....Joseph C. Fay
Dick Capel.....Alfred Hickman
Drivell.....Samuel Edwards
Hon. Reginald Gower.....Edward Tyler
Auguste.....Edwin Hanford
A. Bertoni.....Douglas Flint
Commissaire of Police.....E. H. Van Vechten
Vicome Gaston.....George Miller
Toothlick Pasha.....E. B. Knight
"La Favorita".....Amanda Fabris
Lucille.....Mabelle Howe
Mrs. Drivell.....Mary Young
Mrs. Wemyss.....Mabelle Baker
Lady Diana Wemyss.....Minnie DeReu

"The Circus Girl" is one of those ingenious pieces in which there is incessant laughter—on the stage.

Fortunate are the author and the manager when the laughter is contagious, and is heard the other side of the footlights.

When the people on the stage are discovered laughing madly as soon as the curtain is up and laughing violently for an hour or two after, the hearer is at first disturbed, then depressed, feeling that this Gaiety is forced. Little by little, as the plot assumes coherence, and complications have a plausible reason for existence, the hearer becomes more amiable and enters into the spirit of the show, provided, first, that the piece is of reasonable merit, and, again, that the comedians are amusing in their peculiar fashion.

"The Circus Girl" as a piece deserves the long run in London and the success in New York. It is not now necessary to inquire how deeply the authors are indebted to a German farce, nor is it necessary to tell the story at length. The structure of a successful Gaiety piece is familiar to our theatre-goers; this particular piece is amusing in its harum-scarum, flip-flap manner. The complications are well arranged, even if they are not always novel, and the dialogue—but here I am at a loss—for the dialogue in these pieces is largely an affair of the comedians, and I do not wish to do injustice to the authors. The music is unpretentious, tuneful, and well suited to the purpose.

We are also familiar with the companies that make these pieces successful. You know, for instance, the smug London citizen who most unexpectedly shows marvelous proficiency in the dance; the shy and dainty girl who without apparent provocation is turned into a most interesting exhibition of underwear—and this in piquant, graceful, accidental fashion; the respectable matron who indulges in startling repartee; young English sports, surpassed in the pursuit of pleasure only by their fathers or guardians; and all this with a zip-la-la, to merry tunes of tickling rhythm.

I regret to say that the very essence of enjoyment was missed last night in the performance. A Gaiety piece was played, for the most part clumsily and noisily. Take, for instance, the front scene in the second act. Gags were shrieked as in a scene between wooden-shod German comedians in a second rate variety show, and the business was of like character. Mr. Slavin is a man

"How are you today, mother?" said the saint. "Worse," replied the mother. "May you be worse tomorrow," said the saint. The next day Columelle came again, and exactly the same conversation took place, but the third day the mother said, "Better, thank God." And the saint replied, "May you be better tomorrow."

A Mr. Parkhill, who is 73 years old, was married lately to a woman who was 24. The bridegroom is accused of dotage "because he wears store-teeth and a wig." This charge seems to us unfounded. Store-teeth do not accompany, necessarily, old age. We have thought seriously of having the teeth of our youngest—dear little Bertie, a fine manly fellow—extracted, and then replaced by a snugly fitting set, of porcelain whiteness and warranted endurance. Think for a moment of the freedom from care and aches and the dentist's bills that vary in amount according to the operator's conversational powers. Shun a talkative dentist. He takes no note of time save for his own pecuniary advantage, and his hours are, therefore, long and lucrative. Wise men tell us that the appendix should be removed at an early age, and they speculate gravely concerning the advisability of taking out other organs that do not seem necessary to the faultless working of internal machinery. Yet there should be moderation. We know of a surgeon who performed the dazzling operation of removing a kidney. At the autopsy they found the patient had only had one.

Nor is a wig the unmistakable symptom of senility. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Parkhill shares our views. "Mr. Parkhill never makes any mistake in his books or his cash," replied the loving wife. "I guess he isn't in his dotage."

Mr. Ernest Kemp, a Canadian expert, has found oysters growing upon the trees bordering on the Bras d'Or lakes in Cape Breton. This is welcome news, if the oysters grow so high on the branches that they are out of the reach of any typhoid fever patient. In gathering oysters, should the farmer shake the tree or club them from the branch? Perhaps Mr. Kemp may find in Cape Breton plump specimens of the Barnacle Goose, "which some with much admiration have believed to grow out of trees, both upon this shore (Britain) and elsewhere, and when they be ripe to fall down into the sea."

"Keely is building a flying machine." Keely? Keely? Didn't he once build a motor? Perhaps you have some stock in that motor company? Yes? Lucky dog!

Our sensational contemporary, the Transcript, secured a scoop last night by publishing this statement: "Paul Laurence Dunbar, the young negro poet who has been the past season's literary lion in London society, etc." This statement never before appeared in print, and probably no one will be more surprised at the Transcript's discovery than Mr. Dunbar, one of the many victims of Mr. W. D. Howells.

We are pleased to see that a burglar even at the Faulkner Station respects traditions and wears a mask. A burglar without a mask may well be an object of suspicion. And there have been many such impostors of late.

There is no more unhappy man than he who is described by injudicious friends as "extremely witty." Better for that man if he be subject to the charge of parricide. For gradually he becomes conscious of his reputation and tries to live up to it. If a man of true wit delivers himself of one good speech a month, he is doing admirably, and the potentiality of his speech will be a constant source of amazement. Few are willing to be thus self-contained. They wish to strike twelve every ten minutes. They fall to see the necessity of a background of seriousness. They degenerate quickly into aggressive monologists. They are peevish, if laughter is not a hair-trigger affair. And if there is no more unhappy man, there is also no greater bore than your wit of the first magnitude. When you see Mr. Dazzler working his mind in a corner at the club, sit in another room, or go home; there will be no chance of conversation—which being interpreted means that you will have no opportunity of exploiting your own ability.

Some in this country doubted the guilt of Dreyfus when he was condemned and disgraced in theatrical fashion. Suppose that he is soon declared innocent of treachery. What reparation is possible? The Pall Mall Gazette answers this question by citing two cases to show that the French law proceeds in a more candid way than is known to English law. Madame

the Druaux was sentenced by the Court of Rouen to penal servitude for life for having poisoned her husband, and her husband's brother at Malaunay—this was in '87. Six years later it was discovered that she was absolutely innocent, that both men had died of accidental poisoning by carbonic acid gas, to which poisoning she herself had been a partial victim. To show her innocence to the world she was brought before the court of Amiens, but President, Advocate General and jury all had an inverted role; they were there to acquit, not to condemn. The Court proclaimed "her certain innocence" in the most emphatic manner, and awarded her 40,000 francs to compensate and console. And at present the Court of Cassation is concerned with a still more remarkable case. Pierre Vaux

and Jean Petit, condemned in 1852 for poisoning, are both of them dead; they died in Guiana as convicts. After long years their innocence has been discovered and recognized, and at the instance of M. Armand Vaux, a son of one of the victims, and by the law of '35, the Court of Cassation will reopen the whole matter, and proceed next December 'a la réhabilitation de leur mémoire."

Miss Bertha Wesselhoeft Swift Sang Last Evening, Assisted by Miss Laura Webster, in Steinert Hall.

Miss Bertha Wesselhoeft Swift, accompanied by Mr. Edmund Grinnell, sang songs by Chamblaine, Schumann, Chadwick, Franz, Gounod, Horrocks, Lynes and Blumenthal in Steinert Hall last evening. There was a very friendly audience.

It would be an easy task to write concerning this concert a few conventional sentences signifying nothing; but such a notice would be a serious injustice toward Miss Swift, who is evidently a young woman of sincere purpose.

It is fairer to her to say that at present she is not ready for appearance in public. Her voice is not of such tonal beauty that it persuades one to forget serious technical deficiencies. On the contrary, the organ is one that demands the display of art to make it agreeable. Certain indispensable rudiments of vocal art have not yet been mastered by this singer, and until these rudiments are mastered, her singing should be confined to her own room or the parlors of her friends. Nor did I find last night an exhibition of musical taste or temperament sufficient to warrant a prophecy concerning her future after months of patient and intelligent study. I saw a statuesque young woman, who evidently is honest and enthusiastic in her ambition, but these commendable qualities do not alone make a singer.

Miss Webster, accompanied by Mrs. Sarah B. Field, played pieces by Goldmann, Godard and Van Goens.

Philip Hale.

At night the town was dark and hoar,
With fog and frost that on it lay;
Far off, the solemn ocean's roar
Echoed along the shrouded bay.
I roam'd the silent village street,
And watched the muffled hours go by,
Hearing their cruel lips repeat:
"The gods have called her. She must die."

At dawn the air was clear and bright,
The sea a dancing flood of gold;
I saw the unshriven clouds of night
Far in the fragrant heav'n's uproll'd.
And as the form of Hope drew near,
Vell'd Sorrow touch'd my breast, and said:
"Take thou the rose her lips made dear
With farewell kisses. She is dead!"

It would not be surprising if King Humbert should wish to abdicate in favor of his son, even though the change might work temporary confusion and dismay. Humbert is a fine fellow, and he must be heartily sick of his trade; for as Montaigne remarked (in his essay on the "Incommoditie of Greatness") "the sharpest and most difficult profession of the world is worthily to act and play the King." In the early eighties, Humbert told an American now living in Cambridge that he thought the time for Kings had gone by and he proposed to educate his son to be a Senator, which office he considered more comfortable and honorable.

The schoolboy remembers the tyrant who finally found happiness in quitting the throne to end his days in a garden. Aeropus of Macedonia spent his time in making lanterns, Blantes of Lydia had a pretty trick of filling needles, and Harcattus of Parthia was beloved by his people because he was the most expert catcher of moles in the kingdom. Humbert has been kept strictly to royal business: no wonder that he is weary of it.

Now the Emperor William is a versa-

tile young man, but when he writes a part-song or meddles in theatrical manners or interferes in the commercial life of his subjects, he shows too often unseemly arrogance. Occasionally his conduct warrants approval, as when he overruled the other day the objection of a censor to the drama "Johannes." Were William to go into some other business, his subjects would no doubt rejoice. We are of the opinion that he would make an excellent bandmaster, or a ringmaster, or he might shine as chief constable in a village.

Did you ever think of the boresome life of the Prince of Wales? His days are not given wholly to beer and skitties, private boxing matches, race courses, and the improving conversation of chemical blondes of high or low degree. His speech must be always on tap, for the benefit of a charitable organization, the dedication of a hospital, the dinner of the United and Defiant Order of Bellows Menders. And then he has been waiting so long for the throne!

We are informed that "Mlle. Toronto is surprisingly free from all vanity or the affectation peculiar to all singers of any prominence." Miss Toronto has made just one appearance in opera—at Philadelphia, Nov. 29, in the strikingly dramatic part of Siebel.

Here is a pleasing criticism of Mrs. Sarah Grand's last book. The Pall Mall Gazette is responsible for it: "A novel of Mme. Sarah Grand always requires delicate, not to say aseptic treatment, and her latest work, 'The Beth Book,' requires the carbolic spray to be playing upon it for nearly the whole time it is on the operating table. The metaphor, I admit, is not a savory one, but it is not unfair. If the author had cut out about a third of 'The Beth Book,' and had published it separately as a treatise on gynecology and on kindred subjects, the remainder would have given us a readable and thoughtful novel. As it is, well, following Mr. Kipling, we do not wish to 'talk obstetrics' in a novel. It is not art (even without a capital)."

Sitting sideways in a street car, imperfect window glass distorts curiously people on the sidewalk. The man that

walks with pompous self-complacency is a ludicrous sight, with farce-comedy carriage. The demure, thin-lipped woman is changed by some devilish trick into a mincing jade such as was thundered at in Jerusalem by the prophet. Or the face of the full liver is porcine without a trace of human resemblance. Perhaps the glass is the glass of truth.

The Cecilia Sang Bruch's "Odysseus" Last Night—Mr. Felix Fox Gave a Piano Recital in Steinert Hall.

The Cecilia, assisted by Mrs. Cary-Lord, Miss Stein, Mr. T. E. Johnson, Mr. Harry Lucius Chase and an orchestra of Symphony men, sang the greater part of Max Bruch's "Odysseus" last night in Music Hall. There was a good-sized and applauding audience.

I see no reason why this monotonous and dull work should be sung at this late day—it was first given here I believe, Dec. 22, 1879—unless, as a charitable act toward the composer, for whom a subscription is now circulating in Germany. It appears that Bruch sold his works outright to the publishers and is in receipt of no royalties. He is nearly 60 years old; the position he holds does not bring him in \$1000 a year; and he has a wife and four children—or are they three in number? At any rate, the subscription fund will be a needed relief, and if the Cecilia should add to it, the deed would be charitable and commendable.

The performance, so far as the chorus is concerned, was excellent in quality of tone, balance of parts, precision of attack. There was not enough finesse in the treatment of dynamic indications, but this failing was not due to any lack of intelligence or perversity of will on the part of the chorus. The orchestra played about as it pleased, and as the intentions of the men were honorable, there was sonority in forte passages; unfortunately, Bruch did not always indicate forte, or even fortissimo.

Mr. Chase was heard some time ago at the Boston Museum in the opera "Priscilla," when he took the part of Myles Standish. Since then he has studied in Paris with Giraudet, devoting his lessons chiefly to the operatic parts, Amonasso, Nelusko, Hamlet and Don Giovanni. His voice is of agreeable quality; he shows in certain ways the results of natural musical taste and sound training. Although his experience has been limited, he is not a mere imitator of some singer who happened to please him; he has his own way of expressing his musical thoughts, and he already has a certain distinction. I should like to hear him in a more congenial part than that of Ulysses—

Bruch's Ulysses I mean, who is an insufferable bore; and yet this German Ulysses is amusing when, trusting that the hearer has forgotten all the pleasing tales told about the hero by the ancients, the librettist—or is it the prudish writer of the English argument?—represents Calypso's maidens telling of "their Queen's unrequited love for the stranger." As for that matter, Penelope herself did not escape scandal, for by some she was regarded as the mother of Pan.

Miss Stein again gave delight by beauty of tone and pure legato, and Miss Whittier sang the music of Nausikaa with unaffected grace.

The second concert of this, the 22d season, will be given Jan. 13. The program will include Humperdinck's "Pillgrimage to Kevlaar," Brahms "Song of Fate" and Goring Thomas's "Swan and Skylark."

Philip Hale.

FELIX FOX, PIANIST.

An unusually interesting pianoforte recital was given by Mr. Felix Fox last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Prelude and Fugue, C sharp major....Bach
Sonata, Op. 101.....Beethoven
Nocturne, Op. 45.....Chopin
Choeur des elfes.....Mendelssohn-Heller
Moments Musical, No. 2.....Schubert
Lindenbaum.....Schubert-Liszt
Etude, en forme de valse....C. Saint-Saëns
Variationen, ueber ein ungarisches Thema.....Brahms
Aria from Sonata.....Schumann
Faux Follet.....L. Philipp
Intimites, Op. 57, No. 5.....P. Leconte
Etude, C major.....Rubinstein

Mr. Fox is, I understand, a native of this city, and has recently returned from Europe, where he studied with Reinicke and Philipp of Paris, during a period of about three years. Though a very young man he is a pianist of marked ability. His shortcomings are surprisingly few, and those noticeable during the evening may have been due more to the embarrassment of a first appearance than to any lack of musical sensibility. There was something wanting in color, and his phrasing was at times monotonous. Though his pedaling was in primary essentials uncommonly good, greater finesse in this highly important department of pianoforte playing would have largely increased the beauty of his tonal effects. Mr. Fox's technique is thoroughly excellent. His fingers move over the keys with perfect ease, and all necessary velocity, and his wrist and chord work are equally satisfactory. His reading of the sonata, though displaying the immaturity of youth, revealed a serious cast of thought surprising in one so young. The other members, mostly brilliant in character, possessed few difficulties for him. With the nocturne he was less successful. But how many pianists can play that, one of Chopin's noblest works?

A rather large and exceedingly friendly audience attended, and its warm appreciation was wholly deserved.

T. P. Currier.

And yet the wise are of opinion, that wherever man is, the dark powers, who feed his rapacity; no less than the bright beings who store their honey in the cells of his heart; and the twilight beings who flit hither and thither; encompass him with their passionate and melancholy multitude. They hold, too, that he who by long desire or through accident of birth possesses the power of piercing into their hidden abode can see them there, those who were once men or women full of a terrible vehemence, and those who have never lived upon the earth, moving slowly and with a subtler malice. The dark powers elude our day and night, like bats upon an old tree.

A Town Clerk in Rhode Island has been found guilty by a church society "of spanking his wife." It appears that "the meeting was a special one, called for the purpose of investigating the domestic relations "of the said clerk and his spouse. Is spanking extreme cruelty? We should think it depended on circumstances, but we remember no judicial decisions on this delicate point.

Paris, Dec. 2.—Miss Sybil Sanderson to Mr. Antonio Terry. Friends were respectfully requested not to send flowers.

For a lump that is obstinate and painful, Mrs. Mary Delany recommended from personal experience "oil of earth worms with opodeldoc."

You remember the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. We were reminded of it by the announcement of a "Country School and Pie Social," to be held tonight at Forest Hills. "Tickets 10 cents. Ladies with pies admitted free." She would indeed be a foolish virgin who presented herself pie-less.

Mr. John P. Jackson, who died Dec. 1 in Paris, was not only a versatile and well-equipped newspaper man; he was an accomplished translator of Wagner's dramas—for the passionate Wagnerite insists that his hero did not write librettos, and we would not ruffle his spirits for the world. Mr. Jackson was an honest lover of these works, and remember that in those days when he translated it was not the fashion to admire Wagner.

To E. E. H.: Yes, the Honorable Gus Ruhl of Akron, O., is "a heavy weight," but you should not, therefore, infer that he is in need of troches, or that he should partake freely of hot

battered rûm. The word "husky" has various meanings. Thus, there are two kinds of gooseberry fool—husky (fool with the husks in it) and non-husky. A "husky-lour" is a gulnea, and the American term means "stout, well built."

But we are suspicious of the genuineness of this Americanism; you will very likely find the term with this meaning in dialect use in England. The verb "to notice" was once regarded as an Americanism, but it is found in English literature a century ago.

It is now claimed that the Garden of Eden was in China—that Adam wore a pigtail and Eve tottered about on tiny feet. We prefer the opinion of Mr. Jean Goropius, who proves that Adam spoke Flemish. This is more reasonable than the theory of Mr. André Kemp, who insists that the Lord spoke to the first parents in Swedish, that Adam answered in Danish and that the serpent tempted Eve in French.

Mr. Buccanus also believes that Flemish was the first language. He derives Adam from Haasdam, who hateth heaps; Eve from Euvat, vessel of the age; Cain from Quat—Ende, bad end; Methuseiah from Mechtusalig, save yourselves (from the Deluge).

Now that Thorn has been found guilty by a jury, it is not impertinent to state that certain proceedings by police detectives and jail officers before the trial were a disgrace to our boasted civilization. There is loose talk about the license given a French Judge in criminal cases, but the "sweat box" in New York is worthy only of the days of the Inquisition. And here is Capt. Methven "kept busy answering questions" as to a confession said to be made by his prisoner, Thorn. It would be more decent for the Captain to be busy in holding his tongue.

We heard a woman complaining the other day because dressmakers in Boston had no invention and were generally a season late with their fashion plates. Why does she not consult old memoirs and letters? By looking over the correspondence of Mrs. Delany, she might gain valuable hints and be praised for her individuality in dress. Thus, if she should wish a striking evening costume, she might copy that of Lady Huntington's worn "at the Prince's Birthday" over a hundred and fifty years ago. "Her petticoat was black velvet, embroidered with chenille, the pattern a large stone vase filled with ramping flowers that spread almost over a breadth of the petticoat from the bottom to the top; between each vase of flowers was a pattern of gold shells, and foliage embossed and most heavily rich; the gown was white satin, embroidered also with chenille, mixt with gold ornaments, no vases on the sleeve, but two or three on the tail; it was a most labored piece of finery, the pattern." Nor should she be disturbed because Mrs. Delany said the dress was "much properer for a etuoco staircase than the apparel of a lady—a mere shadow that tottered under every step she took under the load."

Do printers today pay any attention to the prayer written for them by Ernest, dated the 281st year from the invention of printing? We tearfully beg them to commit to memory the following portion of the petition: "Thou Knowest, dear Lord, that great Diligence, continual care, and accurate Knowledge of the Characters of many languages are needful in this Art; therefore I call upon Thee for Help that I may be earnest and careful both in the setting up of Types and in printing the same."

acc 4-97
In the great cities we see so little of the world, we drift into our minority. In the little towns and villages there are no minorities; people are not numerous enough. You must see the world there, perforce. Every man is himself a class; every hour carries its new challenge. When you pass the inn at the end of the village you leave your favorite whimsy behind you; for you will meet no one who can share it. We listen to eloquent speaking, read books and write them, settle all the affairs of the universe. The dumb village multitudes pass on unchanging, the feel of the spade in the hand is no different for all our talk; good seasons and bad follow each other as of old.

Commenting upon the death of Mr. F. B. Genin, certain newspapers stated yesterday: "When Barnum brought Jenny Lind to sing here, Genin the elder paid \$5000 for a seat at her first concert." He did nothing of the kind. Genin, the latter, did buy at auction in Castle Garden the first ticket for Jenny Lind's concert, but he paid only \$225 for it. (See "Jenny Lind in America" by C. G. Rosenberg, N. Y., 1851, p. 16, and "Jenny Lind" by N. Parker Willis, Phil. 1851, p. 96.) The first ticket in

Boston was sold to Ossian E. Dodge for \$625, the first ticket in Philadelphia was knocked down to "Mr. Root, a daguerreotypist" for \$625; the first ticket in Providence was sold to Colonel William Ross for \$650, and the Colonel did not go to the concert; the first ticket in Cincinnati was sold to Mr. McElevy, a tailor, for \$575.

Mr. Rosenberg adds, "As an advertisement, it answered Genin's purpose admirably. His name was published in every paper in the Union. Some few may possibly have thought his speculation in the theory of advertising that of a fool; but it must be confessed that most of the knowing ones looked upon him with envy, nor indeed, without reason."

As the burglars looked over the spoils in the house of the President of the New England Burglary Insurance Company, they whispered in chorus: "Tis the sport to have the engineer hoist with his own petar."

Mr. Johnson is sorely perplexed. He wrote to us yesterday: "I live now in a most convenient and lordly flat. The steam cars, passenger and freight, are passing constantly under the kitchen windows, so the cook is not lonely, and their noise awakens us early in the morning and puts us in good humor for the toil of the day. Today I noticed that electric cars will soon run in front of the house and around the corner of it, for they are laying the track; so you see we are centrally located. Our home now reminds me of Life in the Iron Mills. My partner said to me the other day, 'Johnson, you seem to be nervous; if I were you I'd knock off cocktails.'"

"But I wish to consult you about an important matter. I was reading last summer a book by some fellow who said that furniture, pictures, rugs, wallpaper affected the life of the people who saw them constantly; that house furniture should be harmonious, sympathetic, symphonic, or something of that kind. I was much impressed—so when we moved in this fall I put a picture by Bouguereau (of some women trying to pull a satyr into the water) in the bath room—open plumbing—for I thought it would be appropriate. But Mrs. Johnson objects to it. She says the women ought to be ashamed of themselves—she's a good soul, but she came from Huckaback Centre, where they are not interested in art. I hate scenes—so I took the picture down to the office. But what shall I put in its place? I want something appropriate, something with water in it, something suggestive of the bath, harmonic, symphonic and all the rest of it."

Well, Mr. Johnson, there are several pictures that would be appropriate. "Marat in the Bath" is one. You may say that Marat is not a pleasing spectacle, but no man shivering in a tub, or cast in his endeavor to arise, is a heroic sight. Charlotte Corday, ready to knife the bather, might remind you of your wife—this is a compliment when you examine it thoughtfully, for Miss Corday was strikingly handsome.

Or if you wish something with water in it, how does a farm scene, "Milking for the Boston Market," strike you. Or a fancy portrait of Mr. Pool of Siloam?

Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead of Westfield, New Jersey, told the Rainy Day Club which met in New York Dec. 1 to discuss paper petticoats—lovely things, in four colors, and rustling like silk—and other serious matters, "I am a firm believer in a woman's right to be ugly, at certain times and places under certain conditions and for certain purposes." Unfortunately there are women who improve this right without the indicated limitations.

Reading a volume of 18th century memoirs, we came across this sentence: "Pauline is not yet so genteel as Jackie because she is very fat, but she brides very well." Do you think that Pauline bridled with indignation or pride? No, and yet few dictionaries give any clue to the meaning. To bridle properly was regarded as a great accomplishment. The word refers to a certain manner of carrying the chin well up in the air when a young woman enters a room to salute company. There are men today who "bridle" in the street, but such chin exhibitions are deceitful; the bridlers are generally men of extreme timidity and irresolution.

There was a friend of mine, a man of genius, whose only fault was his continuous drunkenness, who used to say that the pith of the whole matter lay in the "doctrine of averages." I was never a dab at science and that sort of thing; but I suppose he meant that there was an average in the number of his tumbler of brandy and water, in the comings up of new fashions, and in the goings down of old ones; then of the old ones coming up again, and so vice versa.

MRS. ADAMOWSKI.

The Polish Pianist Played Last Night in Steinert Hall—Music Notes.

Mrs. Szumowska-Adamowski gave a recital last evening in Steinert Hall. There was a small but enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata Pastorale, Op. 28.....Beethoven
Rondo, A minor.....Mozart
Fantaisie Chromatique and Fugue.....Bach-Tausig
Pastorale.....Scarlatti
Capriccio.....Chopin
Nocturne, G major.....Chopin
Valse, F flat major.....Chopin
Ballade, A flat major.....Liszt
Menuet Antique.....Faderewski
Etude, D flat major.....Liszt
Valse.....Strauss-Tausig

In the sonata and rondo this charming pianist did not seem always to be in the vein. She was inclined to Chopinize the former, and the latter was taken too fast. There were many delightful moments in the Bach fugue, and the exposition was made with rare distinctness and beauty of tone. The playing of Scarlatti was conspicuous for daintiness and grace, and the fluent technique, beautiful tone-coloring, and fascinating individuality of the pianist were fully revealed in the nocturne and valse by Chopin, the minuet by Faderewski and the etude by Liszt. In spite of the pleasure given by her performance, it is not impertinent to wish that Mrs. Adamowski would consider carefully the question of program-making. There is much music, ancient and modern, that is not played in concert, that deserves to be played, and would be exceedingly grateful if it were caressed by her fingers.

acc 5-97

MR. MACDOWELL

As Pianist and Composer at the Seventh Symphony Concert Last Night in Music Hall, Emil Paur Conductor.

The program of the Seventh Symphony concert was as follows:

Suite No. 2, in E minor, "Indian," Op. 48.....MacDowell
Concerto for Pianoforte No. 2, in D minor, Op. 23.....MacDowell
Symphony No. 5, in C minor.....Beethoven

It is often stated that Mr. MacDowell's "Indian Suite" was inspired in a measure by the popular success of Dvorák's so-called American symphony. When this Suite was played in Chicago Nov. 13, Mr. Arthur Mees, whose program-books are at the same time scholarly, sane and interesting, fell into this error, and wrote that "Mr. MacDowell was undoubtedly influenced in turning to aboriginal American melodies by Dvorák's counsel, precept and example."

Now as a matter of fact Mr. MacDowell had almost finished the Suite before Mr. Dvorák landed at New York.

I have discussed the Indian Suite twice at least in the Journal at considerable length, and I do not think it necessary to go over the same ground again.

Yet the temptation to speak of the fresh beauties in the detail revealed at each repeated hearing is strong, for the imaginative strength and the superb workmanship are not to be fully appreciated after one hearing. It is not a work that will be popular at once; I doubt if it will ever be popular in the common meaning of the term, for it is free from everything that is mere-sentimental; it is without any hint of sentimentality; it is without forced bizarerie, and it avoids any panoramic detail that is dear to the superficial. But I know of few more remarkable pages of music than the unutterably sinister interruption in the movement entitled "In War Time," and the dirge that might well serve for the final In Memoriam of a once mighty race. In many respects, as in the higher qualities, as depth of thought and sustained light of imagination, I place this work among the noblest compositions of modern times.

The concerto in D minor is also more or less familiar here, but I have never heard it played with so much dash and splendor as at the performance last night.

Early in November of this year Teresa Carreno played it in Berlin with overwhelming success. The scherzo was encored, a rare occurrence in that city. And so great was the enthusiasm excited by the work, as well as by Mrs. Carreno's performance, that we find the critics of Berlin wondering why this concerto has been overlooked by players of the first rank, when, as Mr. Lessmann puts it, "there is not a superfluity of musically important and 'planistically' interesting compositions of this species."

I do not hesitate to say that this concerto must be given a very high place in the literature of the piano. Its construction is logical and admirable from beginning to end. The granitic solidity of the introduction combined with the rare beauty of following passages in the same movement; the grace, the charm, the elegance of the scherzo with its refreshing and impressive contrasts; the dery finale;

the brilliancy of the piano part and the sumptuousness of the orchestration, and above all the amazing spontaneity of the work, which leads the hearer to think it was conceived at white heat, stamp the composer as a man of supreme talent, just as the Indian suite stamps him as a genius.

The performance of these works was dazzling and memorable. Mr. Paur led with the warmest appreciation, and the happiest results. The orchestra in ensemble and solo was worthy of its highest reputation. Mr. MacDowell played with commanding virility, extreme elegance, and irresistible dash. A night long to be remembered!

You smile perhaps, and say, "But why this enthusiasm?"

I am enthusiastic over the triumph of a great composer, who has worked steadily and courageously in the face of discouragement; who has never courted by trickery or device the favor of the public; who never fawned upon those who might help him; who in his art has kept himself pure and unspotted.

I say in the magazine of today that I believe Mr. MacDowell is one of the greatest composers now living. I do not say "American composers," for I include all composers in this statement, and in Art there should be no parochialism or chauvinism.

My belief is only riveted by the performance of last night, one that Mr. Paur, as well as Mr. MacDowell, may well remember with pride in years to come.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Word Concerning Mr. Guilment's Concerts.

What John F. Runciman Thinks of Analytical Programs.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

Mr. Alexandre Guilment, professor of the organ at the Paris Conservatory, and organist of the Trinity, Paris, will give two concerts this week at the Mission Church, Tremont Street, Roxbury.

At the first concert, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, he will play these pieces:

Toccata et Fuga, in D minor.....Bach
(a) In Paradisum.....Dubois
(b) Fugue in C.....Buxtehude
(c) Adagio in B minor (from the 2d Symphony).....Widor
5th Sonata.....Guilment
Two Chorals.....Bach
1. O menschen bewein dein Sunde
Gross.

2. In dir ist Freude.
(Peters edition, Book V., Nos. 45 and 34.)
Pastorale.....Frank
Improvisation on a given theme.....

Final in D.....J. Lemmens
At the second concert Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the program will be as follows:

Prelude and Fugue in E flat.....Bach
Berceuse.....Salomé
Marche Pontificale.....de la Tombele
Andante Cantabile (from the 4th Symphony).....Widor
6th Sonata in B minor (manuscript).....Guilment

1. Allegro con fuoco.
2. Meditation.
3. Fugue and Adagio.
Marche du St. Sacrement.....Chauvet
Improvisation on a given theme.....

Final in B flat.....Frank

The specification of the organ of the Mission Church may be of interest. There are three manuals and the pedal has a compass of 30 notes. The great organ has 18 stops; the swell has 19 stops, of which the 16-foot bourdon is divided; the choir (inclosed in a swell box) has 12 stops; the pedal has 11, including a 32-foot contra bourdon. There are 12 couplers, operated by tilting tablets placed over the swell manual; 12 adjustable combination actions, operated by pistons placed under their respective manuals, and six pedal movements, including a balanced crescendo and full organ pedal.

The action is electro-pneumatic throughout—on keys, pedals, couplers, combinations and pedal movements built on the Hutchings patented system.

The console is portable, and connected with the organ by a flexible cable. It is compact, simple, and can be located in any part of the church, limited only by the length of the cable.

Mr. Guilment made his first appearance in Boston at the New Old South Church Sept. 25, 1893. He also gave a concert in the same church the next day.

He was born at Boulogne, March 12, 1837. His father was organist for 50 years of the Church of Saint Nicholas, and died in 1890 at the age of 97. He first taught his son, who then studied harmony with Carull. Alexandre at 16 was organist of Saint Joseph; at 18

he conducted his first mass at Saint Nicholas and in 1857 he was chapel master at the latter church. In 1860 he became a pupil of Lemmens, and in 1862 he played at Saint Sulpice, Paris. He first played his celebrated Funeral March at the inauguration of the great organ of Notre Dame. In 1871 he was called to the Church of the Trinity, Paris, to succeed the lamented Chauvet. He has given concerts in Russia, Italy, the Netherlands, Germany, England and other countries. He founded in 1873 the Society of Organ and Orchestral Concerts of the Trocadéro. He is organist of the Conservatory concerts. He has received many honors and decorations. To speak here of his organ pieces would be almost an impertinence, for they are known to all organists and churchgoers.

Mendelssohn's music will be given at the performances of "Athalia" this week at the Sanders Theatre.

This music was undertaken at the command of the King of Prussia. Mendelssohn wrote the choruses in Leipzig during 1843, at first only for female voices with piano accompaniment; in 1844 he wrote the overture in London, and the march of the priests; in 1845 the orchestration and the arrangement of the choruses for four voices. The work was given Dec. 1, 1845, in the Royal Theatre at Charlottenburg.

The overture was first played in Boston Dec. 23, 1852.

There has been other music written for Racine's "Athalia"; by Moreau, 1690, Versailles, which pleased Racine especially; J. A. P. Schulz, published in 1755; Abt. Vogler, Stockholm, 1791; Gossec, Paris, 1801; Polss, Munich, 1814; Boieldieu, written about 1810, performed at the Theatre Français in 1836, at a benefit given to the actress Georges; Felix Clément, Paris, 1858; Jules Cohen, Paris, 1859.

There was also music written for this play by Clérambault, 1756, Uttrich, about 1780, Baudron, about 1780, Perne, about 1800. There are oratorios on the same subject by Handel, Mayr, and Russo.

I have more than once discussed in this column the nuisance of analytical programs. I refer now as I did then to this species of program in general, not to the work of any one editor in particular.

Let me quote from an entertaining article by Mr. John F. Runciman, published in the Saturday Review of Nov. 20.

"Really some one must get an Act of Parliament passed for the better regulation if not the actual suppression of the analytic programmist. Lately I have thought with some seriousness of going round to all the members of Parliament I know and persuading them to rush the Government some night; but I am afraid I don't know any, or at any rate enough for the purpose. Besides, members of Parliament take no interest in music. Mr. Balfour used at one time to attend concerts; but it is obvious he never does now, else he would certainly have moved in the matter. The programmist is a standing outrage on our oldest and most hallowed traditions. We have believed for centuries that an Englishman's stall was his castle; but in the insidious shape of an analytic program the programmist enters your castle and insists upon your listening to his uninteresting views on the grandest subjects. Either he shakes you into unseemly mirth at the least appropriate moments or makes you writhe with exasperation when you most need all your faculties in perfect, peaceful working order to listen to some divine thing of Beethoven or Mozart or Wagner. It may be objected that one need not read the program. I retort that with our modern conductors—one must have a program to learn whether Tchaikovsky or Mozart is being played, and having obtained one, it is not human nature to refrain from reading it. Mr. Jacques's programs for the Queen's Hall Saturday afternoon concerts and for the Lamoureux have always had a glittering unholiness for me; and some of my brethren of the Press cannot resist the temptation to quote them, with laughter. Mr. Ashton Ellis's programs for the Schulz-Curtius concerts at one time consisted of malapropian selections from Wagner's prose works; but of late this gentleman has broken out into a degree of definite originality that not only amazes one at present but promises still more amazing things for the future. * * * Similarly on exorcises Mr. Ashton Ellis when he takes one of the violin parts and calls it the theme of the finale of the Tchaikowsky Pathetic symphony; for we know it is not every one who can read part-writing so complicated as that particular subject. But there is absolutely no excuse when a writer cannot describe without gross inaccuracies and banalities such pieces as Transcendental or the Hebrides overture or Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine or a harmless little new French thing. In the case of the Mottl concerts these blunders are more offensive on account of the air of Bayreuth superiority. Of course I am becoming accustomed to that, for I am still struggling with Mr. Chamberlain's huge and incredibly dull book on Wagner, wherein he devotes a whole chapter to explaining why he cannot explain the Bayreuth ideal although he feels how high it lifts him

above the common rock of humanity. But those who are not reading Mr. Chamberlain's book—and I hope they are many—have not had the wind tempered to their lamblike natures in this way; and they must feel Mr. Ellis's programs as a sort of northeast draught blowing on them throughout the concert. What can be done, failing a special Act of Parliament or an Order in Council, I cannot tell—unless indeed it some day occurs to Mr. Schulz-Curtius and to Mr. Robert Newman that the public wants in the case of old works no guidance whatever and in the case of new ones only a list of the themes. Why should not this plan be tried, and the analytic programmist and his fatuities banished forever? While apologizing for this long disquisition, let me point out how long I have suffered in silence before placating for the abolition of the nuisance."

The programs of male glee clubs are too often dull and dreary things. There is a song to spring, or black-bearded, lusty men sing delicately about a little bird, or ardent prohibitionists sing with incongruous ardor the praise of wine.

Here is the program of the concert given tomorrow night in New York by the Mendelssohn Glee Club, Mr. E. A. MacDowell, conductor.

In Harmony (first time).....Lefebvre
Love and Time (first time).....Thorn
Siesta.....Mosenthal
Sailor Song.....Mosenthal
Brook (first time).....Mosenthal
Crusaders (first time).....Pike
Valley Maid.....MacDowell
Serenade (first time).....Moehring
Spring Song (first time).....Sokoloff
Nicolas Sokoloff is a Russian, born in 1858. He has written three-string quartets, orchestral pieces, songs, choruses, pieces for violin and for cello.

The program of the concert of the Chicago Orchestra, given last night, Theodore Thomas conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 2.....Brahms
Concerto for violin.....Beethoven
Ballade Symphonique (posthumous).....Tchaikowsky
Fantasie Appassionata.....Wagner
Siegfried's Rhine Journey.....Wagner
Mr. Ysaye was the violinist.

Why does not Mr. Ysaye play here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season?

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The review of the Symphony concert is in the news section of the Journal.

Helen Bertiam has been singing in "La Perichole," London.

The Sir Michael Costa scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music has been awarded to R. Neville Flux.

Mrs. Ellen Berg Parkyn and Mr. G. J. Parker will give concerts in Stelbert Hall Dec. 14 and Jan. 18, at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Frederick R. Burton's cantata "Hiawatha" will be produced by the Yonkers (N. Y.) Choral Society, April 20.

There will be a concert at the Boston Conservatory of Music Tuesday evening, Dec. 14 and Tuesday evening, Jan. 11.

Mr. George Devoll, well known here, sang at the second piano recital of Messrs. Ross and Moore, duet players, London, Nov. 18.

The third and last vesper recital at the North Avenue Congregational Church, Cambridge, will be held on Saturday, Dec. 11, at 4 P. M. Miss Fay

Simmons, organist, will be assisted by a quartet of mixed voices, and by violin and piano.

Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, and Miss M. A. Stowell, pianist, will assist at Mr. Hugh Codman's violin recital in Stelbert Hall, Dec. 16.

Mrs. Marion Titus and Mr. G. W. Procter will give a concert at the Tuileries Dec. 18 at 3 P. M., for the benefit of Hale House.

Mr. Carl Barleben of the Symphony Orchestra played Max Bruch's G minor concerto at a concert recently given by the Lowell Orchestral Club.

They talk of producing "Tristan" at the Paris Opéra toward the end of next year. Alvarez and Miss Bréval are mentioned as the chief singers.

Myron W. Whitney, Jr., has been seriously ill of typhus fever at Florence, Italy. Recent cablegrams, however, give hopes of his speedy recovery.

"Stories of Famous Songs," by S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald, London, John C. Nimmo, price 7s. 6d., is said to be a valuable book. There is a full index.

The Daily Mail says that the output by publishers of ballads and purely cantabile music has been growing smaller for some years, and is now very small.

Miss Florence Traub and Mr. Burge-melter, concert pianists of the Virgil Pianoforte School of New York, will give a pianoforte recital in Stelbert Hall, Dec. 17.

"Hansel and Gretel" was produced at Bordeaux about the middle of November. The music was praised, the libretto translated by Mendès, was considered silly and stupid.

At their second recital on Dec. 13, in Stelbert Hall, Miss Lena Little and Mrs. Emil Paur will interpret songs by Franz, Brahms, Kahn, Wagner, Pauré, Widor and Tchaikowsky, and piano-compositions by Kahn, Youferoff and Arensky. It is probable that, upon general request, the songs by Loefler, with viola accompaniment by the composer, will be repeated.

Mercie, the sculptor, is hard at work upon the Gounod monument, but he has been delayed somewhat by the difficulty of finding suitable models for the figures of Sappho, Marguerite and

Juliet, who are to be grouped round the composer's bust. Mercie has endeavored to discover ladies whose expression is suggestive of each of these characters, and it would be interesting to learn how he set about so delicate a task.

The Era (London) says of Mr. Seabrooke, who made his debut in London Nov. 17, in "The Scarlet Feather" (Le-coco's "Petite Marlee"): Mr. T. Q. Seabrooke, whose American accent did not at all detract from the success of his embodiment, was quaint, active, and droll. He showed great spirit and energy in a very bright and lively performance, his voice reminding us very strongly of that of Mr. R. G. Knowles. He also danced very neatly and cleverly, indeed.

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, always favorites in this city, owing to their thoroughly artistic "Vocal Recitals," will be heard for the first time this season at Association Hall Tuesday evening, Dec. 14. Mr. Henschel, the first conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, received much praise for the excellent judgement shown as a program maker. His song programs are similarly distinguished. Tickets for this recital will go on sale at the box office, Music Hall, on Monday morning.

"Iolanthe" is to be sung at Winchester in January by the Winchester Amateurs. Rehearsals are now in progress under the musical direction of Mr. S. Henry Hadley and stage direction of Mr. J. J. Todd. The full cast: Iolanthe, Miss Mary Bacon; Fairy Queen, Mrs. Annie Lord-Hooper; Celia, Miss Mary Hines; Leila, Mrs. C. H. Jordan; Fleta, Mrs. Louis Bacon; Phyllis, Miss Florence Dyer; Strephon, Mr. George Hawley; Ararat, Mr. Fred Kerr; Tolloler, Mr. W. H. W. Bicknell; Willis, Mr. S. H. Hooper; Lord Chancellor, Mr. John Tucker. There will be a full chorus of 28 voices.

"Les P'tites Michu," operetta in three acts, libretto by Vanloo and Duval, music by André Messager, was produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens Nov. 16. "Its libretto is goody-goody to a degree devoid of a smutty word or an indecent innuendo, yet, strange though it may appear, this change from highly-spiced fare proved extremely toothsome and seemed to be particularly welcome to case-hardened first-nighters. The great charm of the piece lies in its music. Messager has written a really delicious score, tuneful and elegant. The orchestration is finished in the extreme." Alice Bonheur and Odette Dulac (a first appearance), Renard and Lamy were the chief comedians.

A testimonial concert was given in Chickering Hall, N. Y., Dec. 1, in celebration of the 15th anniversary of Mr. Richard Hoffman's first public appearance in New York. "Ever since that date, in 1847, Mr. Hoffman has held not only the respect and esteem of many warm friends, but the sincere admiration of our city's public. His work has been entirely confined to this community, no illusions of travel or of distant places seeming to tempt him to leave home and display his accomplishments in other cities." The program consisted of Mozart's quartet in G minor, concerto in C major by Bach for two pianos with string quintet, and Hummel's septet. Mr. Hoffman was assisted by the Dannreuther quartet and by Mr. Charles B. Foote, his pupil.

The Daily Chronicle, in a leader on the visit of Leschetizky, the Vienna pianoforte teacher, to England, says that his career would be impossible here, for "no two things in the world could be less congruous than music teaching and greatness." "We are stuck deep in the rut of commercialism." "Those who can afford to do better join eagerly in the race for money with those who must." The fashionable teacher keeps a big house and men-servants, must teach rubbish, and refrain from pointing out too many faults. On the Continent, musicians are content to live in a modest way; they have little desire to be on visiting terms with the aristocracy; they venture to be true artists or true teachers, and decline to become charlatans, or to teach badly, or even to teach stupid pupils, merely because that way wealth lies."

They say the first public appearance of the banjo in England was in 1843, when Mr. Joseph Sweeney, "negro vocalist and banjo player," made his reputation at the Lyceum Theatre with "Sands Great American Circus Company." It has been said that Sweeney invented the instrument, but of this we are not certain. But, in any case, he introduced it into Great Britain, and had or thought he had the only banjo in England at that period. But Mr. J. A. Cave, who was present at the second performance of Sweeney, thought if he could get an instrument he could play it. And, coming across a professional friend, who had recently returned from America, he did obtain one—a copy of Sweeney's, fabricated sub rosa in New York, and Mr. Cave duly made his debut as the first English manipulator of the instrument at the Marylebone Theatre the same year—that is, on Whit Monday, 1843. So says a writer in the London Era.

Mr. Thomas W. Surette, whose operetta, "Priscilla," is well known here, and who now lives in Philadelphia, has set Keats's "Eve of Saint Agnes" to music in the form of a dramatic ballad for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. The work is published by Novello, Ewen & Co. The orchestral numbers are "The Winter's Night" and "Reverly Music." To mixed chorus are given the verses, beginning "Saint Agnes' Eve," "Soon up aloft," "Pull on this case-mat," and the finale of the Epilogue, "And they are gone," which begins with a male chorus. There is a female chorus, "The Frost-wind blows," and a male chorus, "Meantime across the moors." There are solos for Porphyro, Angela and Madeline, and a scene for Madeline, Porphyro and chorus. The work looks interesting, and Mr. Surette's musical abilities are well known. It would be a pleasure to hear it performed by the Cecilia, but Mr. Surette is neither dead nor a German.

"Il piccolo Haydn," one act lyric opera, libretto by Antonio Cipollini, music by Gaetano Cipollini, was produced for the first time in England Nov. 16, at the Lyric Theatre, London. The cast was as follows: Haydn, Marie Elba; Mariana, Mme. Lennox; Anzoletti, Marie Tiliens; Porpora, W. H. Stephens; Count Kautitz, A. S. Winckworth. This opera was first produced in January, 1893, at Como. The Daily Mail of Nov. 17 said: "By all means a picture in miniature of the trials and struggles of genius. By all means a musical setting when the portrait is that of a musical prodigy. But, let the drama-picture be dramatic and harmonious! The boyhood of Haydn is known. He serenaded dancing parties in Vienna, and was heard one evening by the wife of a theatre manager, who, unlike most of his latter-day brethren, was quick to recognize genius. A commission for an opera from this Ma-coenas led to an introduction to the composer Porpora, the pursuit of his musical studies under skilled direction, and the foundation of Haydn's fortunes. Why, then, represent the lad as a servant in Porpora's household,

enjoying stolen hours of bliss at his spinet, and providentially supplying the Maestro with inspired compositions when his own imagination gives out? The answer lies with the brothers Cipollini, responsible for the trivial novelty so operatically magnified in the strange old-fashioned way. Last night, Miss Marie Elba sang with taste and vigor as Haydn, here a pretty boy of 12 or so, but, too frequently, the strenuous orchestra imposed a barrier between her audience and her, which her voice found insurmountable."

The Pall Mall Gazette says (Nov. 15) of Bruno Steindl's piano playing: "The other day, in commenting upon the performance of this little boy, we took up a naturally definite attitude of declining to comment upon his work as that of a finished artist. That he was likely to develop into something great might have been prophesied with or without risk according to the temperament of the critic, according as he cared or not whether his words were likely in the distant future to be realized. Yet we are bound to confess that on Saturday the little fellow's playing of the Mozart Concerto in D minor was very wonderful. We have heard him before in Chopin, for example, and while it was amazing to note his manual accomplishment, there was not much else to remark. But in the Mozart of Saturday he really did achieve a beauty and a delicacy of expression which were merely overwhelming. It needs a very austere critic indeed to refrain in such a case from a certain element of sentiment. Mozart's work is, of course, beautiful, tender, expressive, but it was extraordinary to hear Bruno Steindl play Mozart with all—or nearly all—that beauty, tenderness and expressiveness. It is useless to say more. Here is genius, however undeveloped, however encompassed, however set upon the levels of childhood. That he is an unaffected child, every motion save that of his hands proves abundantly. He is pleased to see his friends, excited to hear a fiddle-string crack, anxious to show his father how earnest he is over his work. Yet on Saturday he seemed, with all these personal preoccupations, to be filled with an impersonal influence which directed him subconsciously to the right interpretation of his Mozart. It was fitting, so it seemed to us, to find the work of Mozart, glorious child of nature as he was, enclosed without dishonor or diminution of loveliness within the limits of a little child's accomplishment. Whatever Bruno Steindl's career may be in the future, he at all events has this record, that he played Mozart nearly to perfection at the age of seven."

It was proved at the Metropolitan Opera House on Sunday night that hair is by no means so necessary to the success of foreign musicians in this country as recent seasons had led the public to believe. Raoul Pugno, who made a popular success at the Sunday concert, has none of the spectacular qualities associated usually with great enthusiasm. He is rather commonplace looking, with a black beard and eyeglasses, and his figure is more Falstaffian than anything seen on that stage since Victor Maurel appeared at the Metropolitan in Verdi's opera. But the public liked him, and there was never a more astonishing exception to the ordinary experience in such cases. Ysaye has seemingly grown much stouter since he first played here, and there was an element of avoiddupes about the concert that was quite exceptional. But it proved that in the case of men, at least, flesh does not necessarily interfere with popularity. Seated at the piano, M. Pugno was not the sort of figure to win the heart of the matinee girl, and there seems as little likelihood of any such result from M. Ysaye's looks. But the audiences! There are still traditions in the kitchen of the Hotel Martin as to the dinners, and, for that matter, the breakfasts, luncheons, and suppers, which M. Ysaye used to eat there, and the startling intelligence that M. Ysaye's appetite was improved was lately heard in the neighborhood of the hotel. But from the favor with which he has been received by the public there is apparently no necessity for him to curb his appetite and bring his increase of weight to a short stop. One feature of his appearance at the Astoria concerts which is believed to have been responsible for his comparatively indifferent playing was the distribution of ice cream to the guests at a time which he regarded as inappropriate. That, at least, is the impression, tempered with the idea that possibly he may have been vexed by the exasperating fact that it was kept permanently out of his reach. This year Slevking, the pianist, has grown his hair long enough to fall over his shoulders, having totally mistaken the signs of the seasons. He should have put himself through the pate de foie gras process, as in musical circles this is to be a year of flesh and not of hair.—New York Sun., Dec. 1.

EDWARD A. MACDOWELL.

By Philip Hale.

I believe that Mr. MacDowell is one of the greatest of composers now living.

This belief is based on his works for orchestra, his piano pieces, and his songs.

I know of no composer now living who displays in more marked degree the combination of these qualities: pure, spontaneous, original melody; intimate knowledge of usual and unusual harmonic effects; musical, and not merely pedantic, employment of counterpoint; mastery of instrumental color; poetic inspiration and noble imagination; persuasive, lovable, authoritative individuality.

His force is never intolerant or brutal; his sentiment is not cloying or effeminate; his singularly refined taste and his faculty of self-examination keep him from abuse of power, the wish to startle or perplex, the craving to be recognized.

It may be said—it has been said by some—that Mr. MacDowell has never written a symphony. "Do you still give him such extravagant praise?" A good answer to this fetishistic, absurd proposition would be: "Mr. Friedrich Gernsheim has written four symphonies, and Mr. Heinrich von Herzogenberg has written at least two."

Do you remember the words of Poe? "If by 'sustained effort,' any little gentleman has accomplished an epic, let us frankly commend him for the effort—if this indeed be a thing commendable—but let us forbear praising the epic on the effort's account. It is to be hoped that common-sense, in the time to come, will prefer deciding upon a work of Art, rather by the impression it makes—by the effect it produces—than by the time it took to impress the effect, or by the amount of 'sustained effort' which had been found necessary in effecting the impression. The fact

is that perseverance is one thing, and genius quite enough; nor can all the Quarterlies in Christendom confound them."

Thus to me such a piano-piece as Mr. MacDowell's "The Eagle" outweighs a dozen symphonies written by Slaves of the Lamp. On this whizzing ball creep all sorts and conditions of man; and there are hearers who say honestly, "I see nothing in that little thing" just as they see nothing in the poem itself. These good people prefer the complete works of Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney to a fragment of Sappho.

But Mr. MacDowell is not a man of fragments. Two noble sonatas—though the Tragic is the nobler—two suites for orchestra, symphonic poems, two concertos for piano with orchestra can hardly be called fragments.

I have heard men say, "Yes, he is a composer of charming thoughts, but he has no respect for form." What do they mean by "form"? The charge is preposterous. Form to them means cut-and-dried, conservatory-crowned dullness. It means an obsequious attempt to follow with heavy feet in the footsteps of departed worthies. Form is not a Procrustean bed for all ages. Form in its essence is eternal; its outward appearance varies, changes, is transformed. Even in the most fantastic of Mr. MacDowell's expressions of musical thought, there is an established plan, coherency of structure, logical result from sound premise.

He chooses the symphonic poem rather than the symphony. He finds it more in accordance with the spirit of his age. How many symphonies in the strict sense have been written since the death of Beethoven that bid fair to be immortal?

In Mr. MacDowell we might look for the influences of Scotch blood

early French training, the supervision of Raff. He owes much to these influences; they have contributed gladly to the better expression

the fireman's son of his mother, yet profound sympathy with the infirmities of others, shy concerning his own, inde-



E. A. MACDOWELL.

(From a photograph taken by Benjamin Kimball, and never before published.)

of his own rare individuality. But he is not a copyist, he is not an echo. His own voice is unmistakable.

The character of the man has shaped his music. He is foud of sport, an admirer of physical prowess, not disdainful of the technic of the prize-fighter or the courage of

fatigable in the encouragement of others; a wise and helpful teacher. A virtuoso of the piano as well as the orchestra, a brilliant conductor, he now teaches others. He is not yet forty years old. He already has an international reputation. And I believe that he is only at the beginning of his career.

Dec 6 1897
And Plato had reason to say, that to be a good Physician, it were requisite, that he who should undertake that profession, had past through all such diseases as hee will adventure to cure, and knowne or felt all the accidents and circumstances he is to judge of. I should surely trust such a one better than any else. Others but guide us, as one who sitting in his chaire paints seas, rocks, shelves and havens upon a board, and makes the modell of a tall ship, to saile in all safety: But put him to it in earnest, he knows not what to doe, nor where to begin. They make even such a description of our infirmities as doth a townecrier, who crieth a lost horse or dog, and describeth his haire, his stature, his eares, with other markes and tokens, but bring either unto him he knows him not. And in our dayes, such as make profession of these Arts amongst us, doe lesse than all others shew their effects.

Reading these sage words, we remembered the story told to us by Mr. G. Courteline, the intelligent foreigner. He told us the name of the doctor, but wild horses could not drag it from us.

THE SICK BOY.

Doctor, hat in hand—"Is there a little sick boy here?"

Mother of the sufferer—"Yes, come in. Doctor, my poor dear is very sick. Since this morning—I don't know why—he keeps falling down."

"Falling down?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Falling to the floor?"

"Yes, to the floor."

"That's strange—how old is he?"

"Four years and a half."

"He ought to stand all right at that age. How did it begin?"

"I don't understand it at all, I tell you. He was very well last night, and he played all around the room. This morning I went to wake him as usual; I put on his socks; I put his little breeches on; and then I put him on his feet. He fell at once."

"Perhaps he tripped."

"Listen, doctor. I picked him up; he fell right down again. I was startled, but I picked him up—bang! down he went, and he did it seven or eight times running. I tell you, I don't know what ails him, but since this morning he keeps falling down."

"That's very singular. Let me see him."

The mother goes out of the room, and then comes back with the boy in her

arms. His chubby cheeks are rosy and he appears to be extravagantly well. He wears trousers and a loose blouse starched with dried preserves.

"Why, he's a splendid child!" says the doctor. "Stand him on the floor!"

The mother obeys. The child falls.

"Once more, please."

The child falls again.

"Once more."

Third attempt, followed by the third fall of the sick boy.

The doctor is thoughtful. "Unheard of!" He says to the boy whose mother holds him up by the arms, "Tell me, my fine little fellow, have you a pain anywhere?"

"No, sir."

"Does your head ache?"

"No, sir."

"Did you sleep well last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any appetite now? Would you like a little soup?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Exactly," and the doctor adds with an air of authority, "he has paralysis."

The mother cries, "Paral—! oh, Lord! (She raises her hands toward heaven, and the boy falls.)"

"Yes, madam. I am sorry to say he has complete paralysis of the lower limbs. You can see for yourself that the flesh of your dear child is absolutely insensible. (Speaking, he goes close to the boy and prepares to make the experiment.) "But—but what's this? What's this?" And he screams out, "Thunder and lightning, madam, what's this you are chattering to me about paralysis?"

The amazed mother answers, "But, doctor—" "Of course the boy can't stand on his feet; you have put both his legs into one leg of his breeches."

Women's dress being what it is, slight accidents often happen—accidents which make the wearer ridiculous in the eyes of the other women of her class, for it is a note of that class to snigger at a sister's misfortune. I am a middle-aged and sympathetic woman. It has happened to me to see a lady's false hair rapidly eluding its last hairpin. "Pardon me," I have said in my folly, and in a whisper, "but your hair is coming down."

A whispered "Thank you" in return? Not a bit of it. A savage, silent glare. The woman would rather let her gray hairs fall to the pavement than be be-

holden to a stranger for the word that should save them. It is always the same. Their brooches may be unplanned, their purse obvious in the shallow trough of an ineffectual pocket, their gown be split down the central back seam, their under-petticoat loosed from its moorings and sinking rapidly; offer a helping hand, advice or a pin, and see how you are received. If any gentleman desire to test the manners of women of this class—their absurd vanity and sex-consciousness make it impossible for a man to make the test—let her for a week make a point of helping any woman who seems to need help; open railway-carriage doors for her when her hands are full of parcels; pick up her umbrella when she drops it at an awkward moment, run after her with the Mudge book or the basket she has left in the train, and carefully note the percentage of thanks. These women are destitute of all knowledge of ordinary human courtesies; they are in the world of useful, helpful, friendly people, but not of it. The blankness of their faces may excite your pity, their trivial but constant mishaps arouse your charitable sentiments. Forbear to gratify these softer emotions. These women are persons of no manners, and their name is legion.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Dec 7.

The ornamental leader-writer, the picturesque journalist, the graphic reporter, is now as dead as a door-nail or a red-herring. He has been killed by the paragraph. It is not only that Sala is dead, as the Pall Mall Gazette puts it, but his disciples have gone with him. They are not wanted. The "able editors" who for many years turned newspapers into magazines have now re-transformed their magazines into newspapers. They seek news and avoid style. Rounded periods are no longer the fashion. Snippets are your only wear. Leaderettes have been invented. The reader may run as he reads. He does so. The telephone and the telegraph are masters of the situation.

We were skimming Sala's "Gaslight and Daylight" the other day, and for the first time found in his copy an erroneous description. He is talking about an American Bowling Alley in London, with a flaring transparency outside, representing General Washington playing skittles with Dr. Franklin. "Of course there was an additional bar for the use of the skittle-players, where the scorer, who wore a very large shirt

collar and a straw hat" (remember this was written in the fifties when straw hats were not fashionable in London) "and was at least a General in America—mixed and sold 'American drinks': brandy cock-tails, gin-slings, egg-noggs, timber-doodles and mint-juleps, which last tasted like very bad gin and water, with green stuff in it, which you were obliged to suck through a straw instead of swigging in the legitimate manner."

Mr. Sala, you were deceived, basely deceived. This bar-keeper was some cockney masquerading; some gin-drinker who knew not the glory of the true julep, or you would never have thus described it.

Not that all juleps in America deserve sonorous praise. North of Mason and Dixon's line they are to be taken cautiously. It is in Virginia, the mother of Presidents, that you should drink them—as in a little vine-clad house near the railway station in Norfolk or at the club in Petersburg. Then would you exclaim with Comus,

Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone, In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena, Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this, To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

But this is a digression. The race of which Mr. Sala was perhaps the most brilliant example is departed. If he were not dead, if he were now at the zenith of his ability, if he should seek a job in a newspaper office here in Boston today, would he be given work, even in charity? Do you not hear the reply "delighted to see you. I have often heard of you. Admirable work. You certainly will have no trouble in making a handsome living, but just at present we really see no place for you; why don't you try the magazines?" And after the departure of the discomfited, the word "Back number" would escape the editor's lips.

There are other disappearances in professions. Does any old fashioned family doctor, with interestingly variegated waistcoat, smelling of drugs and snuff, still drive about, carrying a box of prepared powders, telling a remark made to him by Sir Benjamin Brodie?

And where is the old-fashioned criminal lawyer, respected for his knowledge of the law of evidence, yet suspected

Philip Hale.

When I am alone, I feel sad and
Not knowing I am alone,
When, having many things,
I have achieved my goal,
Will you, that love not things outworn,
Come close and say "Good-bye?"
I shall not see, I shall not hear,
I shall not mourn nor weep;
And yet—if you will stand awhile
And look upon my sleep,
I think the rest I shall attain
Will be more sound and deep.

No, Mr. Auger, you are wrong. The
city election is something more than
a portion of the great Celtic phantas-
magoria. It is better for you to vote
with conviction for the wrong man
than to play the indifferent or to sulk
like Achilles in his tent.

She worked, refusing solace or repose,
The widow for her girl, her one, her rose;
Bloodless she grew to fill those veins so
sweet,
She fasted that the splendid child might eat;
She watched that sleep might linger by that
head,
Allured, made fast; and so this childhood
sped.
The girl became a queer of love; her charms
Broke into flower within those aging arms.
There she was loved and married; thence she
went
To some far town and lived there, well con-
tent.
The widow works alone, alone at night
Turns home, unused to sleep, expects the
light;
She moves to speak, and speaks not; but
her breath
Sends benediction from the lips of death.

These lines in their original form are
by an Italian woman. The widow is
known outside of Italy. She has aged
rapidly in some New Hampshire village.
She has been kept awake at night by
din in Boston's streets. She has enter-
tained delusions that her girl might not
despair. She has been cold and hun-
gry that her daughter might be sleek.
She sees the resurrection of her buried
hopes and desires in the brilliant vital-
ity of the one for whom she has sacri-
ficed everything. Her reward is the
unthinking comfort and selfish com-
placency of her idol. Yet will she be
avenged, by the neglect of the son-in-
law or the waywardness of a grand-
child.

Lately in London a woman was
charged before a magistrate with ille-
gal pawning. She was a shirtmaker.
She was in the habit of receiving 6
cents for each dozen made. An indig-
nant man asks in a journal: "Why
should not the firms employing these
people be shown up by printing the
names of a dozen or so in our leading
dailies, so that we can thus avoid buy-
ing our shirts where such wages (which
in plain English mean starvation) are
paid?" There are such sweat-shops in
cities of this country. Do you suppose
if such lists referred to by the indignant
Englishman should be published here
in Boston, that you would be deterred
from buying a shirt that pleased you
and was comparatively cheap? Would
you not argue that so long as the evil
exists and seems inevitable, you might
as well profit by it?

Does not a great joy of the elect,
according to grave fathers of the
church, consist in contemplating the
torments of the damned?

What distinction is there after all in
winning a name that is occasionally
tromboned from the roof? The dwell-
ers in the upper stories are too near
to catch it distinctly. Thus Mr. Jules
Claretie says that the peasants of
Ermenonville never knew the name of
Rousseau, whose body was supposed
to rest in the local cemetery. "I
asked one of them if he knew the name
of Rousseau." "Si je connais Rous-
seau? Why, we were at school to-
gether; he was the best carpenter in
the neighborhood." As to another Im-
mortal, Mr. Claretie says: "I asked a
postman for Victor Hugo's house. The
answer was, 'Must live in lodgings,
else I should know him.'"

L. D. S. writes, "Did you see the
French report of the French play in
Sanders Theatre? It was published in
the Herald." We did, we did. As
Artemus Ward said of the Tower, "It's
a sweet boon." We hear that our con-
temporary will henceforth publish all
news from Cuba in Spanish.

Kings, as well as play-actresses and
singers, have their passionate press
agents. Here is a specimen story. It
is told of the late Dr. Saglione, and
Humbert, who has no faith in drugs
or physicians. "One evening the de-
ceased doctor thought he had gained
his point, and he prepared for the King
in his bedroom the powders he was to
take during the night. The next morn-
ing Dr. Saglione rose very early (as
King Humbert never sleeps more than
five hours), being very anxious to know

the effect of his medicine. He was
received in the bedroom, and at once
asked: 'Well, how does your Majesty
feel this morning?'

"Much better—I may say quite well,"
was the response.

"Ah! observed the doctor, rubbing
his hands with satisfaction, 'you see
the result of listening to reason.'

"What do you mean?" asked the
King.

"The powders."

"Bravo!" shouted Humbert, 'go into
the next room and see what you can
find.'

"The powders were in the wastepaper
basket."

Nor is the Emperor Franz Joseph ne-
glected. A correspondent tells a palpi-
tating London public that His Majesty
prefers buttered potatoes with his fish,
chooses "large helpings at the sacrifice
of variety," and has a particular weak-
ness for "Frankfurter mit Kreu." In
summer he takes for his 5 o'clock break-
fast coffee and sliced sausage or ham.
At noon a soup and a slice of roast. At
half-past two a dinner of six courses.
No supper; no nightcap. But do his
shirts open in front or behind? And has
he a pair of suspenders for each pair of
trousers?

ALEXANDRE GUILMANT

Gave His Second and Last Recital
at the Mission Church, Tremont
Street, Roxbury—Mr. Faelten's
Concert.

The program of the afternoon recital
of Mr. Guilmant yesterday was as fol-
lows:

Prelude and fugue in E flat.....Bach
Berceuse.....Salomé
Piaf Lux.....Dubois
Andante cantabile (fourth symphony).....Widor

Sixth Sonata in B minor (MSS.).....Guilmant

I. Allegro con fuoco.
II. Meditation.
III. Fugue and adagio.

Marche du St. Sacrement.....Chauvet
Improvisation on a given theme.

Finale in B flat.....Frank

Mr. Guilmant's performance of the
prelude and fugue was distinguished
by breadth and nobility of conception,
and by rare precision of attack and
rhythm in the performance. Equally
brilliant was his performance of Du-
bois's characteristic and effective piece.
The sonata, dedicated to Widor, and
played for the first time in America,
opens with a fiery and dramatic allegro;
a short meditation follows; the finale
is composed of a difficult fugue, which
leads by a passage not unlike certain
measures of Tschalkowsky in the first
movement of the Pathetic Symphony
to an adagio for soft stops, which ends
in a pianissimo. Chauvet's quaint
march, with its introduction of a well-
known plain song theme, has been
heard here before. The noble finale of
Frank was played with superb maes-
tria.

The theme given Mr. Guilmant for
improvisation was "Adeste Fideles." His
treatment of it was most admir-
able. A pastorate movement with oc-
casional suggestions of the tune led
into the hymn ingeniously harmonized,
and variations were rich in surprising
and bold progressions. After a display
of the full organ, there was an inge-
nious return to the pastorate.

There was a very large audience. I
understand that Mr. Guilmant has been
invited to give another recital in the
Mission Church before he leaves this
country.

Philip Hale.

MR. FAELTEN'S CONCERT.

Mr. Carl Faelten, assisted by Mr. W.
D. Strong, gave a piano recital in Stein-
ert Hall last evening. The program
included Mozart's Fantasia No. 2 in C
minor and sonata No. 2, which was
played in musical fashion; Beethoven's
32 variations; Kirchner's Humoreske
op. 2, No. 4, and Neue Davidsbunder
Tanze, op. 17, No. 5, which are very
dry compositions; Schumann's Scenes
from Childhood, which were played in
a rather mechanical manner; Raff's
suite, op. 72, and Gouvy's variations
for two pianos on "Lililullero," a piece
new to concert goers, superficially bril-
liant, and not especially interesting.
The ensemble was good. Mr. Strong
is a pianist of talent, with a good
touch. There was a large audience.

And Mr. Jules Renard, smiling, told
the little ones this story:

THE HENS.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Johnson, "that
Bridget has forgotten to shut up the hens."

She was right.
From the window you could see that the
door of the hen-house was open.

"Henry, go shut the door."

"I'm not going to bother about the hens,"
said Henry, lazy and a coward.

"You go, Maggie."

"I'm afraid."

Henry and Maggie were reading, elbows on
the table.

"Sandy, you go."

Sandy was thus nick-named on account of
his hair and face. He was fooling under
the table.

But Maggie and I'm afraid, too."

"What? A big boy like you? Nonsense!
Hurry up and do it."

"He's a brave fellow," said Maggie, and
Henry said, the big brother, "He's afraid of
nothing."

These compliments made Sandy proud, and
he began to struggle against his cowardice.
Maggie took a candle and accompanied
him to the end of the hall.

"I'll wait for you here."

But she ran away immediately, because
the wind blew out the candle.

Sandy shook with fear. The darkness was
so thick he thought he was blind. Foxes,
even wolves, waited for him. The best
thing for him to do was to plunge blindly,
head down, toward the hen-house. He took
hold of the hook of the door. The hens,
bearing his steps, moved on the roosting
sticks.

"Shut up! Don't you know who it is?"

He shut the door and ran like a deer. When
he came back, puffing, proud, it seemed to
him in the light and the warmth that he ex-
changed muddy rags for new and light cloth-
ing. He smiled, he strutted, playing the
hero; he awaited compliments, and, out of
danger, sought on the faces of his parents
some trace of the anxiety which they must
have felt.

But Henry and Maggie kept on reading,
and Mrs. Johnson said quietly:

"Sandy, you can do it every night after
this."

What a hubbub "The New Letters of
Napoleon" have made! Perfidious Al-
bion acts as though the Corsican were
even now gazing with greedy eyes at
the English coast and counting his war-
ships at Boulogne. It might have been
better for him, if he had foreseen the
advice of Martin Van Buren and walked
15 miles instead of writing a letter.

But, dear sir, would you be willing
to see all your letters in print? Do you
remember that sentimental message you
sent to your old flame Eliza, when you
had had a tiff with your faithful
spouse? Would you be pleased to see
your confidential note to Jawkins, ask-
ing to be admitted to a certain deal by
which stockholders would be defrauded?

There is an old saw, which is worthy
of remembrance: Never write a let-
ter, and keep all that you receive.

Delilah Fales is a paradoxical name.
Did Delilah ever fail when she exerted
herself?

The gas explosion at the New Eng-
land Conservatory "broke a large plas-
ter statue of Hermes into fragments." But
what was the statue doing in the
Conservatory? Hermes was not the god
of music; he was the god of shop-
keepers and tradesmen; also the patron
of robbers.

If you are in doubt as to a suitable
book for little Bertie or Eliza Jane,
order of Santa Claus "More Beasts for
Worse Children." Are you sceptical? Ponder
this poetical admonition to the
greedy:

The vulture eats between his meals,
And that's the reason why
He very, very rarely feels
As well as you and I.
His eye is dull, his head is bald;
His neck is growing thinner;
Oh, what a lesson for us all
To only eat at dinner!

The editor would like to have a young
lady who can set type without trying
to run the editor. We know we are not
pretty and sometimes go around with
our shoes off if our corns hurt us, but
that is our own business. We don't
propose to be heehawed at by any man,
woman, or child. This is a snap for
some quiet girl, who ain't afraid of
homespun socks and home-grown whis-
kers.—Morehead (Ky.) Advance.

We read the review of the "Ian Mac-
laren Kaiendar" published in the Satur-
day Review, for it is, first of all, ap-
preciative. "Here is a calendar," says
the reviewer, "which we may hang at
the head of our beds, and as we wake
to the toil and travail of each new day
we can brace ourselves for the fight of
life by an extract from one or other of
Mr. Ian MacLaren's books. The weary
pilgrim will start up refreshed from his
couch, eager to go forth and fight the
giants of Poverty and Despair when he
reads on 14 January that 'our worst
job'll be crossin' the Tochtie.' On the
17th he will start a new life admonished,
'We mauna gang a saxeptione intae debt.'
Better than a cold bath on the 28th will
be the simple statement that 'the snow
had drifted down the wide chimney.'
In February we are comforted by the
assurance that 'in winter I see the sun
shining on the white sides of Glen
Urtach.' In April we are asked to solve
the abstruse problem, 'Was a beadle
ever a baby?' In June we are informed
that 'there's a rose-bush yonder still.'
'I'll read it till I die' is the phrase for
the last day of July, and refers, no
doubt, to the Calendar and the desper-
ate determination necessary to perse-
vere with the reading of it. Of all the
three hundred and sixty-five texts which
adorn this calendar, there is not one which
is worth the trouble of reading, either for
its contents or its form. Mostly they are
bald statements of absolutely uninteresting fa-

with no sense when wrested from
their context, and little enough when
taken with it. Mr. MacLaren may think
the 'Kaiendar' a brilliant advertisement
of his books. In reality, it is a blazing
exposure of the commonplace news of his
mind.

oec

Smile on me, mouth of red so much (too) red,
Shine on me, eyes which darkened lashes
shade,
Turn, turn my way, oh gleeful golden head!
My soul is lost, then let the price be paid!
Amid rich flowers your rosy lamplight
gleams,
Amid rich hangings pass your scented
hours,
And woods and fields are green but in my
dreams,
And only in my dreams grow meadow-
flowers.

I have forgotten everything but you—
The apple orchard where the robin sings,
The quiet fields, the moonlight, and the dew,
The virgin's bower that in wet hedges
clings,
I have forgotten how the cool grass waves
Where clean winds blow, and where good
women pray
For happy, honest men, safe in their graves,
And—oh, my God! I would I were as they.

And then Catulle Mendès, with his
voice of sinister sweetness, chanted in
recitative this story of true love.

AT FULL GALLOP.

At night, down the side of the mountain,
down the downward road, to the crash of
breaking branches and the roar of rolling
rocks, the lover and his sweetheart galloped
at desperate speed, in mad flight on their
goaded horses; and in breathless speed they
talked continually.

"They will overtake us," he said.
"That will be the end of us," she answered.
"If they kill us, so much the better."
"Yes, indeed; let them kill us."
"But they will not kill us."
"Why not?"
"They know that to live without you—"
"Oh! despair!"
"Would be crueler than to die without
you."

"Oh! to die together!"

"And your husband will spare us—"

"Alas!"

"You, because he loves you?"

"I detest him!"

"And me, because he hates me."

And they were silent in still madder flight.

"Are you sure," she asked, "that there is
absolutely no hope?"

"There is no hope."

"No place of refuge?"

"None."

"And we shall live without seeing each
other?"

"Never."

"Well—let us die!"

"Ah—that is my desire."

"Listen. At the foot of this road—"

"The precipice yawns, enormous, fright-
ful."

"Use the spurs!"

"Yes."

"Quicker! Faster still!"

"Yes!"

"And we two will roll—"

"After one last kiss."

"Behold it!"

"In death."

Then the horse of the lover plunged into the
abyss! But she, a skillful horsewoman, with
a jerk of the reins, stopped her horse on the
very brink; and while his legs quivered,
stepping under the stars, she smiled at the
man tumbling from rock to rock and holding
toward her his shattered arms!

As you see, this delightful story is
written in the French style, which was
adopted by Artemus Ward in "Pyro-
techny." Said Artemus,

"The French style consists of making
just as many paragraphs as possible.

"Thus one may fill up a column in a
very short time.

"I am paid by the column, and the
quicker I can fill up a column—but this
is a matter to which we will not refer.
"We will let this matter pass."

Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, formerly of
Boston, is the author of an article
entitled, "Are we not giving too much
thought to the technical side of music?"
It would have been better for Mr. Peter-
silea if he had confined himself exclu-
sively to the technical side and frowned
on the emotional.

In England more women are cremated
than men. "The explanation of this
is that husbands, as a rule, do not ob-
ject to the cremation of their wives; but
wives very seldom allow the crema-
tion of their husbands. On account of
the existence of this sentiment on the
part of wives, the Cremation Society
has had to stand by on several occa-
sions and watch the earth-burial of a
man who in life had been one of the
most ardent supporters of cremation."

Miss Partla, a female barber, does
not think highly of her sex. "Women
are not like men; if you treat men well
they will appreciate it, but women must
be sat down on at least once a week."
There are some men who believe in
this theory: Witness the Cotter's Sat-
urday night.

Dr. William Lyon Phelps of Yale
University is praised by the Sun (New

York. And why? Because he praised the *Sat. A.* Artemus Ward wrote to the editor: "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."

Steven and Henley's "Admiral Guise" was produced for the first time Nov. 29 at the Avenue Theatre, London. Mr. Henley wrote a prologue for the occasion. Here is an extract, which refers to the authors themselves:

One of this pair sleeps till the crack of dawn
Where the great ocean-rollers plunge and
To him:
The other waits, and wonders what his
Friend,
Dead now, and dead, and silent, were the
end
Revered to his rare spirit, would find to
say
If you, his lovers, loved him for this play.

STRUBE AND KNEISEL.

Composer and Virtuoso at the
Eighth Symphony Concert in
Music Hall Last Evening, Emil
Paar Conductor.

The program of the 8th Symphony concert was as follows:

"Scherzade".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Concert for violin, G major, Op. 13.....Strube
Symphony, "Im Walde".....Raff
Mr. Gustav Strube's violin concerto (ms.), dedicated to Mr. Franz Kneisel, and adorned with a cadenza by that eminent violinist, was first performed by Mr. Kneisel at the Worcester Festival of this year, Sept. 22. The work was then reviewed at length in the Journal. Since the first performance, Mr. Strube has revised the finale extensively, has in fact practically rewritten it, and has strengthened the tutti throughout. The concerto is improved thereby. At Worcester the orchestral background in the finale was rather vague, rhythmically indistinct and halting and pale in color. As it stands today the concerto is an admirable work one that gives pleasure to amateur and musician, and one that must be grateful to violinists.

For this music is tuneful and at the same time firmly built; it is fresh without deliberate endeavor; it is original, but without eccentricity or youthful desire to startle. Mr. Strube knows what he wishes to say, says it, and, having said it, makes modestly his exit, not "taying awkwardly to pump your hand or indulge in remarks that would be more appropriate as a death-bed farwell. Ah, men and brethren, the art of knowing when to stop is a precious gift, appreciated by an audience."

The adagio, which is connected with the first movement, is thoughtful and finely beautiful; to me it is the finest portion of the work, although the first movement is charming by reason of its spontaneous melody and sure but unostentatious workmanship in the development. The orchestration is discreet and therefore effective. Each instrument when introduced in solo or imitation has something to say, has an excuse for its appearance.

When Mr. Kneisel played this concerto at Worcester I spoke of his labor of love, his appreciation of the genuine effect of his colleague in the orchestra. He again last night showed the utmost interest and interest, and surely the composer who conducted, must have been proud of his interpreter. I have written a few words in the magazine supplement of today about Mr. Kneisel's career in Vienna, Berlin and Boston. I have not discussed his rare artistic gifts at length, because they are so well known and admired so honestly by all that to vex the language of eulogy might seem impertinent to his admirers and to the modesty of the man himself. Think for a moment of the activity of the violinist! Think of the number of works that he has introduced as soloist and as quartet leader! His conscientiousness, his fidelity to the composer, his gift of divining the intention of the composer, are as conspicuous as his eminent qualities as a virtuoso. That Mr. Kneisel played Mr. Strube's concerto—that he will play it again in New York—is a higher comment to Mr. Strube than any that can be paid by a hearer. And when it was played by Mr. Kneisel you know at once the interpretation was all that Mr. Strube could desire.

Player and composer were applauded and recalled heartily and frequently.

It may seem ungracious to complain, for there was very much in this concert to give pleasure; but, surely the program was arranged unwisely, and the concert was too long.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Symphony Suite "Scherzade," performed here last evening, has many trying passages for solo violin. To put this work immediately before a violin concerto was a mistake, for the element of freshness in hearing the solo violin in a concerto was impossible; the effect had been dissipated. An overture would have been more to the purpose.

A second hearing of the suite confirms the impression made in April. The gorgeous work, interesting throughout, is a count of the wildness of imagination, as well as the supreme individuality displayed in the orchestration. The composer built on Berlioz rather

than on Wagner, but he has produced effects that would have excited the amazement of Berlioz himself. Rimsky-Korsakoff, an officer of marines, knows his ocean, and compared to his musical storm, that of Wagner in "The Flying Dutchman," or that of Rubinstein, the symphonist, seems a small sweeping across a mill-pond. The only pages that are to be put by the side of Rimsky-Korsakoff's are those of Paul Gilson, the Belgian, whose symphonic poem was mutilated cruelly here by Mr. Nikisch.

Do you find the liking of the Oriental tunes an acquired taste? To me they were a relief after so many concertos this season where smug, complacent Occidentalism prevailed. But this work of the Russian with a terrible name does not rest solely upon the character of his tunes; it rests upon imagination, sentiment, virility, workmanship, and in these qualities I put "Scherzade" far above "Thus Spoke Zarathustra" by Mr. Richard Strauss, metaphysician in music. Nor do I know of any German now living who approaches this Russian in his mastery of orchestration.

The "Im Walde" symphony is a work of extreme beauty. "If you should leave the hall during the performance," a musician once said, "walk around the block and return, you would find something to charm you, no matter which page of the score was about to be turned." And this musician spoke the truth.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

"Tradition" That Is a
Fetish Built of Sand.

A Long Account of Massenet's
New Opera "Sapho."

Notes and Comments on Pieces,
Singers and Players.

A few weeks ago the Journal published a list of works by Alexander Glazounow which have been performed in this country.

I am indebted to Mr. Max Zach for these additional notes. As conductor of the "Pop" concerts in Music Hall, he brought out two numbers from Glazounow's Chopiniana, suite for orchestra: Nocturne op. 15, May 19, 1897; and Polonaise op. 49, May 28, 1897.

Mr. Kneisel played a ballade by Mr. B. E. Woolf at a Kneisel Quartet concert in Fall River Nov. 23. Mr. Woolf wrote the piece last summer.

It appears that bassoonists as well as pianists have their romantic experiences. Do you remember Mr. Guetter of the Boston Symphony Orchestra? He went from here to the Berlin Royal Orchestra, and the report came last month that he had killed himself. Mr. Floersheim wrote Nov. 20 to the Musical Courier, "The suicidal attempt of Guetter is explained. He is said to have been on intimate terms with a society lady, whose husband finally got wind of the matter. When confronted the married woman denied culpability, and her husband was willing to believe in the innocence of the flirtation if both parties, the bassoon player and his wife, would swear a holy oath that they had not betrayed him. The woman swore the oath, but Guetter went away, and put a bullet in his brain. He is not dead yet, but only scant hopes are entertained regarding his ultimate recovery."

Mr. H. T. Finck thus spoke in the Evening Post (N. Y.) Dec. 4, of certain piano pieces by Mr. MacDowell:

P. L. Jung has just issued a new edition of Prof. MacDowell's "Woodland Sketches," his last work for the piano. It consists of a series of ten short pieces, connected poetically, and united in the last number in a very artistic manner. These are the most inspired and original short pieces ever written for the piano in this country. They would put Mr. MacDowell in the front rank of living composers had he done nothing else. One would have to go to Chopin or Schubert to find anything equal in reminiscent dreaminess and intense feeling and pathos to the piece entitled "A Deserted Farm." These pieces can and must be played with infinite tenderness of expression; the composer has very wisely written all the expression marks in English. The "Woodland Sketches" were first issued a year ago in a very expensive form; the new edition is much cheaper, and may be found at Breitkopf & Härtel's and other music stores. Singers will find in MacDowell's collection of "Eight Songs" a wealth of musical material and beauty equal to that of the "Woodland Sketches." It has been announced heretofore that Mr. MacDowell's Indian Suite will be played this winter by the Philharmonic. Mr. Thomas produced it in Chicago a few weeks ago. There is a rumor that Columbia's Professor of Music is at work on a symphony but this has not been confirmed.

Mr. C. M. Loeffler's Divertimento for violin and orchestra was announced for performance by Carl Halir at the third Gürzenich concert at Cologne, Willner, conductor, Nov. 23.

Mr. MacDowell's second piano concerto was played by Teresa Carreno at the second of these concerts, Nov. 9.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean:

Prof. Hans Ulrich, a North Side composer, has recently contributed to Chicago's fame as a centre of musical art, by composing "The Fantasia Appendiciteis." It is purely a descriptive composition, and the composer, having gone through the awful agonies of the fashionable disease, believes his master work is not lacking in realism.

Prof. Ulrich comes from Germany, and now lives on Menominee Street, not far from Clark. Last summer, at the Alexian Brothers' hospital he was operated upon for appendicitis, and after he had fully recovered, he set to work on the masterpiece which he hopes will make him famous.

The composition begins allegretto vivace. The scene is in the vineyard; the sun is shining, and all nature smiles. Then, as the grapes are being picked, the melody is carried in a delicate staccato, full of fascinating detail, breathing the very soul of poetry and music combined, and terminating in ecstatic rapture as the grapes are being eaten.

The scene abruptly changes as the low notes of the bass viol characterize groans of agony. Darkness comes on, and the shrieks of the piccolos denote shooting pains in the vermiform appendage. In wonderful composition sleepless nights and days of unceasing torture are expressed. Then comes the consultation of doctors in low, solemn notes, terminating in an awful climax as the announcement is made that the patient has the appendicitis.

Following this is a tempo di gallop; the rumble of the kettle-drums tells that the ambulance is rolling up to the door, and the sufferer is carried away to the hospital. An intensely dramatic battle between life and death then takes place. The weird blending of the instruments tells that the shadow of the tomb has fallen over the sick bed. The pathetic and anxious notes of the violins are the inquiries of friends; the low rolling of the violas is the subdued words of grave doctors and anxious nurses, while the piercing screams of the flute denote the triumph of the demon, Death.

In pianissimo the strings indicate the ebbing away of life, the somber strain almost dying as a sleeping potion is administered preparatory to an operation. The patient is laid upon the dissecting table, and the jingle of the cymbals indicate that surgical instruments are being placed near at hand ready for use. In elaborate contrast with the low and distant melody comes the loud yet steady blending of the full orchestra as the operation is being performed, changing into a solemn strain as the physicians at the completion of the operation anxiously await for the awakening of the patient.

The composer has shown his masterly skill in a marvellous bit of musical embroidery as the sick man opens his eyes. The pain has gone and the composition ends in a hymn of praise at his deliverance.

The Journal has received this letter:

New York, Dec. 7.—An audience made up of some two thousand of New York's 400, with a sprinkling of such men as Richard Harding Davis, John Drew and Arthur Brisbane to give intellectual brilliancy, seintilled (as regards priceless jewels) and chattered as only a cultivated New York assembly can, on the occasion of the first entertainment of the Society of Musical Arts in the magnificent hall of the new Astoria Hotel on Monday evening.

The program was opened at 9.30 by the production of an opera comique by "antique" Noel Adam, entitled "Le Chantre." The play bill said that it was his first production in 30 years, and if it had been composed by the original Adam it could not have been more archaic. It was interpreted with intelligence by M. Salignac, Mr. Charles Morel and Mlle. de Brelet, and there being something to look at, Society held its generally busy tongue.

It was to have been followed by that transcendently noble piece of tone painting, Edgar Stillman Kelley's Aladdin suite, and I have reason to believe that the music was given, for Mr. Kelley, dignified and calm, mounted the conductor's stand and gave the signal to the orchestra to begin. Unfortunately, Society misinterpreted the signal and letting loose its tongue there followed such a babel of gossip and small talk that much of the music was utterly lost and all of it was spoiled. Seriously, this was unpardonable, as a delicious suite is heard too rarely

and there were some in the audience who came to listen.

The two interesting Chinese songs that followed, one the more or less familiar "Lady Picking Mulberries," of Mr. Kelley's, and the other a Chinese Lullaby, words by Edwin Star Belknap, music by Harvey Worthington Loomis, were listened to because Miss Grace Gregory, who interpreted them (and with great charm) wore a Chinese costume.

The performance was brought to an end by the first production in America of Chaminade's "Ballet Symphonique," Callirhoe.

This really exquisite music received a respectful hearing at the hands, or, rather, ears of the 400, because there was a spectacle that basted their eyes and it is not in the power of the average society man or woman to see, hear and talk at once.

Taken in its entirety, the entertainment reflected credit upon the management, but it is a mistake to produce operas that died a generation ago, and it is positive cruelty to subject composers to the ignoble work of trying to drown chatter by harmony.

The "Survance" of "tradition" in performance of music may be fetter, and therefore a stumbling-block, or it may be discriminating appreciation of the style of the period to which the work belongs.

When a pianist plays a majestically profound adagio of Beethoven, although it were a nocturne of Chopin, he may play the notes and observe the rhythm and the accents, but the objection is made justly that he does not comprehend the piece, that he is not in sympathy with the composer. He may therefore be said to trample on tradition.

But when it is said in England or Germany, or even in enlightened America, that any great musician of the seventeenth or eighteenth century expected his works to be performed with rigid, unyielding metronomic precision in time, with piano-organ regularity, here is a tradition that seems absurd on the face of it.

Mr. Runciman, in the Saturday Review of Nov. 27, speaking of a Dolmetsch concert, makes a digression concerning "tradition," and brings valuable evidence to bear on this point:

"Always excepting the Handel concerto, the most stimulating item of the evening was a romance for harpsichord by Claude Balbastre; and this less on its own account than because of an extraordinary discovery made by Mr. Dolmetsch in connection with it. I call the discovery extraordinary; for although, doubtless, all my brother critics knew of it before, I had never heard of it until this concert; and it bears out, in the most startling manner, all I have said about the old music in these columns during the last three years.

The daily press—the Daily Telegraph for example—has often told us, when an unfamiliar pianist has ventured to infuse a certain amount of feeling into a Mozart sonata, that such liberties with the tempo are not justified in the works of any composer earlier than Beethoven (it is generally Beethoven). Classical music, we have always been instructed, must be played in the classical manner; that is to say, the interpreter must not interpret, but must rush through the piece with the unrelenting exactness and hardness of a barrel-organ. The classical composers, we are always instructed, always played their music in precisely this manner; else how arose the 'classical tradition'? Now, whenever the word 'tradition' is mentioned, I mention the word 'rubbish,' or some other word to the same effect. How can a tradition have come, I ask, through men who were so much, non-conductors of all the qualities that were fine in the old composers' playing? In short, I have always taken the evidence of the music rather than the evidence of men who proved how little they understood of the music and who therefore may be assumed to have understood just as little of the manner in which the music was played. And now for Mr. Dolmetsch's discovery, which partly excuses all this self-glorification. A man called Don Bedos de Celles, a Benedictine, wrote a treatise on Organ-building, in 1766. Not content with describing that noble instrument, the genuine organ, in multitudinous detail, he must needs tell how to prepare music so that it could be played on the wholly diabolical instrument, the barrel-organ. The piece he chose as an example was Balbastre's romance, then very popular. But, said Don Bedos de Celles, no true musician ever plays in exact time; the music would sound absurd if he did. So he got Monsieur Balbastre to play the romance over to him many times, which M. Balbastre was, possibly, very glad to do; he noted down the precise number of beats, or proportion of fractions of beats, each note got, and he mapped the thing out so clearly that it is practicable, with care, to play the piece precisely as Monsieur Balbastre played it a hundred and fifty years ago. And what do we find? That though the 'license' permitted to the player was not so wide as that granted to a modern Chopin-player, still there was a very considerable license indeed. In fact, this diagram of good Bedos de Celles simply sweeps clean out of existence the 'classical mode of rendering' the older music, and 'traditions,' and the rest of those withered, hoary, Academic bugaboos. So I chortle merrily; my enemy the Academic, the pedant, is driven from his last stronghold. He will not love Mr. Dolmetsch the more; but what does that matter so long as the only true truth flourishes?"

Mr. Joseph Bennett, in the December Musical Times, alludes to the newspaper fight between Mr. H. T. Finck and Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, quotes extracts of verbal scorn and defiance, and then adds plaintively, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, what is the good of all this?" It does not make appreciably for musical righteousness, but it harms no one, and gives innocent amusement to many. It also furnished copy for Mr. Bennett.

The following last resting account of Massenet's "Sapho" is taken from the Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 29:

Paris, Nov. 28.—The name of M. Massenet is so well known that a new opera composed by him naturally excites wide public interest, more especially when the great composer draws upon a novel by Alphonse Paudet for the subject of his work. But as it is impossible to set to music a story in three hundred pages, the original novel has had to undergo a number of mutilations that make it almost unrecognizable.

M. Alphonse Paudet endeavored to show in "Sapho" the sad consequences of those ill-fated unions to which the French have given the characteristic name of collages. To do this, M. Paudet employed all the resources of his

next page for
portrait



FRANZ KNEISEL.

Dec 13 1897

THE NEW WALTHAM CHURCH.

Whence came this pile of rustle stone
That points to heaven all alone
The Mark of ages and of Mass
And on the gable looms the granite cross
This is accorden to the Makers plan
Long before the advent of man
That stood the deluge floods and storms
That hapned to the world in many forms
Then came the Red man from the Lord
knows where
And piled the Sealed faced Stores up here
and there
Their wiggwams was of bark and sods
Their furnishings came from the gods
And a thier game with blood and fishes
was served up in Cribble dishes
One of Gods servants endowed with riches
Gathered this pile from hills swamps and
dishes
That this world may look and not be wried
At Cribble stone of the glacier pearled
Long to the artist that planed out this
Thurs
Then Death overakes him he will not be
in the lurch
He will say Come my good servent on wings
you will go higher
And raise this Church for a monument with
tower and Spire
For the natural historion will fall on his
knees
Says this is a Nature itself fulfilling all the
order
And eride and the groom up the steps on
their marches
Will no doubt Cast their eyes on them fine
Cribble arches

Q.

Although we prefer Q when he is
trailing with pittle hand the wounds
of poor humanity or watching with
his eyes the mul'farious attractions
of the Great Wild East Show, we al-
ways welcome his apperition as "a
good thing" in the high reason of his
fame with his earland and singing
about him."

Do not be deceived: Q. writes, and
I write exclusively for the Boston
Journal. I scrupulous publishers may
annunce in prospectures for 1898 the
fastest publication of poems and essays
to him, but Q. is engaged, at an ex-
traordinary high price, to write solely
for this paper.

Before we diver from the hall of
the Muses to the plain of prose, let
us consider the sweet poem entitled

THE MICROLE.

The microle is very small
That cannot make you out at all
But must sing on a little house
To see how through a microscope
He found a house that has a pet
A little child of four
That must suffer with a little
Of the world and a little more

On each of which a pattern stands,
Composed of forty separate bands;
His eyebrows of a tender green—
All these have never yet been seen;
But scientists, who ought to know,
Assure us that they must be so
Oh, let us never, never doubt
What nobody is sure about!

Mr. Elbert Hubbard has been perse-
cuted of late, even in his own village,
East Aurora. "There was the man
canvassing for a history of Erie Coun-
ty, which is to have in it seven hundred
pictures of the most noted citizens—
mine included if I would pay the small
sum of ten dollars for the photogravure
steel engraving made by the half-tone
process. And last week came a very
sleek and very young Hebrew who pre-
sented an engraved card bearing the
legend: Estes, Goupeeel & Barry, Art
Dealers, Philadelphia. This young man
had a work in 162 parts at fifty cents a
part, called 'Art and Literature of the
Klendike.' He glowingly explained why
I could not longer exist without it; at

last I managed to get in a weak excuse
to the effect that I, too, made artistic
books. He fixed me with his glittering
eye, and said: 'But you don't make
books like these!' and I recovered my
breath and answered, 'True, and God
helping me I never will!' The young
man went his way muttering that I had
no appreciation of the beautiful, and
going across the street to the Tavern
referred to me feelingly as a buckwheat
printer."

Mr. Whittier's law case, which has
been settled finally by higher court, re-
calls a story of an old Italian painter
and a snobbish patron. The tale, as
the Pall Mall Gazette reminds us, is
in Dezaillier D'Argenville's "Vie des
Peintres." The painter was Giovanni
Batista Gaula (or Gaulli), commonly
called Baelo or Baelcello. When he was
at the height of his fame and in Rome
an cavalier commissioned the artist,
then at the height of his fame, to
adornate his lordly features, no definite
price being agreed upon. The painter,
once the portrait finished, asked a hun-
dred crowns in payment. The high-
born sister, amazed at the demand, re-
turned no more, nor dared he send for
his counterfeit presentment; whereupon
the artist hit upon the happy expedient
of firing painting bars across the por-
trait, then affixing the doleful legend,
"Imprisoned for Debt," and finally plac-
ing it in a prominent part of his studio,
to which Roman nobles frequently re-
sorted. Ere long a rich relative came
to the rescue and released his kinsman.

What! would you slap the pareupine?
Unhappy child! desist!
A wail that any friend of mine
Should turn Tutoophillist.

To strike the meekest and the least
Of creatures is a sin;
How much more bad to strike a beast
With prickles in his skin!

Alphonse Daudet can afford to con-
tinue his smile at the French Academy
if his brother Ernest is chosen a mem-
ber.

The Reichstag is wise in one respect,
as shown by its treatment of the Stand-
ard Oil Company; it realizes that fixed
laws like that of supply and demand
cannot be controlled arbitrarily by leg-
islation.

The reports of the scenes at the
brutal bicycle contest in New York and
at the Police Court in Lynn (where
"some of the best-known and most
highly respected women in Lynn came
in carriages or walked and stood with
their sisters outside the doors, waiting
anxiously for the signal to enter," that
they might see four female shoplifters)
will be valuable documents for the fu-
ture historian of American civilization
from the end of the Civil War until
1900.

Dec 14 1897 SONG RECITAL

Given by Miss Lena Little and
Mrs. Em I Paur in Steinert Hall
Last Evening.

The program of the second recital
given by Miss Little and Mrs. Paur was
as follows:

Warum sind die Rosen so blass..... Tschalkowsky
Lied Voegelein zueich..... Robert Kahn
Ligurisches Lied..... Robert Kahn
Jaegerlied..... Robert Kahn
Haidenacht..... Robert Kahn
Der Gartner..... Robert Kahn
Piano.
Clavierstueck, op. 11, No. 2..... Robert Kahn
Erlaube..... Robert Kahn
Serenade..... Robert Kahn
Songs, (by request)..... Robert Kahn
Harmonie du soir (MS.)..... J. M. Loefler
Danzons la Gigue..... J. M. Loefler
La cloche fêlée..... J. M. Loefler
Sérénade..... J. M. Loefler
(With Viola accompaniment played by the
composer.)
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai..... Franz
Waldteufel
Die Trauermusik..... Franz Waldteufel
Serenade..... Richard Strauss

The name of Robert Kahn is not
wholly unknown here. He was born at
Mannheim in 1855, studied with such
serious Germans as Kell, Rheinberger,
and one of the Lachners, and in 1891
he went to Leipzig, where he became
conductor of a female singing society.
Such tender, or at least genteel, asso-
ciation may have softened his talent,
which as displayed in the songs and
piano-piece of last night is pretty and
poet. One of the songs, "Haidenacht,"
is more than this, and it was sung with
considerable feeling by Miss Little, who
in the other songs was well-earned in
endeavor.

I was sorry to see Tschalkowsky's
"Warum sind die Rosen so blass" on
the program, because it is beautiful,
and passionate, and melancholy. I am
very fond of it, and it grieved me to
see it vexed by the singer with the aid
and abetment of the pianist. They very
likely did not intend to injure it; they
too, are fond of it, or they would not
have put it on the program. But there
are amateur photographers, good fel-
lows, to whom you would not intrust
your sweetheart; there are maiden
aunts, most estimable ladies, to whom
you, a widower, on your deathbed,
would not leave your little son or
daughter without a pang. And this
song of Tschalkowsky calls for beauty
of tone, management of breath that
commands the perfect phrase, tempera-
ment that under control prepares the eli-
max and launches it in its full glory.
Now, Miss Little is to be commended
for her frequent introduction of new
and interesting songs and her undeni-
able honesty in endeavor; but I am
sorry to say that praise for her as a
singer must, as a rule, beyond this be
dumb.

Nor did I care for the piano pieces as
played neatly and in a well-bred man-
ner by Mrs. Paur. They said nothing
that was new, and their form of speech
did not cover the want of originality
in thought.

I have spoken my piece about Mr.
Loefler's songs before this, and it is
not necessary to repeat it. Yet, as a
second hearing sometimes is a dis-
illusion, it is only just to the composer
to say that these songs, or rather pieces
for three instruments, are remarkable
in originality, imagination, and work-
manship. I still think that in "Har-
monie du Soir" Mr. Loefler made a
mistake in choosing the line about the
wall as the clou upon which to hang
his music, but I also do not see how
otherwise he could have set this poem
to music for three instruments with
any effect whatever. And I still think
that interesting as the macabresque
split is, and most ingenious as is the
detail of the music out to Veraine's
songs, "La cloche fêlée" is the greatest
of the group; and I regard it as an ex-
ceedingly strong and sustained light of
musical imagination.

Philip Hale.

The turnot was dried, rather in the sense
which can't be helped, unless you are a Lu-
sullus or a Cambacérés of a man, and can
afford to order one for yourself. This
grandeur d'âme is very rare; my friend Tom
Willows is almost the only man I know who
possessed it. Yes, * * * one of the witliest
men in London, I once knew to take the
whole intérieur of a diligence (six places),
because he was a little unwell. Ever since
I have admired that man. He understands
true economy; a mean, extravagant man
would have contented himself with a single
place, and been unwell in consequence.

In London as in Paris there is still
talking or scolding about the Academy
as it should be or is; for there are un-
easy persons in London town who really
believe that there should be an Aca-
demy of Letters on each side of the Chan-
nel.

There has been talk of an Academy in
this country, and of meetings—feasts
of the gods!—at Chicago; or is it Bos-
ton?

In Boston the Papyrus serves as an
Academy—for Boston. It is true that
only copper-bottomed, riveted, triple-
expansion authors are allowed to par-
take of the sacred plant that grows in
the firewater of the Revere House.
Each applicant must present at least a
sestina, or a rondeau, or an essay on
drainage, stirpiculture, or some other
timely, sociological problem. It does not
matter whether the article has been ac-
cepted or refused by magazine, news-
paper, or syndicate. Here is there a
home for the lauded refused, the dis-
couraged orators, the laborious epi-
grammatists—of whom the paying
world is not worthy. The only trouble
with the Papyrus as a national institu-
tion is that it is sublimely parochial; it
is irrevocably Bostonian, with charity,
however, for those that dwell in the
darkness of Lynn and Jamaica Plain.
It is hard to realize it, it seems in-
credible, but the names of several of its
deepest thinkers and keenest wits—"the
keenest since the days of Helen of
Troy," as the late Mr. Hadlock re-
marked when as an honored guest he
made an impassioned speech—these
names that lend a glory to this city are
not known in either Cincinnati, Pal-
myra, or Lacrosse. Therefore the Papy-
rus cannot justly claim the proud title
of American Academy of Letters;
neither can the Algonquin of Boston,
nor the Players of New York, nor the
Bohemian of San Francisco.

Now in Paris the place left vacant
by the late Duc d'Aumale is spoken
for by Baron Imbert de Saint-Amand.
He advances the recommendation of a
literary specialty; he has written about
woman, lovely woman. The list of his
works includes, "The Women of Ver-
sailles" (five volumes), "The Women of
the Tuilleries" (thirty-five volumes),
"The Women of the Court of the last
Valois" (number not stated), "Portraits
of some Great Ladies," etc. If this
gallantry entitles him to the coveted
chair, a precedent will be established
in this country for the equally gallant
Mr. Bok.

Discussing Academies, the Pall Mall
Gazette affirms that a real "Academy
of Letters" should smack only of the
Future. "Mr. Gladstone and the Duke
of Argyll," who have been named,
"are survivals of the Stone Age." This
is the Age of Brass, and its Academy
must be like unto it. And a list is
drawn up, "consisting wholly of names
which have never yet struck home to
the great heart of the people. Some
of them are hardly known even to the
very elect." The list begins with Mr.
John C. Bailey, includes Mr. Charles
Dana Gibson, and winds up with Mr.
Theodore Wratisslaw.

In order to thoroughly test the rela-
tive merits of the Old Stagers who
stood before their judgment-seat, the
Forty might give out each year some
thoroughly "modern" theme for an es-
say. "The Vocabulary of Mr. Francis
Thompson, Its Origin and Probable
Uses," suggests itself as a promising
subject, or "Mr. Max Beerbohm, His Pos-
e and Prose." While a valuable prize
might be offered to any writer of es-
tablished repute who would undertak
to read all the works of the Poet Lau-
reate. This last would be a defeat
compilment to Mr. Alfred Austin, an
would show a catholicity of apprecia-
tion on the part of the Academicians a
unexpected as it is rare.

Furthermore, it is suggested that
might be made a sine qua non with a
members of the projected Academ
that they should be able to parse an
construe Mr. Swinburne's letter of pre-
test. "The Forty who survived the
test would have proved incontestably
their pre-eminence in the theory and
practice of English grammar."

Monsignor Fava, Bishop of Grenobl
is surely of Irish origin. He has late
issued this proclamation: (1) "Th
clergy are reminded that they may n
ride the bicyclette ventre à terre
which refers to seorchers; (2) "Th

they may not part with their cash even when beginning to learn." (3) The clergy are hereby informed that they may not ride at all."

The Hotel World publishes admirable advice concerning hygienic diet. Bolled own, the rules are about as follows: Eat little or no meat. Eat little, if any, breads or foods made from cereals. Avoid vegetables and fruits. Cheese is exceedingly unhealthful. Fish food invariably causes thin blood and scrofula. If you follow these simple rules, sleep eight hours every night, and laugh at our creditors, there is no reason why you should not live to a good and dotty old age.

15, 1897
MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL
Gave a Song Recital Last Night in Association Hall to a Large and Enthusiastic Audience.

The program of the first of the Henschel recitals was as follows:
Duet.....Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
a. Serenata from "Agrippina".....Handel.
b. Aria from "Almira".....Handel.
c. Bussied (Song of Penitence).....Beethoven.
d. Cavatina, "Spalngemate".....Gluck.
e. Arietta, "La Calandrina".....Jomelli.
f. Song, "Margoton".....Old French.
Songs, a. "Ganymede".....Schubert.
b. Der Doppelgaenger.....Schubert.
c. Auferstehen (Resurrection) (Op. 37, No. 3, new).....Henschel.
Songs, a. "Kennst du Las Land".....Liszt.
b. Auftraege.....Schumann.
c. "Junge Liebe".....Brahms.
Duet from "The Taming of the Shrew".....Goetz.
Ballad, a. "The Ruined Mill".....Loewe.
Song, b. "Ich groelle nicht".....Schumann.
Songs, a. "Seht ein Haselstrauch".....Henschel.
b. "Es singt so süss".....Henschel.
c. "Tansendtschen" (Op. 56, new).....Henschel.
Duet from "Le Nouveau Seigneur de Village".....Boieldieu.
Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.

In spite of the unfavorable weather, Association Hall was filled with a very enthusiastic audience, which welcomed the singers most heartily and applauded lustily whenever there was opportunity. In fact the applause was a little overdone. The welcome was spontaneous and deserved; the applause after the songs was generally deserved; but why should each singer be applauded wildly at each appearance after the first? The Transcript last night published a sensible article concerning applause, and it might be read with profit by all those who think that appreciation is best shown by making a joyful noise as before the Lord, and whose enthusiasm is akin to ginger-pop.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Henschel are extremely well known here, and the dictionary has often been ransacked in search of new terms of praise for their exhibitions of artistry. What, pray, is to be said at this late day? Mr. Henschel's skill as a program-maker has long been recognized. He is familiar with the songs of many nations and many epochs, and his versatility and intelligence are such that he can enter into the spirit of the composer's time and appreciate the national feeling. To me there were dull moments in the program of last night. Thus I fail to see marked beauty or strength in the Bussied of Beethoven, and the duet from "The Taming of the Shrew" is one of the dreariest numbers in a singularly stupid opera. But these moments were comparatively few. The program as a whole gave much pleasure. It was a delight to hear the airs from Handel's early operas, and to be reminded of the fact that Handel was first of all an operatic singer, and that he carried the operatic style into many of his oratorios, which, unfortunately, are often turned into lugubrious psalms by ignorant, logy or sentimental singers. Delightful, too, were the airs by Gluck and Jomelli, the exquisite, old French song sung so charmingly by Mrs. Henschel, the effective ballad by Loewe, the melodious and skillfully-written duet by Martini.

It is not necessary to inquire into the present condition of Mr. Henschel's voice. The singer conquered Nature long ago and made her ashamed of her stagnation. The voice itself is not a hazy beauty, but how effectively the notes use it! Perhaps his finest display of artistry and of remarkable authority was in "Der Doppelgaenger" of Schubert, and yet his singing of the ballad by Loewe and the airs by Handel was worthy of equal praise. And when you stop to consider the program, you remember something admirable in almost each song, something that still lingers in the grateful memory. I confess I should enjoy Mr. Henschel if it were simply for his sympathetic and eminently musical accompaniments.

If Mrs. Henschel's voice has lost somewhat in freshness—alas, the inexorable years—the singer has gained in breadth and authority. Her phrasing is an example for young—and many old singers. Her versatility is less pronounced than that of her husband, but what she does best, she does in almost unsurpassable manner. Long to be remembered was her singing of "Margoton," and

Schumann's "No. 3," when latter song she gave as one of her encore numbers. But these true artists will sing here again together in January, and further comment may be well deferred.

Philip Hale.

Plans for reducing the noises in the streets of cities are always welcome. The "grumble and rumble and roar, telling the battle is on once more" of daily life grow constantly more trying. New methods of street paving and rubber tires on carriages have modified the trouble in certain sections of certain cities, but other nerve-crashing devices, like trolley and cable and elevated roads, have more than made up for this. It is hoped that the day is not far off when some kind of noiseless tire will be used for heavy coal wagons and similar noise-makers.

The above paragraph appeared last night and appropriately in an editorial column of the Transcript, which is never noisy, not even in reporting a prize-fight of national interest, not even in tracing the deepest root of a genealogical tree.

And it is a great pleasure to agree occasionally with our serene contemporary. Noise is the curse of the age. The curse is each day more pronounced. Nor is it alone the invention of trolley, cable, or elevated system that works the greater injury to peace; singers are noisier; pianists are more athletic; books and plectrums now shriek for attention. Do you seek safety in your own home? Poor wretch, you live in a flat, and you are at the mercy of the young woman who practises on the piano above or below you; your bell and your speaking tube invite the attention of any restless or malicious person.

What Schopenhauer said years ago, provoked by the cracking of whips, is true today: "There are people—nay a great many people—who smile at such things, because they are not sensitive to noise; but they are just the very people who are also not sensitive to argument, or thought, or poetry, or art, in a word, to any kind of intellectual influence. The reason of it is that the tissue of their brains is of a very rough and coarse quality."

You may say in reply, "How about persons who go to concerts? They often applaud noisily, because they are fond of music."

They may be fond of music, but they are not necessarily sensitive to it. The

noisiest orchestral piece is the one that is generally applauded the loudest. Mr. Slambanger, the celebrated pianist, who puts the strongest piano out of tune in six rounds is the popular favorite. It is the stout woman who yells a high C till she is red in the face that "receives a perfect ovation." No, mistaken friend, Schopenhauer is right.

There are instances of silence in a city that are more to be dreaded, perhaps, than the daily din to which we are accustomed, as was Mithridates to poison. Such was the ominous quiet during the street railway strike about a year ago. Such is the sinister silence that reigns before the attack on a barricade.

There are men that dream strange dreams, and one of them is Alphonse Rette. He once dreamed in noisy Paris this nightmare: "Strange silence; people glide like unto a futile river of shadows; carriages roll without noise; black wadding presses upon the town; the sun is a mass of fleece set in blue waves. The idea occurs to me, 'Noise is dead.' And I burst with laughter at the deduction that the earth is condemned henceforth to eternal silence. Then an immense card of invitation is displayed with distorted letters: 'You are invited to attend the funeral of Mr. Noise, who died this evening. Killed by contemporaneous Excess, he was held in horror by the Eternal himself. You are invited respectfully by his widow, Humanity.'"

And surely you remember that marvelous prose-poem of Poe, the story that is wilder than any tale "In the iron-bound, melancholy volumes of Magi." The demon had cursed a man who was alone in a scene of loneliest desolation. The man still endured. And then the demon cursed with the curse of silence. "And mine eyes fell upon the countenance of the man, and his countenance was wan with terror. And hurriedly he raised his head from his hand, and stood forth upon the rock and listened. But there was no voice throughout the vast illimitable desert and the characters upon the rock were SILENCE. And the man shuddered, and turned his face away, and fled afar off, in haste, so that I beheld him no more."

Perhaps absolute silence even for a day would be too appalling for degenerate mankind; and yet there are some who would gladly run the risk. The saint on the Isle of Patmos in his rapt vision of celestial glory records the fact that there is at times silence in heaven.

The wife of Mr. E. J. Ratcliffe, who has been in various cities, the idol of the matinee chippie, objects to living with this man thought so desirable, and among other grounds for her conduct states that the eminent play-actor was in the habit of "throwing eggs at her when they were boiled too hard." Would she prefer them thrown when they are soft-boiled, or raw?

Irony is inextinguishable, and it appears in most unexpected places. A clergyman, for instance, propounded a set of questions and one of them was "What do you regard as the greatest enemy of our home life?"

To which a plumber replied, "The payment of wages insufficient to support a family or allow a young man to marry."

But stay! Perhaps the plumber, knowing the ruin that he had worked in the exercise of his practical and sanitary profession, was stricken with remorse and vowed that he would speak the truth from his chest.

We know a plumber in this city who, after an especially nefarious job, is attacked so severely by eczema that he is kept on ice for several days. But other plumbers are not as sensitive.

The Ninth Chamber, sitting in Paris, has decided that the classical costume of the ex-Princess Clara is not an outrage on public morals. It handed down the judgment that in her costume she is decent, not too decent, but just decent enough. As she receives twenty-five francs for every hundred photographs sold, the verdict is decidedly in her favor. And as the Daily Messenger remarks, "Now clothed in a smile and a cigarette the Princess will again rule in her domain on the Rue de Rivoli."

16, 1897
THE GALLANT MARKSMAN.

The carriage was rolling through the wood. He stopped near a shooting gallery, saying he should like to shoot a while so as to kill time. To kill this monster—is it not the most ordinary and legitimate occupation of everyone? And he politely offered his hand to his sweetheart, a delicious and execrable woman; he offered his hand politely to the mysterious woman to whom he owed so much pleasure, so much pain, and perhaps also a great part of his genius.

At first he shot far from the mark. One ball buried itself in the ceiling. And while the charming creature laughed madly, mocking the awkwardness of her husband, he turned suddenly, and said unto her: "Do you see that big doll over there, to the right, who cocks her nose in the air and is so haughty? Well angel mine, I'm going to imagine it's you." He shut his eyes and pulled the trigger. He beheaded the doll.

Then bending toward his sweetheart, his delicious, execrable wife, his unavoidable and pitiless Muse, he kissed her hand respectfully, and said: "Ah! angel mine, how thankful I should be to you for my skill!"

We have received the following communication:

"Two or three weeks ago 'The Talk of the Day' in a Saturday Journal seemed like a breath of country life, fresh and pure.

"Before my mind's eye I seemed to see a strong healthy country boy, eating mush and milk for supper; going after the cows down a green country lane; shying stones at any unlucky squirrel bold enough to chatter to him from the stone wall; and listening to the sullen plunge of the night hawk—and afar in the deep woods to the evening song of the thrush, pouring forth the sweetest of melody before he sleeps; hy and by, with tired feet, going to the little attic under the eaves, and lulled by the softly falling rain, sleeping in childish abandon till father's voice in stentorian tones, at the foot of the stairs, calls to 'breakfast'—and the light tolls of a new day."

Dear madam, you draw a sweet picture, but our lot was not a happy one. We were raised, or rather we grew up in a great city, in a humble street described by rude boys as Shinbone Alley. The only animal we chased was the duck; the gutter was our brook, and we shied stones at elderly men who happened to appear in the neighborhood. It is true that father's voice in stentorian tones aroused us in the morning, but what father said was unfit for publication. Fortunately we were rescued at an early age by a ky-and lady with gold bracelets, who sent us with other boys into the country. Our first school was a saw-mill, and the tolls of each new day were anything but light. Sundays we read "Mad Mike, the Death Shot," "Snaky Snod-

grass "Heavy Hatchet," "Charlotte Temple" and "The Hidden Hand" behind the barn, and thus we were led to thirst for a literary life. We were graduated at last from the saw-mill, and we learned genteel behavior in a country store. Onward and upward was our motto. Not that we disdained the simple pleasures of the villagers. We shall never forget the first wood-alcohol party to which we were invited, or our sitting up with "Sulky Sue," a temperamental brunette. We studied law, we went into politics. Finally there was an imperious call to the great city—which being interpreted means that we hunted here a month or two for a job. Although we now are prosperous, and live in a flat with steam heat—a flat supplied with open plumbing—a flat wired for electric lights—we do not forget the joys of country life. And therefore we occasionally pause in our stern duty of reforming everything and everybody to digress concerning the cow "crunching with depress'd head," waving corn, the smell of summer forests, the sight of unimpeded, unvexed stars. Could you not make it an object for us to live in the country?

We have also received this communication, which is so honest, so direct, that we publish it without comment:

"Will the editor of 'Talk of the Day' say a few words in behalf of the hungry poor—to whom Christmas is a cruel misnomer and mockery?

"For the unclothed poor—to whom warm winter raiment would be the greatest of comforts?

"For the homeless poor—for whom no shelter is?

"God pity the poor—who never have a dollar to spend—who never have a full meal or a comfortable home.

"Will you with the might of your pen try to interest those who are well to do—in giving to these hungry poor—in instead of giving useless gifts to those who do not need them?

"O, if you can influence them to give to those who can make no return; to feed the hungry and clothe the naked—expecting no return, except the pressed down and running over reward from the common Father of us all. God speed you.

"Senex."

A well known woman of Boston thus described a particular and dear friend: "Oh, yes, she is charming as you say; she has the manners of a kitten, and the morals of a cat."

The ingenuity in speculation shown by Joseph Leiter of Chicago has led the New York Times to declare editorially that the success of this young man who has been away from Harvard but six years is a fine proof that a college education is of great advantage to a man who intends to devote his time to business. The Times may be right, but the Faculty and all who know about the interesting career of Mr. Leiter at Cambridge may think it a bit sarcastic to use this particular college man to point a moral.

17, 1897
The Abderites, dearest Philo, are reported to have been seized in the days of King Lysimachus with a very surprising sort of epidemic: the whole city caught at once a violent inflammatory fever; on the seventh day it brought on a copious bleeding at the nose; which was followed on the next by a no less profuse perspiration. The fever went off, but was succeeded by a strange and ridiculous singing in the perieranium. The patients acted a sort of distorted tragedy, spoke nothing but lambics, declaimed with full force of lungs in long tirades, particularly from the Andromeda of Euripides, sung the fine long soliloquy of Perseus with due observance of the melody: to be brief, all the streets of Abdera swarmed with pale and wan tragedians, emaciated by the seven-days fever, bawling with all their might, "Of gods and men, thou sovereign ruler love!" and so forth; and that so long and so much, till at last the winter and a concomitant hard frost, put an end to their frenzy.

You have no doubt read that the Town Council of Mankato, Kansas, intends to stop by ordinance the singing, humming, or whistling of the song, "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." It appears that at a fall festival held in Topeka thousands who attended heard the glorious tune, and are even now so infatuated with it that it is heard in towns of Kansas from morn to noon, from noon till dewy eve, and at night snoring is adjusted rhythmically to the melody.

The people of Mankato are suffering from a severe attack of abderitis, as described above. Mankato is like unto Abdera. To quote the words of Sterne, "No pharmacopollist could sell one grain of hellebore; not a single armorer had a heart to forge one instrument of death; friendship and virtue met together and kissed each other in the

the olden age returned, and over the town of Abdera; every Abderite took his oaten pipe; and every Abderite woman left her purple web, and chaste sat her down, and listened to the song."

What in the world is the objection to the time? It is a good one. We do not say this on our own authority. If you do not believe us, ask Mr. Paur, or Prof. Paine, or Mr. Laug, or Mr. Appharp. We repeat, it is a good tune, one fit to serve as chief theme for the first movement of an American Symphony, or for a symphonic poem.

Is it possible that the Dogberry of the town objects to the adjective "hot?" Does he take it to mean careless of decorum, boisterous? But Browning, a most respectable man, as we are informed by prominent members of the Browning Society, uses it in the sense of alive, vehement, instant (see "The Italian in England").

Or is he ashamed of his fellow-townsmen, thinking that they will be regarded as silly coots, stupid fellows? But Isaac Vossius, a very learned man, says the conduct of the Abderites was not an indication of stupidity, "since blockheads and heavy-headed creatures (having no brains) never run distracted; which the greatest geniuses often do. The Abderites grew extravagantly fond of poetry and music, and acted like so many comedians in the street. Heavy, phlegmatic souls are never seized with so elegant a distraction."

We doubt if any ordinance will stop the innocent enjoyment of the good people of Mankato. There is an ordinance in Boston against the wearing of high hats by women visiting theatres. Do women obey it? Do they even consider it? There are all sorts of ordinances that are disobeyed daily. Even the rules and regulations of the West End Company are not followed implicitly by their employees, and an uncomfortable public is too lazy to make proper complaint. We refer now to the blocking of the rear platform, so that it is almost impossible for a woman to squeeze between the cads who are unwilling to make way for her. It would be wiser for the Town Council of Mankato to wait for a severe frost to put an end to this musical frenzy.

Dr. Legge was once asked to take down to dinner a lady sensitive about her age. "I was told," said he, with the loudness of a deaf person—"to take down the oldest lady present." Seeing a storm gathering, he realized his offence and said blandly—"and here I am beginning with one of the youngest."

We spoke the other day about sweat shops in London and mentioned the appeal of a correspondent, who wished all men to boycott shirt makers who are also sweaters. "Supply and demand" thus made answer:

"Your correspondent, 'C. D.' feels, no doubt, a pleasant glow of self-righteousness when he abuses 'the sweater,' but does it not occur to him that the latter is only obeying an economic law in paying the market price for what he requires?"

"Does 'C. D.' ever give twenty-one shillings for a sovereign, or pay a shilling for an article which others are willing to sell him for sixpence? I doubt it, and I will even hazard a guess that he deals at the Army and Navy or Civil Service Stores. Let me give him if he wants to exercise his philanthropy a practical way of improving the shirtmakers' lot."

"He must wear two shirts—or better still, three—instead of one, he must change them as often as he can spare the time, and he must wear them out as quickly as possible. If all shirt makers will do this, the makers' wages will go up by leaps and bounds. If he is not prepared to do this I will refer him to Malthus for an alternative."

Do you ever notice the limited vocabulary of welcome or congratulation or compliment in after-dinner speeches? When Douglas Jerrold was at the height of his satiric activity, he and the fellow-members of "Our Club," which met at Clarendon Hotel, Covent Garden, drew up the following proclamation:

Whereas information having been received by the Authorities in "Our Club" enabled, that certain words are intended to be employed to give expression to sentiments always experienced by our visitors, the employment of such words being likely to occasion a breach of the peace, be it hereby made generally known that the words hereinafter specified are subject to the following penalties, which said penalties will be enforced with the utmost rigor of the law, each and every time the words are used.

Concluded
Gentlemen
Ladies
Honor
The

HUGH CODMAN'S CONCERT.

Violinist's Appearance at Steinert Hall.

The program of the concert given by Mr. Hugh Codman, assisted by Miss Stowell and Mr. Townsend, was as follows:

Sonata, for violin and piano.César Franck
Mr. Codman and Miss Stowell.
Rondo Capriccioso.Saint Saëns
Mr. Codman.
"Thou'rt fair and sweet and holy"Bullard
"Sad are they who know not love"Fisher
"She is not fair"Atherton
Mr. Townsend.
Cavatira. Op. 25. (First time in Boston)César Cul
HabaneiraSarasate
Mr. Codman.
"A summer's night"Schumann
"Good night"Dvorák
"Spanish Serenade"Tschalkowsky
Mr. Townsend.
Elegy. Op. 24. (First time in Boston)Gabriel Fauré
Prelude. (From Vith Sonata, for violin alone)Bach
Mr. Codman.

Cesar Franck's sonata for violin and piano was written in 1886. It was performed for the first time March 5, 1887, by Ysaye, to whom it is dedicated, and Mrs. Rowes-Pène. It was first played in the United States at New York by Messrs. Marteau and Lachau-me, April 10, 1894. It was first played in Boston by Messrs. Ysaye and Lachau-me Jan. 12, 1895.

Mr. Guy Ropartz spoke lately of this sonata in one of a series of articles on Franck, published in the Musician this last fall. "The first movement offers no very startling developments, but does not fail to produce the desired impression of profound calm. Of the two motifs upon which it is built, the first is that which links together the four portions of the work. The second movement, the Allegro, is very passionate, very human; the Fantasia, which here replaces the Andante of classical tradition, alternating as it does between a wall and a poetic dream-fulness, is in violent contrast to the merry Finale, treated in continuous canon with consummate skill. The theme, which is of the simplest construction, is first rendered by the piano, while the violin plays the part of echo, but soon the roles are reversed; then the theme passes into the intermediary parts, going and coming, always interesting, each time presented in a new guise. And amid these variations, persistent as a peal of bells, the principal motifs of the other movements are repeated, the most pathetic, that of the Fantasia, reappearing twice. Once more there is a return of the canon, the phases hasten, close up into half-measures, and at the height of this admirable rhythmic progression the sonata closes."

I have quoted this description in full for two or three reasons: the sonata was the most important feature of the concert, it is a work that should be heard here often, for it is interesting throughout, admirably made, and of rare individuality; then again, the description by Ropartz is comparatively intelligible, although it is of a kind that is usually dry, and an impertinence to those who are acquainted with the work in question as well as a stumbling block to those who are not.

Cui and Fauré, too, are names that are not as familiar to our concert goers as they should be, although the piece by Cui played last night does not show the Russian in his more aggressive mood.

And now what about Mr. Codman?

I do not like to say that he was nervous, for that is a formula used often as a means of going around Robin Hood's barn instead of telling bluntly the truth; and yet his nervousness was apparent to eye and ear. This may account—I believe it does account—in large measure for the faulty intonation at the beginning of the sonata and at other times during the concert.

It was also evident that he had worked hard in the pursuit of technique. His left hand is good, and his bowing is not to be dismissed lightly, although he is inclined to use the whole bow in season and out of season. He did some things last night surprisingly well, and he failed utterly in other things, especially in feats of technic where the slightest slip means total disaster. His harmonics, as a rule, were disagreeable. And yet after some break that vexed the ear, this young man would sing a phrase charmingly or display brilliant technique.

It seems to me that this player of sincere purpose, indisputable fire, and good musical intelligence should cool off quietly, away from the public, consider his art thoughtfully, and practice, first of all, repose. He is not yet prepared to give a dazzling performance of such pieces as Sarasate's Habaneira, and the sonata by Franck demands a player of greater authority and breadth than Mr. Codman is at present. I suspect that he can play better than he played last night; and I am sure that at the end of a year he will play much better, if he has the patience and the courage to heed the old saw, "Make haste slowly."

Miss Stowell has a pretty technique, which was shown to especial advantage in the finale of the sonata. She played the accompaniments in a truly delightful manner. Mr. Townsend lent variety to the concert. There was a good-sized and very appreciative audience.

Philip Hale.

And then the famous Goncourt collaboration; how it was talked about, written about, prayed about; and when Jules died, what a subject for talk, for articles; it all went into Hugo's vanity was Titanic, Goncourt's is puny.

And Daudet?
Oh, Daudet, c'est de la bouillabaisse.

"Yes, this is all very well, but what did Mr. George Moore mean when he likened Alphonse Daudet unto bouillabaisse?"

Mr. Moore, dear madam, in his "Confessions of a Young Man," often indulged himself in tantrums. He said things then with a splutter and a hurrah that he might now not even think quietly to himself in sullen mood. And yet in these early tantrums, he sometimes hit upon the one word, the final judgment.

For we have a high regard for Mr. George Moore, and it was with pleasure that we heard Mr. H. T. Peck say the other day, "In England at the present time only three writers of the first rank have been able to resist the blandishments of the magazines and the wiles of the syndicates. These are Mr. George Meredith, Mr. George Moore, and Mr. Thomas Hardy, great artists and self-respecting men. They alone write when they are ready to write; and they alone regard literature as something better and higher than a means of converting ink into easy cash."

"Yes, yes, but why is Alphonse Daudet like unto bouillabaisse?"

You know Thackeray's ballad:

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, muscels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic roach, and dace;
All these you eat in Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Remember that this dish is Provençal, and that Daudet was Provençal.

Remember also that in French slang, to make bouillabaisse, is to arrange things or ideas confusedly. And it was in this sense undoubtedly that Mr. Moore used the phrase.

You enjoyed hugely some of Daudet's books. You shudder now, recollecting the sad life of Jack; whenever you travel by an ocean steamer you remember the description of Jack as a stoker. "Jack" is the one book in which Daudet shows plainly the influence of Dickens. You enjoyed "Fromont jeune," although it left a bad taste in your mouth. We prefer "The Twilight of the Gods" by Elémir Bourges to Daudet's "Kings in Exile" as a treatment of the same ironical, pathetic subject. "The Nabob" is a powerful book; but it does not have elemental qualities; its characters walk in the limelight. Did Daudet introduce in it the Duke de Morny, to whom he was once Secretary, and Sarah Bernhardt? Gambetta, they say, sat for Numa Roumestan, the hero of a book which is delightful for the sketch of the tambourist alone. We never finished "The Evangelist," or the attack on the Academy.

We believe that the one great book of Daudet is "Tartarin of Tarascon." It is a masterpiece of native, original humor; and although in one sense the book is intensely local, it is, after all, universal. Tartarin is a type of large proportions. You have seen him, talked with him, or rather heard him talk. He is here in Boston. We know his street address. It is a book to be read again and again with keen delight. Do you remember, for instance, his fear of possible adventures in the quiet village streets after he left the café where he had been gasconading? And that unfortunate remark about the lion, that led to all his troubles! You have made similarly boastful and regrettable speeches, and, for that matter, who has not?

Then there is "L'Arlesienne," most moving of dramas, although New York could see nothing in it and Mr. William Winter distinguished himself by writing a peculiarly inane—yes, contemptibly inane article about it. But Mr. Winter calls Coquelin a low comedian and considers Mr. Augustin Daly an eminent Shakespearian authority.

Then there are the delightful sketches of Daudet's first years in Paris, when he lived daily with Poverty; when his boots made a squashy sound at each step; when a dress-coat was a mysterious, mirifick thing.

You will find much curious information about Daudet and his opinions in the Journal of the de Goncourts, to whom we have occasionally alluded in this column. The first account of conversation with him is dated March 16, 1873; the last is dated Nov. 7, 1895. He is revealed in undress; he talks of his sicknesses, his ambitions, his disappointments. He is now querulous, now heroic, and you cannot help thinking that much of the time he is a poseur. Did Daudet ever resent these revelations or was he tickled?

He warred against the Academy, yet he was willing to be prominent in the Goncourt Academy. What was the reason of his hatred shown at every opportunity? No doubt, it was the dislike of a strong man blessed with a lively sense of humor toward any solemn and approved "Literary Society." He saw cheap men admitted, and great men rejected. He thought he could get along comfortably without an honor that was refused such men as Dumas the elder, Balzac, Gautier. He believed that de Goncourt was honest in his intention of encouraging literature. He was not inconsistent.

And it was only a little over a fortnight ago that he was present at the first performance of the opera made out of his novel "Sapho." There was an outcry in some quarters against this book when it appeared, and the loudest shriekers were those who were shocked by the title and read no more. We believe the story to be profoundly moral; but as a work of art we prefer "Tartarin of Tarascon."

"Did he write well?"

Madam, we do not know enough about the French language and its subtleties to answer you. Charles Morice once said: "To Daudet: Dickens had genius, but he wrote abominably." Paul Alexis praises Daudet's "malicious penetration." J. H. Rosny thinks he had a tolerant and indulgent view of humanity; that he was a creator of types. Descaves named him "master." De Hérédia, an Academician, admires him beyond measure. Coppée loves "his vibrant irony, exquisite nervous sensibility." Gustave Kahn spoke of him as "Madame Daudet."

But take down "Tartarin" from the shelf and judge for yourself. Translation into English does not choke the humor, does not lessen your admiration for the hero or the author; and this is a rude test.

TWO CONCERTS.

Mrs. Henschel Sang in Steinert Hall Yesterday Afternoon—
Piano Recital in Steinert Hall Last Evening by Miss Traub and Mr. Burgemeister.

Mrs. Henschel gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. She was accompanied in a delightful manner by her husband. The program was as follows:

"Star vicino"Salvator Rosa
PastoraleVeracini
MazurkaOld French
"The Little Red Lark"Irish
"It Was a Lover and His Lass"English
"Where be Goin'"Cornish
Five German folk songsBrahms
"Ca' the Yowies"Scottish
"Annie Laurie"Scottish
"Comin' Thro' the Rye"Scottish

This concert gave great pleasure to an appreciative audience. It would be a hard task to say in which song Mrs. Henschel displayed to greatest advantage her art. The old Indian tunes were sung with wondrous understanding, but the first note of true passion was struck in "The Little Red Lark." And here the intelligence of the singer was shown; for the songs by Rosa and Veracini, beautiful as they are, do not strike through the skin. The Cornish song, with its strange tonality, was especially charming.

I confess that to me Brahms has spoiled the frankness of the German folk-songs and I did not care for the exaggerated histrionic delivery of "Sister Dear, When Shall We Go Home?" The simpler the form of the folk-song the better. A song from the heart of a people needs no metrically artificial setting. Nor do I care for exaggerated delivery of Scotch tunes. But it would be ungracious to find fault with such a true singer, in a matter that, after all, is largely personal. Would that Mrs. Henschel lived here as an example and a model! We hear so many singers that are merely declaimers. We are obliged to listen to so many declaimers who have never learned the rudiments of song. To talk about the technique of Mrs. Henschel would be an impertinence. It is enough to say that one who listens finds pleasure and learns.

Philip Hale.

MISS TRAUB AND MR. BURGEMEISTER.

A piano recital was given last evening in Steinert Hall by Miss Florentine Traub and Mr. Albert Burgemeister. Miss Traub played pieces by Chopin, Liszt, Henselt, Wagner-Liszt, Scherbert-Hoffmann, Chopin and Liszt. Mr. Burgemeister played Beethoven's Sonata op. 57, and pieces by Chamblade, MacDowell, Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt.

These players exhibited fluent technique and this is about all that in justice can be said. In attaining technique, they seem to have forgotten more important matters. It is true that technique is necessary for the full expression of musical thought. But technique alone without the vitalization of romance is a barren thing.

THE HENSCHELS.

By Philip Hale.

It is not easy to consider the art in Boston, and yet, as audiences are either of the Henschels without changing with the passing of years, or to mind at once the art of the a few words about the career of



MRS. GEORG HENSCHEL.

her; for man and wife are bound together inseparably together in artistic wedlock. Each is familiar to audiences these celebrated musicians may not now be impertinent.

360, at Columbus, O. She showed musical talent at an early age. Her first important lessons were given by her uncle, Charles Hayden. In 1874 she studied in Boston with Mrs. Rulensdorff, and she appeared at a concert in 1876 with such success that she received engagements in plenty. In 1878 she went to Paris to study with Pauline Viardot. The next year she sang in London at the leading concerts. She was married to Mr. Henschel in 1881, and since then he has been her teacher as well as husband.

Georg Henschel, born Feb. 18, 1850 at Breslau, began to study theory when he was 11 years old, and at the age of 12 he appeared before a Berlin audience as a pianist. From 1867 to 1870 he was a pupil at the Leipzig Conservatory. Finding that he had a voice, he took lessons in singing of Götzke, and after a sojourn in Weimar, he went to Berlin, where he studied singing with Schulze and composition with Kiel. A pronounced success at the Cologne Festival of 1874 made him prominent through Germany. In 1877 he went to London, and in 1880 he came to the United States. Leading an overture of his own at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association, he attracted the notice of Mr. Higginson, who was forming the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and he was invited to be the conductor of that organization. He held the position for three years; then returning to Europe, with his wife he gave concerts in leading cities, making London his home in 1885, and establishing in 1886 the London Symphony concerts. From 1886 to 1888 he taught at the Royal College of Music.

Truly a versatile man! Singer, conductor, accompanist, composer of nearly all forms of music from string quartet to gypsy songs, from a Stabat Mater to an operetta, from "Hallelu" music to a violin piece. At a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Mr. Henschel conducted, sang, and was represented in the program as a composer.

The voice of Mr. Henschel is not naturally of sympathetic quality, and it was undoubtedly at the beginning a rebellious organ. Study gave flexibility and the ability to conceal certain natural defects. He was never a master of bel canto, but his sound musicianship, his dramatic feeling and his imposing authority have made him a master of musical declamation, so that in certain oratorios, in certain ballads (especially those of Löwe), and in songs happily described in German as "intimate," he was for years without a rival. Now add histrionic gifts, a keen appreciation of all that is good in the music of every school, ancient or modern; the courage to perform new compositions; the respect for tradition that is not fetishistic or obsequious, but discriminating; the ability to create an atmosphere; and you need not wonder at the spell exercised by him over an audience of intelligence. Truly he is a remarkable apparition; a man apart; a man of almost aggressive personality, who would have succeeded in any undertaking. He might have been a diplomat—a great merchant—strong in law or medicine or politics. His choice was music.

Nature was kinder to Mrs. Henschel. Her voice was serene, neither

sensuous nor cold; a voice of ineffable purity. Oh, virginal voice of wife and mother! To me her range of interpretation is limited. Her glass is small, but she drinks out of her own glass. Her individuality is as pronounced as that of her husband; it is not aggressive. There is pathos in her tones, even when she sings of joyance. And even when she strikes a rapturous note there is ever the thought of open-eyed, unconscious maidenhood.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Gossip Heard and Spoken Here and in New York.

Mr. Runciman's Striking Review of the 9th Symphony.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

Mr. Henry Wolfsohn, the manager, was here last week. His conversation is always entertaining and intelligent, and I regret that for several reasons it is not possible for me to record here sundry opinions expressed by him concerning singers and players now before the public. Let me add at once that he is not prejudiced against a singer because she is controlled by a rival manager or against a violinist or pianist who is not on his own list.

He told me that Mr. Gullmant would probably give two organ concerts here in January. The difficulty, of course, is to find a suitable organ in a church conveniently placed. There is talk of the New Old South Church, which has an organ inferior in some respects to that of the Mission Church, where Mr. Gullmant gave his concerts, and superior to it in other respects.

I should say that the superiority consists in the solidity of the pedal bass and in the fact that there are not as many ingenious mechanical contrivances.

As an organist, I deplore the present tendency of organ-builders toward what they are pleased to call "mechanical simplification." The greater the number of such devices, the harder the task of the organist; the less is he able to think first of all of the music which he plays.

The organ known to the great masters of it is an instrument apart; it is not a presumptuous rival of the orchestra; it should never pretend to be. Its characteristics are nobility and dignity.

And I regret to see organ-builders of talent and experience pressing the claims of electro-pneumatic action. There is nothing more abominable, for instance, than a swell-pedal thus controlled—or, rather, beyond control—for instead of a gradual, well-proportioned crescendo, the organist will obtain only an impertinent, disconcerting sforzato. Mr. Marteau, the violinist, will visit us early next year, and he will be assisted by Mrs. Szumowska-Adamowski. He first played here at a Symphony concert Jan. 21, 1893 (Bruch's G minor concerto and Gounod's "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc"). It is my impression that his last appearance was at a Suffolk Musicale Dec. 26, 1893. Mr. Marteau is now in his 24th year.

Mr. Wolfsohn admires Raoul Pugno, the pianist, who will give chamber concerts here with Ysaye. The latter has been censured of late in New York for occasional careless intonation and lack of distinctness in bravura. Mr. Henderson gave a plausible reason for such an exhibition at an Astoria concert: "Perhaps he was overcome by the propinquity of Peter Marié, Creighton Webb, E. J. Berwind, Chauncey Depew, and other great personages." But violinists are human, and I once heard Joachim a dozen years ago play like a pig. Mr. Henderson has on so many occasions spoken in eulogy of Ysaye's art, and his honesty is so well known, that I should accept his judgment without a question. A violinist, worthy the name, is not a thing of iron, a never-disappointing machine. When he is, I do not care to hear him.

The chamber concerts by Ysaye and Pugno will be looked forward to eagerly by all those who have read the flattering reports of similar concerts given by the distinguished artists in France and Belgium.

Mr. Slioti, who will appear this season at a Symphony concert has been playing with great success in Germany a revised and curtailed edition of Tschalkowsky's 21st piano concerto. The first

concerto was played here for the first time by Max de Schiller at a Harvard Musical Association concert, Feb. 9, 1882.

Mr. Joseffy is in doubt whether to play the first concerto of Tschalkowsky or a concerto by Chopin at a Symphony Concert this season in Music Hall.

Mr. Pugno, by the way, is in the habit of playing from notes. If I remember correctly, Clara Schumann had the same habit when playing with orchestra. And, after all, why not? A pianist has trouble enough without overtaxing the memory. A performance from notes is none the less musical, and it may save players of incurable nervousness from disaster.

The Journal has received the following letter from a correspondent in New York:

New York, Dec. 14, '97. The second entertainment of the Society of Musical Arts was held in the ball room of the Astoria on Monday evening and was a distinct advance in interest over the first. Society really kept quiet.

Massenet's one-act opéra comique "Le Portrait de Manon," given for the first time in this country, was capably acted and the beautiful music received adequate interpretation by the orchestra under Paul Steindorf's baton. Ballet music from "Le Cid" and an original ballet by H. K. Hadley followed.

But the event of the evening was a number substituted for another a few hours before the performance, "Blanc et Noir," a pantomime by Victor Capoul with accompanying music by Harvey Worthington Loomis was to have been given, but on Sunday it was found to be impossible, "owing to the sudden illness of one of the members in the cast."

Whether that was the real reason or not does not matter; but I am in a position to state that some very remarkable and interesting events took place during the 24 hours preceding the performance of the substituted pantomime, "Put to the Test," by Edwin Star Belknap and Mr. Loomis. It was a clear case of American haste and French adaptability.

As soon as Mr. Loomis found that the Capoul pantomime was not going through he offered to put on "In Old New Amsterdam," the joint work of Mr. Belknap and himself.

At 10 o'clock on Sunday evening Mme. Pilar Morin (the Pierrot in the famous "L'Enfant Prodiges"), began to study her lines (for pantomimes are all written out exactly like a play), her business, and her musical cues, and at midnight she was "letter perfect."

But Monday afternoon, six hours before the performance, it was found that owing to the absence from town of an important member that pantomime could not be given either. The management was in despair. To omit so important a part of the entertainment would be accounted an imposition by the patrons. But the ever-resourceful Mr. Loomis at that late hour offered to put on "Put to the Test," and it being too late to orchestrate it, he would play the piano part himself. Pilar Morin was appealed to, and with Gallic good nature she started in at 6 o'clock to learn a new and long part with business, a pantomimic song and musical cues as before. Miss Anna Gregory, the portrait painter, consented at the same time to paint a property portrait of Mme. Morin (a picture on which hangs the action of the piece); Mr. Belknap refreshed himself in a part not played for two years, and at 10.30 the pantomime was produced and won the honors of the evening.

Mme. Morin was captivating, and played with an ease that astonished the audience, which had been let into the secret. Mr. Belknap, as was to be expected of so experienced a pantomimist, did full justice to his role, and the illuminating music played by the composer, Mr. Loomis, elicited frequent laughter by its humor.

Altogether, it was a very successful evening, and society could not have been more quiet if it had never had a tongue.

CHATTOM.

"Le Portrait de Manon" was first

produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris, May 8, 1894. The comedians were Miss Laisné, Miss Elven, Fugère, Grivot. The story is simple and pretty; in the nature of an epilogue to Massenet's "Manon." I quote a condensation of it from the New York Sun:

After Manon's unhappy end her brother, Lescart, died, leaving his child, Aurore, in poverty. Tiberge has adopted her without revealing her parentage. Inconsolable at the loss of his mistress, Des Grieux devotes his life to the education of his ward, Jean. The youth falls in love with Aurore and asks his guardian's permission to marry her, but Des Grieux, in consternation at Jean's infatuation and still suffering from his own tragic passion, refuses to allow him to risk his happiness in a mesalliance and the disconsolate young lovers appeal to Tiberge for aid. He pleads in vain and finally bids Aurore to don an old costume of Manon's and pass before the window of Des Grieux's study. Her striking resemblance to Manon is thus suddenly revealed to Des Grieux, who thinks her an apparition of his old love. Then Tiberge explains the deception and the resemblance, and Des Grieux, softened by the tender emotions of memory, consents to their union. The opera was produced under the direction of Victor Capoul, and the parts were sung by Messrs. de Bassini and Wiillard and Mmes. Chalia and De Breior.

Much has been written about the Ninth Symphony, but I know of no more acute criticism than that inspired in the breast of Mr. J. F. Runciman by a performance conducted by Mr. Henry J. Wood, Nov. 27, at Queen's Hall, London, and published by the Satur-

day Review of Dec. 4. Such criticism puts the critic in the very first rank of all writers on music:

"There is, on the whole, no more difficult work in the world to play than the Ninth symphony. Other achievements of the first rank are, perhaps, as difficult. Tristram, The Matthew Passion of Bach, Mozart's Requiem—these are not things to be grappled with lightly. But in them we have at any rate exactly what the composer meant to say; the expression exactly fits the matter to be expressed; there is nothing attempted which the means at the composers' command did not enable them to say with ease. Beethoven was in a different, and a very difficult, position. He needed the Wagner, the modern, orchestra; and it was not ready for him. The subtleties he wished to convey demanded all Mozart's facility of utterance; and with this God had not gifted him. One consequence is that in places his orchestration seemed appalling even to Wagner, the intensest Beethoven lover who has lived; another is that again and again he only half says what he has to say, that he smudges the canvas, so to speak, remarking that this is meant for a horse—an unheard-of kind of horse, of course—and if we cannot understand it we can leave it without troubling to do so. To interpret such a work, to understand it and devise a method of conveying what is understood to an average bourgeois audience, demands the very highest powers; a conductor can possess, and the reader will understand the full force of the compliment paid to Mr. Wood in my first paragraph. When a fitting conductor is at work, as he was last Saturday, he almost if not quite persuades one that the Ninth symphony is the greatest musical work extant. Perhaps it is—Bülow certainly thought so. Yet what a curiously compounded work! It is pervaded with an acutely painful sense of an endeavor to say more than the medium will permit, with a sense of struggle. If (starting where we should end) one considers the whole scheme, how naive, how childish, it seems. In the first movement we have life as Beethoven had known it and suffered it for years before the writing of the symphony, as he knew it and suffered from the time of the writing till his death, life bare, joyless, desolate, a ceaseless gnawing and a sorrow. In the second he gives us the energetic, bustling life, the life of the rustic with no thought save that of making the most—in the most limited sense—of the passing moment. In the third he gives us, as it was never given before save by Mozart, the life of sheer human affection, the life of those who find life's satisfaction and fulness in living for those they love. That movement he interrupts with a discordant crash—he has awakened to the truth that none of these things satisfy him, Ludwig van Beethoven. He tries them all once more and in turn abruptly dismisses them. Then the orchestra in a quite casual manner hums a suggestion of the Joy theme—Beethoven shouts that he has got it, and forthwith he gives us the theme naked and in its perfect loveliness. Not for the aches of life, nor for its rustic happiness, nor its deepest tenderness, will he live henceforth, but for its joy—for the serene and glad acceptance of all that life brings him, brings him who knows what life is. Having arrived at this point his artistic plan—a plan discussed somewhere in his letters, and really quite comical in its primitive absurdity—compelled him to go further. What he wanted was not the sound of instruments alone; only the human voice could fitly sing the greatness of human joy; so a bass soloist is brought on to tell us that Beethoven will have no more of these dolorous tones—let us sing something better, something more flowing. After that the Hymn to Joy is sung by solo voices and chorus; and so with snatches of secular cantata music, of church, of Turkish music, and lastly with pure Beethoven music, the symphony ends. Now let no one think me foolish or irreverent enough to ridicule so magnificent a work of art. I desire only to point out how naive, how very rustic, the plan is, and to point out that only for the sake of showing how stupendous was the power of the musician who so greatly filled so poor a form. For though after hearing the Ninth symphony one may smile at the form of it, while one listens to it no smiling is possible. When we take it movement by movement one realizes that here is music so poignant, so pathetic, so terribly sincere, that despite the ever-present sense of struggle, excepting the things I have mentioned there is no music in the world to compare with it. Indeed for an expression of the mood in which life seems barren, an endless gnawing, there is nothing to compare with the opening; and the vision of happiness, held out again and again, and ever eluding us, is used to increase the dominant feeling with an artistic tact and ingenuity worthy of Mozart when Mozart is at his finest. The emotion of the scherzo, though lighter, is communicated with equal vigor; and considered merely as music I know nothing more wholly delightful or fresher than this movement, despite the instrumentation. The almost unendurable beauty of the Adagio, with those lapses into half-happy, half-mournful sentiment, the sentiment of one who thinks over the dead past, cannot be missed by the most obtuse. Most splendid of all is the finale. That melody, one of the half-dozen greatest ever penned, would be alone worth waiting for were the rest of the symphony as mean as it is fine; and Beethoven has moreover thrown in for us the Turkish music, and that solemn passage where, as Sir George Grove says, the voices seem to go up among the very stars. In style and technical execution the Ninth symphony may not rank with the Fifth; but in emotional power, and in architectural balance and splendor, it shows as one of the things for which life is worth the living; and Beethoven himself must have felt that it was well worth hav-

ing lived to create it. The pity is that in England we have so few conductors who can play it; my congratulations to the one who can."

Philip Hale.

NOTES.

Ludwig Schytte will give a concert in Berlin early in 1898.

Patti will receive \$800 for each appearance in London.

Irish folk songs by Mr. Arthur Foote were sung Nov. 19 in London by Miss Isabel Macdougall.

Anton Hekking, formerly first cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been seriously ill.

Villiers Stanford's Requiem will be sung for the first time in America by the Apollo Club, Chicago.

It is not yet determined whether Mr. Nikisch and his Philharmonic orchestra will visit this country next spring.

Miss Hannah Bryant, a young English pianist, a pupil of Siloti, gave her first concert with success in Berlin Nov. 20.

Charlotte Taubert, a granddaughter of Wilhelm Taubert, has been singing in Berlin. "A small, well-educated voice."

Mr. Max Heinrich will give his last recital of the season on the evening of Jan. 11, in Steinert Hall. He will be assisted by Mrs. Heinrich.

The widow of Louis Lacombe is the author of "La Science du Mécanisme vocal et l'art du chant," published lately by Maquet & Co., Paris.

"Le Luther de Crémone," opera by Hubay, will be given Dec. 20 at the Astoria. Miss Verlet, Mr. Vries, Mr. Wareham and Mr. Heinrich Meyn will take part.

Miss Edith Thompson of Lynn played Dec. 6 the piano part of Grieg's violin sonata op. 45, at a concert of the Kaitenborn-Beyer-Hané string quartet. She was highly praised.

Mr. S. Grahame Nobbs, tenor, and Mr. A. R. Frank, bass, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall, on the evening of Jan. 12. They will be assisted by Miss Anna Miller Wood, mezzo-contralto, and Mr. John C. Manning, pianist.

A praise service will be conducted at Tremont Temple this evening from 7.30 to 8 by Prof. Charles E. Boyd, assisted by the Temple chorus, and Arthur Braham's instrumental sextet. At the Sunday afternoon service Mr. Braham's instrumental sextet will play.

Brockton, Mass., will have a musical festival April 25, 26 and 27, 1898. The first concert will consist of a light oratorio; the second concert will be a miscellaneous one, and the third an operatic concert. A large orchestra will be engaged for the occasion. The following artists will take part: Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Mrs. Nannie Hands-Kronberg, Miss Gertrude Edmonds, Mrs. Homer Sawyer, George Want, J. C. Bartlett, Myron Whitney, D. M. Babcock, S. Kronberg, Emanuel Fidler, Felix Fox, Miss Margaret McNulty. It is expected to make it a permanent organization, to give a festival every year.

Heinrich Ehrlich, the eminent authority on all matters relating to the piano, has just issued two pamphlets (Edition Steingraeber) which should meet with a welcome reception at the hands of teachers and students. The works (also done into English) are called "Die Ornamentik in Bach's Klavierwerken" and "Die Ornamentik in Beethoven's Klavierwerken." Ehrlich says in the preface: "This little pamphlet, which I now place before the musical world, is the fruit of fifty years of study. The connoisseurs of the works of the great cantor, at least such of them as do not allow themselves to be influenced in their judgment by personal relations or by partisanship, will, even if they do not in all cases approve of my views, acknowledge that I have approached the matter with thoroughness and understanding."—Musical Courier.

"Hiawatha," a symphony by Mr. August Walther of Brooklyn, was played at a concert of the Seldi Society in Brooklyn Dec. 9. We quote from the Musical Courier of the 15th: "The work which is rather a suite than a symphony, is based upon the wooing and wedding of Hiawatha and in much is interestingly close to the familiar poem of the Immortal Longfellow. The calls of Minnehaha and the instrumentation thereof was fascinating and dainty. There is little doubt that the weight and worth of the entire work lie in the first two movements, which show the possibilities which are within Walther. As upon the public presentation of every work for the first time its possibilities and its weaknesses are revealed to the composer as well as to the critic. After the suite will have undergone a little pruning here and there Walther will have the satisfaction of knowing that his work may stand side by side with other works of merit wherein the inspiration has come from the less lofty, or, rather, more barbarous side of life. In the wedding march Walther has touched upon the bizarre in the Indian life without making it obnoxious. He was closer to the possibility of utilizing the actually original or perhaps aboriginal music in the last movement, which he refrained from doing. The one question arises—was he right in holding off the realism which might have lent it more interest and more truth in detail?"

Cowen's "Ruth" was given for the first time in German by the Cecilia, Berlin, Nov. 22. Mr. Floersheim, in his letter to the Musical Courier, says: "The composer of the Scandinavian symphony is not an eclectic writer for chorus. His four part writing is decent but commonplace, and walks as regularly as do those columns of young seminary ladies out for an airing, which you can see daily (weather permitting) in the straight alleys of the Thiergarten. They look bored to death, straight-laced and very respectable, and so sounds Cowen's music; even the orches-

tral portions, in which but little of that local color is perceptible which so greatly charmed us in the Scandinavian symphony. And yet Cowen should have been able to furnish his Biblical idyll with a good bit of Oriental color; for, though English by birth, he is of Jewish blood. The pretty story of the girl of Moab is well told by Joseph Bennett, the English music critic, but his words, selected from the Scriptures, sound rather clumsy in the translation into German which was used at this concert. The music all through the part of the work I heard shows little inspiration and very little distribution of light and shade. Not a single elevated moment, no rising above mediocrity; not a climax; nay, not an inspiration occurred during the good half hour through which I was willing and able to stand this sort of home-made music. It is remarkable that the story of Ruth, though it has been set to music by many different composers, has not yet furnished the world with one really great musical creation." César Franck's "Ruth," by the way, has a peculiar charm.

The circumstances of Miss Sibyl Sanderson's marriage in Paris to Antonio Terry were quite unlike what might have been expected in connection with any well-known stage celebrity. Miss Sanderson became Mrs. Terry in a convent which is filled with the daughters of aristocratic families for pupils and boarders. The arrangements for the wedding were made so quietly and the character of the ceremony so simple that only two or three persons in the building knew what had taken place. Mrs. Terry is said to have made plans to return to the stage after her honeymoon. She is to sing in Paris in a series of semi-private concerts, and may later appear in opera. All her engagements to appear this winter in Italy have been canceled. Another young American who is as proud of her high notes as Sybil Sanderson used to be is just now in Paris studying to take a real place among singers after her remarkable career of two years in this country. Ellen Beach Yaw is in Paris learning to sing, and this will be news to some persons who may have heard the most remarkable press agent story that was ever advertised to boom a waning favorite. This story was that Miss Yaw, in straining for a high note, had burst a blood vessel and died immediately. This was too appalling an effort on the press agent's part to find very general acceptance, and the effect of the denials which were to appear promptly was quite lost, as the unsympathetic public refused to become excited over the dreadful fate which was said to have overtaken the young soprano. Miss Yaw, having made, through the remarkable advertisements of which she was the subject, a comfortable if not extravagant fortune, retired to Paris, where she is now making her preparations for a début under somewhat more dignified surroundings, and it is said that on her return she will appeal to the public with some stronger claims to its consideration than a few notes which, if very high, were so thin that it would have needed a megaphone to make them audible in a theatre of ordinary size.—New York Sun.

Dec 20, 97

Mr. Jules Renard, the intelligent foreigner, did not stay to Sunday School, yesterday, although the Superintendent almost persuaded him by offering a class of young ladies. We lunched together quietly at the Porphyry. Someone at a neighboring table was talking about engagements and proposals. This moved Mr. Renard to tell the following story of an episode that happened in a little town of his beloved France.

THE FATHER-IN-LAW.

The only window of her bedroom looks out on the garden. Miss Sarah is arranging in fan-like fashion peacocks' feathers in a vase.

For a long time there had been talk about her marriage. Mr. Meltour of Saint-Etienne found her to his taste, and, like a good business man, he began to press matters.

That very morning he declared himself to Mr. Lérin, in the sun, near the little white gate.

He began adroitly by complimenting him on the condition of the paths, and by appearing to be interested in horticulture.

"What are those, Mr. Lérin?"

"You ought to know what onions are at your age."

The window is open and Miss Sarah hears distinctly. Sometimes she blames herself for listening, and then she chases away her scruples, which are like unto flies bound to come back.

"Yes; my dear Mr. Lérin, they say that Saint-Etienne is a dirty, smoky town. The sun looks yellow. Flowers, which are raised at great expense, fade immediately. The brooks run over cold beds. But take drops of this black water in the palm of your hand, and they are clear, limpid, pure. Funny, isn't it? The ribbons of Saint-Etienne are the softest to the eye and the touch, and there has never been an epidemic in the town. In twenty-five days, as at renowned springs, a delicate woman would find herself fully restored."

An adroit remark. Mr. Lérin is not moved. He is thinking of the black, clear water and does not understand it.

"No, I don't understand it."

"What?"

"Are you deaf? I say, I don't understand about that water."

"Scientists," replies Mr. Meltour, "give various reasons. At any rate the phenomenon is indisputable. Miss Sarah will observe it."

"Singular!"

"I will go further," says Mr. Meltour, "the charged air of Saint-Etienne has been analyzed by great chemists from Paris, and they say it is preferable to any other air."

"But you said that your flowers faded immediately."

"Whereas the women—you are gallant, Mr. Lérin, but we know how to answer you. Women are the rivals of flowers; hence the contradiction."

Mr. Meltour, satisfied, laughs. Mr. Lérin does not even smile.

"Your sun is yellow?"

"Yellow, and without any glare. Miss Sarah need not open her parasol often."

"Is she going to Saint-Etienne?"

"I am bold enough to hope that if I am so lucky as to marry her, she will follow me everywhere, as the Code directs."

"Do you wish to marry her?"

Mr. Meltour takes off his hat, and gently passes his hand over his few hairs.

"I think it's high time."

"Oh, sometimes they grow again," answered Mr. Lérin.

"I am a man," says Mr. Meltour; "I do not deceive myself, and I count on the indulgence of Miss Sarah."

"It's my daughter, then, whom you propose to marry?"

"Mr. Lérin, you are guying me!"

"Ah!"

Silence. The peacock's feathers tremble in Miss Sarah's fingers. She waits, her eyes in the peacock's eyes. Suddenly Mr. Meltour, eager to finish speaks decidedly:

"Well, what do you say?"

"I? Nothing. It's your business."

"How's that, dear father-in-law?"

"You wish to marry my daughter, and as you do not know her well, you ask of me certain information. I've none to give you. How do I know what sort of a wife my daughter will make. You are sympathetic to me, as a man is whom I have met three times; that is to say, indifferent. I see your embarrassment. If you commit a folly you will say, 'They deceived me'; and if you are lucky, you will applaud yourself, congratulating your good taste. Everything is possible. There are happy husbands. Are you to be one of them? Who can tell? Not I. You hesitate. You need advice, a tap on the shoulder. If I should smile, you would call it a gesture, as a little one learning to walk. But I keep still, speechless, like a graven image, and to corrupt me you say, 'Dear father-in-law!' I refrain from saying to you, 'Dear son-in-law!' I have passed the age when one is easily moved. Marry. Twenty years from now, when you can offer proof, I'll rejoice and congratulate you. Until then, I prefer to remain cold, and were it not for the bore of the ceremony, I should be present without any emotion whatever. Give the curé some sous so that he will hurry up, because in the country the churches are uncomfortable. You are in an awkward predicament. Frankly, I am unable to help you. Let us speak of other matters."

Thus he concludes:

"I wish to pick some black radishes for our luncheon. Are you fond of them?"

"Yes," says Mr. Meltour, "especially when they are white."

The peacock's feathers, elegantly arranged, radiant, bathe in the sun their shaded tufts and their eyes, encircled with lively colors. Miss Sarah, the goose, sobs, and as she is flat-chested, her big tears drop straight to the ground.

HANDEL AND HAYDN

Sang "The Messiah" Last Night in Music Hall for the Ninety-Sixth Time.

Handel's "Messiah" was sung by the Handel and Haydn last night in Music Hall. Mr. Zerrahn was the conductor and he was applauded heartily when he made his appearance. The orchestra was made up of Symphony men with Mr. Schnitzler as concertmaster. The solo singers were Mrs. Georg Henschel, Mrs. Anna Taylor Jones, Mr. H. Evans Williams and Mr. E. Leon Rains. Mrs. Jones and Mr. Rains sang here for the first time. Mr. H. G. Tucker was the organist.

I have on several occasions spoken freely about performances of "The Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn. I do not believe that the work should be sung by so large a chorus; I do not believe in the existence of any traditions worth regarding, but from what we know of Handel, the opera writer, and the singers of his period, it is impossible to accept the modern conventional treatment of many of the arias as historically or musically correct; and I consider Franz's tinkering with the score as an impertinence and an abomination. There is little to be said, therefore, concerning the character of a performance of this oratorio here or elsewhere, except to make a protest by de-

...ing the ... to ...
... in from of ...
... is to be ...
... simple questions as ...
... of attack, etc. And such ...
... need not take much space.
... it was ...
... and precision. "For unto us" and "His ...
... is easy" were sung with a jaunty ...
... that was not wholly displeasing.
... but there was little true volume except ...
... final cadences, where even the faint ...
... hearted plucked up courage. Passages ...
... that should have been grandly sonorous ...
... too often sounded thin and meagre. And ...
... it must be confessed that the tempo ...
... taken by Mr. Zerrahn was often logy ...
... and contrary to the spirit of the music.
... on the other hand, there was an evi ...
... attempt to sing with expression, ...
... and the attempt was not always futile.
... The size of the chorus, however, and ...
... the volume were ludicrously dispro ...
... portionate, and it is not too much to ...
... say that the society could spare easily ...
... one-half, if not two-thirds, of its pres ...
... ent membership.
... The feature of the evening was the ...
... superb singing of Mr. Williams. In ...
... beauty of tone, freedom of delivery, ...
... balancing of the phrase, dramatic feel ...
... ing, musical and personal authority, ...
... and, above all, in self-control, there is ...
... no tenor now on the oratorio stage to ...
... be named with him. A man that can ...
... triumph gloriously in "Behold and see" ...
... as well as "Thou shalt break them"; ...
... who can sing the former with genui ...
... pathos, steering clear of sentimental ...
... ism, and then deliver the imprecation ...
... with the righteous fury of a prophet, at ...
... the same time preparing gradually the ...
... audience for an irresistible climax, is a ...
... most welcome apparition in this period ...
... of vocal degeneration.
... Mrs. Henschel is charming in a small ...
... hall and in songs where chiselled ar ...
... tistry is first of all demanded. I do not ...
... like to hear her force her tones, ex ...
... plosive, or suggest straying from the ...
... pitch. She took "But thou didst not ...
... leave" at too slow a pace.
... Mrs. Jones has a beautiful and sym ...
... pathetic voice, and when she does not ...
... deliberately give way to sentimental ...
... ism she sings with freedom and under ...
... standing. Nearly all songs are in ...
... clined to drag, and Mrs. Jones is not ...
... one of the exceptions. She dawdles in ...
... recitative and to her each sentence is ...
... of plenary inspiration. Her singing of ...
... "He shall feed his flock" was marred ...
... sadly by sentiment that was lachry ...
... mose and by sluggishness of tempo ...
... that was unendurable.
... Mr. Rains has an impressive bass ...
... voice. His upper tones are not yet ...
... fully under control, and his roulades ...
... last night were often clumsy and badly ...
... accented. Nor was his intonation ...
... above reproach. It does not seem to ...
... me that he is yet prepared for such ...
... sturdy work.
... There was a large audience and there ...
... was frequent and hearty applause.

Philip Hale.

Dec 21 9-97
Perhaps you think I'm bragging, but the ...
... proof it is most clear.
... If you only twig the company that stands ...
... around me here,
... But something I'll tell you—now, pray don't ...
... at me stare—
... There's nothing half so handsome—as a ...
... nobby head of hair.
... A few days ago a clergyman from ...
... Nebraska preached so powerfully in ...
... Chambersburg, Pa., against women ...
... who wear feathers in bonnets that ...
... many of the sinners tore out the orna ...
... ments and "cast them on the floor."
... About six years ago, the Rev. Mr. ...
... Carrodine—a name that suggests chemi ...
... cal derivation—preached in St. Louis a ...
... series of sermons against the use of ...
... golden ornaments or gewgaws. "With ...
... tearful eyes, young, middle-aged and ...
... old ladies came forward to the altar ...
... and cast down at the feet of the min ...
... ister their bracelets, ear-rings, broach ...
... es, finger rings, etc. While men poss ...
... sessed of valuable gold watches and ...
... seal rings with beaming countenances ...
... threw them on the altar." This quota ...
... tion is from the contemporaneous ac ...
... count of a reporter, who evidently knew ...
... "seal rings with beaming counten ...
... ances" when he saw them.
... There is an advantage in throwing a ...
... pathos, for although the aim may not ...
... be deadly, or the speed great, the ...
... feather is not necessarily injured in the ...
... sacrifice, and the owner may pick it up ...
... with an eye to a future use. But a ...
... valuable gold watch must suffer injury ...
... when its flight is checked suddenly by ...
... pulpit, floor, wall, ceiling or preacher's ...
... head.
... We do not object to such episodes in ...
... churches which we do not frequent. ...
... We abhor cruelty to animals, two ...
... legged or four-legged, clawed or cow ...
... hide booted. But when our brother ...
... from Nebraska called down the wrath ...
... of God upon men wearing whiskers, ...
... we feel obliged to part company with ...
... him.
... For where is the sin in whiskers?
... We suppose the term is used vaguely ...
... for all forms of hairy facial decora ...
... tions, just as rum in its broad, gen ...
... erous sense (witness Dr. Holmes) in ...
... cludes gin, brandy, whisky, cham ...
... pagne, burgundy, absinthe, etc., etc. ...
... Moses forbade the Jews to "mar the ...
... corners of the beard" (Levit. xix., 27) i. ...
... e., to avoid the manner of the Egyp ...
... tians, who left only a little tuft at the ...
... extremity of their chins. They shaved ...
... only in time of affliction and distress.

... hair is elegant. It oft goes into ...
... At the Zoological, the other day, 'twas well ...
... pulled by the apes,
... And in making my escape from them, I was ...
... grappled by a bear,
... It fauced that I was his cub, by my nobby ...
... head of hair.

Think of the noble heads associated ...
... with whiskers! Titian's, Shakspeare's, ex ...
... Senator Peffer's, Spenser's, Chaucer's, ...
... Haroun Al Raschid's, Legrand Larow's ...
... of Lamar, Mo.—whose beard is seven ...
... feet in length—Aaron's, Hadrian's.
... Among the Romans a bearded man ...
... meant "a man of ancient simplicity ...
... and virtue," and the first barber ever ...
... known in Rome was imported in the ...
... 454th year after the building of the city. ...
... He was a Sicilian, and Americans have ...
... imported his descendants. Even the ...
... Cretans who had a wretched reputation, ...
... looked upon it as a punishment to have ...
... the beard clipped off from them.

Or why search remote lands and the ...
... dead years? Why did the cigarette ...
... girls in a factory in Steenty-steenth ...
... Street, New York, strike last week ...
... against a new foreman? Let one of the ...
... girls answer:

"We want a foreman with a mus ...
... tache and some sense."

We are surprised. We are delighted. ...
... Days have passed since the announce ...
... ment of the important news that Mr. ...
... Edward H. Ten Eyck will enter a dental ...
... school, and paragraphers have refrained ...
... from allusions to "a long pull, and a ...
... strong pull."

The disagreeable daughter is, as a rule, ...
... well on in the twenties. She is a well ...
... dressed, generally speaking, "well-set-up" ...
... young woman, and she has a determined ...
... air and rather abrupt manners. The mother ...
... is in the neighborhood of the sixties. She ...
... has no air at all, and very gentle manners. ...
... She reminds me of the White Queen in ...
... "Through the Looking Glass," in that she ...
... is possessed with a great desire to do her ...
... best and please the disagreeable daughter. ...
... They sit opposite each other, in opposite ...
... corners of the railway carriage. When they ...
... first get in, the disagreeable daughter dis ...
... poses of the rugs and bags in a somewhat ...
... masterful manner, and then she tucks her ...
... mother up in a way that makes you feel ...
... she would dispose of her altogether in that ...
... way if she could. Then she opens a news ...
... paper and reads. The mother does not read. ...
... She watches the daughter furtively.

Mr. W. B. Yeats, cúlse mo chroidhe, ...
... propounds the theory that Dante ob ...
... tained the central idea of the Inferno ...
... from "St. Patrick's Purgatory" in ...
... Lough Derg.

The Lord Chief Justice has recently ...
... disposed of an old legal puzzle: Can a ...
... man be convicted who goes into a ...
... restaurant in the ordinary way, orders ...
... food, eats it, and then calmly announces ...
... that he has no money to pay for it? ...
... The difficulty always has been that, if ...
... he says nothing when he goes in, there ...
... is no false representation of his means, ...
... and, therefore, no false pretence. More ...
... over, if false pretence was necessary, ...
... there was this paradox: a man who had ...
... money in his pocket and ran away after ...
... his meal or refused to pay was not ...
... guilty, for he had not falsely pretend ...
... ed that he could pay, whereas a man ...
... who had not the cash on him was ...
... deemed to have so falsely pretended. ...
... No, says Lord Russell, this is not a ...
... case of false pretences, for there is no ...
... representation of any kind when a ...
... man goes into a restaurant; but there ...
... is fraud in obtaining credit, for a man ...
... must know the custom of paying for ...
... food there and then, and then the ...
... Debtors' Act hits this offence. This food ...
... law is good sense, too, and will apply ...
... to the man who can pay and won't pay.

"Half a King" Is at the ...
... Tremont.

Francis Wilson Made a Speech ...
... Against Trusts.

Francis Wilson and his company, under ...
... the management of Ariel Barney, ...
... began last night at the Tremont Thea ...
... tre an engagement of two weeks. There ...
... was a large and hilarious audience. ...
... The piece performed was "Half a King," ...
... libretto adapted by Harry B. Smith ...
... from that of "Le Roi de Carreau" (1883), ...
... music by Ludwig Engelender. Mr. W. ...
... H. Batchelor led the orchestra. Mr. ...
... Wilson was assisted by Miss Lulu ...
... Glaser, Miss Celeste Wynn, who took ...
... the part of Lucinde (originally played ...
... here by Miss Christie MacDonald, Jan. ...
... 4, 1897), Messrs. Lang, Brand, Miron, ...
... Elder, Temple and Arling-Parr.

When this operetta was first played ...
... here, the Journal published an account ...
... of the piece on which it was founded ...
... as well as a description of the adapta ...
... tion. It is enough to say now that the ...
... libretto is one of the best of Mr. ...
... Smith's many works, that the story is ...
... amusing and coherent, that the craft of ...
... the original librettists was of great as ...
... sistance to Mr. Smith, who, as a rule, ...
... is weak in construction. Mr. England ...
... er's music is melodious and without any ...
... deliberate attempt at originality.

This performance was a ...
... similar to that nearly a year ago, a ...
... though some undoubtedly ...
... Christie MacDonald, shutting their ...
... eyes to the attractive personality of ...
... Miss Wynn. However, admirable the ...
... other members of the company may be, ...
... however spirited in action, the chief ...
... interest centres naturally in the pranks ...
... of Mr. Wilson and Miss Glaser. Yet it ...
... is only just to say that the ensemble ...
... last night was one of even excellence, ...
... that the chorus was effective and the ...
... orchestra under firm control, and that ...
... the piece was prettily mounted.

Miss Glaser last night was flat only ...
... in her intonation. And, strange to say, ...
... you do not take it to heart when she ...
... wanders from the true pitch. She is a ...
... capricious creature, and in her cap ...
... prices is delight. You are surprised ...
... sometimes that she sings at all. You ...
... expect her to wink at the conductor ...
... and sing maliciously any tune that ...
... comes into her pretty head, or to yawn ...
... in the face of the audience and say: ...
... "O bother the song; let's have a dance."
... Nor would you resent any such liberty, ...
... any more than you are disposed to ...
... quarrel with her queer pronunciation ...
... of certain words, her vowel-sounds, her ...
... pouts, her gestures. She is always ...
... amusing, always desirable. Audacious, ...
... she does not know how to be vulgar. ...
... Unhampered, unconfined, she is not ...
... without the art that deceives and is ...
... called nature. She does not play so ...
... directly to the audience as she did ...
... at the beginning of her career, and yet ...
... she holds the attention of each one. ...
... Nor do I think that seeing her, the ...
... most hatchet-faced and jealous woman ...
... —if there are such monstrosities, as ...
... play-wrights, satirists, and paragraph ...
... ers assure us—would tite thin lips at ...
... the enthusiastic admiration of a sus ...
... pected spouse; for Miss Glaser would ...
... disarm even her.

There are some men who do not find ...
... Mr. Wilson funny. They say so before ...
... the performance. They say, "Pooh, ...
... pooh!" likewise "Tush-tush." But ...
... when he is here you find them in the ...
... theatre, and their laughter is the loud ...
... est. Mr. Wilson is a clown, some one ...
... says. Yes, and Lear had a clown. ...
... Mr. Wilson may occasionally grin ...
... through the horse collar, but his grin ...
... is then unlike that of others, because ...
... he is conscious of his own clowning. ...
... He would agree with you heartily if ...
... you should tax him with ridiculous ...
... fooling. Now I do not care for Mr. ...
... Wilson as a comedian, because he is a ...
... book-collector; his hobby would natu ...
... rally excite envy, hatred; nor am I ...
... drawn toward Miss Glaser because ...
... some passionate press agent confides to ...
... me confidentially through the news ...
... papers that she is interested deeply ...
... in mythology, for she herself with up ...
... lifted arms, and the raised skyward ...
... might well adorn a Grecian vase. It is ...
... the fooling, the philosophical fooling, ...
... the dictionary fooling of Mr. Wilson ...
... that is delightful. In his maddest ...
... freak you recognize the gentle char ...
... acter of the man. That staccato voice ...
... is not affectation; that sudden change ...
... from bravado to cowardice is human. ...
... You yourself have known such violent ...
... ly contrasted moods. And you laugh, ...
... because you find a mirror held before ...
... some infirmity of your own. Inexorable ...
... must be the vanity of the man who ...
... falls to see any humor in the quips, ...
... trips, vaporings, entreaties of Mr. Wil ...
... son, the comedian. And he that fails ...
... to see this humor walks home dressed ...
... in his own shroud.

After the second act there were re ...
... peated calls for a speech from Mr. ...
... Wilson. He finally appeared and spoke ...
... deliberately, without heat, calmly, as ...
... though he were announcing the date ...
... of the battle of Marathon, a few words ...
... concerning the theatrical trust, so ...
... called, and the possibility of his not ap ...
... pearing here another season. He said ...
... in substance that very many of the ...
... leading theatres throughout the coun ...
... try were in the hands of "Speculators, ...
... who were actuated solely by mercenary ...
... motives."

He affirmed that these men had dra ...
... matic art by the throat. He named a ...
... few actors and one actress who were ...
... "brave enough to stand out against ...
... the wishes of these men. Thus he ...
... named Mr. Skinsfield, Mrs. Fiske, Mr. ...
... Heine, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Mantell, and ...
... perhaps one or two more. He quoted ...
... "the publicly expressed opinion" of Mr. ...
... Jefferson and Mr. Winter to the effect ...
... that the trust was working grievous ...
... injury to art. And he closed by ask ...
... ing theatre-goers to support the claims ...
... of those striving for "liberty and in ...
... dependence" by going to see them even ...
... when they were obliged to act in sec ...
... ond-class places of amusement.

The Wednesday matinee will be omi ...
... tted this week. There will be the usual ...
... matinee Saturday.

Philip Hale.

Dec 22 97
MISS ROSE STEWART
Gave a Concert in Steinert Hall
Last Evening—A Fine Exhibi ...
... tion of Artistry.

Miss Rose Stewart, assisted by Miss ...
... Minnie Little, pianist, and Mr. Henry ...
... Schuecker, harper, gave a concert last ...
... evening in Steinert Hall. There was a ...
... large and enthusiastic audience. The ...
... program was as follows:

Fuer Musik.....	Franz
"O Sleep" from "Semele".....	Handel
Die Lorelei.....	Lorelei
"Twas April.....	Nevin
Cradle Song.....	Godard
Spring.....	Rose Stewart
The Bluebell.....	MacDowell
Fantasia for harp.....	Saint-Saens
Shadow Song from "Dinorah".....	Meyerbeer
Sundown Song.....	Grig
Villanelle.....	Deif Acqua
"Thou'rt like unto a flower".....	Rubinstein
Epitaph.....	Lakme

"I feel thy breath".....
Les filles de Cadix.....

Of these songs, those by Grig and ...
... Deif Acqua, and the more familiar of ...
... those by Rubinstein were sung with ...
... harp accompaniment. Miss Stewart ...
... by playing certain piano accompani ...
... ments showed her versatility as a ...
... musician, appearing in one evening as ...
... singer, composer and pianist.

The chief pleasure in listening to Miss ...
... Stewart lies in the appreciation of her ...
... admirable artistry and thorough mus ...
... cal training. The voice itself is small ...
... and naturally colorless. I do not mean ...
... by this that it is disagreeable in any ...
... way; I simply state the fact that the ...
... material with which she began to shape ...
... her career was not as rich as that be ...
... stowed on many others who either ...
... through laziness or want of musical ...
... feeling have accomplished practically ...
... nothing. Other women with fuller and ...
... more sensuous or nobler voices have ...
... studied with Mrs. Marchesi; they have ...
... studied diligently after their fash ...
... ion and are yet not to be named in the ...
... same breath with Miss Stewart.

Miss Stewart has an exquisitely ...
... finished technic; but that alone does ...
... not always give pleasure; for the au ...
... tomatically correct singer is a wear ...
...iness to the flesh and the spirit. Miss ...
... Stewart has rare musical intelligence, ...
... which vivifies the mechanism that is ...
... smooth and brilliant. She is quick to ...
... grasp the central idea of a song; and ...
... to prepare quietly her effects with a ...
... view to bringing this idea clearly be ...
... fore an audience. She is willing to ...
... subordinate certain measures in ...
... order to give due prominence to ...
... other measures. Her rhythm is a ...
... natural not an acquired sense. Her ...
... phrasing is so carefully and cunningly ...
... studied that it appears spontaneous. ...
... It would be easy to itemize her mus ...
... cal possessions; to speak of breath ...
... ing, tonal production, legato, staccato, etc., ...
... but let us not be technical in praising ...
... technic. It is enough to say that her ...
... singing excited critical admiration as ...
... well as the pleasure of an hour; that ...
... her skill was shown alike in pretty ...
... trifles as well as in serious tasks. Her ...
... own song is a graceful and simple ...
... melody with a characteristic accom ...
... paniment.

Mr. Schuecker's natural and acquired ...
... gifts are well known; but the harp as ...
... a solo instrument soon tires the hearer, ...
... no matter how excellent the harper ...
... may be.

Philip Hale.

THE PLUM.

At the end of the branch hangs a plum that ...
... does not wish to fall, and yet, swollen as ...
... the cheek of a sulky child, ripe, full and heavy ...
... with juice, it is drawn continually toward ...
... the ground.
... With fiery point the sun pricks its skin, ...
... eats its colors, burns its stem each day.
... The plum does not loosen itself.
... Then the wind attacks it, at first surrounds ...
... it, caresses it slyly with its breath; getting ...
... vexed, it blows sharply from above.
... The plum stirs with the wind, good-natured, ...
... coddled, sleepy.
... A fierce rain-storm shoots it with tiny shot. ...
... The shot melt into dew drops and the plum ...
... gleams and looks about as though it were a ...
... big eye.
... A blackbird alights on the branch, draws ...
... near with decorous hops, darts at it prudently ...
... from a distance, wings ready, with futile ...
... blows of beak.
... At each blow the slight branch quivers; the ...
... plum starts, and then says, "No."
... It will hold out until it is struck by a long ...
... pole or sees a man with a ladder.
... But Arabella comes along.
... She sees the plum, smiles at it, bends her ...
... self carelessly, throws back her head, winks ...
... an eye, and opens wet and greedy lips.
... The plum falls between them.
... And Arabella, who is never surprised, says ...
... to me, with her mouth full,
... "You see, it yielded at once to my wish."
... But punished immediately for the sin of ...
... pride, she spits out the plu a.
... There's a worm inside.

The above beautiful specimen of sym ...
... bolism is dedicated respectfully to all ...
... politicians of high and low degree.

Mr. Algernon Soak stood at a ticket ...
... office in the Subway. Vainly he strove ...
... to pick up the change for a quarter. ...
... The two dimes stuck to the slab. They ...
... were irritatingly new and they decided ...
... him. He blocked the way. The vener ...
... able old gentleman behind him leaked ...
... a frightful curse. Mr. Soak pushed the ...
... coins toward the clerk, and said:
... "Hic!) Gimme a good cigar!"

There's method in sly Strephon's Maying.
... He's after Chloe and her cash.
... Such secrets quite deserve betraying.
... There's method in sly Strephon's Maying—
... Farm mortgaged, wool no longer paying—
... It's Chloe, or Commercial Crash!
... There's method in sly Strephon's Maying.
... He's after Chloe and her cash.

Mr. Dooley of the Chicago Evening ...
... Post discourses concerning Christmas:
... "Well, we can't have ivyrything we ...
... want in this wurrld. If I had me way ...
... I'd buy gold watches an' chains f'r ...
... ivyrboddy in th' r-road, an' a few iv ...
... th' good Germans. I feel that glinous.
... But 'tis no use. Ye can't give what ye ...
... want. Ivyry little boy iplots a pony at ...
... Chris'mas an' ivyry little girl a chain ...
... an' locket, and ivyry man thinks he's ...
... sure goin' to get th' goold-headed cane

he's looked for since he come over. But they all shilly land on rockin' horses an' dolls an' suspenders that r-run pink flowers into their shirts an' tatoo thim in summer. An' they conceal their grief Christmas mornin' an' thry to look pleasant with murder in their hearts.

"Some wan always has give me a Christmas prislnt, though no wan has anny r-right to. But no one lver give me annything I cud wear or ate or drlnk or smoke or curl me hair with. I've had flasks iv whisky give me-me that have lashing iv whisky at me elbow day an' night-an' when I oolned thim blue an' yellow flames come out an' some iv th' stuff r-run over on th' flure an' set fire to th' builldn'. I smoke the best five-cent see-gar that money can buy, yet wlin a good friend iv mine wants to make me a prislnt f'r Christmas he goes to a harness shop an' buys a box iv see-gars with excelsior fillin's an' burlap wrappfers, an' if I smoked wan and lived I'd be arristed f'r arson. I got a pair iv suspenders wasnt f'r'm a lady-nlver mind her name-an' I wurruked hard that day an' the decorations moved back into me an' I had to take them out with pumice stone. I didn't lose th' taste iv th' paint f'r weeks and weeks.

"Wan year I wanted a watch more thin annything in th' wuruld. I talked watches to lvy wan that I thought had daysigns on me. I made it a plnt to ask me frinds what time iv night it was an' thim say: 'Dear me, I ought to get a watch if I cud afford it.' I used to tout people down to th' jooler's shop an' stand be th' window with a hungry look in th' eyes iv me, as much as to say: 'If I don't get a watch I'll perish.' I talked watches an' thought watches an' dhreamed watches. Father Kelly raybuked me f'r bein' late f'r mass. 'How can I get there before th' gospil whin I don't know what time it is?' says I. 'Why don't ye luk at ye're watch?' he says. 'I haven't none,' says I. Did he give me a watch? Faith, he did not. He sint me a box iv soap that made me smell like a coon goin' to a ball in a State street ca-ar. I got a necktie f'r'm wan man, an' if I'd wore it to a meetin' iv th' Young Hebrews Charitable Society they'd 've thrun me out. That man wanted me to be kilt. Another la-ad sint me a silk handkerchief that broke on me poor nose. Th' nearest I got to a watch was a hair chain that unravelled an' made me look as if I'd been curryin' a Shetland pony. I nlver got what I wanted an' I nlver expect to. No wan does."

A contemporary quotes de Banville describing Daudet as having a "soft and child like beard." Child like beard! But Daudet was precocious in many ways.

Dec 23, 07
To construct mechanically the brain of a sleep-compelling story it is not sufficient to dissect stupid things and brutalize by powerful and renewed doses the intelligence of the reader, in a manner to paralyze his faculties for the rest of his life by the infallible law of fatigue; it is necessary in addition to this by the aid of good magnetic fluid to put him ingeniously into the somnambulistic impossibility of moving away, by forcing him to obscure unnaturally his vision in consequence of the rigid glare of your own eyes.

Can any one tell us who invented tongs? Were they known before Prometheus discovered fire, which, according to James Clarence Mangan, was in Kilkenny 5663 years ago?

Q. has sent us a poem, which we are unable to publish. We refer him to Lewis Carroll's parody of "You are old, Father William."

Who at last persuaded Mr. Richard Mansfield to publish a humorous book? Mr. Mansfield should disclose the name, so that the reproach may in a measure be removed from his own reputation, for weak, good-nature may be pardoned, but malicious crime should be punished. And that you may know we are not moved herein by personal prejudice, read this extract from one of the funnier poems in the volume:

"Maid of fashions, ere I start,
Give, oh, give me back my tart;
Or since that is in your chest,
Keep it now, and take my vest;
You're my Annie, I'm your Joe--
Zuedone, Si pollo."

The momentous question has again arisen: Should it be welsh-rabbit or welsh-rarebit? The Sun (New York) is in encouraging correspondents to use its columns as waste-pipes to their intellects. Thus E. H. M. will never forsake "rabbit," he quotes Thomas Hood and Thackeray, asking, "Can any of your readers furnish an earlier quotation for welsh-rabbit than Hood in 1835?"

Captain Grose in his "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," second edition, London, 1788, thus defines:

Rabbit. A Welsh rabbit, bread and cheese toasted, i. e., a Welsh rare bit."

Neither Bailey's Dictionary nor Ash's (each one belonging to the 18th century) alludes to the word, although there are strange and slang terms in each.

Maginn's "Maxims of Odohertry" appeared in Blackwood's Magazine in 1824. Maxim twenty-eighth was published in May of that year and it reads as follows:

"Much is to be said in favor of toasted cheese for supper. It is the cant to say that Welsh rabbit is heavy eating. I know this; but have I really found it to be so 'n my own case? Certainly not. I like it best in the genuine Welsh way, however--that is, the toasted bread buttered on both sides profusely, then a layer of cold roast beef, with mustard and horseradish, and then on the top of all, the superstratum of Cheshire thoroughly saturated, while in the process of toasting, with cwrw (the Welsh name for ale), or in its absence, genuine porter, black pepper and shallot vinegar. I peril myself upon the assertion, that this is not a heavy supper for a man who has been busy all day till dinner, in reading, writing, walking, or riding--who has occupied himself between dinner and supper in the discussion of a bottle or two of sound wind or any equivalent--and who proposes to swallow, at least, three tumblers of something hot, ere he resigns himself to the embrace of Somnus."

The Pall Mall Gazette published lately a review unfavorable to the second

series of the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics." The reviewer ended by saying: "It is a charming anthology, but not a representative one; it embalms the fancies of a gifted amateur, not the judgment of a sure-footed critic." To the review the editor of the newspaper added this note: "These words were hardly written when the news of Mr. Pagrave's lamentable death arrived, but we prefer to leave them intact. He, as a critic, would have been the first to maintain that a literary work must be judged on its own merits, without reference to personal consideration, and it would be alien to the spirit in which he worked to modify a deliberately-formed opinion for the sake of conventional eulogy." This course was manly, and in truth, a high compliment to Mr. Pagrave. Would that there were more independence of judgment and courage in expression of opinion concerning literary matters in the leading newspapers, weeklies and magazines of the United States!

But we must not forget a few literary critics who are to be respected for their aggressive honesty, however you may quarrel with their opinions. There is Mr. Harry T. Peck for example. His remarks on the sad case of Mr. Crockett deserve widespread attention: "One may cite the awful example to be found in the case of Mr. S. R. Crockett. Mr. Crockett wrote some time ago a story that at once appealed to every discriminating reader. It was carefully composed, and it was fresh and stirring and vigorous. He had made a hit. He evidently possessed the capacity for good work. At once the publishers of magazines and the heads of syndicates besieged him. They offered him large sums for other books that he might be intending to prepare. They turned his head and spoiled him. He gave up his work as a clergyman and set himself to the production of new books. Now he announces triumphantly that he has contracted to write serials that will supply the demand until the year 1910, and he has received payment in advance on each of these prospective stories. A visitor describes him as spending his days, before a huge type-writing machine especially constructed for his use, hammering out 'copy' all day long--a sort of literary sausage maker, working in the spirit of a pork butcher who has contracted to supply so many hams per annum. The result, of course, is that the recent books of Mr. Crockett show only here and there the qualities that once made him popular; they exhibit just the sort of writing that one would expect to find in the work of a man who is perpetually pounding novels out of a machine, under the inspiration that comes from the recollection of a sheaf of contracts."

Some one foolishly laid down the axiom that the man who is nice to old people and children is a really nice man. As a matter of fact, nothing is so villainously easy as an assumption of friendliness for those two helpless ends of humanity. Rather would I stake my proofs of a man's character on his adaptability to the art of getting himself nicknamed. To make me know a man, give me his nickname!

Dec 24, 07 SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Ninth of the Series Was Given in Music Hall Last Evening, Mr. Emil Paur, Conductor.

The program of the 9th Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, in D major.....Beethoven
Sinfonia (Shepherds' Music) from the "Christmas Oratorio".....Bach
Prelude to "Haensel und Gretel".....Humperdinck

(First time at these concerts.)
Two Northern Melodies for Strings,
Op. 63.....Grieg

(a) Herzwunden.
(b) Der Frühling.

"L'Arlésienne," Orchestral Suite No. 1, Liszt
The Symphony audience has waited some time for Humperdinck's overture. The piece was first played in this country by the orchestra under Mr. Damrosch, Dec. 7, 1894. There was an imperfect performance of it in Boston April 30, 1895, by the Boston Woman's Orchestra, under Mr. A. W. Thayer; I say imperfect because the orchestra was not that demanded by the composer's score. Nor was the performance of the overture satisfactory when the opera was given at the Hollis Street Theatre, Jan. 21, 1896, under Mr. W. G. Dietrich. The Dream Pantomime from the same opera was played by the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, Nov. 2, 1895. The piece itself is simple in thematic idea, but it is made pretentious by swollen orchestration. Humperdinck's recipe is by this time familiar: take a folk-tune that every German child knows and serve it with Wagner sauce. Here again enters the law of association of ideas. To the German child, twelve or sixty years old, the tune has a specific meaning, or it brings up a host of recollections. To an American audience the tune is merely a theme more or less musical. The interest, therefore, in the opera when it was performed here was to most of us such as is awakened by any opera in which familiar themes are not used as leit-motifs. The overture is a pleasing example of homage paid to Wagner by an adoring disciple. But Wagner did this sort of thing better.

The rest of the program calls for little attention. Handel in a simpler manner did that which Bach tried to do in the Christmas Shepherds' music.

The introduction of Beethoven's Symphony was distinguished by a lack of precision, and there were ragged passages in the allegro that follows; but the larghetto was sung expressively, and the finale was spirited.

The Norwegian tunes by Grieg were performed with an attention that they hardly deserve. Folk-tunes are delightful when their naiveté is preserved; a tinker comes along and tries to improve them; whether his name be Grieg or Brahms, or that of some equally ingenious gentleman, the thing of rustic, savage, or wild beauty is conventionalized and citified and prepared for acceptable appearance in a drawing-room furnished by contract.

The first movement of the suite from Bizet's music to Daudet's play was played admirably, although in the variation where the bassoons indulge in counterpoint, the counterpoint might have been brought out in bolder relief. The last movement was also effective. The Minuetto has been played here with greater elasticity. The adagio, an exquisite page, was given with true sentiment.

The next concert will be on Saturday evening, Jan. 1. The program will include Tschalkowsky's 5th Symphony, Entr'acte from Chabrier's "Gwendoline," Auber's overture "Le Domino Noir." Mr. Staudigl of the Damrosch and Ellis Opera Company will sing arias from "Acis and Galatea" and "Euryanthe."

Philip Hale.

We still seem to have a lively sense of the smell of that gorgeous red paint, which was on the handle of our first wooden sword! The pewter guard also--how beautifully fretted and like silver did it look! How did we hang round our shoulder by the proud belt of an old ribbon; then feel it well suspended; then draw it out or the sheath, eager to cut down four savage men for ill-using ditto of dandies! An old muff made an excellent grenadier's cap; or one's hat and feather, with the assistance of three surreptitious large pins, became fiercely modern and military. There it is, in that corner of the window--the same identical sword, to all appearance, which kept us awake the first night behind our pillow.

We stood yesterday on the corner of Temple Place and Tremont Street watching the swarming crowd of Christmas buyers, every woman with a box or a bundle, some of the men carrying a heavier load than that held under the arm.

Suddenly we noticed a singular person whose appearance showed the ravages of time and poverty. With long hair and unkempt beard, he wore a greasy cap, with leathern band, a coat frayed and so tightly buttoned, with collar turned up, that no linen was visible, trousers of a near-sighted cut, and a remarkable pair of boots--boots that were the remnants of other boots worn once by happier men, boots that were a collection of shreds and patches, as though some cobbler had applied the Tallicoat theory to leather instead of

human skin.

"A fine sight," we exclaimed affably. "Yes," said the stranger. He spoke with an accent. "Yes, a delightful sight. See that father, that working-man, who carries home a sled for his only boy. The sled will be a deeper red. I see it dragged home a month from now, and on it the boy, dead, with head crushed by horses' hoofs. That young man bought a pistol for himself; it will save him from a prison cell. The warm hearted girl, just out of the jeweler's shop, has purchased a locket to hold the picture which will delight her lover as it dangles from his watch-chain; he, at this very moment, talks of her in the bar-room over his third cock-tail. In the same jewelry shop a doting husband bought a costly ring for his wife; it is their tenth Christmas together; and she has counted the last five by ill-concealed yawns. That clergyman--"

Vexed, we cried, "Who are you that cloud with your filthy imagination the joy of Christmas?"

And the stranger drew near and said softly, oh so softly:

"I am Ivan Tourgetol. I am each one of the passers-by. Look at me well, for in me you see yourself some Merry Christmas in the future. Do not be impatient. All things come to him who waits."

One of the most interesting features of the Great Wild East Show is the exhibition of Christmas rudeness at the Back Bay post-office. Are the comedians poor louts who know no better, or men suffering from misuse of alcohol? Oh no. They are chiefly well-dressed and respected women who have not yet learned to respect the rights of others. They all wish to be served first; they know not the meaning of a queue; and when they have made other customers thoroughly uncomfortable they knagg and bully the clerks.

Has sale by candle been known of late years in New England? Sale by candle is an auction where a short candle is burned, and the last bidder before it goes out becomes the purchaser. Part IV. of the English Dialect Dictionary, edited by Joseph Wright, contains the following quotation from the London Gazette (1867): "The first of June * * * will be exposed to sale by the candle ten hundred parts or proprietries of that tract of land in America now called West New Jersey." Or was this form of auction ever known in New England?

The same number of this interesting and valuable work recognizes a delightful Devonshire adjective, meaning "of superior quality": "I tellee I've a-had a capadocious dinner."

Neither is "capernoited," for slightly jagged, to be despised.

One of the most stirring episodes in the late M. Oscar de Fourtou's life was his duel with Gambetta, which was fought with pistols, on a foggy morning in November, 1878. The combatants were placed at a distance of 75 paces, and could not see one another through the mist. In any case, M. de Fourtou was hopelessly short-sighted and Gambetta had but one eye. It was a risky business for the seconds, but happily no one was hit.

Mr. de Beauregard, a deputy from the Indre, proposes to introduce a bill into the Chamber to prevent any individual of Jewish origin from having any connection with any French public administrative body. France, by the way, is the country in which the motto, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" adorns public buildings and churches.

In windows which to another man would seem blank and meaningless, I find personal poems too deep to be ever turned into rhymes--more pathetic, mayhap, than I have ever found on printed page. The spot of ground on which a man has stood is forever interesting to him. Every experience is an anchor holding him the more firmly to existence. It is for this reason that we hold our sacred days, silent and solitary anniversaries of joy and bitterness, renewing ourselves thereby, going back upon ourselves, living over again the memorable experience. In this Christmas night all the other Christmas nights of my life live.

Many children, young and old, are disappointed today. The presents do not give satisfaction. For today is the great gift enterprise of the year. The giver gives the gift that he or she would like to receive.

But Mr. Dooley, a profound philosopher, treated this subject the other day in his inimitable manner. He anticipated us all. We quoted him with full appreciation, and now we change the subject.

With a good old fashion, when Christmass was come,

There is in all his old... with bignole and drum, With good cheer enough to furnish every old room, And old liquor, able to make a cat speak, and man dumb, Like an old courtier of the Queen's, And the Queen's old courtier.

Somehow or other mince pies no longer have the good old taste. Not because dates are not always in them. At the beginning of the last century, these were the ingredients; neats' tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, currants, lemon and orange peel, with various sorts of spices. Some say the best receipts contain little or no meat, "and it consequently keeps fresher, and eats lighter." Here is a receipt that has been handed down in a family for many generations: a pound of beef-suet chopped fine; a pound of raisins do. stoned. A pound of currants cleaned dry. A pound of apples chopped fine. Two or three eggs. Allspice beat very fine, and sugar to your taste. A little salt, and as much brandy and wine as you like.

There is an old superstition that in as many different houses as you eat mince pies during Christmas, so many happy months will you have in the ensuing year.

Black jacks to every man
We're fill'd with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly shew;
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

Our ancestors prepared themselves for Christmas. In the 10th century the schoolmasters of the monastery of Glas-tonbury regularly whipped their pupils the fifth day before the Feast of the Nativity; "not to punish them for any fault, but because it was the custom."

We are still more severe in our preparation; we all go a-shopping.

Observe how the chimneys
Do smook all about,
The cooks are providing
For dinner, no doubt;
But those on whose tables
No victuals appear,
O may they keep Lent
All the rest of the year!

Search the old songs and the old tales of the season and you find the same dominating thought: belly-timber; lashins of food and drink. Eat, drink and be merry. Never mind if your wages have been reduced; never mind if you are without work; some philanthropist will cram your maw and send word of his generosity to the newspapers.

We mourn the death of Santa Claus. Tears came into our eyes when we read his pathetic letter published lately in Life. The children of our leading citizens are sceptics. They no more believe in the existence of the old man with the reindeers and the queer cap than in the travels of Sinbad or the adventures of Puss-in-Boots. The poor things wear spectacles; they have practical ideas. Children that laugh with superior wisdom if you mention Santa Claus will lose when they are older the significance of Christmas. "Great are the myths," exclaimed Walt Whitman; "I, too, delight in them."

The flat is a blow to Christmas. What associations are there in a flat, where strangers to you have lived and will live? Alexander Smith, that essayist of rare charm, once wrote: "I stare on the windows of the house in which I once lived, with a feeling which I should find difficult to express in words. I think of the life I led there, of the good and the bad news that came, of the sister who died, of the brother who was born; and were it at all possible, I should like to knock at the once familiar door, and look at the old walls—which could speak to me so strangely—once again. To revisit that city is like walking away back with my yesterdays." But the essayist said "house"; there is no true life in a flat. In a flat death itself seems more squalid, mean, ordinary.

We have wandered far from the simple faith of those who went about carolling the birth of the Saviour. To the genteel the carols themselves seem grotesque, nor do they like to be reminded of the Humble Birth, of the patient and unknown life in the carpenter's shop. Christmas, which, as some claim, is in many of its observances essentially pagan, is to many, alas, a day for the regulation of certain social duties, for the payment of social debts. The song of the angelic host is drowned in the mad tumult of men. The shepherd most admired is the one that shears his sheep. The Star of Bethlehem is faintly seen on account of the electric lights of applauded civilization.

To enjoy and understand Christmas you must go into the country, not far from the graves of those who first told you the wondrous story.

I look out on the brilliant heaven, and see a Milky way of powdery splendor wandering through it, and clusters and knots of stars

and planets shining serenely in the blue frosty spaces; and the armed apparition of Orion, his spear pointing away into immeasurable space, gleaming overhead; and the familiar constellation of the Plough dipping down into the West; and I think when I go in again that there is one Christmas the less between me and my grave.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Word Anent Anthems and Carols of Christmas.

Busoni in London—Mr. Orser's Harmonic Tunable Organ.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

There are few church anthems published for the Christmas of 1897 that are worth singing, and it is not surprising to find organists going back to familiar tunes by Barnby, Tours, Smart, Thorne, Buck and other worthies. Adolphe Adams' "Cantique" still outweighs nearly all Christmas solos of modern invention that may be put in the balance against it. And as for the carols! How namby-pamby the sentiment, how cheap the music of those spawned of late years in comparison with those sung when life was simpler and ruder, and faith was more robust!

There is no more delightful reading at this season of the year than William Sandy's "Christmas Carols," and it is a pity that the book has not been reprinted; for the edition of 1833 is now scarce and comparatively dear, and I am under the impression it is the only one. You can find many of the carols themselves in more recent and cheaper collections, but the introductory essay of 144 pages is not to be found elsewhere.

God sent his Aungell Gabriell
To Nazareth the chefe cite
Of Galilee, as Luk will telle,
To Marie mylde and mayden fre.

Or listen to the simplicity of this verse of the carol "De Nativitate."

Jhesu of a mayde yu woldest be born
to save man kynde that was for lorne,
and all for owr synnes:

misereere nobis

In a cratche was yt childe layde,
both oxe & asse wt hym playde,
wt loye & blisse:

misereere nobis

Or,

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee.

Mr. Paur arranged his program last Thursday night with a view to the holiday season. You heard the ever delightful suite from "L'Arlésienne." "There is nothing about Christmas in this suite," you say. Oh yes there is. The opening theme is the Provençal Noël of King René, the Marcho del Rei:

Due bon matin
J'ai rencontré le train
De trois grands rois qui allient en voyage.

The news comes that an opera founded on Daudet's play and entitled "Arlésiana" was produced at the Theatre-Lyric, Milan, Nov. 27. The librettist is Leopoldo Marengo. The composer is Francesco Cilèa, whose opera "Tilda" was produced at Florence April 7, 1892. I know nothing about him except that he is a young man. "Arlésiana" is in four acts and it pleased the audience, according to report; for three numbers were encored, and the composer was called before the curtain twenty-one times. The singers were Mines. Frida Ricci-De Paz, Tracey, Orlandi, and Caruso, tenor; Casini, baritone; Aristi and Frigotti.

It does not seem to me that Daudet's piece has the stuff for an opera of length.

This reminds me that there is talk of producing at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, a lyric drama by Erlanger founded on Erckmann-Chatrian's "Julf Polonais" ("The Bells"). They say that Henri Cain has finished the libretto and that Erlanger is already at work, but that

Erckmann refuses his consent to any such adaptation. The Ménestrel mourns this refusal, saying, "The famous trial scene suggests a fine lyric treatment."

Do you remember Mr. Busoni, the pianist, who was so shabbily treated in Boston, neglected, obliged at the New England Conservatory, Mr. Paalten director, to teach young pianists who were stumbling through exercises. His was a dreary life in Boston, and had it not been for the appreciation and kindness of Mr. Kniesel and his quartet companions, Mr. Busoni would have suffered more severely.

Now Mr. Busoni was famous as a boy in Vienna. He was famous in Russia before he knew the east wind of Boston. And the moment he left this inhospitable coast he was again famous. He appeared early this winter in London for the first time. Dec. 10 he gave his sixth piano recital in St. James Hall. The Pall Mall Gazette thus judges him:

"He gave us Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, and Liszt on the occasion, and certainly he played the whole of his program exceedingly well, and quite deserved every ounce of the great applause which he received. He has now made it possible for us to decide with more or less precision whereabouts he stands among the interpretative artists of today, so far as his instrument, the pianoforte, is concerned. To the question whether he is indeed a great player we should give an affirmative answer—with a reservation. He not only possesses that difficult and triumphant acquisition—for gift it cannot be called—a perfect technique, but he also proves himself to be the owner of a singularly poetical temperament and of a fine inspiration. He has played for us a variety of compositions by very diverse composers during the last four weeks, and we frankly have to own that it is in work in which actual manual achievement takes the most prominent part that we have admired him most. In Liszt, for example, he is altogether perfect. The pianoforte is to him, as doubtless it was to Liszt, the field of extraordinary accomplishment, where he can pose in any brilliant guise he may choose for himself. When, therefore, he is ardently engaged in fulfilling this particular aspiration he could not easily be bettered. You feel that here he can do just as he pleases, and he certainly gives you the impression in such a connection that he is capable of any achievement. But here a not unusual fallacy interposes. You judge an artist, let us say, by one definite standard. This difficult, overwhelmingly intricate, and technical music seems to appoint such a standard. If a man can reach the summit of interpretation in respect of work like this, you naturally conclude that he is capable of interpreting anything which is not so exactly complex; and you are disappointed in the result. Mr. Busoni is a versatile artist indeed; he is worth criticising in earnest; but he is a living proof of the fact that any amount of actual accomplishment does not necessarily put a man in the front rank of artistic interpreters. We should not really find it easy to say—and the hesitation is significant—which composer he interprets best; Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, or anybody else save Liszt. He plays Beethoven, for example, exceedingly well; but his sentiment is not solid enough, his thought is not sufficiently rounded and complete to persuade us that this is the perfect Beethoven, though it is interesting enough. His Chopin, again, is excellently well played, with occasional phrases of exquisitely rendered poetry in music; but it lacks that constant, that continuous expression of refined emotion that calls for the combination of perfect memory with clear and untrammelled foresight which is alone the right method of expounding this artist of mortal pain and of the physical unhappiness which looks before and after." To sum up: Mr. Busoni is an artist who understands the instrument of his choice with a curious intimacy. He also to a large extent understands the composers who have written for that instrument with an intimate emotion; but he does not quite possess the talent to explore all the poetry which

lies beyond the genius of the ordinary composer for the piano, but which nevertheless the piano is capable, in the event, of expressing very fully. It is for this reason that he plays Liszt, who wrote for the piano alone and not for the human soul, to perfection."

But why "Mr. Busoni"? He is not a Frenchman.

You also remember Mr. Plunkett Greene, who was so flattered by the patrons and patronesses in Sassietty that he began to sing badly so that he might give them genuine pleasure. Mr. Blackburn said of him the other day after he had appeared at a ballad concert in London: "Mr. Greene has often displeased the critical public by the exaggeration of his methods, which, by reason of his singular success in singing as a general fact, have influenced other young singers to their own great disadvantage. For this reason we awaited Mr. Greene's 'Erl-King' with some trepidation—it seemed likely that he might tear it to pieces. But he did nothing of the kind. He sang it with restraint and yet with power, and with a fullness and splendor of voice that were irresistible. The other day we had occasion to praise Mme. Blanche Marchesi for her singing of the same song, for her subtle differentiation of part from part in the various dramatic phrases of the composition. The same praise is to be awarded to Mr. Plunkett Greene, who sang

with wonderful dramatic instinct. The cold, cruel phrases assigned to the Erl-King, the passionate shrieks of the dying boy, the tragic fear of the father—he brought out every point of that tremendous song with a fullness, a finish, and a depth of emotion that could not easily be bettered."

Lovers of the organ and the best organ music will be glad to know that Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich of this city will give two organ recitals at the Arlington Street Church. The first will be next Thursday evening at 8.15 o'clock, when he will play Bach's Toccata, adagio and Fugue in C major, and these chords: "Herzlich thut mich verlangen" and "Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele." César Franck's beautiful Pastorale; Salomé's sonata in C minor, and the adagio (the first slow movement) from the 2d symphony in D minor by Widor, who was Mr. Goodrich's teacher.

The toccata, which shows the influence of Buxtehude, was written probably in 1714, when Bach journeyed to Cassel. There is a free introduction and then an allegro built on two different themes. The adagio is a species of instrumental solo with a homophonic accompaniment, not often found in Bach. A relative in Buxtehudean manner separates the adagio from the fugue that belongs to Bach's early period, and again recalls Buxtehude. The choral "Herzlich thut mich verlangen" was a favorite with Bach, and this version for organ is almost a paraphrase "with a melancholy ending of doubt or desire." Still more poetical is the prelude to the choral "Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele." Schumann was so fond of this that he once wrote: "The melody seems wreathed with garlands of gold, and the music breathes forth such nappiness that you, oh Felix Meritis (Mendelssohn), who play it, make this avowal: 'Had life torn from me all faith, all hope, this choral would restore them.'" The sonata by Salomé is too little known here, but it is the most important, the most serious work of the talented composer.

The second recital will be given Thursday afternoon, Jan. 6, at 4 o'clock. The program will include Bach's Fantasia, in G minor and Pastoral; Gullmanti's Lamentation. Mendelssohn's sonata in D minor, a rhapsody by Saint-Saëns, a canzonetta by de la Tomhelle, Schumann's canon in B minor, and the canon and allegretto from Widor's 5th symphony.

Bruno Steindell's last recital in London, Dec. 14, was the cause of this review in the Pall Mall Gazette:

"Yesterday afternoon, at the Queen's Hall, under the direction and management of Mr. Robert Newman, Bruno Steindell gave his last pianoforte recital of the present season. We are open to say this much. When this charming little boy first astonished us by the fullness of his intelligence and the sensitiveness of his emotion, we took up the natural attitude that so young a human creature was not really capable of the expression of an artist, and that the world must wait for any final decision until the child born in 1890 had seen, say, 10 years of the next century. Since this first natural verdict—one fears so natural as to be almost ready-made—the little boy has given us some reason to revise that opinion. To maintain that he has come within the limit of many years in his final artistic development would, of course, be an absurd proposition; the thing to note with all seriousness is this, that at all events he has stolen within the gates of art, that he has a musician's feeling in some of the work that he interprets, and that he is no mere parrot repeating with prodigious cleverness the lesson of his schoolroom. Anybody who listened to him yesterday afternoon with care, and also with a sense of responsibility, must have been aware of that fact. It was necessary indeed to narrow the mind, to set one's hearing upon an unexpectedly limited level of sound—after all, less limited than the levels of sound made so delightful by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch—and to judge within very delicate lines of achievement. It seemed to us, then, that Bruno Steindell, without the little lines of which we speak, played with amazing beauty and distinction. The difficulty of such an experience as this is to separate the little boy from the little artist, and it is a difficulty which is only conquered by extreme attention. Frankly, it seemed to us that Bruno Steindell was worth that attention, and in the issue he persuaded us that he had begun definitely in the right direction, and had already conquered some of the hardships of the way. He played Schubert's 'Impromptu,' Op. 90, No. 4, for example, with exquisite delicacy—not nervously, not with a full emotion, not with any magic distinction, but just with elegance, humor, and understanding. Raff's 'Fabiola' was given with just the same kind of quality, the sort of accomplishment that fits some compositions to admiration, and that leaves others the mere prey of the mechanical doll. You see here the exact nature of this wonderful child's accomplishment. He has the musical feeling; he has the musical instinct; you appreciate on numberless occasions the absolutely personal note of expression which can only be inspired from within; and for this reason it is possible to say that the boy has passed that strange and mystical boundary which divides mere memory-work from artistic distinction. It is for this reason

that he is really interesting. What his future may be we cannot tell, nor even attempt to predict. Dr. Burney, it is on record, heard the boy Mozart play in London when he was about the same age as Bruno Steindl is now; a year or two later the learned doctor, traveling in the interests of music, heard the little musician play certain of his own compositions at Vienna, and "I do not think," says he, in his ponderous record, "that he shows signs of much promise as a composer." Dr. Burney stands as a warning to the critics of today. Mozart's tremendous personality and his magnificent position in the art of music make the doctor's words sound foolish enough now. For that reason we refuse to prophesy. But Bruno Steindl is, at all events, on the way, if only a little on the way; and that is much."

The program of the Symphony concert next Saturday will include Tschalkowsky's 5th symphony, entr'acte from Chabrier's "Gwendoline," and the overture to Auber's "Le Domino noir." Mr. Staudigl, a member of the Damrosch and Ellis Opera Company, will sing arias from "Acis and Galatea" and "Euryanthe."

Mr. Joseph Staudigl was born at Vienna, March 13, 1850. A son of the famous bass singer of the same name (1807-1881), he began his career as a pupil of Rokitsansky at the Vienna Conservatory. For ten years he was a member of the Karlsruhe Opera Company and in that city he was made chamber

singer to the Grand Duke. He first visited the United States in 1884-85 as a member of the New York Metropolitan Opera House Company, when he sang such parts as the Count in "The Prophet," the King in "Lohengrin," Wotan in "Die Walküre," Wolfram in "Tannhäuser," Pizarro in "Fidelio." He was here again in 1885-86. He sang Pogner in "Die Meistersinger," and he sang in "The Messiah," at New York, Dec. 19, 1885.

If you wish to give a present of simple songs to children or sing simple songs to them with pleasure to them and yourself, you would do well to look at Poesies from Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," set to music by Mr. W. A. Fisher of this city. And "Mother Goose Songs without Words," by L. E. Orth, will be played with delight by children or to them. These two books are published by Oliver Ditson Company.

The Harmonic or Tunable organ is now on exhibition at the Copley Square School. The inventor, Mr. Levi Orser, claims that equal temperament has killed the organ. "With equal tempered tuning we lose all the finer effects of melody and harmony, which constitute the very essential charm of music."

Mr. Orser says: "The seven tones of our natural scale are separated from each other by five long or two short intervals or steps. The two short steps are the same, but the five long steps are of two kinds, the long step, do, re, and the long step, re, mi, and the difference between them is a comma. This is how it happens that, in addition to the chromatic tones, to change the short step to the long, or vice versa, we must have a series of commas or substitute tones to change places with the two kinds of long steps in order to bring the intervals into their true positions, with reference to the different keys in which music is written. In all the devices which have hitherto been invented to accomplish this, each key of the key-board could sound but one tone, or several tones in unison, which amounts to the same thing, so that an instrument with more than 12 tones to each octave required more keys in the key-board. Many ingenious forms of key-boards have been invented. The keys of our common key-board are so disposed that they at all times represent the natural and chromatic tones in their natural order; hence, any other form of key-board is impossible. But a black key sometimes stands for the sharp of the tone next below it, and at other times for the flat of the tone next above it. Again, a key which represents a tone also represents its comma or substitute, and without some means of causing the keys to sound those tones when wanted, perfect intonation was out of the question, and hence, all the study of the subject of intonation in modern times has been confined to different systems of temperament or false tuning. Practically the question has been, what system of false tuning is least objectionable. With the Harmonic Switch all this is changed. We can now cause each key of the key-board to sound as many tones as we wish, without affecting any other key or tone in the instrument. The present instrument is a practical adaptation of the Harmonic Switch to the reed organ. The principle is not new. About 100 years ago, Erard applied the harmonic principle to the harp, and so we can play in tune on the harp with only seven strings to each octave, while the organ with 12 keys to each octave, has to be put out of tune; a curious inconsistency."

Mr. Orser's instrument is certainly a curiosity, and will repay a visit.

Philip Hale.

Mr. Jules Renard spent Christmas with us. After dinner, the intelligent foreigner took Miss Elizabeth, a fine, hearty child of nineteen years, on his knee, and told the little ones the following story:

THE TRUMPET.

Mr. Johnson came home from New York Christmas morning. He opened his trunk and took out presents for big brother Henry and sister Susan, beautiful presents, of which they had dreamed all the night before, strange to say. And then Mr. Johnson, with his hands behind his back, looked knowingly at Sandy and said:

"Which would you rather have, a trumpet or a pistol?"

Now Sandy was a prudent little chap. He would have preferred the trumpet, because trumpets do not go off when you hold them; but he had been told that a boy of his size should play with guns, swords and cannon. He was old enough to sniff powder and blow things into pieces. His father understood boys, so of course he had brought a pistol.

"I want a pistol," he shouted, sure that he had guessed right.

"I want a pistol; you needn't try to hide it; I see it!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Johnson, embarrassed, "you prefer a pistol, do you? Well, you've changed your mind, then."

Sandy said: "No, papa; I was only fooling. I hate pistols. Give me my trumpet, so that I can blow it for you."

But Mrs. Johnson interrupted:

"Why do you always tell lies? So as to worry your father, hey? If a boy likes trumpets, he doesn't say he likes pistols, and he doesn't say he sees pistols when he sees nothing at all. Now, to teach you a good lesson, you'll have neither pistol nor trumpet. Look at this trumpet; look at it well; it has three red tassels, and a pretty flag with gold fringe. You have looked at it long enough. Go into the kitchen and see if I am there; hurry up; and if you want to blow something, blow on your fingers."

On the top of a chest of drawers, on a pile of linen, rolled in its tassels and gold-fringed flag, Sandy's trumpet waits to be blown, unused, unseen, mute as that of the Last Judgment.

A true man of the highest class cannot be rendered ridiculous by poverty. An ordinary man becomes ridiculous when his coat is out of elbow, or even, when, after having drunk much champagne, untoward circumstances reduce him to bitter ale.

"Senex" writes to the Journal: "The married man, with a housefull of little children, and a lamentably small income, who denies himself all the best years of his life, all luxuries and pleasures, to feed and clothe his brood, seeing at the same time without complaint his childless neighbor much better clothed, fed and housed than he can ever hope to be, is a hero of whom the world may well be proud. Children build up a nation, make its foundations permanent and possible. Why not let the Government own all the children and clothe and educate them by direct tax?"

If a man heartily loves his wife, he imagines that his daughter will reproduce that wife in her babyhood, and the wife who loves her husband thinks the same as to her son. The anticipation is often a great blunder; but that does not matter. We must take this world as it is—as indeed we help to make it; for Humanity is a junior partner in the firm of Creation. If men are disappointed, it is usually their own fault. Either their expectations are impossible, or they do not go the right way to obtain their fulfillment.

"Puritan" writes to the Journal: "Pray, why do we say Mayoralty contest? Nobody says Governorship election or Presidency vote. We speak the very best English, to be sure; and might we not say Mayoral vote, Mayoral election? Plain people say School Committee, as the law directs; but educational circles, being a little superior to simple English, say School Board. Is it because they say School Board in London?"

Some one lately took our friend the Listener to task in the following genial fashion: "'Drops with bucketsful of the other thing are not enough to serve as an antidote for.' Oh, my! 'Antidote to,' not 'antidote for.'"

But Listener has good authority for his use of the preposition "for." The Oxford Dictionary allows the construction of antidote with "against," "for," and "to."

Thus R. B. Sheridan wrote: He has antidotes for all poisons."

"To lend my wasting day, an antidote for night," Quarles.

Dr. Watson, Ian Maclaren, tells his Liverpool congregation about "what it costs him in mental effort to preach

continuously to the same people." But how about the strain on the congregation? And there are irreverent persons, social lepers, who say that they cannot read his sentimental mawkish stuff.

The coiffeur of the French Senate has been telling the reporters some of the troubles of the hairdresser in Paris, and it is the tyrant cycle that causes them all. Tonsor is stony-broke and broken on the wheel, for the lady of Paris has become her own tire-woman, and spells the word with a y. She is no longer at home to the artist, and she no longer allows her hair to be singed, waved or curled. "What would be the good of it all?" she says: "In 10 minutes wind and moisture would flatten it out, and not a glossy lock remain." "But after the ride," suggested the sympathetic interviewer. After the ride things are no better, for the Romano-Parisian maid throws herself into half-masculine clothing, a well-starched front and a blouse, and tics her hair in an artless knot simplex munditulis. As for the evening, she is too tired to dress or have the hairdresser. She puts on a hat and goes to the restaurant and the theatre. Alas for the coiffeur! The bickers of an evening time have called his harmless art a crime, and he is left in the cold. The same complaint comes from dressmaker, milliner and even washerwoman; on the other hand, the ladies' tailor rejoices, for the tailor-made gown is worn all day long, even at the country châteaux and for dinner, on the chance of a promiscuous ride by moonlight. The children of this world all rock on fortune's see-saw. At present sartor is up and tonsor is down.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Serenely I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

The suggestion made Monday by "Senex" that the Government "own all the children and clothe and educate them by direct tax," reminds us of a proposition in the Réveries of Marshal Saxe. He was of the opinion that no marriage should be originally contracted for a time longer than five years. If man and wife should make up their minds at the end of that term to try living together again, well and good; if they were disposed to separate for ever, the children—if there were any—should be the wards of the State. But after the same man and woman had lived together in wedlock fifteen years they were condemned to remain together until one of them died.

They are translating into French a note book left by Rubinstein. Here are two reflections:

"I find it strange that the law permits one to marry again even for the third time, and not only after the death of one of the pair, but even in case of divorce. That which especially surprises me is the fact that women seek this privilege far more than men; and yet women make louder pretensions to constancy and morality."

"An unexpected visit always brings with it an equally unexpected request."

Of course there are natures without name, uncommunicative and unresponsive, which repel nicknames altogether. They are very non-social animals. A good nickname is a testimonial, and should be a passport to the best society.

The Honorable Bob Fitzsimmons has bought a lion, not for commercial purposes, but for a household pet. Mrs. Fitzsimmons, it will be remembered, is of a tender nature, and she, too, is fond of animals. Una had a lion.

We like to think of Mr. Fitzsimmons rubbing five quarts of "the best brand of bay rum" over the lion's hide, and we hope none of it was applied internally to either the lion or the man. We like to think of him blowing the froth, the cauliflower off a tankard of sound ale, while he lectures to a congenial audience on latest developments in hooks and stiff pokes. For thus is he picturesque, and, after all, to be picturesque is one of the chief excuses for existence.

But we should not be true to friendship or humanity if we refrained from appealing to Mr. Fitzsimmons's nobler nature. It is well to dally with lions, to lecture, to raise ducks; but is not the hero neglecting his art? We hear nothing of daily practice. We hear nothing of the sandbag or the sweater.

Now, Mr. Fitzsimmons, as well as the Admirable Sullivan, is a man of culture, broad and deep culture. Let him ponder the following story related by Pausanias in the eighth chapter of his sixth book. It is the story of Timanthes of Cleone, who had taken the prize for wrestling and boxing.

Timanthes—we translate from the French of the ingenious Mr. Gedoy—met his death in an extraordinary manner. He had withdrawn, on account of old age, from the active pursuit of his profession, but to preserve his strength he bent his bow each day, and this bow was difficult to handle. Occasion led him to travel; for some time his practice was denied him; and when he wished to resume it, he did not have the strength to bend his weapon. Finding that he was no longer a good man, he was so mortified that he built his own funeral pile, set fire to it, and leaped upon it.

If a dish cloth falls to the floor, a visitor will come. If the cloth makes a wet mark, the visitor will be a man.

Here is a book that would be well worth owning:

Johnson (Capt. Charles). General History of the Lives and Adventures of the most famous highwaymen, murderers, street robbers, etc., with a genuine account of the voyages and plunders of the most notorious pirates, interspersed with several diverting tales and pleasant songs, with all the fine copper-plates, and also three plates inserted (two of Jack Shepherd and his escape, and one of Sarah Malcolm by Hogarth), best edition, folio, calf extra, leather joints, fine copy, £12 12s. 1734.

We see the happy family group. Papa in slippers (worked worsted with dogs' heads) sits in shirt sleeves, for reading aloud is a violent exercise, and the steam radiators are a little out of order; mother is darning stockings; and the children listen with open mouths and popping eyes to tales of bloody life beneath the Jolly Roger, cutting of throats in dark streets, hiding of dismembered bodies in water butts, speeches delivered from the gallows to an admiring and drunken crowd, etc., etc. What better, more profitable holiday gift than this book! It will cost only 12 guineas, and, of course, there will be no duty for importation.

It is true that the daily newspapers provide much pleasant reading of this kind. Hardly a day passes without the report of a hurglary (second-story or whole house), a daring deed of highwaymen, a cunning exhibition by a sneak-thief here in Boston or in the immediate neighborhood. Thieves have been plundering the people of this town for six months. How many have been caught by the police? How much of the stolen property has been restored to the owners? Yet the police of Boston are a famous body of men, a very terror—to unfortunate women who are hunted down like rats unless they should possibly happen to enjoy the protection of men in high station.

Dec 29, 1897

But by what I've seen, and where I've been,
I've always found it so,
That if you wish to learn to live
Too much you cannot know.

For you must now be wide awake,
If a living you would make,
So I'll advise what course to take
To be a Leary man.

If Leary in American slang means "intoxicated," "drunk," in English slang it means "artful," "downy." "A leary look, in which fear, defiance and cunning are mixed up together." The face of an escaping thief or a baffled promoter or an anxious broker may be called leary.

This is a prelude to introduce a letter written by "A Mother" to the many editors of this column. She objects to the eulogy of Capt. Johnson's "History of the Lives and Adventures of the Most Famous Highwaymen" that appeared in the Journal yesterday. She says, "No father worthy the name would allow such a vulgar and pernicious book in his house."

It is true that Capt. Johnson's work is not flawless. He stole freely from Capt. Alexander Smith's "Lives of the Highwaymen," published in 1719, a glory to English literature. Of this immortal writer Mr. Whibley says, "It was from the Elizabethans that he caught the splendid vigor of his style, and he owed not only his historical sense, but his living English to the example of Philip Holland." * * * For him robbery in the street, as on the highway, was the finest of the arts, and he always revered it for its own sake, rather than for vulgar profit. "There is a beauty in all the works of nature which we are unable to define, though all the world is convinced of its existence; so in every action and station of life there is grace to be attained which will make a man pleasing to all about him as serene in his own mind. Some there are who have placed this beauty

itself, otherwise it is hardly probable that they could commit so many gularities with a strong gust and appearance of satisfaction." But this masterpiece is rare and costly and we should not venture to urge father in moderate means to purchase it, although it would be of innumerable value in shaping the career of his sons. Capt. Johnson's book can be bought for 12 guineas, and although the author is a plagiarist and his style inferior, we do not see how any man who has the real interests of his children at heart can afford to refuse the opportunity. Let him give up cigars for six months or even a year, perhaps the overcoat of year before last will still serve. Let the mother make over old dresses or do the housework for a season. The children could be considered first of all. If the father cannot afford Johnson's book, he is rarely able to buy a complete set of the Newgate Calendar.

Now the Bible and the Newgate Calendar were George Barrow's favorite reading — "And all save the psychologist and the prig will applaud the preference."

"A Mother" would surely have her son thoroughly educated for his life work. There is no more profitable business in Boston than stealing, whether little Willy devotes his energies, when he is old enough, to house-recking or some more hypocritical but equally remunerative profession. To waken and feed a love for work, the boy should learn in tender years the heroic deeds of leading men, as Capt. Hind, Jack Sheppard, Gentleman Harry Sims, Deacon Brodie, the founders of trusts, the inventor of railway wrecking, the ingenious man who first sold something that he did not have to a neighbor that did not want it.

There is an old theory still held by some that a man should not engage in any business in which he cannot either eat or wear or drink or smoke the stock. If you are a grocer, and trade is dull, you can at least support life by eating that which you cannot sell. Thus you dispose of your goods and at the same time cut down your living expenses. And so in other lines of business. Even the bookseller, who is by instinct and descent a pirate, can improve his mind without purchase or subscription. But such a life does not enlarge heroic qualities; it encourages timidity, and it strengthens prudence, a despicable trait.

Does "A Mother" fear that the path of glory leads but to the dock, that the all is the inevitable end? It is true that embezzlers, forgers, burglars and other men of restless activity occasionally recruit their strength and rest their nerves at the expense of the State. But did you ever hear of an intelligent burglar or sneak thief or footpad suffering punishment in Boston? Your son should work here; he will be a comfort to you at home; and you will have the consoling thought that so long as he remains here he will not be disturbed in the exercise of his profession.

And even if he wanders from his own fireside and in another city falls into the clutches of mercenary and unfeeling hirelings; even if he is sent to a cell to concoct at his leisure new devices and amazing tricks, there is always the hope of pardon, especially if he occupied a position of financial trust. One of the choicest privileges of the President of the United States is to pardon a cashier of a post office or a bank.

A man is wild with passion finding himself grievously wronged. He kills the offender. There is no pardon for him, for he had the animal courage to do what you in his place would have liked to do, had you had the nerve.

A man coolly, at his ease, to gratify extravagant and selfish tastes, systematically robs persons whose property has been intrusted to him. Sometimes he is sent to jail. But after he has endured light confinement there for some months, to the benefit of his health, for he is obliged to keep regular hours and observe a comparatively plain diet, estimable citizens remind the Governor or the President that the erring brother was much interested in Sunday Schools, that he belongs to a very respectable family, that it is a shame to oblige him to associate with coarse and smelly people, etc., etc. The man who holds the pardoning power says, "Bless my soul! You don't say so! What a mistake! What ho! turnkey! Let Mr. de Bang go home to his family, and offer my sincere apologies."

No, madam; Captain Johnson's book has its faults, but it is not "vulgar and pernicious." If you read it regularly to your little boy, he will learn much that will be of practical value in business or even in the legal or medical profession.

202 30. 1877
"Twas in those days that Alfarabi lived,
A man renowned in the newspapers.
He wrote in two reviews; raw pork at night
He ate, and opium kept a bear at college:
A most extraordinary man was he,
But he was one not satisfied with man,
As man has made himself; he thought this
Life
Was something deeper than a jest, and sought
Into its roots; himself was his best science.

The Hon. Mr. Fitzsimmons "will defend his right to the title of the champion; Mrs. Fitzsimmons has released him from his promise of retirement." Noble woman! A crown to her husband!

But why this sudden disposition to shy once more the castor into the ring? In another column of the Daily Stimulator we read with envy the list of Christmas presents made reciprocally by gallant Bob and tender, adoring spouse: how Bob gave a \$600 diamond studded watch and \$400 "sunburst pendant" to his missus, "who remembered him with a pair of cuff buttons worth \$100; how Bob gave a \$300 diamond locket, "suitably engraved," to Professor Martin Julian. Here is reason enough. The family must live up to this reputation of Oriental magnificence. The blacksmith industry is crowded, so Mr. Fitzsimmons must raise the wind by his fists, fighting after the example of the Apostle Paul, and not as one that beateth the air.

Or perhaps he is tired of inaction. He wishes to deserve the title of American: "A charming people," said Rubinstein, "and full of energy."

Always breakfast as if you did not intend to dine; and dine as if you had not broken your fast.

Miss Eustacia was talking about Christmas the other night: "Next year I propose to write my friends two or three weeks before Christmas, telling them that I do not wish any presents, and that I shall not give any. If anybody wishes to give me something as a token of affection, I shall be glad to receive it on any day that is not formally appointed. If you, for instance, wish to give me a book or a picture, send it on some undistinguished day, in March, June, or September. Then I shall be grateful. I was calling on Lucy Hallerton yesterday. You know she has almost nothing to live on, and gives music lessons. She showed me presents sent by thoughtless friends. There was a brass tea kettle—she already had five; a silver-plated cream pot and sugar bowl, her fourth set; a five-pound box of candy, which she does not dare to eat; one of those dreadful plaster lions; an illustrated edition of 'Ben Hur,' in a box—like an oyster fry; Mr. Krebbs' book, 'How to Listen to Music,' and the poor girl cannot afford to go to many concerts; several pieces of particularly ugly Benares brass; and other nightmares of uselessness. After she had put them away, she laughed, and said, 'Eustacia, I'd exchange the whole lot for just two sets of comfortable underclothes.' And yet, I suppose, Mr. Smithers, she would have been mortally offended if you, or Mr. Johnson, or Mr. Huxster had sent her union or disunion suits or the money to buy such necessities."

Mr. Gerbault's picture in the last Journal Amusant bears the following text: "You make me tired with your everlasting chatter about American inventions. My machine gives points to them all. You fill it with ham, sausage, chine, head-cheese, pigs-feet, and all sorts of pork-butcher's meat and by a mechanical contrivance of childish simplicity a pig comes out just as much alive as you or I."

"Halloo! Alexander Bell going to wed!" Why not? Even telephone men have their emotional moments.

Young Mr. Ayres embezzled in Newport, Ky. He was sent to jail. And now a pathetic twin sister appeals to President McKinley for pardon. "The case of young Ayres has excited sympathy among all classes of citizens in Newport on account of the popularity of the young man and the high social standing of the family."

Did young Mr. Ayres steal to support his twin sister or his mother? No. He had been betting on horses, and he stole to pay bets. Hence, the sympathy.

Henry, my boy, before you embezzle, ask yourself, "Am I popular? Have I lived beyond my income? Have I gratified every selfish and unnecessary taste? Are my people in high social standing?" If you cannot answer these questions with "Yes," be honest, or as honest as possible.

Even in this material period the heroic spirit is not wholly dead. There are still men of noble aspiration who are brave in vocal expression. We passed one of them in Temple Place Monday afternoon. To the superficial eye he was merely a two-legged thing,

a forked radish, something over which slop-shop garments had been thrown. The stern moralist would have drawn back from him as from pollution, for the hero and his companion were laboring under alcoholic excitement. And this was the brave speech: "I tell you, Jim, there's one thing I wouldn't do no-how; I wouldn't give a man a bad cigar."

Many are anxious for Mr. Dan Daly's speedy recovery. The world could better spare a dozen tragedians.

Menelik, the Emperor of Abyssinia, met a Russian named Leontieff some months ago. He said to the Russian, "Count, these English are an energetic and warlike race." The Russian replied, "Why, your Majesty?" Menelik said, "It seems to me they want the earth. This does not suit me. My kingdom is in Africa. I am the king of kings. I never saw this England, which I have been told by Henry of Orleans is a small island, surrounded by water. My kingdom is not an island, and I want to know why I should permit these English to come into a country of which I ought to be the exclusive ruler." "It's a way they have," replied the Count. "Their own country is so small and they are, so numerous and philanthropic that they consider it necessary to colonize any part of the globe not occupied by Anglo-Saxons."

He lieth still; he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

Yes, Mr. Auger, we have quoted this before, and we shall quote it again if we live and have the chance. For the verses still charm us greatly, and indeed for a few of those earlier poems of Tennyson we would swap the complete set of the Idyls of the King with the blameless Arthur clad irreproachably in sanitary flannels, frock-coat, creased trousers and other things that no gentleman should be without. These verses still charm us greatly, although we have accidentally been so unfortunate as to read extracts from the Life of Tennyson in two volumes. And so do many of those early poems. Thus we prefer "Claribel" to In Memoriam with its deliberate grief; thus we prefer Mariana to Enoch Arden. And yet half-a-century after Claribel first vexed the Messrs. Gradgrind what genius blazed in Ripzaph, which priggish prudes of 1880 voted coarse.

So with or without your permission, Mr. Auger, there is room for one more stanza:
How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

And since to every thoughtful person this is a solemn day, let us consider for a moment the subject of personal responsibility.

You are in the habit of having your boots made for you. The price you pay for winter boots is from \$10 to \$14 or \$16. You think you can afford this price, and you say, "My instep is so remarkably high that I am not easily fitted." Whether you are wise or not is another matter. We are now stating facts without comment.

You have a right to believe that after several years of purchase, or clientship, to use the hideous jargon of the circular, the proprietor and the clerks entertain toward you a feeling of personal responsibility; that they feel bound to be anxiously truthful and accommodating.

Oh fool! Oh, thrice sodden ass! You take boots to them and ask, "Are they worth new soles?" You wore them only one winter; there is only a little hole in the left sole; you ask the question simply as a matter of form. A clerk looks at them carelessly, says, "I dunno," pitches them to the cobbler, who looks at them as contemptuously as though they had been made by a rival house across the street, and pronounces this opinion: "I guess we can do something to 'em." Now you do not demand that all the men and boys in the shop should drop work, neglect other customers, and discuss for an hour the proper treatment of those boots; but you are justified in your wrath at being banded so cavalierly; and you are justly enraged by the thought that boots at such a price are good only for one season. The proprietor should have a pride in your feet. When he sees you he should rejoice because you are shod by him.

The clerks should sleep the sweeter because they took your measure, advised stock and style, received your money.

How is it in reality? The moment you are on the sidewalk, Gully says, "Wonder whether Old Whiskers expects to wear one pair of boots for six years?" The bookkeeper says, "What a fuddy-duddy crank he is!"; and then they all laugh.

As in the boot and shoe shop, so in nearly all departments of trade and politics: There is little or no feeling of personal responsibility. Because a man pays money to butcher, baker and candlestick maker, do they feel that they owe him anything in return, except the stuff that they are obliged perfunctorily to give in exchange? How many dressmakers, or tailors, or men holding political office have a lively sense of responsibility? And in consequence of this slackness, indifference, criminal neglect, what a waste there is of money, time, nerves!

We were delighted to learn yesterday from the newspapers that the Boston Street Railway Company proposes to be courteous henceforth to passengers. We thought we would put the resolve to the test. Borrowing a five-dollar bill, we boarded a car. We offered the bill to the conductor. He smiled, said "Thank you! It's a pleasant day," and then gave us \$4.95 in nickles.

Poor Major Handy! May Georgian breezes blow gently through his whiskers!

"President Madison attacked." Well, he can stand it. He has been dead a good many years.

The English have set the dervishes whirling.

J. A. M. writes "Can you explain the discontinuance of opera productions at the Castle Square Theatre? To myself and many of my friends who live up here in the backwoods and are unable to secure tickets for the Grand Opera, it was an unending joy and much exercised privilege to run over to the Castle Square whenever we were in town." This question should be addressed to the manager of said theatre.

And Death the while—
Death with his well-worn, lean, professional smile,
Death in his threadbare working trim—
Comes to your bedside, unannounced and bland,
And with expert, inevitable hand
Feels at your windpipe, fingers you in the lung,
Or flicks the clot well into the laboring heart:
Thus signifying unto old and young,
(However hard of mouth) or wild of whim,
'Tis time—'tis time by his ancient watch—to part
With books and women and talk and drink and art:
'And you go humbly after him
To a mean suburban lodging; on the way
To what or where?
Not Death, who is old and very wise, can say.

How sensitive many men are about death! How afraid they are to die! And yet they are not afraid to lie, or steal—of course, in a highly respectable manner—or vote for a candidate who is unfit, or deceive women, or play the chameleon at the club, or scheme and plot constantly for their self-advantage even though they ruin others.

A year ago we wrote of death and the New Year in this column; we wrote, as we thought at the time, soberly, without hysteria, without despair. We reminded you of the fact that the premonitions of your exit from this stage are louder each year. And we went to bed that night, stretching our legs with the customary thought that they must some day be boxed securely, and thinking of duty performed.

And what was the result? Indignant or abusive letters. A man in some Vermont hamlet wrote at considerable length urging us to take a cheerful view of things; assuring us that life is too good a thing to leave carelessly behind. And in each line, in his tremulous signature we saw the fear of death. Others, recognizing the symptoms described by us with some minuteness, recommended cures or asked advice. We received tracts: one of them was entitled, "How's your soul?" another, "The Curse of Rum." Even our philosophical friend, Time and the Hour, was uneasy, and protested against such "gruesome jesting." But we were not in jest. And we ask Mr. Time and the Hour, "Do you not today feel aches and pains that you did not know a year ago? Can you go up three flights of stairs without puffing? Would you dare to run to a fire? Did not the doctor tell you a few months ago to avoid all excitement? Does not your stomach remind you of its presence? Of course men-

fully you are sound and strong; but are we wrong, or don't you stoop just a little more this winter?"

No, we do not welcome the New Year. We sympathize with Alexander Smith spending Christmas in Dream-thorp: "How warm, breathing, full of myself, is the year now almost gone! How bare, cheerless, unknown, the year, about to come in! It stretches before me in imagination like some great, gaunt, untenanted ruin of a Colosseum, in which no footstep falls, no voice is heard; and by this night year its naked chambers and windows, three hundred and sixty-five in number, will be clothed all over, and hidden by myself as if with covering ivies. Looking forward into an empty year strikes one with a certain awe, because one finds therein no recognition. The years behind have a friendly aspect, and they are warmed by the fires we have kindled, and all their echoes are the echoes of our own voices."

This fear of death is a singular commentary on the practical working of what is loosely known as Christianity in New England. There were fine old pagans, there are savages who should shame us all by their indifference to this little episode in the series of eternal "transfers and promotions." Our self-conceit is shown in the absurd importance we attach to a few years on a no doubt inferior ball. Why what's the world and time? a fleeting thought

In the great meditating universe.
A brief parenthesis in chaos.

We talk lightly of the materialism of Chicago, of the materialism of New York. The men in these cities apply themselves with perhaps exaggerated ardor to the business of this world; but we do not believe that they are as spiritually barren, as lazily skeptical as many of our otherwise estimable fellow-townsmen. "The same day came the Sadducees, which say that there is no resurrection." The Sadducees are thick in Boston. You find them at the clubs, in literary societies, in some of our most respectable meeting-houses. They are often agreeable persons. They have as varied a stock of information as the Major-General in "The Pirates of Penzance," but they will tell you frankly that death ends all and that a belief in immortality is the most aggravated selfishness. No wonder that they are afraid to die, although they profess to be chipper, and they talk in smooth sentences about the relief from struggling and pain.

We should all accustom ourselves to death, as we do to electric cars, pianos and frequent elections. Not that we advise the introduction of a mummified relative at dinner or recommend that Grandfather Isaac should be stuffed, after the fashion of Jeremy Bentham, and kept in a glass case near the umbrella jar. We might try family readings from the plays of Webster and Tournure and from that grim play of Ibsen "Death's Jest Book." These readings should begin tonight, even though the Transcript remain folded until the breakfast of tomorrow.

We do not deny that there are plausible objections to death. We understand how some prosperous citizen may dread the idea of meeting his simple, honest father in another world; how a pompous person will object to being jostled by men of whom he never even heard in Boston; how Mr. Stiggleworth will be surprised to find that the tree of life is not his family tree. But when you sift these objections you find them fictitious.

Is it not sweet to die? for, what is death, but sighing that we ne'er may sigh again, Getting at length beyond our tedious selves.

And if you, oh man of vitality, are staggered for the moment by the suspension of absolute cessation, blocked ambition and hope, destruction of energy, shake off dismay and fear.

O, strong soul, by what shore Farthest thou now? For that force, Surely, has not been left vain! Somewhere, surely, afar, In the sounding labor-house vast Of being, is practised that strength, Zealous, beneficent, firm!

ABOUT MUSIC.

Attention, Ye Composers!
Here Is a Prize of \$1000.

European and American News

---Mr. Levi Orser Again.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

Rossini's "Barber of Seville" was revived Dec. 27, with two great singers as Rosina. Sembrich sang certain scenes from the opera at the Astoria, New York, in the morning, and Melba sang, with Campanari as Figaro, in Philadelphia that same evening.

It would be a great pleasure to hear this most delightful of comic operas well sung in a small and suitable theatre, where you sit almost among the comedians and where the merriment is contagious. Such a sparkling opera is lost in a great house, as is "Don Giovanni," or "The Marriage of Figaro."

Do you remember the cruel fate of Marie Van Zandt in Mechanics' Building? She sang in "Lakmé," a most delicate, refined work, and opera as well as singer suffered in that huge barn. Sybil Sanderson in "Manon" was a sister in misfortune.

The New York Sun says that Sembrich will surely return to this country next season. "When she is heard in opera here, it will be only on her own terms. When she sings at the Metropolitan, it will be at a figure proportionate to her European salary. On this point she is determined." Let us hope that if she ever comes again to Boston—and we should not blame her if she turned a cold shoulder on this musically pious town—she will not face such oggish houses as those that listened to her enchanting art last November.

Mr. Victorin Joncières, composer and critic, is also a draughtsman, it seems, for the Ménestrel of Dec. 12 published two sketches taken by him at the first performance of the Melstersingers (Munich, 1868). One of these sketches is of Betz, the original Hans Sachs. No, Mr. Joncières, we have seen Betz and heard him sing. He was a stiff actor, with an agreeable voice when it was true to the pitch; but he never was such a guy as you have made him appear.

The Ménestrel continues to publish a translation of thoughts and aphorisms found in a notebook of Rubinstein. (The world says "Rubinstein," as though Anton's brother Nikolaus was not also a brave musician.)

Those who have seen Rubinstein smoke cigarettes as though he were competing for a prize will be amused, reading this comment: "To smoke is unhealthy, for nicotine is a poison; life is no longer harmful, for men carry poison within them; and yet smoking and living are great pleasures."

Here is another note: "Which is the more flattering compliment paid by a woman to an artist: 'Your performance has made me ill,' or 'Your playing has completely cured me?' I often receive these compliments plump, and the women that make them are equally grateful."

This was the Christmas program of the Chicago Orchestra, Theodore Thomas, conductor, and the concert was given Dec. 25. It is interesting to compare it with the Christmas program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Dec. 23:

Fugue A Minor.....Bach
String orchestra.
Overture, "Coriolanus".....Beethoven
Aria from "The Creation".....Haydn
Mr. Plancon.
"Le Rouet d'Omphale".....Saint-Saens
Concerto for violin.....Sitt
Mr. Kramer.
Waldweben "Siegfried".....Wagner
Serenade, "Damnation of Faust".....Berlioz
Mr. Plancon.
Scenes de Ballet op. 52.....Glazounov

Mr. Plancon has been engaged as one of the soloists of the Apollo (Chicago) concert, Feb. 21, when Stanford's Requiem Mass will be given for the first time in this country. Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal" will be sung at the same concert.

The Museum of Vienna has received from the heirs of Artales the autograph score of Beethoven's overture, "Zur Weihe des Hauses." Meanwhile 22 relatives of Brahms are attacking the validity of his will, and in Vienna about 600 letters addressed to Brahms have been found, some of which are from Liszt and Wagner.

Mrs. Mérey, a young pupil of Rosine Laborde, made her debut at the Opéra Comique, Paris, Dec. 11, in "Mireille." She sang a few years ago at the Monnaie, Brussels. Her voice is warmly praised.

They say that Miss Delna, who was offered \$1200 a month at the Opéra-Comique, receives only \$800 at the Opéra.

Litolff will have a statue made by Lucien Pallez. "A sorrowing woman is prostrated before his bust." This is historical as well as symbolic.

A blind organist, Mr. Mahant, 30 years old, has taken the place of the late Léon Boellmann as organist of Saint Vincent de Paul.

Mr. Salvayre, music critic of Gil Blas, is censured by certain colleagues

for his bitter attacks on Dubois's new violin concerto. But may not even the director of the Paris Conservatory write weak music? Perhaps Mr. Salvayre is right.

Two scènes de ballet by Georges Hile were played for the first time at a Lamoureux concert in Paris Dec. 5. Hile was born at Versailles in 1858, and was a Prix de Rome as long ago as 1879. He has written opera, oratorio, symphony, etc.

They like Emil Sauer, the pianist, as enthusiastically in Brussels as they did in London. There was talk of his coming to America a year or two ago, but his price frightened the piano firm that wished to engage him.

And when shall we hear young Rislér, who is ranked by good judges among the very first pianists?

Enna's opera "Cleopatra" gave pleasure at the Hague. "He is a modern, knows how to combine Scandinavian and Italian characteristics with Wagnerian orchestration and use of leit motifs." But Bruckner's fourth symphony met with an icy reception there, as at Amsterdam.

Are we not to hear the 'cellist Gérard in Boston this season? Mr. Kneisel tells me he plays admirably; but perhaps the young genius will not swell box office receipts, now that he has put away knickerbockers and other childish things.

There are many things that are passing strange even in music. Thus Berlin critics spoke respectfully last month of Natalie Janotha's piano playing.

Prof. Dr. H. Krause of Berlin has written a book on the diseases of the voice.

Breitkopf and Härtel published lately three collections of posthumous songs and duets by Peter Cornelius, with English as well as German words.

They say Felix Weingartner is not as brain-sick as certain of his enemies report.

The Mozart cyclus in Berlin, Dec. 4-11, was not an honor to the opera house, if the critics are to be trusted. Cremonini was to have sung in "Don Giovanni," but he withdrew shortly be-

fore the performance. Lilli Lehmann sang Donna Anna in Italian.

Herman Gura, the son of Eugen Gura, has joined the opera company at Schwerin.

It is now proposed to have the "Freue Bayreuth Theatre" at Versailles, and not at Paris.

Engelbert Röntgen, the concertmaster of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, died at Leipzig, Dec. 12, of heart failure. He was born at Deventer, Sept. 30, 1829, and studied at Leipzig, 1848-50, under David. He was first made concertmaster in 1874. He was too nervous to appear often as soloist, although his technique was well developed. He married the pianist, Pauline Klengel. Julius Röntgen, composer, pianist, conductor, is one of the three children by this marriage.

Franchetti's new opera, "Signor di Pourceaugnac" (founded on Molière's piece), was a failure at Genoa.

Ovide Musin has succeeded to César Thomson's professorship at the Liège Conservatory.

Nov. 27 of last year Paul Gilson's symphonic sketch, "La Mer," was produced for the first time in England, at a Crystal Palace concert. The Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 29 published the following review:

"It is certainly an extraordinary work, and deservedly made a deep impression under Mr. Mann's brilliant guidance on this occasion. It is based upon a poem by M. Eddy Lewis, 'La Mer,' and is divided into four conventional sections, Allegretto, Allegro, Moderato, Allegro Moderato, representing respectively Sunrise, Sailors' Songs and Dances, Twilight, and the Storm. The first movement opens with a subject which is made quickly the central and chief phrase of the whole composition. At first it is heard with a remote and shimmering accompaniment which does in some magical way recall the grey, open pavement of a quiet sea above which the earliest dawn is rising. There is a sentiment of purity and of clearness, with gentle rippling of waters in it, which strikes one as a beautifully original effect, and the variety of treatment is during at least the first half of the movement full of profound insight and charming ingenuity. But by degrees a certain monotony creeps over the thing. The central phrase, one begins to perceive, has been treated for all it is immediately worth; later on, indeed, it is to be brought in, toward the end of the Storm movement, with wonderful effect, in which it seems to represent the immense slow curves and dippings of the waves, when the wind has left them, and they are still moving with their after-passion. But here, in the first movement, it does grow to be a little tiresome, left for so long without relief or change, save in the treatment. The second movement—which in the Sailor Songs reminds one curiously of Sullivan's peculiar melodic forms—has a certain broad and open grandeur about it which is engrossing and enlivening enough; but there is also here and there a touch of commonplace, though we should not like to say that it ever reached vulgarity. Mr. César Cul, quoted by Sir George Grove in his analysis printed with the pro-

gram, rightly and penetratingly discovers in this movement a strong affinity with the symphonic music of the new Russian school—we should have said particularly with that of Tschalkowsky, but he is rather reminded of M. Glazounov. The third movement seems to us to be a composition of peculiar and striking beauty, and to stamp M. Gilson as a masterly musician in the full sense of the words—as much, that is, by the revelation of his intimate inspiration as by the width and resourcefulness of his technical accomplishment. The thing is made to unfold itself by a slow process of evolution, which develops part by part until the whole effect is broadened, as it were, into a climax of amazing loveliness. Here, again, it is impossible not to be aware of a real sentiment in the music which has its analogy in the sentiment of a twilight sea and of its endlessness from bound to bound; the phrases do literally seem to open out upon every side with wonderful and yet inevitable peacefulness, until at about two-thirds of the way through you feel that the full design of the work has been so far accomplished. Then, just as in the first movement, but even more disappointingly because expectation has been wrought to a loftier pitch, the composer weakens his effect by the deliberate length with which he carries on his purpose. After the lovely combination of melodies for the flute and English horn, underneath which the instrumentation gradually swims up with its rippling phrases, M. Gilson goes on and on with his ingenious and clever devices even after the spirit of his inspiration has waned and grown dim. This is a grave pity; for the previous part had seemed so real, so filled with vitality and with so real a movement of natural beauty that it is sad to find the concluding part—not, perhaps, the very end, but a great deal of that which goes immediately before grown threadbare. The last movement, 'The Storm,' is exceedingly clever, and though instinct with wildness and even a sort of elemental insanity, it never loses its coherence. Its only defect is a certain explosiveness. The introduction of the Sailors' Song, clamouring through all this riot, is quite effective, but perhaps even too close in its references to the joy of the second movement to have the tremendously harrowing feeling in it which the composer evidently intended. The end is exceedingly fine, the long roll of the original central phrase reminding one, as we have said, not of the sea, 'now once more at rest,' as M. César Cul will have it, but of the sea all in movement, though the forces that have shaken it have withdrawn. In a word, in M. Gilson's work we recognize a talent, if not a genius, of great possibilities. He is, we learn from Sir George Grove's account, only 32, and he should assuredly justify this more than splendid promise; we say more than promise, for it is indeed a fine achievement in itself. Mr. Mann played it throughout with a vigor, an insight, and a brilliance that were even to us, who know and understand his power so well, nothing short of astonishing."

And why do we quote this review at length at this late day?

Because Gilson's "Sea" was given here under Mr. Nikisch March 25, 1893, in cruelly mutilated form. The whole of the fourth movement was omitted. When this fourth movement was played at a Philharmonic concert in New York the December before, it made a profound impression.

Is it not possible to hear in Boston this work as the composer wrote it? Have we not the same privileges as audiences in Belgian towns, London, Paris, New York?

And why should we not hear Blakier's overture to "King Lear"; Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar," "Sadkow," Capriccio Espagnol; Symphonies by César Franck, Sinding, Martucci; or the whole of Godard's Symphonie Orientale; or Charpentier's Impressions d'Italie; or Templeton Strong's "Sinfonia" symphony?

Mr. Levi Orser, the inventor of the Harmonic Organ, has written the following letter to the Journal:

Boston, Dec. 27, 1897.
Dear Sir—Now that we can have the organ in tune just as well as not, do we want to have it so? "Naw." We like the tempered scale. We should not appreciate true music, and our modern music modulates so much, a man would need an extra pair of hands to be pulled stops all the time, and there's no use of tuning an organ anyway, because it would get out of tune again, etc., ad "lib."

Now, as a matter of fact, the musician with voice or instrument can only produce the diatonic intervals from a key and the chromatic from either of them, and he always knows the key; he may not know it intelligently, but he knows it instinctively, or he could not produce a single interval, and this is equally true of the listener; he can only appreciate music as the mind conceives it. A little reflection of the above fact, will, I think, convince you that the keyboard ought to be capable of rendering any composition in absolutely perfect tune that is singable or playable on any instrument, and a trial of the harmonic organ will convince you that this is true.

Of course, with a fixed scale of false intervals, the performer can trash away quite oblivious of key relations, as he is helpless of the musical or rather unmusical effect. I send you a copy of the tuning card. There are only seven tuning stops. There is no change necessary except in change of signature, when there is always a moment in which to make a necessary change.

Of course, with reeds it takes

quite a little mechanism because a reed can sound but a single tone, to get another it is necessary to act upon another reed; but the pipe is bound by no such limitations. It is easy to cause a pipe to sound the different tones that are required of it. The expense would be a mere trifle to render an organ capable of performing in tune. Whenever the people hear the pipe in tune they will never want to hear it in equal (or any other) temper again. Yours very truly,

LEVI ORSER.

The North American Saenger Bund will celebrate its Golden Jubilee in the city of Cincinnati, State of Ohio, U. S. A., in the year 1899. Mr. Fred H. Alms of Cincinnati has offered a prize of \$100 for the best composition, to be sung at the opening concert of the Festival by the United Singers of Cincinnati. All composers are invited to compete for this prize, under the following conditions, agreed upon by the Music Committee of the festival.

CONDITIONS.

1. The composition is intended for a mixed chorus, solos, and orchestra, the performance of the same to occupy less than forty and not more than fifty minutes.
2. The character of the composition is to be a glorification of the fine arts in general, more especially of music.
3. The text is to be written in the German or English language.
4. Since the composition is to be rendered by a mass chorus of about 1500 voices, it shall contain no extraordinary difficulties.
5. The orchestral score must also be accompanied by a complete piano score.
6. Composers competing for the prize must have their work in the hands of the Music Committee on or before Aug. 1, 1898.
7. The prize judges will be selected from the most competent and best known musicians of this country.
8. The composition receiving the award shall be the sole property of the Festival Board. All other compositions will be held at the disposal of the authors.
9. The Music Committee will cause the result of the competition to be published and the prize to be paid immediately after the judges have announced their decision.
10. The composition without the name of the composer, but accompanied by some suitable motto, is to be sent to Mr. Ed. Hergenhahn, 307 East Second Street, Cincinnati, O. At the same time an envelope containing this motto and the name and residence of the composer is to be sent to the Chairman of the Committee, Rev. Hugo G. Eisenlohr, 1213 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O. All further information will be furnished by the Committee on Music for the Golden Jubilee Saengerfest of the North American Saenger Bund.

Here is the program of the concert given last night in Chicago by the Chicago Orchestra, Theodore Thomas, conductor:

Symphony, "Unfinished".....	Schubert
"Casta Diva".....	Bellini
Overture, "Carnaval".....	Dvorak
Concerto for cello.....	Saint Saens
Theme and variations.....	Proch
Huldigungsmarsch.....	Wagner

Sembrich and Gerardy in one concert!

And here is the program of the concert given last night by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Frank Van der Stucken, conductor.

Prelude, chorale, and Fugue.....	Bach
Symphony in flat major No. 12.....	Haydn
Aria "Hans Heiling".....	Marschner
"Ophelia" symphonic poem.....	MacDowell
Callan's Pursuit.....	Van der Stucken
Wotan's Farewell and Fire music.....	Wagner

Philip Hale.

TENTH SYMPHONY.

Program Presented by Mr. Paur Last Night.

Mr. Joseph Staudigl the Soloist of the Occasion.

The Orchestral Performance of Great Excellence.

The program of the 10th Symphony Concert, Mr. Emil Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "The Magic Flute".....	Mozart
Requiem, "O Schmach," and Aria, "O rosigwie die Pirsche," from "Aida".....	Verdi
Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 64.....	Beethoven
Scena, "Wo berg' ich mich?" and Aria, "Schweig, glüh'nden Sehns nach wilder Triebe," from "Euryanthe".....	Weber
Virtuoso to "The Black Domino".....	Auber

Mr. Joseph Staudigl visited Boston as opera singer in the spring of 1893. I heard him last night for the first

time, and I am now convinced that his chief claim to distinction is that he is the son of his father. He, therefore, is a singer of genealogical interest.

Why in the world should Mr. Staudigl have sung at a Symphony Concert when such players as Messrs. Ysaie, Pugno and Gerardy are in this country and are not to appear here—at least so I am informed—this season with the orchestra under Mr. Paur?

The answer may be made, "But they charge too high a price." And were not the premiums unusually high this season?

These men play with other orchestras. Have the managers of these orchestras more money at their disposal?

I state in another column of the Journal this morning that the names of both Mrs. Sembrich and Gerardy appeared on the program of the concert given in Chicago last night with Theodore Thomas as conductor. Both these artists were engaged, and their names are on the program that was sent to me. But I learned yesterday, too late for correction, that Mrs. Sembrich was indisposed and unable to go to Chicago.

Nevertheless, the manager of the Chicago orchestra was able to say to the Chicago public, "I have engaged these two artists for appearance in one concert." Is the Auditorium connected by a covered bridge with Gaietyland? Mr. Rosenthal was announced before the first concert of this series was given. He will not visit the United States this season. Here is Mr. Raoul Pugno, a pianist of great reputation, now in New York. It is doubtful whether he will come to this country again. His repertoire is of the highest, and his battle-horse is a remarkable piece for piano and orchestra, the symphonic Variations of César Franck. The Symphony audience might or might not agree with the enthusiastic opinion of Mr. Pugno entertained by music lovers of Paris, Brussels, London and New York; but should it not have an opportunity to form an opinion under the most favorable circumstances?

I can imagine Mr. Staudigl giving satisfaction in the opera house of Pumpernickel, for he seems like an honest, respectable person, who would probably keep his engagements and do his best. He would never surprise, he would never startle even a German audience. A faithful, routine man; ready to be the wicked Count in "The Prophet" or the bloodthirsty Pizarro; or the one-eyed Wotan. By this I do not mean to insinuate for a moment that he is a good singer.

We are not dwellers in Pumpernickel, and we have a right to expect at a Symphony concert better singing than that of Mr. Staudigl. It is true that German declaimers have been allowed before this to exhibit themselves on the stage of Music Hall. But Mrs. Steinbach-Jahns, an importation of Mr. Arthur Nikisch—Flos regum Arthurus!—was funny. Mr. Reichmann gave morbid pleasure by the atrocity of his intonation, and when you were tired of listening, you could admire the string of decorations that covered one lapel of his best coat. Mr. Staudigl not only sang as dozens of Germans sing, but he was also dull.

Aside from this, there was much to enjoy in the concert. The overture to "The Magic Flute" is still a marvel of spontaneity and skill, and the overture to "The Black Domino" is well worth hearing. There are few musicians who sneer at Auber; the people that complain of such overtures in a Symphony concert are persons that take music very seriously and talk pompously about its "educational value." No orchestral music that is good, whether it be a waltz or a fugue, a symphony or a rhapsody, is unfit for performance at a Symphony concert, unless that concert be devoted to some special, specific purpose to which the work would be impertinent.

The place of such an overture on the program is another matter. Nor is Mr. Paur revolutionary in the introduction of such works. Mr. Henschel led at least three of Auber's overtures during his reign.

Many tell me that the fifth symphony of Tschalkowsky is superior to the sixth. I cannot agree to this proposition. It is in many ways a striking, fascinating work. First of all it sounds extremely well; and there is music that is really good which paradoxically does not sound well through its orchestral dress. The first movement of this symphony is the best. The introduction is wonderfully impressive, and the means employed are apparently of the simplest. The second movement seems to me at least too long drawn out, and no matter how ingeniously the themes are introduced you get a little tired of them before the close. I do not care much for the waltz. But the fury of the finale is overwhelming.

As a whole the flight of imagination in this symphony is not as high as that in the Pathetic. And yet what a wealth of melody! What ingenuity in preparing and distributing climaxes! What passion! You may say of one theme that it is sentimental, or of another that it is almost vulgar; but Tschalkowsky treated themes that would have been the destruction of another with a knowledge and a temperament that clarify them. The symphony was admirably read and, on the whole, superbly played. Where there are so many virtuosos, it may seem invidious to speak of any particular instrument; and yet it is impossible to pass unnoticed the solo playing last night of the first horn, and the first and second clarinets.

Philip Hale.

Jan 3

THE TOAD.

Born of a stone, it lives under a stone, and it will hollow there its tomb.

I often visit it, and each time I raise the stone I am afraid of finding it there and also afraid that it will not be there.

It is there.

Hidden in this dry shelter, fitted to it, snug, perfectly at home, it fills it full, swollen like unto the purse of a miser.

The rain lures it out, and it comes to meet me. Some loy jumps, and it rests on its thighs and looks at me with its reddish eyes.

If an unjust world treats it as a leper, I do not dread crouching near it and putting my face close to it.

I will conquer my instinctive disgust and stroke you with my hand, oh toad!

People swallow daily things that are more sickening to the stomach.

Yesterday, however, I was tactless. The toad fermented, sweated, and all its warts bulged.

"My poor fellow," I said, "I don't wish to offend you, but, Lord, how ugly you are!"

It opened its childish, toothless mouth with its hot breath, and answered with a slight English accent:

"And you?"

To C. L. T.: You ask us, "Which, in your opinion, is the very best encyclopaedia?" We have no hesitation in saying, "The Great Historical, Geographical, Genealogical, and Poetical Dictionary" in two volumes, with a supplementary third, by Jeremy Collier, A. M., London, 1701.

Turn for instance to the article "New England" and you will find that Boston "is the metropolis, a large town, well built, commodiously seated, and hath a considerable Trade to Barbado's, the Caribbes, England and Ireland. It is also a place of good strength, the adjoining Hills being fortified and mounted with Cannon. They have several other remarkable Towns, as Charlestown, Dorchester, Cambridge, which hath two Colleges, New Plymouth, Reading, Salem, and abundance of others Seated on the Shore of Navigable Rivers."

Would you test its critical spirit? Turn to the article "Shakespear (William)." "Born in Stratford on Avon in Warwickshire, a fam'd Poet, but of no great Learning, which made him so much the more admired, his Genius was jocular, but when disposed he could be very serious; and did so excel both in Tragedies and Comedies, that he was able to make Heraclitus laugh and Democritus weep." What more would you ask?

Biography? "Columbus (Christopher) a famous pilot."

Natural History? Try "Behemoth: this word signifies in general Beasts of Burden, and all manner of Cattel, and it is taken in Job ch. 40, for an Ox of an extraordinary bigness. The Talmudist Doctors, and Allegorical Authors of the Jews, and amongst others R. Eliezer says that God created this great Beast named Behemoth, the sixth day, and that it feeds upon a Thousand Mountains in a day, and that the Grass of these Thousand Mountains grows up again during the night; and that the waters of Jordan serve him for drink. They add that this Behemoth is destined to make a great Banquet to the Just at the end of the World. The most Judicious Jews take not this Story for a Truth; but say 'tis an Allegory that signifies the Joy and Pleasures of the Just, which are figured by this Feast. Bochart hath shewn at large in the Second Part of his Hierozolcon l. 5, ch. 15, that the Behemoth of Job is the Hippopotamus, or a River Horse."

What? You say, "But this encyclopaedia only comes down to 1701."

Pray has anything worthy of serious consideration happened in this world since that date?

Believe us, the encyclopaedia is invaluable. Add it at once for the benefit of your children, to the Newgate Calendar, Burton's Arabian Nights, the complete works of Mr. Harry B. Smith and "The Great Organ in the Boston Music Hall" (Ticknor and Fields, 1865.)

The singer who has been visiting Verdi since his wife's death is Teresina Stolz, and not Rosini Stoltz. The latter, if she is still alive, is nearly 83 years old. She had a famous career and four husbands. Teresina Stolz was born at Trieste about 1840. She sang in operas by Verdi in the sixties, and she was the first to sing in Italy the part of Aida and the soprano part of the Requiem. We do not believe the gossip—under the circumstances is cruel—about the possibility of a marriage between her and the composer.

Mr. de Koven poured out his views on music in the New York Journal of Saturday, a newspaper devoted exclusively to the cultivation of the arts—from comic opera to murder. We quote two or three precious gems of thought:

"I really do not know what to think of either the present or the future of music." No? We forget; Mr. de Koven has been interested chiefly in the past.

"I really wonder why it is that so little new is being written in the way of

orchestral music." Mr. de Koven would not then make such absurd statements.

"Why does Mr. Hadley write a symphony?" What would you have him write? Comic operas? But perhaps his memory is poor.

Jan 4

"THE IDOL'S EYE"

Herbert's Operetta at Tremont Theatre.

Mr. Frank Daniels in Strange Adventures.

Keith's and New Plays at Other Theatres.

"The Idol's Eye," an operetta in three acts, libretto by Harry B. Smith and music by Victor Herbert, was performed last night for the first time in this city at the Tremont Theatre. Mr. Frank Palma was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| Abel Conn..... | Frank Daniels |
| Ned Winter..... | Maurice Darcy |
| Jamie McNuffy..... | Alf. C. Whelan |
| Don Pablo Tabasco..... | Will Danforth |
| First Brahmin..... | Arthur Carleton |
| Second Brahmin..... | Lee Latta |
| Third Brahmin..... | Wensley Thompson |
| Damayanti..... | Norma Kopp |
| Maraquita..... | Helen Redmond |
| Bidalia..... | Belle Bucklin |
| Chief Priestess of the Temple of the Ruby..... | Claudia Carlstedt |
| Lieut. Desmond..... | Claudia Carlstedt |

Mr. Harry B. Smith follows the example of the unfortunate man who acquired the habit of drinking between drinks. The microbe of libretto writing gives him no rest. He is more industrious than the late S. Austin Allibone. He displays a fertility that hitherto was known only to Scribe, the playwright, and that entertaining animal, the rabbit.

The story written for and around Mr. Daniels need not long detain us. Mr. Smith makes a bold incursion into the Orient and a free use of Indian mythology, which for years has been an inexhaustible source of copy for librettists of opera and operetta. That the sacred beliefs and observances of Hindus or Persians are dear to thousands of worshippers does not deter these men; but it is worthy of note that no Oriental has ever entertained the ingenious idea of writing a comic opera founded on episodes or precepts in the Old or New Testament, or on rites peculiar to Christianity. There was an idol whose eyes were rubies; a ruby of love and a ruby of hate. Each eye in turn was stolen. The possessors, ignorant at first of the spell, were alternately favored or rejected by women young or old, comely or hatchet-faced and scrawny. Here is the motive. Add a Nautch girl, three pursuing Brahmins, like unto the unpleasant trio in "The Moonstone," a Cuban planter with a daughter of ravishing facial and pectoral beauty, a Chief Priestess whose face and body caused even the idol to wink, a Scottish kleptomaniac with a "hoot mon!" that would excite the admiration of Ian Maclaren, and Mr. Daniels in various changes of uneasy costume.

As often happens in Mr. Smith's librettos, there are excellent, mirth-provoking ideas, which are not skillfully elaborated. Mr. Smith is not given to elaboration; he has not time. But there are jingling verses that easily suggest music and excite laughter, as those entitled "The Tattooed Man." Here is a sample:

He had designs upon himself,
She had designs on him;
And she loved to look at the picture-book,
Which he had on every limb;
"Oh why should I go abroad," she said,
"To Germany, France or Rome,
When a first-class collection awaits my inspection,
In my happy little home."

The dialogue is neither better nor worse than that furnished for winter or summer use by this indefatigable man.

Mr. Herbert's music is in certain ways far above the level of that of the ordinary musical farces or comic operas relished keenly by men who have dined well and are inclined to unbutton waistcoats. I fear that some of the music is too good for this class of amusement seekers. Certainly last night there were charming numbers that went almost without a hand, while tunes that were conventional and reminiscent in their row-de-dow and tum-tum were encored again and again. Mr. Herbert has at times given an exotic flavor to the music of priests and priestesses without falling into exaggeration or pinching too boldly from "Lakmé" or "Aida."

His harmonies are often ingenious; his orchestration is pleasing, although at times his late acquaintance with a military band has led him to undue admiration for brass and percussion instruments; and he is unusual without losing his musical self-respect. Especially worthy of notice are a well-constructed ensemble in the first act and the temple music at the beginning of the second.

The piece is mounted handsomely. The costumes are becoming and are a departure from the customary "Oriental dress" or "Oriental opera." The chorus is effective musically and the orchestra last night was under firm control.

The company is one of even excellence. Seldom are such physically selective women as Miss Kopp, Miss Redmond and Miss Carlstedt seen together in the same operetta. And there are clean, wholesome and attractive girls in the chorus. For once the obligatory privileges of the chief comedienne were enviable.

Mr. Danforth's make-up was capital, and he accented every opportunity given him by the librettist Mr. Whelan, who, as a rule, clowns it beyond endurance, was occasionally very funny in his buffoonery.

Mr. Daniels, as is the case with many of his colleagues, is a matter of personal taste. His individuality is aggressive. You either like him or you dislike him; you can not be neutral in your feeling. If you do not like this individuality, you may still find entertainment in the corporeal charms of the three leading women and some of their humbler sisters. But if the man in particular and women in general do not delight you, you will not be amused. From the last night Mr. Daniels extracted laughter without the aid of a corkscrew, and on previous occasions I have found Mr. Daniels's fooling of depressing nature. If you do not laugh when he takes the place of the stolen idol—for the idol is at last carried away for the sake of one eye—you are of a sullen nature, or a victim to harassing domesticity.

I do not say that this operetta is a masterpiece; far from it. I do not say that Mr. Daniels is a comedian of Gothic subtlety or English unctuousness. I do say that there is honest amusement in the piece, and no one can see "The Idol's Eye" without an increased respect for the value of feminine charms. Not the first of these propositions is not unfounded, was proved last night by the hearty laughter of a large audience. The second of these propositions might be discussed with more attention to detail in private with anyone who is inclined to be skeptical. But this skeptic has evidently not seen either Miss Kopp, Miss Redmond or Miss Carlstedt.

The Wednesday matinees will be omitted during this engagement.

Philip Hale.

KNEISEL QUARTET.

First Performance in Boston of Cesar Franck's Remarkable Trio.

The Kniesel Quartet gave its fourth concert last evening in Association Hall. Mr. George W. Proctor, pianist, assisted. This was the program:

Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, op. 1.—Cesar-Auguste Franck. Quartet in E flat major, op. 74.—Beethoven. Quartet in E minor.—Smetana.

The trio is certainly a remarkable work for a boy of twenty to have written, at a period, too, when tradition was strongly antagonistic to chamber music written in the style of the so-called romantic school. The work, composed in 1842, contains much that is odd, original and surprising. The opening andante begins with a strange staccato figure which characterizes the entire movement, and is subsequently heard in other parts of the work. The andante is in the main lyrical. The second theme, given mostly to the strings, is unusually beautiful, and also appears prominently in the second movement. The second movement, allegro molto, merges into the closing allegro maestoso.

Both these movements, though giving ample evidence of form, are passionate and rhapsodical. This trio is the first of three that comprised Franck's opus 1. It is apparently very difficult, not only technically, but in the rendering. It is also difficult to understand at a first hearing. I think a more definite impression would have been obtained if the piano part had been intrusted to a pianist of larger experience than Mr. Proctor has yet acquired. It is true that his playing was musically in steadiness, that his tone was often excellent in quality and his passage work strong and brilliant. That he was not the peer of his associates, Messrs. Kniesel and Schroeder, goes without saying, and it takes three men of might to give an adequate performance of such music as this. The trio was well received and the players were cordially recalled.

The Smetana quartet has been given before by the Kniesel Club, and another hearing increases the favorable impression before created. The program which accompanies this work, "A moment's Leben," is of considerable assistance, and in general the music may be said to bear out the description. It is intelligible music, without a program; at least, it is so. The Largo is especially charming with moments of real beauty. The close of the last movement is quite impressive, the passage following the "high life" being strongly pathetic. The Beethoven quartet was played with the breadth and finish. If this music was chosen to display the absence of real greatness in either of its two companions, the choice was both clever and successful.

T. P. Currier.

The Bride Elect
Boston Theatre
T. P. Currier

There's gravel walks there for speculation, And conversation in sweet solitude; 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or The gentle plover, in the afternoon. And if a young lady should be so engaging As to walk alone in those shady bowers, 'Tis there her courtier he may transport her In some dark fort, or under the ground.

It is a pleasure to see that the new trees in Copley Square are not discouraged, although they mourn, like unto Mr. Tennyson's cedar sighing for Lebanon, the Noah's Ark men and women and other animals familiar to their childhood.

These trees are a decoration in stiff, formulated way, and since they remind us of the fine words of Sir Thomas Browne, "decussative diametrals, quincuncial lines and angles," they no doubt have an educational value. Next summer we hope to see them forming a fully established, widely recognized philosophers' grove. Indeed a very Academe.

And here there may be discussions that will mold the thought of centuries to come. As venerable and profound or young and zealous men in Athens frequented porch or grove, so here whiskered deep thinkers and youths with flaming speech may meet, coming from scholastic meditation on the hill-sides of Providence or the marshes of Lynn.

Consider the advantages of Copley Square now that it is heavily shaded. There is the Public Library for reference. There is the Museum of Fine Arts for aesthetic elevation, provided attention be paid to the contents and not to the exterior. Three churches suggest discussion of eternal problems. Hotels, Post Office, grocer's shop, apothecary's and the office of a sanitary plumber are close at hand. And there are many street cars continually going and coming.

There should be days and hours set apart for particular discussion. Thus there should be an appointed and limited time given the Honorable Moody Breynton, Mr. Samuel Little, Colonel Bancroft for the public consideration of rapid transit; or the Reverend Mr. Brady might lecture on "The Quiet Influence of the Church;" or the eminent music critics of this city might explain the true meaning of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," after which Mr. H. L. Higginson would read a paper on the comparative cost of producing a symphony by Mozart and a symphonic poem by Richard Strauss; or the Concord School of Philosophy might charter a special car, cuss and discuss beneath the shade of the noble trees, and eat lunch synchronously and harmoniously on the steps of the Public Library.

Of course, in more violent discussions the philosophers should be roped off, so that no too curious listener might suffer bodily harm.

We offer no apologies for reprinting this beautiful ballad of the heart and home, which was published originally in the Atlanta Constitution. It is entitled:

WHEN FATHER CARVES THE DUCK.

We all look on with anxious eyes
When father carves the duck,
And mother almost always sighs
When father carves the duck.
Then all of us prepare to rise
And hold our bibs before our eyes,
And be prepared for some surprise
When father carves a duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork
When'er he carves a duck,
And won't allow a soul to talk
Until he's carved the duck.
The fork is jabbed into the sides,
Across the breast the knife he slides,
And every careful person hides
From flying chips of duck.

The platter always seems to slip
When father carves a duck,
And how it makes the dishes skip,
Potatoes fly amuck—
The squash and cabbage leap in space,
We get some gravy on our face,
And father mutters Hindu grace
When'er he carves a duck.

We thus have learned to walk around
The dining room and pluck
From off the window sills and walls
Our share of father's duck,
While father growls and blows and jaws,
And swears the knife was full of flaws,
And mother jaws at him because
He couldn't carve a duck.

"It is reported that Richter, the well-

known orchestra? And would the choice be wise? Is Mr. Richter too old? He was born in 1843. Is he a great conductor, or was he a great conductor? Surely his programs are old-foggyish. And is it true that Mr. Nikisch itches to be at the head of an orchestra in New York? And is it true that wires are pulled in Berlin to gain for Mr. Seldi the positions now held by Mr. Felix Weingartner? These are all pertinent questions.

Mr. W. L. Alden, writing from London to the New York Times, gives this sound advice: "The sooner critics ignore the 'Heavenly Asters' and the 'Yellow Beths' and leave them to be noticed in the underclothing department of women's fashion journals, the sooner will the eternal fitness of things be recognized and the more peaceful will be the lives of the male critics."

For though physick may plead high, from that medical act of God, in casting so deep a sleep upon our first parent, and chirurgery find its whole art, in that one passage concerning the rib of Adam; yet is there no rivalry with garden contrivance and herbary; for if Paradise were planted the third day of the creation, as wiser divinity concludeth, the nativity thereof was too early for horoscopy: gardens were before gardeners, and but some hours after the earth.

We spoke yesterday of the arboreal improvement of Copley Square. A contemporary of the same date published an entertaining communication from X. X. X., who recommends the erection in the centre of the square of a statue of "Minerva Polias"—whom for the sake of convenience we shall refer to as Minerva, just plain Minerva—and "a grand opera, concert and drama house, capable of holding 5000 people." X. X. X. suggests that a hundred persons should contribute \$5000 each "for a perpetual right, transmissible by inheritance or will, to a free entrance of two persons each to every performance in the building. These seats might be in one locality in bronze, with the name of the family inscribed on the back of the seat."

There are reasons for and against such improvement. It is true that gardens for centuries have been adorned with statues. The groves of Blarney, owned by Lady Jeffers, were thus enriched. To quote the poet,
There's statues gracing this noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair—
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.

Then there is the melancholy instance of the Public Garden in this city.

But why should Minerva stand in Copley Square? You answer glibly, "Because Boston is the modern Athens." Remember, however, that Neptune and Minerva disputed over ancient Athens, and Minerva won the town by causing an olive tree to spring up out of the earth. Are there olive trees in Copley Square? Are not the nearest olives found in glass jars at the corner grocery?

Is Minerva the proper person to be honored publicly in a city where homage is paid blind descent? There were suspicious circumstances attending her birth. Joannes Diaconus may err in claiming that Mefis, the first wife of Jupiter, was swallowed by her loving spouse and the Minerva sprang full-armed from the monarch's brain; but there should be no suspicion concerning a female idol in Boston. Nor should the sight of such a statue lead naughty school children to sing "Fairy Tales," as in "The Idol's Eye."

On the other hand it may be contended that Minerva is the very one to tower in Copley Square. The Reverend Mr. Spence tells us that this goddess, "as the ancients used to represent her, is more apt to strike one with awe and terror, than to charm one, at first sight." We are accustomed to such statues in this city; and there would be no shock at the unveiling. Nor would envious, ill-favored females protest in shrieks as against a shamelessly attractive Venus or Bacchante.

The air of her face was masculine; the poets called her "the dark-complexioned goddess," "the stern goddess," "the virago." There was a certain ferocity and threatening turn in her eyes; she wore the head of Medusa on breast-plate and shield, and she was in the habit, as were pretty girls of Rome, of allowing serpents to wind at liberty about her breast.

Minerva and an opera-house in the same square would be incongruous, irreconcilable. For once she tried to play the flute; and she threw it from her in a fit of passion, saying, "Far from me, oh disfigurer of the face! Why should I apply myself to the acquisition of defects?" It is true that Teletost asks, in the vein of a doubting Thomas, "Why should Minerva have

been so anxious about her face? Had not Fate declared that she should always preserve her virginity and be childless?" This decree was perhaps symbolical of the barrenness of wisdom.

But how little Teletost knew about women. The flute player when he is a true virtuoso gives in the exercise of his calling an admirable imitation of a person eating an ear of green corn, an operation that is not graceful even when the ear is grasped by bediamonded hands. Flutes are necessary in an opera-house or concert hall; and so are trombones and other instruments that are winded. Minerva would surely leave her column, though the symphony were by Brahms, though the opera were by Wagner.

The days sacred to Minerva are the 3rd of January and the 19th of March. The statue should be dedicated on one of these days, and as the biting of the goat is prejudicial to the olive, the animal should be sacrificed to her. Unfortunately even the later date does not usher in the season of bock-beer; therefore the sacrifice cannot be complete.

There is one more objection to Minerva. The poet Martianus writes that she was born without a mother, "because that in women there is scarce any wisdom to be found." A flippant, mendacious poet! But the jest might be revived.

"Count Esterhazy is to be tried behind closed doors." If there is anything that demands rightfully publicity, it is the Dreyfus case, which thus far has been a reproach to France and Christianity.

Mr. Ernest Vincent Wright called on us yesterday. He told us that he is the author of that charming ballad of the heart and home entitled "When Father Carves the Duck," which we published in this column yesterday and credited to an Atlanta paper. Mr. Wright added that the poem first appeared in the Boston Transcript Feb. 9, 1891. The Lord forbid that we should wrong anyone, and especially a poet, consciously or unconsciously. We still find the ballad excellent, even if it was written originally for the Transcript.

"Since it is well settled," said Babbalanja, "that our brains are somehow the organs of sense; then, I see not why human reason could not be put into a pig, by letting into its cranial the contents of a man's. I have long thought, that men, pigs, and plants, are but curious physiological experiments; and that science would at last enable philosophers to produce new species of beings, by somehow mixing, and concocting the essential ingredients of various creatures; and so forming new combinations. My friend, Atahapla, the astrologer and alchemist, has long had a jar, in which he has been endeavoring to hatch a fairy, the ingredients being compounded according to a receipt of his own."

"Mr. Turner has introduced a bill in the Virginia Legislature providing that a tax of \$1 a year be assessed against each unmarried male person over 30 years of age in the State." A dollar a year is not a high price for liberty.

Mr. Israel Scher is suffering from rhinoscleroma, the result of an accident. The symptoms are thus described: The size is about three times as large as it was before, the accident, and the nose "looks like a lobster unboiled." This description is almost as vague as that given by Slawkenbergius in his tale of the stranger that entered Strasburg one cool, refreshing evening at the close of a very sultry day and threw the inhabitants into dispute and consternation. Never judge a man by his nose. The most upright, sometimes afflicted with an inflamed proboscis, are accused unjustly of a passion for Burgundy or New England rum. It is the pale drunkard who is beyond redemption. Mr. Scher should be thankful at least that his nose does not resemble a boiled lobster. Remember the sad fate of Thomas Paine: rude boys would follow him in the street, crying out:

Tom Paine's come from far, from far,
His nose is like a blazing star.

This reminds us that the Empress of Germany is suffering from influenza. According to Spanish Court etiquette the Queen of Spain has no legs. Do the dwellers in the Berlin royal palace insist that the wife of William II. has no nose?

It is a pleasure to note the steady growth of intelligence in the Southern States. The other night Mr. Triplett, the President of the Alcorn Agricultural and Mechanical College near Rodney, Miss., was shot and wounded fatally while he was on his way to prayer meeting. There was a time when the shooting would have formed part of the devotional exercises.

"Mr. Kincannon has been requested to send bloodhounds to trace the assassin." Now, Mr. Kincannon is the State Superintendent of Education.

Boston was a few years ago the paradise of pugilists, but the glory is departed, and London is now the lode-

...none look, for example, at the He-Hogubian life of our old and esteemed friend the Harlem Coffee Cooler, as described by Field Marshal Dick O'Brien. "The Coffee Cooler is rolling in wealth. He sleeps in a dress suit and a diamond-studded shirt front. He has won his way into the hearts of the English sports."

Is Mrs. Langtry to be commended for her resolve not to marry Prince Esterhazy because "he makes such a noise over his soup"? Much should be forgiven a Prince, and it should not be forgotten that even the sight of the beloved one consuming soup is a severe test of affection. If the lover or husband has a short, bristling moustache soup clings to it like dew to a shrub. If the moustache is long and silky, the lover shows a striking resemblance to a learned seal. No man with a full beard should attempt to eat soup except in the privacy of his bath room. Princes are human, and soup should be served hot. Should they give an imitation of a spoon swallower, so as to avoid the windy suspiration of forced breath in cooling?

What American does not feel a thrill of pride at reading that the Iowa is to join a squadron, that the Massachusetts and Texas will leave in a few days? Nearly 50 years ago Herman Melville, speaking of the boasting names of foreign battleships, wrote, "Much better the American names (barring Scorpions, Hornets and Wasps;) Ohio, Virginia, Carolina, Vermont. And if ever these Yankees fight great sea engagements—which heaven forefend!—how glorious, poetically speaking, to range up the whole federated fleet, and pour forth a broadside from Florida to Maine. Ay, ay, very glorious, indeed; yet in that proud crowing of cannon, how shall the shade of peace-loving Penn be astounded, to see the mightiest murderer of them all, the great Pennsylvania, a very namesake of his. Truly, the Pennsylvania's guns should be the wooden ones, called by men-of-war's-men, Quakers."

Here is news from London. According to the Medical Press and Circular, the masculine world is now accustomed to the cross-saddle position assumed by women on bicycles, and thus it may be that the side-saddle for horse-riding is doomed to pass away. "After all, the whole matter is only one of sentiment based on custom. Bicycling women have in this country been laughed out of their bloomers, mainly because such a costume did not commend itself to their male companions. Perhaps, therefore, if women appeared on cross-saddles in a becoming dress the innovation would soon cease to be noticeable, and another step toward the 'emancipation' of the fair sex would be gained."

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"Pon my conscience, dear Larry," says I, "I'm sorry to see you in trouble, and your life's cheerful noggin run dry. And yourself going off like its bubble!" "Hould your tongue in that matter," says he; "For the neckcloth I don't care a button, and by this time tomorrow you'll see Your Larry will be dead as mutton: All for what? 'Kase his courage was good!'"

For many years you have read the newspaper accounts of executions. You have wondered at the deep sleep of the condemned; you have heard the sound of hammers; you have seen hangmen taking measurements and calculating nicely the drop. The phrase "the fatal noose was then adjusted" is not stale to you, and you would not shy at the now tabooed formula, "the body fell with a d. s. t." if the rope should happen to break. What the murderer ate for breakfast is of more interest to you than your own breakfast cooling while you read. You are glad because he thanked the jailer for his kindness and courtesy.

And above all, you often wonder at the nerve of the condemned. (For the great number die game, unless some thoughtless person gives irrelevant sympathy just before the march to the gallows). Think of Deacon Brodie, with his "What is hanging?" "A leap in the dark." "Mr. Charles Peace prayed for his gaolers, for his executioner, for the Ordinary, for his wife, for Mrs. Thompson, his drunken doxy, and he went to his death with the sure step of one who, having done his duty, is reconciled with the world. 'What is the scaffold?' he asked with sublime earnestness. And the answer came quick and sanctimonious: 'A short cut to heaven!'"

You remember Mr. Charles Whibley's line: "A stern test of artistry is he gallows." If on the one hand there should be no white-livered fear, so

there should be no unseemly awe. "Brave men were hanged before you" comes to your lips, when you read of some act of gallows insolence. Therefore the spectators hissed Mr. Jocelin Harwood, who was drunk and blustering. But you would fain have heard Mr. Tom Austin with the halter about his neck saying to the Chaplain, "There's a woman yonder with some curds and whey, and I wish I could have a pennyworth of them before I am hanged, because I don't know when I shall see any again." Admirable too was the conduct of Mr. Roderick Audrey, who, at the age of sixteen, "went very decent to the gallows, being in a white waistcoat, clean napkin, white gloves, and an orange in one hand."

The English take their pleasures seriously, but hanging was for many years an exception to this rule. The terminology of the gallows is rich. A gallows-bird is also a crack-rope, a wag-halter, a gallows-clapper. Jack Ketch is the dancing-master for those who dance upon nothing or dance the Paddington frisk in a hempen cravat. There are picturesque phrases: to die with cotton in one's ears; to mount a ladder; to have a hearty choke with caper sauce; to marry a widow; to kick the wind; to wear St. Andrew's lace; to ride the three-legged mare; to leap from the leafless tree. 'Tis a sympathetic world!

When he came to the nubbing-cheat, He was tack'd up so neat and so pretty; The rumber jugg'd off from his feet, And he died with his face to the city. He kicked, too, but that was all pride, For soon you might see 'twas all over; And as soon as the noose was urled, Then at darkey we waked him in clover And sent him to take a ground-sweat.

There are several excellent descriptions of hangings. There is the sketch by Alexander Smith, which is marred, however, by a touch of feminine sentimentalism. There is the article by Thackeray from which we would gladly cut out some impertinent moralizations. But to put yourself in tune so that you may read with more delight about the hanging which you, unfortunately, were not able to attend, you pull down Victor Hugo's "Last Day of a Condemned Man." Yes, there are passages that raise goose-flesh, but there is too much hysteria. There is too much rhetoric. Compare with this special plea of the Frenchman the account given by Fielding of Jonathan Wild's behavior on the eve of his apotheosis. Or read this paragraph of Smith.

Both turned and regarded the black cross-beam, with its empty halters, with a long, steady look; that done, they again bent their heads attentively to the words of the clergyman. I suppose in that long, eager, fascinated gaze they practically died—that for their death had no additional bitterness.

We likewise prefer the account put by Dostoevsky into the mouth of the epileptic Prince Mulchikine. The Prince says: "There is no proportion between the death punishment and the murder that it pretends to punish;" and he describes the feelings of a man on the scaffold, who, expecting execution, is suddenly reprieved. (Dostoevsky, you know, was taken from a scaffold and sent to Siberia.) "There were only five minutes more. My friend said these seemed to him an eternity of immense richness. He divided them: two minutes to say good-bye to his companions; two minutes to collect his thoughts; one minute for a last look about him. In bidding good-bye he remembered to have asked a question of no importance and to have listened eagerly to the answer. The time came for meditation; he knew in advance his chief thought: At present I am alive, but in three minutes what shall I be? Where shall I be? Not far from him there was a church; its gilded dome shone in the sun. He remembered that he kept his eyes fixed obstinately on the cupola and its rays; he could not look away: it seemed to him that the rays were his new nature, that in three minutes he should be a part of them. The uncertainty, the horror of the unknown, which he felt so near were something terrible, but nothing was more painful than this constant thought: If I should not die? It should be given a chance to live? What an eternity! And all of it mine! Oh, each minute would be a whole existence, I would not lose a single minute, so as not to waste it! At last the obsession of this idea was so irritating that he wished to be killed as soon as possible."

Your breakfast by this time is cold; but you have read in full the account of the "vindication of the majesty of the law." Yes, murder must be prevented by the fear of the death penalty. And turning to another page you read the report of two or three murders committed that same day and under peculiarly atrocious circumstances.

Jan 7. 98
SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles"
Performed for the First Time—A Singularly Fantastic Work.

The program of the 11th Symphony Concert was as follows:
Overture, "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn
Symphonic Poem for Orchestra and two violas d'Armour obligate, "The Death of Tintagiles" (after the drama by Maeterlinck).....Loeffler (MS. First time.)
Symphony No. 4.....Brahms

Thinking of Maeterlinck's drama and speculating concerning the advisability of giving a prominent part to a violon d'amour in a modern orchestral composition might divert us from the chief question: What is the value of Mr. Loeffler's musical thought in this symphonic poem?

It is not necessary to discuss the drama. You may say this little play for marionettes is bosh. You may say—as I believe—that to find its equal in dramatic intensity and power of suggestion one must go as far back as Ford or Webster, or Tournier. In either case we are no nearer Mr. Loeffler's music.

Nor do I propose to discourse learnedly concerning the violon d'armour or the double bass clarinet, which latter instrument was played last night for the first time in any public concert. I speak a few words about them in another column of the Journal today, and if you are interested in such matters you can read there about Mr. Kohl's invention.

Maeterlinck's drama is full of suspense, horror and death. There are the strange contending forces: The sisters of little Tintagiles, who endeavor to shield him against the Queen and her handmaids. Is the struggle symbolical of mankind's contention against inevitable death? Let us not be too curious. On the one side are the child and his sisters; on the other the mysterious and cruel Queen. Here is the suggestion to the musician. Add, perhaps, the thought of old Aglovalle, who, weak in mind and body, remembers vaguely heroic days.

Now, a musician has as much right to use these suggestions for a symphonic poem as Beethoven had to write "Coriolanus," with contrasted thoughts of stubborn pride and tender entreaty.

But in using such suggestions, he must first of all be musically interesting. The music must stand on its own legs. The composer must not hope to save himself when imagination fails and thought is dry by uttering the Macedonian cry, "Oh Maeterlinck!"

The wild night, the memory of old heroic deeds—these are expressed with musical intensity and not merely through the association of literary ideas. Even he that knew nothing of the play might well be reminded of foul weather and the shock of battle. Sound and fury—signifying much. Expressive themes that are not allowed to become too familiar through the mistaken love of the composer amorous of his own work. Skillful orchestration, for the most part. Harmonic progressions that are sometimes jarring, almost disconcerting, but deliberately contrived, effective, eminently Loefflerian.

For a contrast the composer naturally thought at once of the child—a rather peevish little fellow—and is not humanity inclined toward peevishness?—and the loving, timorous sisters. He thought that the violon d'amour, with its voice of unearthly complaint, would be the best medium of expression, and he therefore introduced two—call them Tintagiles and Ygraine if you wish. They were played last night with care and affection by the composer and Mr. Kneisel. And what was the result of the experiment?

In the first place there was naturally the animal curiosity to see as well as hear something new. This is in a measure detrimental to the true success of a new composition. In the second place, to me, at least, the long continued sound of these instruments in cantabile became irritating. Complaining persons are irritating; and the violon d'amour in sustained cantabile is a voice of complaint. I was tempted at the last private rehearsal and at the concert last night to wish more than once that Mr. Loeffler had used two violins instead of the nearly obsolete instruments. And yet at this moment I hear the violon d'amour with their peculiar appeal. The monotony, at least, made an impression.

I find the musical thought in the passages assigned to these instruments less potent than that in the scenes of stormier passion.

It is needless to say that Mr. Loeffler is too sane and truly imaginative to fall into the error of panoramic detail. "The Death of Tintagiles"—there is the title; make of it what you please. You may find delight in the thought of the sounding of midnight; you may fancy you hear Ygraine's fingers scratching on the iron door; you may even hear her shriek "I blaspheme and spit upon you." Another may think simply in a vague, rapt way of the mysterious story of shudder.

Whether Mr. Loeffler follows passionately or carelessly the sonata-form is a matter of indifference to me. I am not frightened by any of his daring experiments in orchestration. At the same time there is a passage for muted trumpet that is ineffective and incongruous. I am not shocked by exhibi-

tions of restless totality. Provided whatever he may do, I may be a little fed and moved.
Mr. Loeffler is a singular apparition in the world of music. His individuality is most pronounced. He thinks himself in his own language. It would be easy to call him a decadent in loose way, and then go cheerfully to supper. But after you have pronounced this crushing verdict, somehow or other the music comes back to you as you sit at meat; it will not out of your thoughts.
"The Death of Tintagiles" is another proof of the genuine orchestral talent of this man. And yet, unless I err seriously, the piece does not mark an unmistakable advance in his musical career.

Philip Hale.

MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL.

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel gave their last recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Association Hall. Nearly every seat was filled, and the crush was so great just before the concert that the opening number was sung fifteen minutes after the announced hour for beginning. It was a very enthusiastic audience that listened to the long, varied program—a program considerably lengthened by an insistent demand for repetitions or additional songs.

After the first duet Mr. Henschel gave an easy and brilliant performance of an aria from Handel's "Rinaldo," and another from "Il Calandrino," by Cimarosa. Mrs. Henschel followed with Loewe's ballad, "Goldschmied's Trichterlein," which she sang charmingly, if without much breadth. Her rendering of Chopin's "Lithuanian Song" won such hearty appreciation that she repeated it. Mr. Henschel's singing of three songs from the "Müller-Lied," by Schubert, also aroused the audience, and another song was the reward of its efforts.

In Brahms's beautiful song, "Von ewiger Liebe," Mrs. Henschel sang with more than usual strength, while "Schwalbe sag' mir au" was given so exquisitely that another encore followed—Brahms's tender cradle song. Of the duets, that from Gretry's "Richard and Coeur de Lion" was delightfully sung, and another encore was claimed and won, this time Henschel's "O That We Two Were Maying." Mr. Henschel's last number was Schumann's "The Grenadiers," which he gave with less than his customary breadth of style.

T. P. Currier

ABOUT MUSIC.

First Appearance Here of Double-Bass Clarinet.

Gossip Concerning Some Queer Males and Females.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem, which was played last night in Music Hall for the first time, calls for two violon d'amour, an instrument that is now seldom heard.

There is also a part for the double-bass clarinet, a still rarer instrument. I think I am not mistaken in saying that it was the first appearance of this instrument in any concert.

There is a story that Sax made a double-bass clarinet (in E flat), and even a "clarinette bordon," but they were never used, and I can find no description of them. A Prussian named Skorra is said to have exhibited in London, 1862, a double-bass clarinet made by him.

Then there is the double-bass clarinet made by Fontaine-Besson in B flat, which was supposed to give contra D. Albert, Brothers, also made a species of double-bass clarinet in F. But there was one trouble in using them. Nobody could play them. They were impracticable.

A Fontaine-Besson instrument was exhibited at Chicago. No one could play on it.

'Twas there that Mr. Kohl, a skillful clarinetist, formerly a member of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, met Mrs. Fontaine-Besson and showed her the designs of an instrument which he had contrived or was still contriving. She was delighted and at once assumed the expense of construction, which was by no means trifling.

Mr. Kohl, who played last night for the first time in public this instrument of beautiful and impressive tone, has brought the double-bass clarinet to such a point of perfection that it speaks as promptly as an ordinary clarinet. He told me that, in addition to its musical qualities the instrument was of hygienic use; for practicing had added four inches to the girth of his chest.

Musicians find that in modern works,

The Madrid correspondent of *Le Guide Musical* tells of the first performance of Manel'nell's "Hero e Leandro" at that city Nov. 30. "The best part of the work is the great love-scene, finely acted and intensely dramatic. Unfortunately the similarity of situations

Paris, Dec. 29.—M. Leon Carvalho, the well-known manager of the Opéra Comique, died at 6 o'clock this morning, at the age of 72, from the effects of an apoplectic seizure on Christmas Day.

Mr. Otto Floershelm says in his letter (Berlin, Dec. 18) to the *Musica Courier*: "Arthur Nikisch has definitely closed with the Leipzig Gewandhaus administration for life. He signed last week a contract which not only guarantees him a very high remuneration but which also assures a life pension of a considerable amount to his widow and children in case of his demise or incapacitation through sickness or old

There is discussion concerning "the proper heating" of electric street cars. The real question is, "Do you prefer the menagerie hot or cold?" It is merely a question of ammoniacal smell.

true hero. In trade are those at work in an iron foundry. There is the sturdiest manhood; there is the truest industry.

Go to an anchor foundry. Do not be alarmed; we are not going to quote at length from Samuel Ferguson's "Forging of the Anchor," although it is a fine poem; nor do we propose to appeal to the "broad-armed fisher of the deep!" But what is the symbolism of the anchor? Stability, is it not? Sluggish, inexorable resistance? And from what does the anchor derive its dull, persistent life—a life-in-death? From railway lines, the symbolism of life and speed.

Here is a letter from R. M. B.: "Although not deeply interested in sporting matters, I have glanced for some time at the reports of polo, whist, and bowling matches and cake walks solely to ascertain how the victors 'got there.' My respect for their prowess increases immeasurably when I find that they have not merely 'won,' but 'won-out.' But I do not know what the phrase means. I have tried to analyze it. I understand that if a lot of Boston bowlers go over to Dedham and knock over more pins than the Dedham fellows, they win the game out in Dedham, because Dedham is outside of Boston. But it is perplexing to find also that if two Boston men play a game of billiards for three hundred points right in the Hub itself, the first one out has 'won out.' Out where?"

"I have consulted Webster, Worcester and the Century Dictionary, but none of them throws light upon the significance of this particular caudal appendage to the verb. I have sought for sidelights in other tongues, but the phlegmatic German seems to have overlooked the force and beauty of 'auswinnen,' and the more excitable Frenchman would undoubtedly go in some if he should read that Napoleon 'magna delors la bataille d'Austerlitz.' Even Caesar, that master of expression, failed to perceive how much more effective would have been the announcement of his victory over Pharnaces had he made it, 'Veni, vidi, exvici.'

Without trying to fathom its meaning we must look upon this phrase as what Artemus Ward calls 'a sweet boon,' and when the revised histories adopt it and inform us that the great Generals 'won out' their victories, and the religious writer recites how some tempted soul 'won out' in a great conflict with Satan, we shall be in a frame of mind to glorify the reporter who invented this crowning touch."

How they are slopping over, now that Daudet is dead. It is a pleasure to read these words of an English critic: "In Alphonse Daudet French literature loses about the last of the school of novelists that came directly from Flaubert. He had much of his master's power of minute analysis, and some of his supreme sense of style. Withal, Daudet ranks most distinctly as a disciple. Most cultivated people have come under his influence at some period of their lives, but very few, in all probability, have ever cared to resume him. The Daudet trick, like the Sardou trick, is easily discoverable. His novels were flooded with overwrought sentiment; at its sloppiest in 'Jack' and 'Sapho'; least aggressive, perhaps, in 'Fromont Jeune.' Again the 'curtain' of a suicide or death of sorts sometimes succeeded, as in 'Le Nabab'—where the scene is almost comparable to its parallel in 'The Newcomes'—and sometimes failed, notably in 'L'Immortel.' Again, he carried portraiture to unpardonable lengths. The Duc de Morny was his patron; Daudet held him up to ridicule as the Duc de Mora. Gambetta was a fellow-student, and the details of his squalid beginnings are all exposed in 'Numa Roumestan.' 'L'Immortel,' as the world was speedily made aware on its publication, is choke-full of literary lampoons. The ordinary Daudet novel—to be frank—is a somewhat mechanical performance; talented, but running in a groove. His characters were in black and white, and equally obvious was the contrast between the high-minded personage—the Queen, for example, in 'Les Rois en Exile'—and the gang of charlatans and incompetents surrounding him or her. Yet when Daudet chose to give free play to his invention, how admirable was the result! The Tartarin series may ultimately resolve itself into the application of the same methods to a race that he used upon individuals. Still it must always remain the most perfect representation of the meridional Frenchman—gay, bombastic and adroit."

It's had luck when moving to take with you a broom, a cat or the woodpile.

Will this controversy over "Scotch" and "Scott" ever cease? A "pure Scotchman" writes to a London journal, "Will you allow a Scotchman emphatically to contradict the assertion of Mr.

Norman D. Macdonald that 'Scotch' is not correct? 'Scottish' and 'Scots' are literary words. The one word used in ordinary conversation from Wigan to Calthness is 'Scotch' and nothing else. So much is this the case that newspaper boys in Edinburgh selling papers in the streets usually call the Scotsman newspaper the 'Scotchman.' Mary Queen of Scots, the London Scottish, and so on, are not in point. They are literally phrases which have come into common speech, and have, of course, been adopted as they stand. I protest against being called a Scottishman or a Scotsman, being, like Mr. Gladstone."

RAOUL.

By Phil

Mr. Raoul Pugno, the eminent pianist who will in all probability visit Boston this month, was born at Montrouge, France, June 23, 1852. He appeared in public at the age of six. He studied the piano under George Mathias at the Paris Conservatory, where he took the first prize for piano in 1866, the first prize for harmony and solfeggio in 1867, and a prize for fugue and the first prize for organ in 1869. For twenty years he was engaged as organist and chapelmaster, and he is a professor at the Conservatory.

Here is a partial list of his compositions: "La Résurrection de Lazare," oratorio, given by Pasdeloup at Paris, April 11, 1879; "La Fée Cocotte," in three acts, Palace Theatre, Paris, Jan. 26, 1881, and nearly a dozen such light works. He has also written symphonies; a symphonic poem, "Prometheus," an opera for Calvé, "Pauvres Gens," founded on Richepin's story; a sonata in D minor, and smaller pieces for the piano, songs, etc.

Mr. Pugno has been much interested in chamber music. Thus early in the nineties he was associated with Mr. Marteau, the violinist, in giving chamber concerts throughout France, and for the last year or two his concerts with Ysaye have been applauded throughout France and the Netherlands.

As a virtuoso, he has won renown outside of his own country, where he is held in great honor. When he visited Brussels late in 1896 he played Grieg's concerto at an Ysaye concert, and Le Guide Musical then said of him: "He is one of the most perfect pianists of the period, not a virtuoso in the manner of the Paderewskis or Busonis, but an excellent musician, armed with an impeccable and clear technic which he devotes to the exclusive service of musical interpretation. He played with ravishing taste and style. Artists who possess style, a thing undefinable and rare, are exceptions in every age; and Mr. Pugno is one of these exceptions. He is not a pianist by profession, not a virtuoso by profession. Not long ago he was organist at the Madeleine, if I am not mistaken, and it was only by accident that one day at a Lamoureux concert five or six years ago he revealed himself as a pianist."

But Mr. Kufferath, the writer of this review, forgot that Mr. Pugno took the first prize for piano at the Conservatory; that when he played in Paris, March 31, 1869, he gave his 11th annual concert; that in fact he was a pianist from earliest youth. And was he organist of the Madeleine? We remember Saint-Saëns, Dubois, Fauré; but was Pugno ever organist there for any length of time?

Perhaps Pugno's battle horse is Grieg's concerto. Grieg himself has declared the performance ideal.

There is a curious story about Pugno in the Journal des Goncourt, Aug. 2, 1894: "The musician Pugno, who dined here this evening spoke eloquently concerning the little dramas that diversify the life of performers. He declared that he had before each concert the anxious, sickly emotion that preceded his first



RAOUL PUGNO,

The eminent pianist, who is coming to Boston this month.

(This is the first time a photograph of Pugno has been published in Boston.)

chief preoccupation was the thought of losing his memory."

Mr. Pugno's first appearance in London was May 28, 1894, when he met with genuine, unadvertised success.

Mr. Pugno made his first appearance in this country at a concert given at the Astoria Hotel, Nov. 18, 1897, when he played the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer" Fantasia.

Mr. Jules Renard, the intelligent foreigner, is still in Boston. Yesterday, after church, he walked through Copley Square, and the sight of the little cemetery depressed him. He did not pluck up his spirits until after luncheon, although he ate and drank heartily, as one that knows not surely the approach of another meal. Later in the afternoon he listened good-naturedly to songs by Brahms sung by Miss Elizabeth, and after he had kissed her—for she is only nineteen—he told the youngsters this story. He refrained from adding a moral; yet there is a moral that may well be pondered by children of forty or even sixty.

THE GUN.

Mr. Johnson said to his sons: "One gun is enough for both of you. Brothers that love each other share everything."

"Yes, papa," said big brother Henry, "we'll share the gun. I shall be satisfied if Sandy lends it to me occasionally."

Sandy said nothing. He was suspicious.

Mr. Johnson drew the gun out of its green case and asked:

"Which of you two will carry it first? It seems to me the elder should have the right."

Henry answered, "Let Sandy have it; let him begin."

"Henry," said Mr. Johnson, "you are a very good boy this morning. I shall not forget your conduct."

He put the gun on Sandy's shoulder. "Go, my children, have a good time, and don't quarrel."

"Shall we take the dog?" asked Sandy, seriously.

"'Twould be foolish. Each one of you will be dog in turn. Besides, such hunters as you do not wound. They kill outright."

Henry and Sandy set out. They wore their everyday clothes. They wished to wear boots, but Mr. Johnson said that the true hunter despised such things. The trousers of the true hunter drag on the ground. He never turns them up. He walks thus in the mud and plowed land, and his boots are then made for him; they come up to the knees, solid, natural, and the servant is instructed to respect them.

"Sandy, I do not think you will return empty-handed."

"I hope not," said Sandy. His shoulder itched.

"See! I let you carry it to your heart's

content."

"You are my brother," answered Sandy.

Sparrows flew about them. He stopped and made a sign to Henry not to budge. The sparrows went from one hedge to another. With bent backs the hunters approached on tiptoe, as though the sparrows were asleep. The birds were uneasy, and chirping, flew to another place. The hunters stood upright; Henry began to abuse his brother. Sandy's heart thumped, but he appeared to be less impatient. He dreaded the moment when he should be obliged to prove his skill. If he should fail! Each delay eased him.

But this time the sparrows seemed to wait for him.

"Don't fire, Sandy; you are not near enough."

"Do you think so?"

"Stooping deceives you. You are not anywhere near them when you think you are right on top of them."

And big brother Henry stood up to show that he was right. The sparrows, frightened, flew away. There was one that stayed teetering on a branch. He jerked his tail, shook his head, and threw out his little belly.

Sandy said, "I can hit him, I know I can."

"Yes," said Henry, "you've got him cold. Quick! Give me the gun."

Sandy, empty-handed, disarmed, was already gaping; his big brother Henry, right in his tracks, put the gun to his shoulder, aimed, fired. The bird fell.

'Twas like a conjuror's trick. A minute ago Sandy held the gun. He lost it suddenly, and now he has it again, because big brother Henry put it into his hands when he ran to pick up the sparrow. Henry said: "You are too slow; you must be a little quicker another time."

"A little? A good deal quicker."

"What are you sulking about?"

"Thunder and lightning, do you wish me to hurrah?"

"But what are you kicking about? Here is the sparrow. Did you think we could miss it?"

"Oh, I—"

"You or I. It's the same thing. I killed one today, you will kill one tomorrow."

"Oh, yes—tomorrow!"

"I promise you."

"I know; you always promise me the day before."

"Hope to die, criss-cross, honest Indian: now are you satisfied?"

"Suppose we look for another spar-
row now; let me have a shot."
"No, it's too late," said big brother
Henry. We are going home so mother
can have this cooked. Put it in your
pocket, you idiot, and let the beak stick
out."
The two hunters went home. From
time to time they met a field-hand, who
said:
"Your people don't have to buy meat."
Sandy, flattered, forgot his grief.
They made up their quarrel, and re-
turned triumphant. Mr. Johnson was
astonished when he saw them:
"How's this, Sandy? You still carry
the gun! Have you carried it all the
time?"
"Nearly all the time," said Sandy.

Lectured in
Pittsburgh in the
the Art Club Jan 11.

THE GROWTH OF OPERA.

Philip Hale Tells Witty of How
the Present Musical Enter-
tainment Was
Evolved.

The two hundred and thirty-ninth re-
ception of the Pittsburg Art Society was
given at Carnegie Hall, Schenley Park,
last night. Philip Hale, the musical critic,
writer and authority, was the lecturer,
and his subject was the beginning and
growth of opera. There was but a meag-
er audience on account of the weather.
But the listeners were attentive to every
word of the speaker.

Mr. Hale lectures as he writes, and that
is entertainingly, wittily and with flashes
of sarcasm and caustic comment that
gleam through even his learned sentences
like shooting stars on a summer night.
His lecture was announced as upon the
development of opera, but he said that
such a title would be wrong, because
opera is developing each week and month
and is not a fixed quantity. His talk
showed his deep research into the mu-
sical literature of all countries and peri-
ods.

From the Greek tragedy, with its chant-
ing chorus, he took his hearers through
all the early stages of musical growth to
the Biblical operas that were the vogue
before the opera of the Florentine peri-
od in the sixteenth century. Some time
he devoted to a resume and analysis of
"Robin and Marion," produced at Aries,
in France, in 1285, and so on to "The
Queen," which cost \$730,000 to produce.
"So that then, as now," said the speaker,
"it will be seen that there was no such
thing as popular grand opera. It is al-
ways the plaything of fashion and the
football of aristocracy." The male so-
pranos who took women's parts were de-
scribed, and the tale of the opera brought
down to the present day.

MR. HALE'S LECTURE.

The Eminent Eastern Musical Critic
Talks on the Opera.

Carnegie Music hall was exceedingly
well filled last night at the lecture on
"The Development of the Opera," by
Mr. Philip Hale, the eminent Boston
musical critic. He said we have no
opera in this country. The nearest ap-
proach to passable presentations being
at New Orleans, where a stock com-
pany is kept, but even this will soon
be a thing of the past. New York, Bos-
ton, Philadelphia or Washington has
failed to reproduce the musical opera
as rendered in Europe. Mr. Hale ex-
pressed it as his opinion that the Rus-
sian is the coming school for music.
This sentiment is not generally ac-
cepted by musicians; in fact, he said,
it is more likely to be ridiculed, but,
in his opinion, the czar and his music
will have as fixed a place in the future
of art as he has now in the politics of
the world.

Philip Hale, the music critic of Boston,
gave a very profitable talk last evening
before the Art Society and its friends on
the development of opera. The begin-
nings of this department of musical art
were considered at length and its subse-
quent progress followed in a most inter-
esting manner. The prediction that the
music of the future would come out of
Russia, together with the reasons for the
assumption, made up not the least inter-
esting portion of the discourse.

THE EARLY OPERA.

MR. PHILIP HALE DISCUSSED IT
LAST NIGHT IN MUSIC HALL.

Growth of Opera from the Mysteries
to the Modern Opera Outlined Be-
fore the Art Society—Russian the
Coming Music.

The "Beginnings of Opera" was the
subject discussed last evening by Mr.
Philip Hale, the well-known music critic
of Boston. It was an admirable lecture,
though it dealt with only early efforts in
the direction of opera. The weather
affected the usual attendance at the Art
society's receptions and there were only
a few hundred people to listen to the
Bostonian. The Pittsburgh atmosphere
seemed to affect the speaker as well, and
the fog itself entered the Carnegie Music
hall to such a degree that the distant
parts of the hall were decidedly hazy.

Mr. Hale was introduced by Mr. George
H. Wilson, manager of the Art society,
and the speaker immediately plunged into
his talk with little preface. He treated
the growth of music from the early
miracle plays and mysteries, through the
stately, ecclesiastical spectacles to the
later Italian revolution and final over-
throw of the old forms, when the present
opera was brought about by Gluck. Mr.
Hale said that opera, as we hear it at
the present time, is not true opera, but
the poorest form of opera. Opera has not
developed at all, but is still in a crude
state.

The first real opera produced was the
"Ballet of the Queen," which was of
French origin, though France is not re-
garded the birthplace of opera, Italy hav-
ing made that claim. All opera is still
Italian, whether the stars be French or
American, Pole or Australian. Opera and
oratorios were indistinguishable for many
years, the oratorios being sung as well
as the operas, with scenery and costumes.
In Florence the greatest impulse was
given to operatic art, the art of to-day
having gone little beyond the standard
set down at that time, the close of the
seventeenth century.

In the course of his talk Mr. Hale said
that Russian music is the coming music
which will dominate the whole world, as
German music has done to some extent.
The character of Russian music was de-
termined, not by musicians, but by sci-
entific men, who built about the folk song
the structure which is to-day called Rus-
sian music. It was the same with the
beginnings of opera. They were not mu-
sicians who laid its foundations, but liter-
ary men, who planned it and who were
later aided in their work by musicians,
who followed in the path laid out for
them.

Philip Hale, of Boston, the well-known
musical critic, spoke last night in Car-
negie music hall. Mr. Hale took for his
subject the "Development of Opera," and
said this particular form of music must
always be spoken of as in a state of de-
velopment, never as something completed.
He said we have no opera in this coun-
try. The nearest approach to passable
presentations being at New Orleans,
where a stock company is kept, but even
this will soon be a thing of the past.
New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Wash-
ington has failed to reproduce the musical
opera as rendered in Europe. Florence is
attributed the birth of the opera in 1594,
the dramatist being a Florentine monk.
The Jews had no drama, and he quoted
DeQuincey, who said in his quest after
the principles of Greek music, that in
studying book after book he vastly im-
proved in ignorance. The form of music
in vogue at the dawn of Christianity was
forbidden to the faithful, and a couple of
centuries passed before the Biblical opera
or drama was produced in the monas-
teries of Italy. Mr. Hale traced the pro-
gress of the work down to the sixteenth
century, when opera became the pastime
of the lords and ladies of the courts of
Europe. In those days the production of
a single performance cost about \$300,000
and then, as now the box office was the
tribunal by which the artists were judged.
He related the production of one opera
where 26 cardinals appeared on the stage
and Pope Clement wrote complimentary
sonnets for the artists to sing. The first
record of a woman singing alone in opera
was in 1673.

Mr. Hale expressed it as his opinion
that the Russian is the coming school for
music. This sentiment is not generally
accepted by musicians; in fact, he said, it
is more likely to be ridiculed, but, in his
opinion, the czar and his music will have
as fixed a place in the future of art as
he has now in the politics of the world.

Philip Hale on Opera.

"The Development of Opera" was the
subject of an erudite and forcible lecture
delivered by Philip Hale, of Boston, last
night before the Art society at Pittsburg
Carnegie Music hall. The attendance was
discouragingly small. Mr. Hale traced
the history of opera and related its
growth in Europe and this country. "The
term 'Italian opera' is misleading to
many," said Mr. Hale, "the impression
commonly resulting being that opera was
conceived in Italy. While that country
was largely instrumental in the fostering
and development of opera, the nation to
which the credit rightfully belongs for
the accident of its birth is France."
Mr. Hale gave an interesting sketch of
the growth of opera in this country and
ascribes to New Orleans the distinction
of the first opera house in the United
States. His remarks were brightened by
many brilliant sallies, many tinged with
sarcasm, regarding the modern and pop-
ular opera, most of which apparently fell
on deaf ears.

MISS MUIRHEAD'S CONCERT TALK.

The first of Miss Annie C. Muirhead's
"Concert Talks for Children and Oth-
ers," which was given yesterday after-
noon in Perkins Hall, was a pleasant
and successful beginning of what prom-
ises to be an entertaining and helpful
series of lecture concerts. The hall was
crowded and many were forced to stand.

Her methods are far from sensa-
tional. Selecting a program of well
known classic pieces, illustrative of a
single emotional phase, she talks in-
terestingly and informally about them,
dwelling upon their important charac-
teristics and explaining as much of
their musical form as may be easily
understood by those who are children
in music.

At this concert Miss Muirhead's pro-
gram was rendered by Mrs. Jennie P.
Walker, Miss Gertrude Edmonds, Mr.
J. H. Ricketson, Mr. Sullivan A. Sar-
gent, Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. T. H.
Cabot and Mrs. Alma Faunce Smith.
Miss Edmonds and Mr. Sargent were
especially mentioned for their artistic
and enjoyable singing. The quartet
ending, however, left much to be de-
sired. The next "Concert Talk" will
be given on the afternoon of Jan. 24.

MR. HEINRICH'S THIRD RECITAL

Yesterday evening in Steinert Hall
Mr. Heinrich rendered his third song
program. The songs were exclusively
German—three groups by Schubert and
one group each by Mendelssohn, Franz
and Schumann. There were no novel-
ties. Mr. Heinrich played his own ac-
companiments, as usual. These char-
acteristic recitals, for all their charm
of apparent spontaneity and for all Mr.
Heinrich's bonhomie and cleverness,
are no longer new to the public, and he
should see in the relatively small au-
diences which have come to hear him
this winter clear indications that some-
thing else is expected from him. In
spite of his wonderful versatility, the
element of contrast is lacking at his
recitals. He should secure the services
of other singers, and should sing songs
of other languages, and of the German school,
other than those of the German school.
Mr. Heinrich's following has been of
the best, but that clientele of which he
is so justly proud has been conspicuous
at this winter's recitals by its absence.
The most applauded numbers of the
concert were Schubert's "Trockne
Blumen," "Muth," "Der Atlas" (which
received a remarkably fine interpreta-
tion) and "Der Doppelganger." Men-
delssohn's "Old German Spring Song,"
and "The Hour of Dawn," and the
three Franz Lieder, which were re-
peated by general request, and in which
Mr. Heinrich was heard at his best.
He was in excellent voice and has not
often sung better.

SECOND BOSTON STRING QUARTET CONCERT.

The Boston String Quartet gave its
second concert in Association Hall last
evening, with the assistance of Mrs.
Edith Perkins. The playing of the
quartet was not of the high stand-
ard to which Boston audiences are
accustomed. The middle voices are
fairly satisfactory, but the first viol-
inist and the cellist are sadly lack-
ing in finesse, and play at times most
unfortunately. The impression is un-
avoidable that a controlling mind is
lacking; that such leadership as that
of Kneisel, Ondrick or Schulz is want-
ing—not to say that the organization
is made up of less talented material
than that of our great quartets.

Mrs. Perkins sang a group of songs
in German, French and English, and
gave much pleasure by her singing.
Her voice is a clear, high soprano, well
developed and intelligently used. It is,
however, not easy to understand her
words. The audience was neither large
nor enthusiastic.

Concert by Henri Marteau and Mme. Szumowska in Association Hall. Jan 13, 1898

Henri Marteau, the French violinist
and Mme. Szumowska, pianist, gave a
concert in Association Hall last even-
ing. Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich assisted
as accompanist. The program included
Beethoven's sonata in C minor, for vi-
olin and piano; Bach's sonata No. 1 in
G minor, for violin alone, Saint Saens'
Ronde Capriccioso, for violin; and three
groups of pieces.

Both artists were warmly welcomed
as they took their places for the per-
formance of the Beethoven number.
The sonata, as a whole, was extremely
well played. During the first move-
ment the piano cover was down, and the
clearness of the piano part conse-
quently impaired. In the remaining
movements the balance of tone was
much improved by the cover being
raised.

But it was in the solo numbers that
violinist and pianist warmed to their
work. Marteau's playing of the Bach
sonata was splendid in strength and
fire. He used an instrument large and
brilliant in tone, one, in fact, more
suited to Music Hall.

Taken in connection with his own
powerful bow-arm, the effect was at
times almost overwhelming; and there
were moments when the rasped strings
were disagreeably prominent. Still,
he could not have wished that his tone had
been less—only that the hall had been
larger. The fugue was carried through
in a manner simply magnificent, and
the presto went at a terrifying tempo.
In his first group of solos, Marteau
played a romance by Smetana with fine
breadth, and a Hungarian dance of
Brahms, arranged by Joachim, with a
rhythmic swing and fire that wrought
the audience to a high pitch of enthu-
siasm. Another brilliant number was
added in response to repeated recalls.

Mme. Szumowska's playing showed
decided gains in finish and artistic re-
serve. She is a pianist whose playing
one can thoroughly enjoy. Her touch
is strong, full, elastic, her velocity
adequate, and her use of the pedals
usually skillful. Though she plays with
all necessary strength, she seldom
forces the strings; and her playing has
no suggestion in it of masculinity. She
was at her best in the impromptu in
sharp major, by Chopin, and the Lu-
lue by Paderewski. Her playing of
the great C minor nocturne of Chop-
in had not a little in it that was good,
though she did not rise to the super-
level of this essentially masculine work.
For an encore she played the seco-
nd minuet of Paderewski, if I mistake not.
Mr. Goodrich played the accompa-
niments for Marteau exceedingly well.
One felt they were played by
musicians.

T. P. Currier

SONG RECITAL.

Mr. S. Grahame Nobbs and Mr. A.
Frank gave a recital in Steinert J.
last evening. Miss Anna Miller W.

and John C. Manning assisted. The
program follows:

Songs, Le banc de pierre.....Go-
"Guide au bord de nacelle" (Moy-
Erwartung.....Josef Su-
"O wert thou in the cauld blast".....R. F.
"Two sweet een".....
Mr. Nobbs.
Songs, Memron (in manuscript).....
"Dear love, when in thine arms".....
"Love me, if I live".....
Miss Wood.
Aria, "Why do the nations rage? (Mes-
siah).....Hand-
Pregliera.....Luigi Vannu-
(Dedicated to Mr. Frank by the compos-
Aria from "Evguenyl Oneguine".....Chalkov-
(in Russian.)
Russian Folk-songs—
"Skazhite yel".....Kotchou-
"Ach, moroz, moroz".....Dub-
Mr. Nobbs.
Songs, "Le Noel des oiseaux".....Cham-
"Embarquez-vous".....G.
Miss Wood.
Biblical Songs, Op. 99, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 7 and
10.....
Lord, Thou art my refuge.
Hear my prayer.
God is my Shepherd.
By the waters of Babylon.
Sing ye a joyful song.
Mr. Frank.
Scena and duet from "Faust," Act 1.
Sc. 2.....
Mr. Nobbs and Mr. Frank.

It was an interesting program,
so much on account of the one or
novelties, but owing to its plea-
suredness. The manuscript number
Mr. Foote was a delightful bit.
"Prayer," by Vannuccini, did not
a lasting impression, but quite the
verse must be said of the "Folk-
"Evguenyl Oneguine" was first
formed in London, Oct. 17, 1892, and
St. Petersburg some eight or nine y-
earlier. It is not a grand opera, but
the aria sung last night is not par-
ticularly startling, but as a fair repre-
sentative of the music, lifts the opera
above what is popularly termed
opera.

Mr. Nobbs has a pleasing tenor
light in "timbre," but resonant
clear. He has a disagreeable hab-
it of sliding to the note which at times
spoils his intonation, and mars
is otherwise an exceedingly intelli-
gent interpretation. His enunciation is
particularly clear. He sang the
songs' most delightfully.

Mr. Frank possesses a bass voice
of great beauty. It is no
much to say that it is a rare voice
sings understandingly, but never

Chronicle Telegram
Jan 12

Post Jan 12

Bullard

The "Faust" was a very uninteresting and very tiresome.

Miss Wood's voice is of superb quality, deep, resonant, clear. She is not a great artist by any means, but she is a delightful singer, and her songs were most welcome. Genuine feeling and perfect intonation is a rare combination. She possesses both.

Mr. Manning played the piano accompaniments understandingly and with more or less sympathy. The first group of songs by Mr. Nobbs were greatly marred by an altogether too heavy accompaniment, while the "vision music" of the "Faust" duet was poorly played.

There was a good sized audience present which applauded everything.

Jan 14.

The Second Concert of the Cecilia Was Given Last Night in Music Hall.

The Cecilia gave their second concert of the season last evening in Music Hall. The assisting artists were: Mrs. Marian Titus, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Mr. J. C. Bartlett, Mr. Herbert Johnson and a full orchestra.

Mr. B. J. Lang conducted.

The program was as follows: Song of Fate, op. 54, Brahms; "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar," Humperdinck; "Swan and the Skylark," A. Goring Thomas.

These works were new to the Cecilia, except the first, which has been sung by this society once before. The second is an early work of Humperdinck. It was given in Baltimore in 1889, and was revived abroad after the success of "Hansel and Gretel" in 1893-4. The third is a posthumous work, left uncompleted by its composer. This task was performed by Mr. C. Villiers Stanford. The work was sung at the last Worcester Festival.

The Brahms song is not long, consisting of two choruses closely joined by a few orchestral bars. The work is one of great beauty. Tenderness, serenity, gloom and despair are depicted in its pages; and the effect of the whole is intensified by the wonderfully beautiful orchestral part.

It is music that lingers long in the memory. It was well sung, though the rendering seemed at times somewhat restrained and perfunctory.

The music of "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" is such as might be expected from the composer of the charming opera that was heard here a few winters ago. The full orchestra is freely used, and the score contains many ingenious and telling effects, the woodwind being brought into especial prominence. The music, however, is singable, and thoroughly charming. Spite of its modern dress, it is entirely sane. Here again the club did some excellent singing. The choruses were given with breadth and spirit, and the whole performance was generally satisfactory. Mrs. Sawyer and Mr. Bartlett sustained their parts well in all but certain measures where their voices lacked strength to cope successfully with the heavy accompaniment.

A. Goring Thomas was one of the most interesting of recent English composers, and is best known to us through his songs. Melody and pleasing harmonies are the chief attributes of his music. In "The Swan and the Skylark," however, his touch is at times strongly dramatic. The music of this work is attractive throughout—that is, it would be if it were not that it suffers for want of contrast. It is too much alike. The mind grows weary of so much cloying sweetness, of a succession of similarly treated climaxes. Mr. Stanford made good work of his part; the orchestration is tasteful and effective.

The work, as a whole, was finely given. There was some wavering on the part of the club toward the end, but no break. Of the soloists Mr. Johnson held the principal part, and won tremendous applause by his artistic singing. Mrs. Titus had a part well suited to her voice, and was also warmly applauded. Miss Palmer, a member of the club, made her first bow to a Boston audience at this concert. She has a contralto voice, pure and fine, though hardly equal to the task of filling Music Hall. Her solo was well sung. Mr. Townsend, also a club member, was no less successful with the bass solos. The orchestra played for the most part admirably. The concert was wholly creditable to the club and its conductor.

T. P. Currier.

January 16, 1898

TWO CONCERTS.

Henri Marteau Played Admirably Yesterday.

Concerning Massenet's Music to "Les Erinnyes."

Timothee Adamowski at the Symphony Concert.

Mr. Henri Marteau assisted by Mrs. Szumowska-Adamowski, pianist, and Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, accompanist, gave his second concert in Association Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a good-sized and enthusiastic audience. The applause fell on the just and the unjust. The program was as follows:

Sonata, F major, Op. 8, for violin and piano.....Grieg
Rondo, G major.....Beethoven
Two songs without words.....Mendelssohn
F major.....

Spinning Song.
Mrs. Szumowska.

Gavotte, for violin alone.....J. S. Bach
Bourree, for violin alone.....J. S. Bach
Prelude, for violin alone.....J. S. Bach

Idyl.....A. Whiting
Toccata.....W. Mason
Soleres De Vienne.....Schubert-Liszt

Adagio.....Carl Valentin
(Dedicated to Marteau.)

Au Printemps.....Grieg-Marteau
Mr. Marteau.

Suite Tzkanne.....Wormser
Czarlar.
Au Nord du Danube.
Danse Slovaque.
Mr. Marteau.

Mr. Marteau delighted musician as well as idle, thoughtless hearer. His tone was full and nobly sensuous. His technic was clear and fluent. Ease of performance increased directly with the difficulty to be surmounted. His phrasing was eminently musicianlike and authoritative. If his delivery of the pieces by Bach was characterized by breadth and manly sobriety, as well as by dazzling display of technic in the prelude, so was his playing of the adagio by Valentin and the arrangement of a piece by Grieg distinguished by a sentiment that was neither fustian nor cloying and by a passion that never became rant. The suite by Wormser, in which Mr. Goodrich gave valuable assistance, is an interesting, piquant work, more than the ordinary vehicle in which the virtuoso rides to glory and apotheosis. It is harmonically, contrapuntally as well as melodiously and rhythmically effective. It was played with the utmost abandon and maestria. They that were inclined to doubt the solidity of Mr. Marteau's art and the genuineness of his talent when he first visited us can no longer play honestly the part of doubting Thomases.

And what a pity that this most admirable violinist is not to appear at a Symphony Concert this season in Music Hall.

Ysaye, Pugno, Gerardy—and now the name of Marteau must be added. Not to play at a Symphony Concert may yet be regarded by violinists and pianists and cellists of renown as true distinction. Absit omen!

Mrs. Szumowska was not wholly in the vein. Her playing of Beethoven's rondo was not far superior to that of the crack boarding school young woman; she dragged the pace of the first of the Mendelssohn songs without words till the piece gained foreign fatuousness and was unendurable; her runs were not always clean; in the Liszt arrangement she steadily clipped her third beat; and throughout the concert she was inclined to begin a phrase before she had finished that which preceded. In Mr. Whiting's pretty little piece she was more at her musical ease and more like her better musical self. Perhaps she was tired; perhaps she has been practising too much. Whatever the cause, I have never heard this excellent pianist play so poorly as she played yesterday.

The program of the 12th Symphony Concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral".....Beethoven
Romanza for violin and orchestra, in F major, Op. 50.....Beethoven
Caprice for violin, in A minor, Op. 11.....

Paganini
Incidental music to Leconte de Lisle's "Les Erinnyes".....Massenet

I. Entr'acte.
II. Danse grecque.
III. Scene religieuse.
IV. Invocation.

IV. Pinales.
(First time in Boston.)

Overture to "The Sold Bride".....Smetana

This is the story of Massenet's music to Leconte de Lisle's "Les Erinnyes."

When the play was first performed at the Odéon, Paris, Jan. 6, 1873, Massenet's music consisted of a prelude, an entr'acte, and two melodramatic scenes. It was written for strings, three trombones, and drums. In the "Scene Religieuse," Act II, the chorus of Khephores, which frames the cello solo, played while Electra invokes Hermes, was transcribed for the orchestra. Colonne was the conductor.

A suite was made out of this music and the numbers were, Prelude, Scene Religieuse, Entr'acte, Danse des Saturnales. It was first played at the Cirque d'Hiver, Feb. 16, 1873.

The play was revived at the Théâtre Lyrique, May 15, 1876, and Danbé conducted chorus and orchestra. Musicians found there was too much dialogue, and theatre-goers complained of too much music. Offenbach's view of Grecian mythology was voted more entertaining. But the music is often heard in the suite form, and the cello solo is a favorite in concert rooms.

Massenet did not work in antiquarian spirit. He was wise enough to refrain from any attempt to restore the unknown. Little or nothing is known about the music that was used in Greek tragedy, and Massenet contented him-

self with an attempt at classical effect, and scarcely except in the dance des Saturnales, where the Frenchman asserted himself without thought of ancient dance. He once said that a terra cotta vase from Tanagra inspired him to write one of the more sedate numbers.

The music of the entr'acte is not without interest or without plausible classical feeling. The flute duet in the Grecian dance is effective. The cello solo, played beautifully by Mr. Schroeder, is one of the most spontaneous and honest of Massenet's melodies. The finale introduces as a second theme the old familiar cantabile for the strings so dear to this composer. As a whole, the music is well made and free from the suspicion of the Spanish fly that often leads Massenet to musical excesses.

Smetana said, "I composed the 'Sold Bride,' not on account of ambition, but as a sort of consolation, because I was reproached, after my opera, 'The Brandenburgians in Bohemia,' was produced, with being a Wagnerite. People said that I could do nothing in lighter, popular vein."

The chief theme of the opera, for the left-motiv is used discreetly, is the sale of the bride, and this furnishes thematic material to the overture. The piece is familiar and does not demand long attention. It was played with great spirit.

I regret to say that Mr. Adamowski was not at his best. He has made such praiseworthy progress during the last few years that his performance last night was a disappointment. His intonation was frequently at fault in each piece. The romanza was given without breadth or repose, and in the caprice the bravura was uncertain and without authority. Nevertheless, he was applauded loudly. Had the violinist been Ysaye or Marteau the audience would not apparently have been more tickled.

I did not hear the first two movements of the Pastoral Symphony, and I hope I shall never be obliged to hear them. To me the whole symphony is one of the stupidest works ever penned by a great man.

There are hundreds, yes thousands of estimable persons who delight in mimetic music. Beethoven thoughtfully provided these persons with a nightingale, a quail, a cuckoo, and a thunder storm in which the thunder-clap always precedes the lightning-flash. No wonder that they prefer this music to the Eroica, the fifth, or the first three movements of the ninth symphony. The only wonder is that they do not insist on the conductor wearing a be-ribboned straw hat—this style for a quarter—and exchanging his baton for a shepherd's crook.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Pantomime in New York Is Fashionable.

"In Old Japan" and "The Traitor Mandolin."

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

A New York correspondent sends to the Journal the following interesting account of new pantomimes produced there lately.

Mr. Vance Thompson is well known as a brilliant reviewer and fantastic poet. His literary criticisms contributed to the Commercial Advertiser when it was edited by Mr. Foster Coates attracted widespread attention. At present he writes about the theatre and books for the Musical Courier. "Mme. Severine" is his wife.

Mr. Lachaume, a pianist of more than ordinary ability, made his first appearance in Boston in the "L'Enfant Prodiges," the delightful pantomime which unfortunately did not meet in the United States with the success that it deserved.

New York, Jan. 15.—New York fashion is taking up pantomime, which means that there is a future for that little understood art in this country. Long before the days of George L. Fox we were acquainted with and liked the broad English pantomime with its horse play and slap-dash methods, but it was not until the advent of the "L'Enfant Prodiges" Company from Paris that we learned what delicate effects could be produced by pantomime in the hands of artists. But although the few raved over it, it was caviare to the general and a box office success it was not. That was some years ago, and since then the pantomimes modeled on the French form that have been produced in this country can be numbered on the fingers. But the Society of Musical Arts has given French pantomime a new lease of life by producing three original ones this season at its

swankier Astoria entertainments. One of these was a comedy and two were tragedies, and judging by the rapt attention given to them by ennobled society they were a success. It now remains for some enterprising manager to put one or all of them upon the stage, using them as curtain raisers.

Last week "In Old Japan" was given, it being the joint work of Vance Thompson and Aimé Lachaume, the pianist of the "L'Enfant Prodiges" Company. It was interpreted with really thrilling ability by Pilar Morin, Mme. Severine, Messrs. Morin and Brinton and Edwin Star Belknap. The music was delightful, and was rendered with intelligence by an orchestra under the wise direction of Paul Steindorff. Vance Thompson had provided an interesting and tragic plot, founded upon Japanese history, and he, together with the composer and the principals, was called before the curtain by 393 of the "400." The other two were deaf, and as they had not heard a word, they naturally did not applaud.

Tuesday night "The Traitor Mandolin" was given. This is also tragic, and is the work of Edwin Star Belknap and Harvey Worthington Loomis, "whoever he is," as Alan Dale once said of him. Today even "Alan Dale" must have heard of him. If he has not heard him through the medium of his printed notes so much the worse for Mr. Cohen.

The plot is so short and withal so clever that if you'll pardon me I'll give it herewith. As Gustave Kobbe's sketch of it is succinct, I'll make bold to use it.

Pierrot is a poet. Not unnaturally, he and Pierrette are starving. Worse than this, however, for poor Pierrot, Pierrette does not believe in his genius, and when he starts out to sell some verses would persuade him to dispose of his mandolin. But this he refuses to do, for he loves the mandolin like a dear friend. While he is away a Count who lives opposite enters, and offering Pierrette wealth and luxury, endeavors to persuade her to elope with him. She wavers, but finally refuses. The Count asks her, should she change her mind, to play upon the mandolin. He will hear and respond to the signal.

When Pierrot returns empty-handed, Pierrette, hungry and disgusted, refuses to be comforted, and spurns his efforts to make her forget her misery. In despair he goes to the window, and for his own consolation plays upon his beloved mandolin, thus unwittingly giving the signal to the Count. Overcome by weariness he falls asleep. The Count appears and Pierrette elopes with him. When Pierrot, on awakening, discovers her flight he succumbs to grief.

Paer's Italian comic opera "Il Maestro di Capella," a classic and rather amusing little thing, and "The Dancing Highwayman," which is neither classic nor amusing, were also given, but as the interest of the audience centred on the pantomime, I shall confine my remarks to it.

The plot of "The Traitor Mandolin" is surprisingly simple, and yet so absorbing is the pathetic story that the spectators were in an attitude of strained attention throughout its rendition. Pilar Morin as Pierrot presented a convincing portrait of the unsuccessful poet. Her art shows as much in what she suggests as in what she actually presents to the vision. There were not a few in the biased audience who paid the tribute of tears, so real and vivid did she make the sorrows of the deserted husband. Mme. Severine as Pierrette played her part with a lightness of touch and an intelligence of gesture that made words more than superfluous. Her scene with the Count, wherein her wifely scruples and her woman's love for wealth and rank struggle for the mastery, was prettily played. Mr. Belknap as the Count cut a very graceful figure. His elegance of motion and his felicitous way of saying things with his hands would seem to indicate a French origin. His wooing was ardent, and where words might have "come tardy off," his gestures were most eloquent.

I have never seen a pantomime where the music was more thoroughly an integral part of the play. Not now and then, but almost constantly the music (which was beautifully orchestrated, by the way), as by a flash of lightning, illuminated the action, being humorous, pathetic, sensuous and powerful by turns. Many of the wittiest touches (I use the term advisedly) fell to Mr. Loomis at the piano, and he, a master of that instrument as regards knowledge of its capabilities, aroused in his auditors that surprised smile that it is the province of wit to excite. All his leit motiven were characteristic, and his love music was meltingly beautiful, but it was in the tragedy of the finale that he rose to a height that was both inspired and inspiring.

All the thwarted ambitions, the vulgar rebuffs, the struggles with adverse fate, the crushing blow of a loved wife's

desertion were so feelingly expressed in the music that one wonders if it be not autobiographical.

The orchestra, under the guidance of Mr. Naham Franko, played with a force and understanding that contributed largely to the success of the evening.

I don't hesitate to call Mr. Loomis's music to "The Traitor Mandolin" one of the most noteworthy compositions that a native American has offered to us. It is palpitating with life; it has blood and sinew and structure. Its melodies are as unforced as a robin's note; its harmonies are as brilliantly successful as they are daring. It is a 20th century work.

Gloved society called the actors before the curtain several times, and finally Mr. Loomis, diffident and nervous, was dragged out by Pilar Morin in response to applause that had a genuine ring.

CHATTO.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 30 gives an interesting account of a new species of concert in an article entitled "Contes Mystiques" at the Matinee Theatre.

"Just twelve months ago all artistic Paris was startled and delighted by an entertainment which, for novelty and for the powerful sensations it evoked, caused it to be the topic of the hour. Tardily indeed it has crossed the Channel, and yesterday afternoon we had the good fortune to assist at its repetition, and in so doing encountered one of the strangest and most interesting performances that we can recall in a long and varied experience of the theatre and the concert room. The stage of St. George's Hall was set with a very beautiful scene representing the outskirts of some pagan city, visible only by the dim light proceeding from the luminous evening sky and from the many brilliant stars which bespangled it. Alone, clad in white and veiled from head to foot, with her left hand resting on a broken column, and holding in her right a half-opened scroll, stood a figure of one of those poetesses who, tradition tells us, were wont, shortly after Christ's passion, to wander from city to city, and who, by singing or reciting the legends of the Saviour's infancy, would procure adherents to the new faith. For such a figure M. Stephan Borgeade has written in simple but poetical verse a small cycle of mystic and semi-sacred songs, telling of the infant life of the Son of God, and these have been provided with appropriate musical settings by a dozen of the best known living French composers. Yesterday, in Mme. Blanche Marchesi, authors and musicians alike found an artistic and a seemingly inspired interpreter. The whole performance lasted but little over an hour, but within that period was compressed more real sentiment and intellectual emotion than often falls to an individual in half a lifetime to enjoy. Calm and unmovable, without halt or break, and to the invisible accompaniment of piano, harp, flute or organ, the artist poured forth the lovely lyrics with clear, tender, and flexible voice, and in a style that conveyed every nuance of expression, and which permitted every syllable of the text to be heard.

"We have no space, unfortunately, to enter into any detailed examination or analysis of the 12 pieces which Mme. Marchesi rendered. They were all, with very slight variations, of the same style, and belong to that simple and somewhat informal modern school of French semi-sacred music that perhaps Gounod may be said to have initiated, and which finds in Saint-Saëns and Massenet its latest and most advanced apostles. What struck us as most noteworthy in connection with them was the similar manner in which the poet had inspired all the composers. From the manner in which one piece followed the other without break of idea, design or execution, it would have been quite excusable to have allotted the whole of the music to one pen. As it is, such a state of things points more strongly than anything else could do to the real inspiration of the author, and to the wonderful manner in which it has been vouchsafed to him to express such inspiration in fitting and sympathetic verse. The entertainment (if that is the correct word to use) commences with a short, flowing prelude, pastoral in character, by Auguste Holmès, illustrative of the discovery by the shepherds that Christ had been born. This is followed by three legends of His infancy, all furnished with characteristic melodies and sustained accompaniments by Diet, Massenet and Leneveu. To these succeed a prayer of simple but very artistic construction by Faure, and a beautiful berceuse by Ch. Lecocq, whose wonderful comic operas have made us forget the admirable sacred music he used to write in his early days. Another legend by Henry Maréchal and Saint-Saëns is calm and simple, concluding dealing with the story of the shadow of the cross complete the list of the mystic musical poems. It would be unfair to close this catalogue, however, without reference to the very powerful hymn from the pen of M. C. M. Widor, the celebrated organist of the Trinité at Paris, which brings the cycle to a close.

"The whole of this unique entertainment was arranged and designed by Mr. Philip Yorke, for whose efforts we are anxious to express a deep sense of gratitude. Disappointed at the last moment in not getting, as had been promised, a prologue by Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. Yorke wrote a very pretty one himself, which was admirably rendered by Miss Genevieve Ward. Mr. Percy Pitt presided at the piano, and Mr. J. M. Coward at the organ, while the flute and harp were respectively in the

hands of Mr. Albert Fransell and Miss Miriam Timothy. All these artists deserve the very highest praise for the discreet and skillful accompaniment with which they provided the singer. Altogether a most charming and moving entertainment, and one which we hope Mr. Yorke will see his way to repeat in the near future."

Here is a list of novelties performed during 1897 at the Queen's Hall, London, where the conductor is Mr. Henry J. Wood:

"In recalling the musical work that has been done at the Queen's Hall during the year 1897, one has just to remember that there can be no doubt about it that the achievement accomplished under Mr. Robert Newman and Mr. Henry Wood's joint enterprise—the one as general director, the other as musical conductor—has been of an extraordinary and effective character. It is not too much to say that through its instrumentality a musical leaven of an extremely healthy kind has been circulated in London. The story of Mr. Newman's Promenade Concerts is an old one; yet it is a curious record that of the crowds who paid their shilling to listen with all reverence and enthusiasm to classical music which you would not beforehand have prophesied as likely to contain the elements of just this kind of popularity. The Symphony Concerts and the concerts of the Queen's Hall Choral Society have, moreover, been exceedingly popular on all hands, and have served admirably for the introduction to London audiences of much good work, while the Sunday concerts have been altogether unique in their success. Of course, there are the numerous occasions also when this fine hall has been utilized for the introduction of eminent conductors to London, but that is a matter beside our present purpose. It is interesting, now on the verge of the New Year, to look back at the record of new works alone which have been produced at the Queen's Hall under the conductorship of Mr. Henry J. Wood during the year 1897. In that record Tschalkowsky, as might perhaps have been expected, takes the favorite place, four works from his pen new to English audiences having been produced during the period. These were the overture to 'L'Orage,' an overture from the opera 'Volvo,' the suite for Orchestra (No. 3) in G, and the Suite (No. 4) 'Mozartiana.' Russia is further represented in this list by A. Glazannoff, whose fifth Symphony in B flat and Carnival Overture have also been produced here for the first time; and on similar terms comes M. Saint-Saëns, with his ballade, 'La Flanée du Timbalier,' and 'Désire de l'Orient; la Princesse Jaune.' Two works by Napravnik, a romance and a fandango, were also given under the same circumstances; and among other well-known composers represented by the first production in London of single pieces are Felix Draeseke, with his Tragic Symphony; Humperdinck, with his prelude to the third act of 'Königskinder, César Franck, with his symphonic poem, 'Le Chasseur Maudit,' Borodino with his 'Danse Polovtsienne' from 'Prince Igor,' Dvorák with his symphonic poem, 'The Water-Fay,' and Antoine Arensky with his first Symphony in B minor. Finally, H. Litolff's Scherzo from his Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, Herr Popper's Violoncello Concerto in E minor, Mr. Percy Pitt's Concertino in C minor for clarinet and orchestra, A. Scroff's 'Danse Cosaque,' Mr. W. H. Squire's Entracte, 'Summer Dreams,' César Cui's Suite 'Minature,' and Emil Hartmann's overture, 'Remenzauber,' were also produced at the Queen's Hall for the first time, while Tschalkowsky's amazingly vigorous overture, '1812,' and Liszt's 'A Faust Symphony,' may be looked upon in the

light of important revivals. That, one would think, is a pretty excellent record; but it must be remembered that a mere list of first performances such as this is only indicative, as it were, in the faintest possible way, of the immense bulk of important work which Mr. Wood has played in public in the same period, work distinguished, for example, by a very large Wagnerian element quite absent in this chronicle, and work, moreover, which is rapidly assuming a powerfully educative influence for amateur musical London."

A Viennese correspondent of a London journal thus writes concerning the claque in Vienna:

"A sensational incident which occurred this week on the Vienna opera stage recalls to mind the vexed question of the claque. While playing the title role in 'Lannhäuser,' Herr Reichmann was greeted by loud applause from one section of the audience and hissed and hooted by another, until in a very tragic but unfeigned rage the popular tenor threw down his property harp, disgusted, and left the stage. A Vienna operatic audience seldom applauds until the end of the act. It is, therefore, possible that resentment at this innovation called forth the adverse demonstration. But the probability is that the audience suspected a claque, which in Vienna is nothing less than a bugbear—'dumm,' as a famous tenor described it.

"Whenever the claque is an institution indispensable in theatrical life is another question. Actors believe in applause, cash down, and singers, too, whether they are safely enthroned in the hearts of the public or the veriest 'yros in the temple of Thespis. It is an old adage that where there is a custom there must also be an abuse. It is in general vogue on the Continent, and rules, a firmly established tyrant, independent of national temperament. They have it in Berlin, where a frigid audience leaves the artist to conjecture for himself whether he has won the much-desired laurels or not. In Vienna the audience is enthusiastic but indiscriminate, and the finest artistic triumphs of the actor or vocalist are apt to go unrecognized. The claque attempts to direct a willing horse, and more often than enough brings about such demonstrations as that of this week. And the further south one goes the greater the indiscriminate en-

thusiasm of the audience. The Italians clap everything and everyone, and the claque only serves to accentuate the evil.

"It is only in Paris that the singer or actor finds his thoroughly artistic auditors. The Parisians never overlook a fine rendering, and are always in touch with the performer. They feel and respond to every subtlety of effect, and reflect in their movements, their gestures, even their sighs, the lights and shades which the artist imparts to his performance.

"As a leading tenor, who has sung in both hemispheres, once said to me: 'It is only in Paris that one hears that tremulous, involuntary sound of "Ah!" vibrating through the audience whenever the performer has produced some fine artistic effect. In other countries noise and flurid situations alone can rouse the audience to enthusiasm.'

"In London there is a claque, but with a difference. It is a trained, a discreet claque. It is there, ubiquitous, demonstrative when necessary, always interposing with its example at the right moment. And the remarkable thing about it all is that not ten in the whole audience know of its existence. The English playgoer, in fact, would resent the soft impeachment that the apparently ludicrous claque existed in England at all—it seems so Continental, and so paradoxical that real merit should require to pay in ready cash for the laurels that have come spontaneously (?) from a grateful public. But truth is stranger than fiction, and artificial applause will have to be reckoned among our steady-going and innocuous English institutions, say what we will. The fact is, applause is the food of the performer, the politician, and even crowned heads, and administered at the right moment, it acts as a stimulus and encouragement. As a bread-winning institution it is one of the most remunerative in the world—at least, in Paris, where the famous August, the man with the big hands who led the claque, sold his rights on his retirement for 80,000 francs."

Miss Antoinette Charlotte Desvignes, contralto, was married to Mr. James D. Dallas in London Nov. 27.

Jan 17. 1898

AFTER THE WEDDING.

(I.) HE.

Now we are married I'll confess
(And you shall give me absolution)
Something that you would never guess:
Now we are married, I'll confess
At first I thought your whispered "Yes,"
The warrant for my execution.
Now we are married I'll confess,
And you shall give me absolution.

(II.) SHE.

You'll hardly credit what I say,
Men are so dreadfully conceited;
But, when you came to me that day
(You'll hardly credit what I say),
I saw you only spoke in play,
And smiled to think how you were cheated.
You'll hardly credit what I say,
Men are so dreadfully conceited.

The New York Times the other day published this little article:

"To the Boston Transcript this clever skit is due, which art critics would do well to remember:

"If he paints the sky gray and the grass brown, he belongs to the Old School.

"If he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he belongs to the Realistic School.

"If he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he belongs to the Impressionist School.

"If he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple, he is a Colourist.

"If he paints the sky black and the grass red, he is an artist of great decorative talent—great enough to make posters."

This "clever skit" is not due to the Boston Transcript. The original article from which it was taken—or rather on which it was founded—was published in Jugend, a Munich illustrated weekly, June 12, 1897. The article was entitled "Aus dem Gedankenschatze des Austellungs-Saal-Dieners Nepomuk Krautstädt in München," and it was signed "Dick."

Portions of it, Englished, credited to Jugend, appeared in this column of the Journal, July 19, 1897. The definitions of the various schools were copied widely, and no doubt after some months found their way to the Transcript. Our translation was literal, and it ran as follows:

"If anyone paints the sky gray and the grass brown, he belongs to the good old school. If he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he is a realist. If he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he is an impressionist. If he paints the sky yellow and the grass violet, he is a colorist, but if he paints the sky black and the grass red, then he has a fine decorative talent."

What's this? "Ignatius Donnelly's new book attempts to prove that Bacon wrote 'Don Quixote,' as well as Shakespeare and the other British classics." Does the deep thinker in Minnesota also believe that Bacon wrote such British classics as the Iliad, the Koran and the Song of Solomon? Or—according to the telegrapher—is he inclined to the opinion that Bacon, as well as Shakespeare, had a hand, or possibly two hands, in the job?

Mr. A. E. Lancaster, a pretty poet.

has written a sonnet to Mr. M. Sherwood, the celebrated socialist author. It is headed "After reading her volume entitled 'An Epistle to Posterity.'" And Mr. Lancaster, in the course of his remarks, observes:

"Voltaire himself o'er many a leaf might stroll."

"Stroll" is hardly the word. Voltaire would have jumped on the book.

We published in this column last Friday F. H. M.'s allusion to Mark Twain's fictitious quotation from Robert Burns:

"There were nae bairns but only three—
Ane at the breast, twa at the knee."

Mr. MacGrowth writes to the Journal, referring to this story: "Mark builded better than he knew, since there never was a Scotchman who pronounced three 'thraw,' nor one who supposed that any other Scotchman could say 'thraw' in the case. He invents his 'dialects' so badly that he joins himself with the blue-behind apes of life, who frequently try to parody Scotch dialect without understanding in the least its peculiarities."

We doubt the authority of Mr. MacGrowth, for he uses the words Scotchman and Scotch. It was De Quincey who long ago remarked: "For what mysterious reason I never could discover, thorough Scotchmen feel exceedingly angry at being so-called, and demand, for some cabalistical cause, to be entitled Scotsmen."

The brevity of the Orkney summer precluding the raising of hardly anything except oats ('alts') and barley, the elders had requested the minister to pray for good harvest weather. He complied as follows: "Lord, gie us

braw weather and a wee bit saugh of a breeze that will dree the straw and will nae harm the heads; but if ye blaw us sic a bletherin', rivin', tearin' blast as we have been ha'in', ye'll play the vera mischief wi' the aits, and fairly spoil a'!"—The Arena.

Surtout point de zèle. The waiter is always a waiter, and it is sad to think that the meritorious zeal of this class has lately been a subject of ridicule in the law courts of Vienna. The case of the ceremonious waiter which came before the Vienna tribunal was as follows: A lady who was connected with one of the minor theatres was seated in a well-known restaurant in company with a gentleman friend, and both were enjoying the beer of Eavaria, when a small object of ivory and gold fell with a rattle upon the floor. It was what the dentists call a denture, or, in familiar language, a set of false teeth. Nobody dared to claim it, and but for the all-officious waiter it would have been left lying where it fell. But Alphonse saw it and lifted it up; he wrapped it in the professional napkin and carried it out of the room. When, however, he brought the Viennese actress her bill, there were the fatal teeth, smiling, on the silver tray and being offered to her at the same time. A few days afterward a Viennese dentist sued a lady client for refusal to pay for certain artificial teeth, and then the story of the silver tray was told before the lawyers. La belle Viennoise declared that she had contracted for a fortnight's trial of the said teeth, and the painful incident had occurred on the very first day. Further, that the episode of the restaurant had become the talk of the town and had seriously injured her in her profession. Judgment was given against the dentist.

Alas that the Pall Mall Gazette, from which we take this pathetic story, uses the vile phrase "gentleman friend." Perhaps the thing is known in Vienna, and the Pall Mall Gazette Englished literally.

Jan 18. 1898

It is the custom of all biographers, at their entrance into their work, to step a little backwards (as far, indeed, generally as they are able) and to trace up their hero, as the ancients did the river Nile, till an incapacity of proceeding higher puts an end to their search. What first gave rise to this method is somewhat difficult to determine. Sometimes I have thought that the hero's ancestors have been introduced as foils to himself. Again, I have imagined it might be to obviate a suspicion that such extraordinary personages were not produced in the ordinary course of nature, and may have proceeded from the author's fear, that, if we were not told who their fathers were, they might be in danger, like Prince Prettyman, of being supposed to have had none.

"Americans of royal descent are organizing a new society, to be called 'Order of the Crown,' and the qualifications for such membership must be a lineal descent from royalty."

This society will supply a long-felt want.

A woman of Detroit is a lineal descendant of Alfred the Great; a woman of New York goes back to Eusebius, 519; General Ferdinand P. Earle is de-

MR. GEO. W. PROCTER

Gave a Piano Recital Last Night in
Steinert Hall.

We invite Mr. MacCrowth's atten-

There is a review of a Hogmanay concert early this month in London at the Queen's Hall. The review was published in the Pall Mall Gazette, and the reviewer using "Scottish," and "Scots" throughout the article. He is probably a despicable Southron.

You have doubted my love and denied it,
(Woe was I it could be denied!)
But now you have tested and tried it
As gold in the furnace is tried.
Behold it still ardent and glowing,
Still fixed as your favorite star,
Though you did insist, Dear, on my going
With you to that Christmas bazaar.

Vallombrosa is known for its number
Of leaves—have you heard that before?
But I'm willing to part with my Humber
If the crowd at that place was not more.
Soon I found that such crowdings as that
form
A nuisance you could not surmise,
My feet seemed a permanent platform
For ladies of substance and size.

Nothing more agony cost your
True love than those animal toys;
How I loathed each impossible posture,
How I cursed each impossible noise!
Oh! those Japanese stalls which were furnished
With the staple of Birmingham's trade,
That Benares "true ware," highly burnished,
As the same is, in Germany made.

Of each article which that Bazaar sells
I bought you one sample, I know,
And groaned under numberless parcels
When you gave me the signal to go.
And yet 'twould with ecstasy fill me,
Such my love and my constancy are,
To go for your sake, though 'twould kill me,
Once more to that Christmas Bazaar!

Poor Nicolini! He was fond of the
table pleasures of this life, and it was
no doubt hard for him to leave them.

Of late years he has been known
simply as the husband of a prima
donna. "It is worthy of note," writes
an acute observer, "unless it be no more
than an accident—that there is less con-
spicuous lack of mystery among men
on the operatic stage than among
women. Perhaps it is to the secondary
position which even a tenor takes in
relation to the more enterprising
prima donna, that we are to attribute
his better simplicity, the less constant
reference to the audience, and those
occasional moments, as it were, of
solitude—visible solitude—without which
neither man nor woman can keep pos-
session of the vigilance of an auditor's
interest."

They tell many stories of Nicolini's
superstitions, avarice, passion for
fiddles; they say that he smoked one
kind of cigar and gave his friends an-
other and poorer; that the guests at
Craig-y-Nos were served with an in-
ferior wine to that drunk at the head
of the table; but these tales are no
doubt exaggerated. Whatever his
faults may have been, he was devoted
to Adelina, and she loved him.

One of the funniest stories about
Nicolini is told by the gallant Col.
Mapleson in his memoirs: "During the
progress of the Chicago Festival I saw
Signor Nicolini armed with what ap-
peared to be a theodolite, and accom-
panied by a gentleman who I fancy
was a great geometerian, looking in-
tently and with a scientific air at some
wall-posters on which the letters com-
posing Mme. Patti's name seemed to
him not quite one-third larger than the
letters composing the name of Mile.
Nevala. At last, abandoning all idea
of scientific measurement, he procured
a ladder, and, boldly mounting the
steps, ascertained by means of a foot-
rule that the letters which he had
previously been observing from afar
were indeed a trifle less tall than by
contract they should have been."

To "Constant Reader," Lancaster:
The Damrosch and Ellis Opera Com-
pany will begin its engagement in Bos-
ton, Feb. 21. It will come directly from
New York.

Dr. M. O. Terry of Utica, N. Y., be-
lieves in pouring oil on the troubled
appendix—not Standard oil, but sweet
oil, the plain sweet oil of commerce.

There are some who protest against
the visit of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne
to this country. They say he is not
an artist. Mr. Le Gallienne wears a
black satin bicycle suit, trimmed with
old yellow. Not an artist? He should
be met at the pier with bands of music
and troops of women with songs upon
their lips.

Mr. William B. Rice says that shoe-
men should be prudent. They should
know where the shoe pinches.

Dr. Czaplewski confirms the discov-
ery of the bacillus of whooping cough
recently made by Dr. Koplik of New
York. "O wonderful, wonderful, and
most wonderful, wonderful! And yet
again wonderful, and after that out

of all whooping

To A. W. Nicolini appeared in Bos-
ton for the first time Dec. 2, 1881, in a
concert at Music Hall. He sang "Ah
si ben mio" from "Trovatore" and he
took part with Patti in an act of
"Faust."

Col. T. W. Higginson is repeating
many personal reminiscences in the
Atlantic Monthly. He comments upon
the great tact shown in public ad-
dresses by Gov. Long, upon whose staff
he served. He states that the Gov-
ernor once told the Ancients that he
did not remember ever to have seen
"just such marching." When is this
jesting to end? We believe the A. and
H. A. to be the best drilled and most
military organization in New England
—if you consider the age and size of its
members. Its members stand alone, all
insinuations to the contrary notwith-
standing.

Alas, the projected tour of the Lambs'
Club, organized for the purpose of pay-
ing club debts, is without striking
novelty. Mr. de Koven and Mr. Sousa
will conduct the music; but we have
seen them many a time. "Well known
managers, like the Frohmans, will go
along and act as press agents," which
they have done before, many a time,
many a time.

The chess crank should visit Ströbeck
near Halberstadt. There the yearly
curse of the popular school ends with
a general chess competition. A corre-
spondent writes: "The highest class of
boys and girls must all take part in
it, and the communal authorities are
present at the examination. The public
chess competition begins as soon as the
book examination has ended. The pu-
pils are matched together, boys and
girls, against each other, and winner
against winner, till the survival of the
fittest is accomplished, and the six
champion players receive six prizes of
victory from municipal hands. The
prizes are chessboards and chessmen.
Ströbeck has moreover an historic
memorial of the game. It boasts a certain
tower and iron fetters. The tradition
is that the Bishop of Halberstadt im-
prisoned in the one and chained with
the other a Slavonic prince who was
his captive. But the prince found the
days of prison tedious, and therefore
he made unto himself a wooden chess-
board, with its figures, out of prison
wood. Thus he brought the science and
art of chess into the village, and taught
the Ströbeckers the same. And now
Ströbeck plays chess all day long, and
teaches it even in its schools."

Jan 21, 98

I will not wake you, Dear; no tears shall
creep

To elude the still bed where you lie asleep;
No cry, no word, shall break the sanctity
Of the great silence where God lets you lie;
I will not tease your grave with flower or
stone;

You are tired, my Heart; you shall be left
alone.

And even the kisses that my lips must lay
Upon the mound of the triumphant clay
Will be so soft, like those a mother lays
Upon her sleeping baby's little face;
You will not feel my kisses, will not hear;
You are tired; sleep on, I will not wake you,
Dear!

But when the good day comes, you will hear
me cry.

"Ah, make a little place where I can lie!"
And, half-awakened you will feel me creep
Into the folds of your familiar sleep,
And draw them round us, with a tender
moan.

"How could you let me sleep so long alone?"

There should be a "Lewis Carroll"
dictionary.

"O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy!"

You will find "chortle" in the great
Oxford Dictionary, with this painstak-
ing definition: "A facetious word intro-
duced by the author of 'Through the
Looking-Glass,' and facetiously used by
others after him, with some suggestion
of 'chuckle' and 'snort.' Quite un-
connected with 'churtle.'"

Now there is a verb in Northumber-
land dialect, "chort," or "chirt"—to
suppress laughter, but we are sure that
the Rev. Mr. Dodgson invented "chort-
le" without thought of any other word,
orthodox, dialect or slang.

The Oxford Dictionary recognizes
"chortle"; alas, it turns its back on
"frabjous" and other beautiful words
heard and used by Alice and her friends.

Our friend, Mr. Frank E. Chase, in-
vented a word some time ago that would
have pleased "Lewis Carroll." You
know that there is a kind of operetta-
comedian who may be described prop-
erly as a buffoon. His buffoonery
pleases many, so that they guffaw.
These theatre-goers, Mr. Chase argued,
should therefore be known as "guff-
foons." You have seen and heard the
guffoon; perhaps you have had the
misfortune to sit near him. He has a
thick, mutton-tallow neck, shining
linen, short hair, a most irritating laugh
and heavy hands. He is often addicted
to muck. He is a species of the genus

entitled "muck-fond." He has gen-
erally dined heavily the evening of
the performance, and he likes to go
down the aisle after the curtain has
been raised. While the buffoon is off
the stage, the guffoon is restless, and
he yawns loudly during any pretty
music. He is almost always accom-
panied by a be-diamond female of his
kind.

So Dean Liddell is dead. Liddell and
Scott's is one of the books that helped
us; but ten to one the memory of the
good Mr. Bohn is treasured more sin-
cerely by those who have "enjoyed the
advantages of a collegiate education."

We have told before this of our del-
ight in catalogues of second hand
books. That man is to be pitied who
deals only with sellers of standard
editions and volumes fresh from the
publishers. Here are two extracts
from a catalogue received lately from
New York.

"Holy Cat Fight (But an awful libel
on cats). Proceedings of an Ecclesiasti-
cal Council in the case of the Proprie-
tors of the Hollis Street Meeting House
and the Rev. John Pierpont, their Pas-
tor. 40s-8. Paper covs. Boston, '41. 2.00.
The Rev. John had written a pro-
logue for a theatre, some school
books, also works on temperance;
imprisonment for debt, and the
abolition of slavery. He was evi-
dently a hard case."

"Tender. I am somewhat of a hu-
manitarian. I dislike these sudden tak-
ings off such as the law insists on.
Hanging in particular, is beastly, and
too mechanical. To be smothered in a
pillow filled with rose leaves would be
effectual, and at the same time a ro-
mantic ending. Talking about hang-
ing, reminds me that some of my cus-
tomers are very fond of 'hanging me up'
on short notice. The business of pleas-
ure goes on, but when pay day comes
round, they are too busy to draw a
check, etc., etc. To Hoboken! with
such fellows anyway, the souls of ten
of them would not furnish grease
enough to fry a clam."

This grim literary note is from the
Pall Mall Gazette: "So Captain Mahan
has published another book. It will add,
as all his books do, to his reputation,
and will also add several millions to
the incalculable outlay which his writ-
ings have already occasioned. One is
glad to think that America is likely to
bear her share in the cost of this terri-
bly extensive historian."

And here is a theatrical note from the
Pall Mall of Jan. 12th, which is of con-
temporaneous interest: "We are in-
formed on what should be excellent
authority that Mr. George Alexander's
version of Mr. Potter's 'The Conquer-
ors' differs widely from the American
edition of that play—at least, as this
last is described in the cable accounts
that have reached this country. This
we can readily credit, for it is impos-
sible to believe that Mr. Alexander, whose
management at the St. James's has al-
ways been characterized by discretion
and good taste, would ever produce,
or that the Reader of Plays, Mr. Red-
ford, in spite of his occasional fits of
indulgence, would ever license such a
horrible story as that which comes to
us from the other side of the Atlantic."

The New York Times well says that
"there has been of late years a steady
and almost rapid change of opinion in
regard to the works of Emile Zola, and
a tendency has manifested itself
among critics at least, to treat them
with more and more regard for their
always obvious motive and to devote
less and less attention to minor
details which have been and will be
repugnant to Anglo-Saxon taste. It
has been long since frank recognition
of Zola's ability, or even of his great-
ness, demanded much courage in those
who made it. His books are still
tabooed by a large class, composed al-
most entirely of persons who either
have not read them at all or who have
read them only in miserable transla-
tions, but they are now generally ac-
cepted for what they were intended to
be—studies of certain human phases,
by an adult, for an adult. Zola's truly
heroic attitude on the Dreyfus ques-
tion will certainly do much to hasten
the change in sentiment concerning
himself. Here is a man who has risked
all except life—it may be that he risks
life itself—for the sake of justice. He
has thrown away the popularity which
he was supposed to value so much, and
for the time at least has made himself
the best hated man in France, simply
because the thought of a great wrong
moved him to action. This man can
hardly have passed his life in writing
utterly evil books in order to sell huge
editions."

Jan 22 98

But if the Secoundrel may claim distinction
on many grounds, his character is singularly
uniform. To the anthropologist he might well
appear the survival of a savage race. The
politician might pronounce him a true Com-
munist, in that he has preserved a whole-
some contentment of property and civic life.
The prize again, would feel his bumps, pre-
scribe a gentle course of bromide, and hope
to cure all the sins of the world by a munici-
pal Turkish bath. But the wise man, re-
specting his superstitions, is content to take

him and call him a Secoundrel. He is
far from his very own country, and is
unhated by prig or politician.

We know a hard-headed business
man who keeps an account book for
each son that is born to him. In it
he enters all the expenses from birth.
When the boy is twenty-one the father
gives him the book with the account
brought up to the very day, and says,
"See, my son, you have cost me all
this." A Yankee father—not a Roman
father.

And yet such fathers are not confined
to New England. We read lately this
little article in Jugend (Munich).

"I am acquainted with a man who
knows exactly how much the educa-
tion of his son cost him. He kept a
strict account. But he did not write
down what he learned from his son;
and thus was he unjust."

The Yankee father carried his ac-
counts to this point of exactness; he
noted whether the boy ate two or three
boiled eggs at breakfast.

We knew the late J. Parker Pray
in his earlier, humbler days. He was
then a clerk in a shop at Northamp-
ton, Mass.—a good-natured fellow, ex-
uberant in dress; and undue attention
to costume in the sixties was looked
upon with suspicion by his fellow-
townsmen, just as a family that dined
at 6 o'clock was regarded as aristocratic,
stuck-up. We next saw Mr. Pray—Dr.
Pray, he called himself—in Saratoga
in the blaze of success. He was in-
deed a gorgeous creature, but he was
affable, willing to recognize the ac-
quaintance of earlier years. And we
were proud to know him, to shake his
elegantly manured hand; we did not
dare—although our youth was un-
salted—to slap him on the back, or
shout out "Halloo Park, old sport;
how goes it?" Our companion was
braver; he not only did this; he went
so far as to recall boyish adventures,
some of which were not especially to
the credit of the eminent chiropodist.
Our hair stood on end; we awaited the
avenging lightning out of a clear sky.
But Nature was not disturbed; neither
was Dr. J. Parker Pray, who was much
more important that year than Nature.
On the contrary he too fell into
reminiscence.

A corn, some deep thinker observes,
is merely a matter of digestion; but the
sufferer forgets this and rushes to the
corn-doctor, not the family physician.
He regards him for a few minutes as
his best friend. After he is relieved,
he forgets his face as well as his skill.
He looks down upon him. In this he is
silly, snobbish. Removing a corn is not
a more disagreeable task than remov-
ing an appendix or other portions of
the internal machinery of man or
woman. Yet you speak of Dr. Carver
as "the eminent surgeon," and you
say of Mr. Digue, "Oh, that fellow; he's
only a corn-doctor."

Consider the antiquity of the calling.
It is true that the ancients were at
times severe in treatment. Thus Albu-
casis recommended burning, either
with fire or hot water. If the former
method was preferred, an iron propor-
tionate to the size of the corn was
heated red hot and applied to it, and the
burning was carried to such an extent
as to occasion suppuration. In the other
method a funnel of copper or iron, or
else the quill of a vulture, was applied
to the corn and then filled with boiling
water. "By these means," said Albu-
casis, "the corn may be eradicated." The
remedy of Rhases was milder: a
composition of red arsenic, quicklime,
quicksilver killed, with the ashes of
acorns, and oil.

How gentle, how sympathetic is the
corn-doctor of 1898! Yet you are in-
clined to condemn him. Why? Prob-
ably because he is acquainted with
your imperfections; because you fancy
him smiling at the pomp of your var-
nished boots. You do not deserve to
be treated by him to be "a client" in
his "studio." You should be condemned
to exciting practice with a white-hand-
led razor.

We are sure that Dr. Pray felt the
reproach of his profession; that even
his superb soul could not soar above
it; for the later years of his life were
devoted chiefly to manicuring and the
invention of powders, pastes, depila-
tores.

In spite of encouraging reports we
fear that Mr. Gladstone's physical con-
dition is low. He has not given a
postal card appreciation of a poor novel
for some time.

The Earl of Rosslyn has at last ap-
peared as a play-actor. Now will the
tables be changed? Will he sue some
bar-maid or skirt-dancer for breach of
promise?

A correspondent asks us to explain Pro-
fessor Harry T. Peck's allusions to al-
leged mysteries in the lives of Thack-
eray, George Eliot and her husband
and Carlyle. We do not know the so-

Jan 24. 1898

The size of the man and the coffin should naturally be a source of pride to every true American who loves his flag. But let us be wary even in boasting. Let us remember Mr. Edward Bright, a grocer of Malden, in Essex, England, who died Nov. 10, 1750, in the 30th year of his age, leaving his wife near her time with her sixth child. At the age of 12½ he weighed 144 pounds. The last time he was weighed, about 13 months before he died, his weight was 42 stone 12 pounds, with only his waistcoat, shirt, breeches and stockings on; these clothes weighed 16 pounds; so that his neat weight was 584 pounds. "His exact weight at the time of his death was not known; but as he was grown bigger, since his last weighing, which he himself and everybody about him were sensible of, if in the same proportion in which he had increased for many years (upon an average about two stone a year) and only allowing four pounds additional for the last year, on account of his moving but little, while he continued to eat and drink as before, this will bring him to 44 stone, or 616 pounds, neat weight, which was reckoned a near calculation by those who were about him, and knew him well."

The measurements of this singularly-gifted person are of genuine interest. He measured 5 feet 9½ inches in height; round the chest, under the arms, 5 feet 6 inches, and round the belly 6 feet 11 inches; his arm in the middle of it was 2 feet 2 inches round; his leg 2 feet 8 inches.

In his comparatively lean years—when he weighed only 336 pounds—he was very nimble and active. Within a few years of his death "his amazing size and weight so fatigued him, and his breath became so short, that he was compelled to remain at home." He delighted chiefly in ale; though he was not averse to a little wine and water, or a little punch. He was of a cheerful disposition and a good husband and father.

Mr. Bright's coffin was an important affair. It was 3 feet 6 inches broad at the shoulders, 2 feet 3½ inches broad at the head; 22 inches at the feet, and 3 feet 0½ inches deep. It was drawn to the grave on a low-wheeled carriage by 10 or 12 men, and was let down by an engine fixed in the church for the purpose. "Great numbers of people came to see the coffin while it was making."

What would the friends of Mr. Bright or Mr. Hadley have done with the bodies, if these bulky men had died in the fourth-story of a flat? As it was in Mr. Bright's case they were obliged to cut a way through the wall and the staircase.

How thoughtless you were in renting the flat now occupied by you, your wife, and uncle Amos. Suppose that uncle Amos, a huge old man, were inconsiderate enough to die in his bed, or in the family bath tub, or at breakfast while he was reading unusually heart-shaking head lines. What would you do with the body? You surely would not like to remove him in fragments neatly packed in kegs or barrels. Nor would you relish the idea of seeing his coffin, like unto a grand piano, swinging in air, although you might thus entertain the neighborhood. Either you should hire a house at the expiration of your present lease, a house with a comfortable front door, or you should impress firmly on Uncle Amos's mind the necessity of his dying out doors; say—on the Common where there is still plenty of room, or in Copley Square under one of those gigantic trees.

No, we have no desire to be such a substantial thing. The old idea that a fat man is inherently good-natured and philanthropic and kind to children, and at the same time a man of civic authority, is now exploded. Better the fate of Philetas of Coos, critic and poet, who had a body of that exceeding leanness and lightness that he commonly wore shoes of lead and carried lead about him, lest at some time or other he should be blown away with the wind.

Dr. Nansen's managers have run up against ice.

Here is another extract from the catalogue of that genial second-hand book-seller in New York:

Important Mr. G. Wash Stoopindoodle of Biegrack, N. Y., writes to inform us "that he has just received a copy of our last catalogue, and that he will shortly be in our own prepared to stay two or three days, all of which time he proposes to devote to a careful going over of our stock of town histories and genealogies." He also informs us "that he is not his intention to purchase anything but that he will make ample notes, which will thus enable him to write the

get along of the Stoopindoodle family practically at our cost." Our advice to G. Wash is to stay where he is, as we have an ample supply of his kind, so many in fact and so fully engrossing our time, that weeks fly by without our finding time to kiss our last baby. Of course, if he insists upon coming, and will put as many dollars in his pocket as he intends to spend hours in copying from our books, our cashier will receive his plunks and give him a seat near enough the stove to keep his back warm.

Jan 25, 1898

"A Normandy Wedding" at the Park.

"A Normandy Wedding," a three-act light opera, freely adapted from the French, book and lyrics by J. Cheever Goodwin and Mr. Charles Alfred Byrne, music by Mr. William Furst, was produced last night for the first time in Boston at the Park Theatre by the Whitney Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. Fred C. Whitney. There was a large and applauding audience. Mr. Antonio Moreale was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Campistrat.....	Richard F. Carroll
Farandol.....	Leonard Walker
Muscadel.....	Louis DeLange
Hochepot.....	A. L. Morris
Griquette.....	Ida Caille
Deuse.....	Evelyn Gordon
Simone.....	Adele Barker
Margotte.....	Mabel Bouton

This operetta is founded on "La Gardeuse d'Oies," an opéra-comique in three acts, libretto by Messrs. Leterrier and Vanloo, music by Paul Lacomme, which was produced at the Renaissance, Paris, Oct. 6, 1888, and performed 55 times that year. The operetta was written some years before and offered to Victor Koning, who refused to produce it because the character of Griquette, the goose girl, was similar to that of Bettina in "La Mascotte." The scene was originally in Provence; but the manager of the Renaissance insisted that there should be a change to Normandy. The cast was as follows:

Campistrat.....	Maugé
Farandol.....	Jacquin
Dubsette.....	Miss Ausson
Griquette.....	Miss Miley
Simone.....	Mrs. Mathilde

The first English version of "A Normandy Wedding" was entitled by Messrs. Goodwin and Cheever "Papa Gou-Gou," and it was produced in Detroit, Aug. 30, 1897. Mr. Seabrooke, who has been disporting himself of late in London, was the Campistrat—or Campistrat. The operetta was given after-ward in other towns, as Philadelphia, and Miss Mülle, Mr. Walker and Miss Barker were in the company.

This present version was first produced in Waterbury, Conn., the 22d. It is a pleasant task to write about the history of this operetta than about the performance of last night. Opinions in Paris differed concerning the merits of the original libretto and Lacomme's music. Some described the former as entertaining; others—as Poulton—said that the stupidity of the book killed the music.

I am not inclined to hold Mr. Goodwin or Mr. Byrne responsible for the cheapness and the vulgarity of the dialogue as it was spoken last night. The libretto is full of excellent ideas and situations. Played by a company of true comedians, I think it might meet with success, although the public taste in matters of operettas has been debauched of late years by athletic clowns and buffoons.

In this dialogue, the mind of Mr. Carroll is actively at work, and no doubt the lines as they are spoken by him are of his own invention. The wit of this comedian at his best is barber-shop and bar-room wit, which depends solely on gags and slang and mugging. I am not preaching from any elevated platform; I am not trying to raise the standard of operetta. I am simply stating facts; I judge the performance, remembering that the operetta is avowedly "light" and intended to amuse. And I repeat that the performance so far as Miss Mülle and Mr. Carroll were concerned was coarse and stupid, cheap and vulgar.

Certain persons who read a review hurriedly at the breakfast table or in the street car are inclined to misrepresent and misquote a reviewer. For the benefit of such I add that the performance was neither obscene nor pornographic nor indecent. Mr. Whitney's name is a guarantee that no such performance would be tolerated under his management. I am not finical; I am not fastidious; I am not suffering from chronic indigestion or from cancer of the stomach. In light and go-as-you-please operetta I love a gag if it is a good one; and there are athletic comedians, as Mr. Jefferson de Angels, who are to me execrably funny when they have suitable parts. But Mr. Carroll is laborious in the preparation of his jests; he throws them at an audience heavily, as though they were of lead; his gags are either dull, or lame, or intrinsically vulgar. He turned a part that might be played with delightful humor and fine characterization into an impossible and tiresome buffoon.

Miss Gordon has a fresh, strong, pure voice. She sings freely and effectively. As an actress she is awkward, (although her personality is pleasing) and she is evidently inexperienced. Longer acquaintance with the stage will give her more ease in gesture and posture, and she will then undoubtedly make for herself a name.

Mr. Walker, who in a stronger company might not attract attention, gave pleasure by the manliness and honesty

of his performance, and Mr. Morris in a minor part was admirable.

The chorus sang for the most part tunefully and acted with spirit. The orchestra was kept well in hand, and the piece was prettily mounted.

"What about the music?" It is without distinction of any kind whatever, but the tripping jingle is often not unpleasant.

Philip Hale.

IN POSSESSION.

Through all the long-deserted house
Moves nothing but the furtive mouse;
And at the outer casement, hark!
The wind that does not fear the dark.

Down wind, down rain, down leaves, down heart!

Here fear and I can never part.

Through all the year's an emptying town
My sorrow never shall lie down.

Here sit we silent, eye to eye,

Waiting to see each other die;

Opposing wills to hide or seek

Which is the stronger, which the weak.

Oh, wind, thou dost thy work alone!

Thou hast no cause to cry or moan,

Here I, till doomsday tells its note,

Sit holding terror by the throat!

With nothing else to do, I wait

The onward coming of my fate:

When every straining sinew slips,

And terror has me on the lips.

F. R. M. writes to the Journal: "By all means let us have 'an 80 feet limit' in Copley Square, that the slightly place may be further embellished. We have everything else there from a corner grocery to a cemetery; let us have an 80 feet limit, or if that is deemed impracticable after mature consideration, let us have at least a 75 feet limit. A committee should be appointed by the Mayor to see that it is properly placed. I do not think it should be put in the Museum of Fine Arts. It seems to me it should stand boldly in the cemetery, towering above the trees and graves."

The St. James Gazette informs us that the number of centenarians whose names have been thus recorded in the course of the last ten years, is 391; 134 men and 257 women. This leads the London Standard to recall the fact that not many years ago it was maintained seriously "that no instance could be established of man or woman making their century in the contest with death." Sir G. C. Lewis and Mr. W. J. Thoms examined the claims of Thomas Parr, Henry Jenkins and others of alleged unusual old age and asserted that "not only the majority of the cases could not be established, but also in some instances they could be actually disproved." The Standard adds: "Of late years it has been comparatively easy to obtain evidence which is sufficient to place any person's age beyond reasonable doubt. This shows that the limit of a hundred years is occasionally exceeded. Most of the extreme cases come from Ireland, where some pass 105 years, and there are even two claimants for 115. Perhaps in these cases a little shrinkage might be the result of a skeptical examination, but that the goal of a hundred is more than turned seems to be demonstrated."

Weissmann, a deep thinker, made the dictum that "duration of life is really dependent on adaptation to external conditions," and the Standard quotes this approvingly.

We are inclined to believe that the theatrical life affords the conditions most favorable to longevity. Look at any grand opera chorus, or any ballet.

To support this view we appeal to history. An actress of Rome in the time of Sylla had played in comedy for 100 years. Another actress, after she had played for 99 years, reappeared on the stage to congratulate Pompey, and some years afterward she again appeared to congratulate Augustus after the battle of Actium.

Look at the German singers that visit us.

The Standard claims that most of the extreme cases come from Ireland; but Gabriel Peignot, in 1824, asserted that the countries most remarkable for aged inhabitants are mountainous, and Buffon, before him, found the Highlands of Scotland to be the congenial home.

They used to reckon in England one centenarian in 3100 men and women.

And here, according to an old author, are the conditions for extreme old age: a well proportioned figure of medium height; chestnut hair; head large, rather than small; noticeable veins; rounded shoulders; deep chest; manly voice; fine perceptions; slow and regular pulse; good stomach; honest appetite; to love eating without too much indulgence in pleasure; to eat slowly; to thirst rarely; for a burning thirst is a symptom of quick consumption; a smooth forehead, lively eyes and a smiling mouth; a mind quick to love, hope, enjoy, and slow to hate, rage or envy; to be fond of work, meditation, agreeable reverie; to

be an optimist, a friend of peace and domestic happiness, without any morbid, restless, or avaricious restlessness."

"What makes you think this man is the pastor when he says he is from Bate?"

"The fact that he doesn't claim to live on the Back Bay district."—Chicago News.

The News might have added: "Or in Milton."

A witness in a stabbing affair in New York coined this happy term:

"Was the man you married a fool?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Look a-heah, lawyer, don't you think a man what goes off an' gasfixturates himself is a fool?"

"What did he do?"

"Gasfixturated himself."

"You mean asphyxiated himself," explained Mr. Hennessy; "he turned on the gas and died of asphyxiation."

"Gasfixturated," corrected the witness. "Afterward I made up my mind I'd nebbur marry de best man de Lord made. No, indeed; when yer married, nobody but yer husband will look at yer; but if yer a single widow de men jes' chase yer round. An' den if yer smack 'em in de jaw dey come back next night wif a present for a new introduction."

Far from this plain Republic is the wild extravagance of imperial banquets or royal feasts. The dinner to Gov. Griggs, the new Attorney General, will cost only \$100 a plate.

And yet, they say, the dinner will be a tolerable one. There will be jugged plants and potted hares, and an orchestra, and cigars at \$1 apiece, and a bill-of-fare in real French, not Canadian French or hotel French.

In fact the dinner reminds us of Artemus Ward's meal at the "Shrine of Bacchus" just before he was introduced by a genial stranger to the Sloschers' Club. "We had soup and fish, and a hot jint, and growls, and wines of rare and costly vintage. We had ices, and we had froots from Greenland's icy mountains and Injy's coral strands."

Jan 26, 1898

Reviews and criticisms, both literary and artistic, should be signed by the writers thereof, although I am as strongly of opinion that in leading articles the anonymous should be strictly maintained. The writer of a "leader" is only part of a very complex machine. There may be a dozen persons behind him, who, vulgarly speaking, have had a finger in the pie, in suggesting the subject of the article, or pointing out the lines on which it should be constructed, or in altering or modifying it. If it be editorially thought too strong, that is why it seems to me most appropriate that the writer of the leader should speak in the first person plural and not in the first person singular. It is not so with literary or artistic criticisms; and it should be "I" and not "We" who should be responsible for saying that Mr. Twopenny, the novelist, is a donkey, and Mr. Rappodie, the poet, an idiot, or that Mr. Spool, R. A., is able to paint only what Mr. Rudyard Kipling gracefully calls "smeared things."

The French officers, with the exception of General Billot, will not be allowed to testify in answer to Zola's charges, but the General will attend the trial "in full uniform, to make the 'necessary defence of the honor of the army.'" What a pity that Offenbach is not alive to set all this to music! And yet General Boum is an eternal type.

The editor of the Christian Register said at the last meeting of the Channing Club that Horace Greeley was a man ruled by many theories, "but everyone knew that he had an absolutely incorruptible conscience." Softly, softly Mr. Batchelor. There are letters in existence signed by Horace Greeley and addressed to politicians in Albany which show conclusively that Mr. Greeley in spite of his good old Uncle Amos pose was a child of this world and to further private ends would not hesitate to say the thing which is not. We have read these letters.

Dr. John Hall is still the pastor of "the richest Presbyterian Church in the United States." This church is so rich that no poor man dares to enter its door to worship or seek consolation.

Helen Watterson Moody screams, "As things are now, if I were a working-girl, as I am an American, I would never go out to service; never, never, never." Where would you go? Into a "dry goods emporium," or into a comic opera chorus? Would either choice bring "the human rewards that are better than money?"

Many will hear with regret of the Rev. Stopford W. Brooke's resignation. His ministrations have been a blessing to the community. His manliness, the honesty of his convictions, the frankness and the directness of his appeal, his courage and his good sense, his sturdy, simple English, as well as the healthy example of his own life—these have made much for righteousness. Nor is it likely that a man of such native energy will or can be inactive.

We have not seen for a long time such direct and irresistible English as that used by Mr. John Joseph May in his open letter to Mr. F. W. Peabody. Take this paragraph as an example. "What, now, have you accomplished by this virulent and unseasonable assault? Apparently, three things. You have disgusted and alienated some who have sought to befriend you. You have gratified your own inordinate self-conceit and craving for notoriety. You have gratified, also, a great number of citizens who enjoy seeing you an object of derision and ridicule."

Did Mrs. Nordica "turn around" at a rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra last week in New York and "say sharply," "That's like a Kalamazoo orchestra"?

Kalamazoo is a thriving town, but its orchestra has not a national reputation. Hence the deadly insult.

We have heard on several occasions wretched accompaniments played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Perhaps Mrs. Nordica's taunt was justly provoked.

And why this outcry against the singer's "insult"? Is any reflection on this orchestra to be considered as lèse-majesté?

We are told that the fashionable woman in Europe now wears a live tortoise. It comes to her from the Landes. "It first passes through the hands of her jeweller—the unadorned tortoise is not beautiful. The jeweller fits the tortoise with a filagree coat of mail studded with precious stones. The animal is then secured by a fine gold chain. The wearer attaches the chain to an ornamental hook in her dress, first taking a turn with it round her own neck. The resplendent tortoise then fulfills its mission by exhibiting itself upon its wearer's shoulders to the extent of its tether; and thus enables lovely woman to exhibit herself at what, we should hope, will be the extent of hers."

The Roman women were still more daring. "Gellidum cello necit Glacilla draconem" says Martial. And others tell us that the girls of Rome wore living snakes around their necks and cherished them in their fair odorous bosoms.

The symbolist might well object to the tortoise, which is the emblem of phlegmatic disposition.

The fox provides for himself, but God provides for the lion.

One of the most humorous lines in "A Normandy Wedding" is that which ascribes "Home, Sweet Home" to Tom Raine.

Mr. E. A. Dithmar thus writes in the New York Times about Mr. Richard Mansfield: "Truly such actors are rare, and Mansfield belongs with the Irvings, Duses and Coquelins. One who cares much for the stage, too, and little for the puling sentimentality that seems inseparable from it, is rather glad that Mr. Mansfield, in spite of all this practical triumph, is not the kind of an actor who, like many of his predecessors and some of his contemporaries, lives largely on the flattery of camp followers. The laudation of some actors that gets into print is positively sickening, and the spectacle of grown-up men and women listening in awe to their spoken utterances, when posing as teachers of humanity, is distressing to the who would be an optimist if he could. . . . For my own part, I have seen all the players of a quarter of a century and more, and I never saw a more promising actor than he was at the outset of his career, and have never seen another one improve so greatly from year to year."

Jan 27, 1898

Her shape arises,
She is guarded than ever, yet more guarded than ever,
The gross and sordid she moves among do not make her gross and sordid,
She knows the thoughts as she passes, nothing is concealed from her,
She is none the less considerate or friendly therefore,
She is the best beloved, it is without exception,
She has no reason to fear and she does not fear,
Oaths, quarrels, hiccup'd songs, smutty expressions, are idle to her as she passes,
She is silent, she is possessed of herself, they do not offend her,
She receives them as the laws of Nature receive them, she is strong,
She too is a law of Nature—there is no law stronger than she is.

A few days ago a husband in Connecticut resented what he was pleased to call "Mr. Albert E. Sterner's sneer at American women." Unfortunate Mr. Sterner had been rash enough to say in effect that "nice" American women had been and are of serious injury to art, and Mr. Sterner merely stated

a fact. The high-toned husband, from the housetop that his wife is "of the nicest kind" of American women.

And all this pother is due to the use or misuse of the word "nice."

"Nice" is an elastic term; it means tender, or dainty, or accurate, or over scrupulous, or minutely cautious, or fastidious, or squeamish, or easily injured, or weak, or effeminate, or trivial, etc., etc. The woman distinguished by Mr. Sterner is she that objects to a statue because it is nude, describes Cabanel's Birth of Venus as shocking, believes firmly that all Frenchmen are immoral, and regards Thomas Hardy as a lost soul. The British matron is a nice woman. Mr. William Winter is a nice man. The Young Person, in whose name there are daily protests, appeals, complaints, is nice, yes, very nice—and before every American living in this country who wishes to create a great work of art there arises the awful vision of the Young Person, with pallid face, and with hands ready to cover ears or eyes.

It was an especially nice person who wrote to Time and the Hour last week about "Wicked Paris." Listen to him, or her—or it: "Many Americans have avoided the French capital for years, so gross are the outrages upon decency which offend the observer in every direction, and so depraved is the atmosphere of the theatre, the café, the social life—except"—oh you snob!—"in the higher circles, of which the foreigner sees so little."

We are surprised that the able editor of Time and the Hour allowed such tommy-rot to appear in his weekly. The social life of Paris—"except in the higher circles"—is "depraved." There are no good wives there unless they be duchesses or marchionesses or princesses; there are no good husbands there unless they be jukes or other members of the aristocracy. There are no homes in Paris except in the Faubourg St. Germain. Nobody belonging to the lower class, the lower middle class, the middle class, the upper middle class works with hands or brains except in contriving or carrying out some horrid, sensual, impious pleasure. The Black Mass is celebrated with pomp in all the leading churches. "Babylon nor Rome were ever more pagan than the Paris of today." Yes, and Passy is Sodom and Neully is Gomorrah. No wonder that "many Americans have avoided the French capital for years."

Do you remember Joseph Cook, the Reverend Joseph Cook? When he was tired of proving the immortality of the soul in 89 different and ingenious ways, he would indulge himself in bursts of indignation. We recall this speech: "What did Carlyle, the sage of Chelsea, say about Paris? Gazing at me from the depth of his cavernous eyes Thomas Carlyle said: 'Look at Paris, Mr. Cook, oblige me by looking at Paris! What have they been doing in Paris for the last twenty-five years? Nothing but lying. Eternity is not visible from Paris.' Is it possible that Mr. Cook is now a contributor to Time and the Hour? For Mr. Cook was a nice person, as those men who were at the divinity school with him will testify.

How the nice parson stood by Thackeray's elbow and cheeked the full display of his art! Read the preface to Pendennis. "Even the gentlemen of our age—this is an attempt to describe one of them, no better nor worse than most educated men—even these we cannot show as they are, with the notorious foibles and selfishness of their lives and their education. Since the author of Tom Jones was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN. We must drape him, and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the Natural in our Art. Many ladies have remonstrated and subscribers left me, because in the course of the story, I described a young man resisting and affected by temptation." And even in these sentences Thackeray did not have the courage to say exactly what he meant; for he stood in awe of the nice person.

The nice person is a man or a woman of hypocritical ignorance and sniggering innocence.

The true American woman is not a nice person. Her innocence is the innocence of knowledge. Her purity does not depend on blinders, car-caps, gags, padenas. She is no more shocked by Children of Adam than by the sight of her little boy in the bath tub. She understands the tragedy of Tess. She demands for a statue beauty or strength, not dress.

And all her body is more virtuous Than souls of women fashioned otherwise.

And she knows the meaning of Arthur Symonds's verses concerning Art:

When others pour
Their dark, life-giving stream through
And many
A dark stream flowing onward evermore
Down to an unknown ocean, there is Art.
With equal feet she treads an equal path,
Nor reckes the gulfs of the song of men,
She bath for sin no scorn, for wrong no
wrath,
No praise for virtue, and no tears for pain.
All serve her purpose; she requires
The very life-blood of humanity.
All that the soul conceives, the heart desires,
She marks, she gathers in her memory.

Jan 28, 1898

The whole Business and Design of a Platterer is continually to entertain the Company with some Pastime or other, a little Jest, a Story well told, or a comical Action; and in a word, he thinks he can never overact the diverting part of Conversation. Whereas the true Friend proposing no other End to himself than the bare discharge of his Duty, is sometimes pleasant, and as often, it may be, disagreeable, neither solicitously coveting the one nor industriously avoiding the other, if he judge it the more reasonable and expedient. For as a Physician if need require, will throw in a little Saffron or Spikenard to qualify his Patients Dose, and will now and then bathe him and feed him up curiously; and yet again another time will prescribe him Castor; or Poley, which the strongest Scent doth yield, Of all the Physic Plants which cloath the Field.

We hear many voices today. There is the voice of Mr. George Graham of New York. He was committed to Bellevue Hospital to be examined as to his sanity; but before he left the room he said to the Magistrate, Mr. Kudlich, "There is just one question I want to ask you, Judge. Who married Cain? You're called a Judge, ain't you? Judges ought to know things like that." There is the voice of one asking the meaning of E. C. when the two letters are used in a London address; a timorous person who signed no name and therefore cries to deaf ears.

There is the voice of a woman asking why nine husbands out of ten obliged their wives to jump out of bed in the morning to close the window.

There are complaints against the Subway, the Public Library and the editors of this column—some of whom are now living in Berlin, Prussia and Berlin, N. H., and many of whom died years ago.

And where is the voice of Q? Come back, oh, deep thinker of Waltham, and all will be forgiven.

Let us first of all answer Mr. George Graham. Mr. Kudlich, the Magistrate, should know the name of Cain's wife. It was Azrun, and for the sake of her Satan prompted Cain to kill Abel. Cain married her after the murder, and they traveled extensively.

We believe that Gesner gives her Mahala as a name, and Byron prefers Adah; but her name was Azrun, and we have every reason to believe that she was an interesting woman.

Cain has been misunderstood by many. It is true that his early life was clouded by the unfortunate affair with Abel, but in his mature and later years he was much respected. He was the first to build a city and he invented weights and measures. Josephus says that he headed a band of thieves, whom he taught to enrich themselves at the expense of others. Josephus, however, was a simple man who did not anticipate and could not appreciate modern business operations. Cain was the first to engage in large commercial enterprises, as gas, or a railroad; or he discovered a mine; or possibly he formed a trust. He was an active, hustling person, whose family gained a high social position. Nor did his descendants neglect the arts. Jubal invented musical instruments, Lamech was a pretty poet, and as the Rev. William Latham Egan, M. A., Vicar of Hay, Brock-nockshire, admits, "Even the names of the woman, Naamah (pleasant), Zillah (shadow), Adah (ornamental), seems to bespeak an advanced stage of civilization. No, no, Cain was not a rough and hairy tramp with a queer mark on his face.

Mr. Barrett Wendell has "nothing to say." There is so much that he might say. Thus he might take pleasure in the public refutation of the charge that his lecture would stop a clock.

Mr. Montague Chamberlain, the Secretary of the Lawrence Scientific School, asks all those interested in the Penobscot Indians, and all those that are educationally inclined, to send books for the use of these Indians to Mrs. Francis C. Manning, 129 Commonwealth Avenue, or to him at Quincy Hall, Cambridge. He writes: "When visiting the Penobscot village at Old Town recently, I learned from the chief men of the tribe that they had a great desire to obtain books for the use of their people. The Sisters of Charity have taught the children to read and write, and have found them intelligent

and . . . pupils. But there is no library in the village, and the books obtainable have been scanty. . . . What kind of books do you like best? I asked a girl of about 18, who was near during my conversation with the elders. To my surprise she replied, "History, sir," and I was told by the parents that histories, books of travel and biographies were the most popular among their young people. Anything relating to the settlement of America by the white men, and accounts of their own race, interest them intensely. Already the Penobscots have proved themselves worthy of assistance, for they are thrifty and industrious, and for the most part sober people. They have made good use of their opportunities for education, some of them attending the Indian schools at Carlisle and Hampton. One young fellow is making his mark on the staff of a Bangor paper."

The confirmed paragrapher may smile

at this last statement and ask: "What an axe?" but Mr. Chamberlain's appeal is one worthy of consideration.

A firm in Boston has adopted an ingenious and vexatious manner of advertising. A circular is addressed to you. The envelope is sealed and is mailed unstamped. The postman delivers it and asks for two cents. You open, read, swear—in some form or other—and promise yourself to avoid the shop for the rest of your natural life. But the name of the firm sticks in your mind.

To —: We do not know the name of the author of a poem beginning "When he returns and finds all sleeping here," and we never saw the poem before you called our attention to it.

The Woman's Rights movement has won a victory in Germany. The first gymnasium (Government High School) for girls will be opened April 1 in Breslau. This is erected by the city, not by the State; but nothing can be done in such matters without the assent of the State. The more sanguine think that this permission will pave the way to the admission of women to German universities.

Speaking of Huxley, Mr. Leonard Huxley, in the Country Magazine, gives some anecdotes of his father's home life. One of his grandsons, Julian, was greatly taken with the picture in "The Water Babies" of Huxley and Owen examining a waterbaby in bottle. Julian, therefore, wrote as follows for the facts: "Dear Grandpater—Have you seen a waterbaby? Did you put it in a bottle? Did it wonder if it could get out? Can I see it some day?" To which he received the reply: "My dear Julian—I never could make sure about that waterbaby. I have seen babies in water and babies in bottles. But the baby in the water was not in a bottle, and the baby in the bottle was not in water."

Jan 29, 1898

TO LIFE.
What, comrade of a night,
No sooner meet than fight?
Before the word, the blow?
Well, be it so.
Yet think not that I yield,
Lost on a lonely field.
Lo! to my fainting breath,
My champion, Death!

No policeman should kick a blind man, save in the way of kindness.

To A. G.: The activity of a steam derrick is not a constant quantity. When the machine is near an apartment house, its busiest, noisiest hour is 7-8 A. M. Nor is there any such thing as unconscious familiarity with this demon, which is rich in the element of surprise.

The reports of the Bee Keepers' Convention in Vermont are meagre and disappointing.

Was there, for instance, any inquiry into the truth of Peignot's assertion that the number of bees in a good swarm is 30,000?

Is it true that pestilential erysipelas is cured by beeswax dissolved in water? Would that Mr. Larrabee had read a paper on this subject.

In the Engadine it is believed that souls emigrate from the world and return into it in the forms of bees. Query: Should a good Christian eat honey in the Engadine? And does not this belief account for the large quantities of glycerine-honey in Switzerland that is manufactured for English and American tourists?

Is propolis or bee-glue still caustic in the second degree and moderately detergent, likewise possesser of attenuant and deobstruent powers?

What is the true meaning of "beaten paths" in the verse in the Koran "The Lord spake by inspiration unto the bee, saying . . . then eat of every kind

of fruit, and with in the beaten path of the Lord. And then the ways through which, by G. P.'s power, the bitter flavors passing the bee's stomach become honey, or the newness of making honey, which he has taught her by instance, of the ready way home from the distant places to which that insect flies! See Sale's notes to the Koran.

Mr. Oliver Herford of New York once said, when some rich painter treated him to bread and honey, "If I could afford it, I should like to keep a bee" which speech is still considered by true Herfordians an example of pretty wit, and it has been repeated by them until it now seems like unto a gem from the Grecian anthology. What is the difference in the expense of supporting a bee in comfort in New York and in Montpellier on the Onlon.

Two men sat near the door of a street car. The father was a day laborer, alone in years, coarsely dressed, sturdy, clean, wholesome. The son wore linen and clothes that were pretentiously smart, his cravat, a made abomination, screamed, possibly because a flaring stickpin hurt it. The old man admired his son openly. He had slaved for him, and even then was willing to play the piteous. From time to time he ventured to address him. The son paid no attention. He maintained a sulk. He was ashamed of his father. His thought was on his face: "A-a-a-h, what are yer given me?"

We regret to see Rostonians of fair name and liberal education wearing tuxedo coats on formal occasions.

There is steady improvement in the discipline maintained by the street railway company over the folk of this town and its suburbs. Smokers can no longer catch furtive whiffs. No one can chew tobacco, plug or fine cut, unless he is a self-consumer. The man or woman that has eaten a heavily branded mince-pie is subject to suspicion. Hand bags must be put on the front platform. Is it not high time for the officers to insist that the rear-platform should be kept clear for the entrance and exit of passengers?

There are cities where no passenger is allowed on either platform. In Plattsburg the motorman is housed comfortably, and each side of the front platform is fenced against passengers.

There are rumors again about a successor to Mr. Paur. We are informed on good authority that the more positive of these rumors are without foundation. Mr. H. L. Higginson is still alluded to by ingenious men in other towns as "Col. Higginson," and thus is he confounded with Col. T. W. Higginson.

They are talking in New York about a tenor, "Salezar," engaged by Mr. Grau for next season. They refer to Albert Saleza. He was born at Bruges in 1867. He made his first appearance at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, in 1888, as Mille in "Le Roi d'Ys," the same year in which he took the first prize at the Paris Conservatory. In 1889-'90-'91 he sang with great success at Nice. He made his first appearance at the Opéra, Paris, in 1892, when he created Mathé in "Salammbo." In 1893 he sang there the parts of Siegmund, Rodrigue, Sigurd, Romeo. In 1894 he created there Nourai in Lefebvre's "Djelma," and Othello in Verdi's opera. In 1895 he added Tannhäuser to his list of parts. In 1894-'95 he created at Monte-Carlo Elolf in César Franck's "Hulda." Other creations were Richmond in Salvaire's "Richard III." at Nice 1891 (the opera was produced originally in Italian at St. Petersburg in 1883) and Enée in Berlioz's "Prise de Troie" at Nice in 1890. He is said to be an actor and singer of flaming passion.

Jan 30 1898

Thirteenth Symphony Concert, Emil Paur, Conductor, in Music Hall Last Night—Miss Olive Mead Was the Solo Violinist.

The program of the 13th Symphony Concert was as follows:

Overture to "Struensee".....Meyerbeer
Concerto for violin, No. 3, in B minor.....Grieg
Prelude, Act II, of "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Symphony No. 1, in D major, Op. 16.....Sgambati

Mr. Aphrop's statement that the overture to "Struensee" is "indeed the only orchestral composition of Meyerbeer's that has held its place in the concert repertoire" is too sweeping. As a matter of fact, the incidental music to "Struensee" has been given several times of late years in Paris at various concerts, as at the Chatelet. There is no good reason for the performance of this overture.

It is laboriously made and of little or no effect. Meyerbeer's hands were supported, when he was strongest, by the stage carpenter and the scene painter. In his operas there are a few great moments and a singular wealth of ingenious detail. Many borrowed freely from him, and the most ungrateful of these borrowers was Wagner. When Meyerbeer was obliged to write orchestral music without the aid of the footlights, he cut a sorry figure. Take this overture, for instance: how cut and dried it is—without nobility or beauty or breadth of theme—without true skill in the development. How hopelessly old-fashioned and futile is the orchestration! Nowhere is there substantial thought. Nowhere is there any sustained flight of imagination, however near the ground.

Miss Mead is the third female violinist who has made her appearance at a Symphony concert in Music Hall.

The first was Mrs. Terese Liebe, who appeared with her brother Theodor Liebe, a cellist, and Mr. Henschel in Beethoven's concerto in C for piano, violin, and cello, Jan. 21, 1882. In the same concert she played with her brother an andante for violin and cello from Henschel's suite op. 23. It was at this concert that Mr. Henschel acted as conductor, composer and pianist.

Mrs. Camilla Urso was the next. She played, March 3, 1888, Rubinstein's concerto op. 46, and she appeared again in 1892.

Miss Mead has a smooth, fluent, well-developed technic. Her tone is full and pure, and she plays with ease and accuracy. She is a pupil of whom any teacher of technic might well be proud. But last night she displayed icy musical indifference. There was no warmth. There was no feeling; there was no suggestion of emotion. The uniform strength of her tone became monotonous. She did not essay, even in parrot fashion, dynamic gradations. In a word, her performance was icy regular and soulless.

The prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline" is beautiful music, and repetition does not stale it. Mr. Paur read it sympathetically, as he did the symphony that followed. This symphony is ingeniously put together and there are effective passages, but I find it, as a whole, carefully thought out and without genuine spontaneity. Sgambati could not free himself in this symphony from ecclesiastical association. You are reminded constantly of the plain-song of the church, which intrudes even in the Scherzo. I wish Sgambati had been content to stay on his own side of the Alps and had not been afraid of being called an Italian. Liszt has other sins to answer for than the creation of the Liszt pupil; and Sgambati's admiration for Liszt is an injury to the individuality of his art.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Return of Franz Rummel, Celebrated Pianist.

How Alexandre Siloti First Played in New York.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

Mr. Franz Rummel, the pianist, is a welcome visitor to this city. It is my belief that his last appearances here were in February, 1891, and I remember that at the Worcester Festival of that year he played the D minor concerto of Rubinstein.

He will give a concert in Association Hall Friday evening at 8 o'clock, and his program will be as follows:

Andante con variazioni.....Haydn
Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3.....Beethoven
Fantasie, Op. 17.....Schumann
Berceuse, Op. 60.....Chopin
Preludes, Op. 28, No. 6, u. 3, 4.....Chopin
Capriccio, Op. 76, No. 2.....Brahms
Intermezzo, Op. 76, No. 3.....Brahms
Nachtfalter (Valse Caprice).....Strauss-Tausig
Nocturne, Op. 15.....Chopin
Au Bord d'une Source.....Liszt
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.....Liszt

Mr. Rummel will give his first concert this season in America at New York, Feb. 1, with the Seidl orchestra in Chickering Hall, when he will play Beethoven's E flat concerto and Liszt's E flat concerto.

An interesting interview with Mr. Rummel was published in the Musical Courier (N. Y.) Jan. 26. He is enthusiastic over Stenhammer's concerto which he expects to play later with Seidl for the first time in this country.

"As to practice, I do not believe in a pianist who does not practise. If he does not practise, he does not play. But I bind myself to no hard and fast length of hours or no special period of the day for practice. I will not play when tired, that's all. I do not practise studies except such as I make myself, and these are fashioned on whatever difficulties I may find in a work I am engaged on. I elaborate studies on such passages, and take them through the different keys. As to facility in chords and octaves, I attribute that to my passion for playing with orchestra when

studying as a boy in Brussels. From 16 to 21 I had comparatively little interest. In solo work—everything I cared for was with orchestra.

"The thing I am heartily averse to is the playing of my composition at a higher rate of tempo than that prescribed by the composer. Some virtuosi think it is a technical feat constituting a virtue. There is no feat in technic which cannot be accomplished by ordered methods, and each should only be employed in the place designed for it. Applying it elsewhere is bound to disorder the interpretative power, and is an abuse to musical judgment and taste."

The Musical Courier states that Mr. Rummel is a loyal subject of Queen Victoria, and this reminds me of a story told by the Musical Age:

Many people think from his name that Franz Rummel is a German; yet, though of German descent, he was born in England. His genealogy is quite a puzzle. One day he was talking with the late Emperor of Germany, "Unser Fritz."

"Well, Prof. Rummel," said the Emperor, "to what nationality do you belong?"

"With your Imperial Highness's permission," replied Rummel, "I will answer with a riddle."

"I shall hear it with pleasure," said the Emperor.

"To begin then," said Rummel, "my grandfather was a German and my grandmother Spanish. My father and mother were Germans. I was born in England and married an American wife. My children are English subjects. Now, what am I?"

The Emperor weighed the evidence for a moment and then replied gayly:

"Prof. Rummel, you are a good German."

Bruch's "Arminius" will be sung by the Handel and Haydn Monday evening, Feb. 7th. The performance will begin at 8 o'clock, and the solo singers will be Miss Stein, Mr. Evan Williams, Mr. Charles W. Clark. Mr. Zerrahn will conduct. Tickets will be on sale Monday at the box office, Music Hall.

"Arminius" was first performed at Zurich, Jan. 21, 1877, when Georg Henschel, to whom the work is dedicated, sang the part of Siegmund as well as that of Arminius.

It was sung by the Handel and Haydn for the first time May 4, 1883. The solo singers were Miss Winant, Mr. C. R. Adams and Mr. Henschel. The composer conducted.

Le Guide Musical (Brussels, Jan. 9, 1898) published an interesting sketch of Bruch, who told this story to Mr. Marcel Remy. I have not seen it in English.

"I was born at Cologne"—Jan. 6, 1838—"of an old Protestant family. My teacher was Ferdinand Hiller. While I was very young I composed songs, and I collected and arranged Swedish and Scotch folk songs, for I am very fond of folk songs; the melody of the soil seems to me the most expressive, the most beautiful. My first work of distinction was 'Fritjof' (1865). It was given everywhere in Germany. I was 27 years old, and I went to Paris. It was before the war; I knew Rossini slightly, who received me kindly. Berlioz, whom I also knew, was then melancholy and sour. I was intimate with Gevaert, whose 'Capitaine Henriot' was performed at that time. But I was best acquainted with Saint-Saëns; a friendship of 30 years still binds us together. We were lately named together 'doctor in honoris causa' at Cambridge University, Saint-Saëns for France, and I for Germany. Grieg, who should have represented Scandinavia, was sick and could not be present.

"My other oratorios followed: 'Schön Ellen' (1856), 'Odysseus' (1876), 'Das Feuerkreuz' and 'Lied von der Glocke.' I have also written three symphonies less known, and three operas, 'Scapin,' 'Hermione' (1872), and 'Loreley' (1883).

"My first violin concerto in G minor is 30 years old; I wrote it in 1867, and Joachim, to whom it is dedicated, played it some months later at Cologne for the first time. The second is dedicated to my old friend Sarasate, whom I have known and loved for 20 years. He played it for the first time in 1877 at the Crystal Palace, and I conducted the orchestra. The 'Fantasie écossaise,' dates back to 1880; Sarasate created it also. Ysaye plays it often, and exceedingly well. The third concerto was written in 1890 and dedicated to Joachim. It is severe in style and is not yet as well known as the others. I think the success of my concertos is due chiefly to the melodic form, which I try to maintain as far as possible; I love song. I have always studied it, and I still study it, for it is the most expressive of the arts.

"I have been twice to Russia to conduct works of mine, once to St. Petersburg and Moscow, once to the Baltic provinces. I have been several times in England for the same purpose, and in 1883 I was called to America. I led the Stern Society in Berlin from 1878 to 1880. For three years I conducted the Philharmonic at Liverpool; but was not too well pleased in England. In 1883 I was invited to conduct the Orchestral Society at Breslau, and there I stayed seven years. I came back to Berlin

where I was soon named Professor of Composition at the Royal Academy.

"I am a family man, and a simple one. My wife, Czech by origin, was successful as a singer in Rhineland. In

summer we go into the Thuringian forest. For 35 years I have been devoted passionately to history and classical literature." And he showed Mr. Remy, in the library of his house at Friedenau, a village south of Berlin, works by Goethe, Mommsen, Curtius, Carlyle, Thiers.

"I like to travel, but alas I cannot always indulge my wish. I should like to go to Italy, and above all, to Greece, because I love its art, and one of my scores is called 'Odysseus' after the immortal poem of Homer."

Bruch in this interview did not mention "Arminius," or "Moses," his latest oratorio, first produced in January, 1895.

Alexandre Siloti, the pianist, made his first appearance in this country Jan. 25, at the seventh Seidl subscription concert at the Astoria Hotel, New York. Mr. W. J. Henderson thus spoke of him in the Times:

"The feature of the seventh Seidl subscription concert at the Astoria Hotel last night was the debut of Alexandre Siloti, a Russian pianist, who enjoys the distinction of being one of the genuine pupils of Liszt. Many persons who cooled their ardor during an hour's wait in the drawing room at Weimar, and finally succeeded in playing perhaps once in the presence of the old autocrat of the piano, have gone about the world as favorite pupils of Liszt. Mr. Siloti really studied with the remarkable old gentleman, and therefore came with some claims to consideration.

"He chose as the medium through which to make himself known to the audience at the Astoria—not a representative audience of music lovers by any means—the second piano concerto of Tchaikowsky and two solos, an étude of Chopin and Liszt's Fourteenth Hungarian Rhapsody, the one known with orchestral accompaniment as the 'Fantasia Hongroise.' The second Tchaikowsky concerto, which was of course the important number, cannot be regarded as so favorable to the full display of a pianist's powers as the first, which Mr. Joseffy played so brilliantly at the last Symphony concert, and those who were inclined to make comparisons between the performance of the resident pianist and that of Mr. Siloti should have taken that fact into consideration.

"Mr. Siloti comes well equipped in technic, but that is expected of every pianist in these days. He plays octaves in rapid passages with consummate ease and brilliancy, and the manner in which he dashes off heavy successions of chords is quite dazzling. His cantabile is smooth and unforced in tone, and his scale passages are also smooth though very deficient in crispness. His tone is small and thin, though this may have been due to his fancy in the preparation of the action of the piano. His playing is sadly lacking in clearness of rhythm, sustained singing tone, and variety of tone color. He accomplishes little with those combinations of touch and pedaling which Chopin and Liszt made known to pianists. Above and beyond all technical considerations, his style is monotonous. It lacks the breadth of utterance which comes from commanding temperament, and the subtle intricacy of nuance which is the result of combined study and feeling. Those who care to accept Mr. Siloti's reading of the Liszt rhapsody as authoritative may do so. It was certainly very fast."

"Lorraine," a new opera in one act libretto by Walter E. Grogan, music by Giovanni Clerici, was produced for the first time Jan. 10 at the Theatre Royal, Torquay. The following account is from the Era (London):

The story of this work, which appears to have been in part suggested by Charles Kingsley's poem of the same name, is simple, and its one scene laid in a Devonshire village during the festivities of the annual fair. A main attraction of the holiday is a horse race, in which Bernard, who is in need of money, and is on ill terms with his better half, arranges that she should ride a vicious animal which has already killed several jockeys, and is appropriately named Vindictive, but is supposed to be amenable to the gentle management of Lorraine. Edgar, the lover, a penniless student, and the enraged husband pertinently remind: "What is my wife to you?" The altercation proceeds, Edgar protesting that "This murder, for a hundred crowns falls to the winner the race, and this substantial argument is strongly insisted upon by both Bernard and the landlord of a neighboring inn. A stormy scene ensues between her husband and Lorraine, who urge: "He killed a man, he killed a boy; shall not kill Lorraine," and pleads availing for mercy. Some tender passages between Edgar and Lorraine are overheard by her husband, and the lovers embrace he secretly intervenes and proclaims "As the hound scent his prey, merciless am I." Edgar denounces him as a fiend in human form, and vows vengeance if he should happen to the fair rider. The race begins, and is seen through the wings by a chorus of gaily dressed lagers, who chorally chronicle its varying incidents. At last, just after the start, Bernard has shouted "I win win!" the catastrophe occurs. Lorraine is thrown and killed. Thereupon Edgar as "Heaven's avenger," stabs Bernard who falls lifeless.

The opera, of which the dialogue throughout is in recitative, was originally received by a large and friendly audience. Edgar's air, "When fate

rance. He says this decadence is due in large measure to a disease, which he calls "literaturitis."

An operation with a paper-knife only aggravates the disease.

A Virginian woman, making up a list for children, recommends the Rollo books. But these books are best suited to men of mature years. The conversations between Mr. Holiday and Rollo, or Uncle George and Rollo are funnier than anything invented by Mr. Mark Twain in his penitential European retreat. After all an excellent book for

children is an excellent book for men and women of all ages.

"Action songs for children" are also amusing reading. Listen to the third verse of "The Little Carpenters."

If you would be a carpenter,
A carpenter, a carpenter,
Yourself sometimes you must bestir,
And work along with me!
The hammer you must learn to hold,
The gimlet and the bradawl told,
The set-square and the T,
Brass-headed nail, and tack, and screw,
And shining chisel sharp and new;
Then come and be a carpenter,
And hammer hard with me!

There is this direction for action to accompany the genial invitation to be a carpenter: "Hands thrown out, smiling."

That's a great line of Walt Whitman: "The carpenter dresses his plank, the tongue of his foreplane whistles its wild ascending lisp."

Feb 6. 1898

CHAMBER MUSIC.

Mr. Arthur Foote's New Quintet for Piano and Strings Produced by the Kneisel Quartet in Association Hall Last Evening.

The program of the fifth Kneisel Quartet concert was as follows:

Quintet for Piano, two violins, viola and cello. A minor, op. 35.....Foote (MS. First time)
Quintet, C major, op. 59, No. 3.....Beethoven
Quintet for two violins, viola, cello, double bass, clarinet, bassoon and horn, F major, op. 165.....Schubert

Mr. Foote's new composition is for the most part agreeable music. The opening movement, Allegro giusto, shows a breadth and swing and passion that do not often distinguish the work of this composer, and the themes seem truly spontaneous. The second movement—Intermezzo—with its plain song theme is perhaps of inferior worth.

There are interesting passages, there are passages of beauty, but the movement is not without the suggestion of patchwork. The Scherzo that follows is delightful throughout, and I would gladly have heard it a second time, in the place of the finale that is more or less scrappy and perfunctory, as, indeed, are so many finales in modern chamber music. There are a few suggestions of Schumann and Brahms, but they are not impertinent or disagreeable. This quintet and the orchestral suite reveal the fact that Mr. Foote is working with greater freedom, less self-consciousness, no longer dreading the p. lagogue's frown. I have disliked, I still dislike, certain pieces by Mr. Foote. It is a pleasure for me to join on this occasion in the applause of the audience which was large in spite of the rough weather. I only wish that the piano part had not been played by the composer, who as a pianist is harsh and dry.

The Beethoven quartet, one of the set of three dedicated to Count Razoumoffsky, was nobly played. Perhaps Mr. Kneisel inclined at times to take an interest in moto a trifle too slow—as in the introduction last night; and the andante in moto quasi allegretto was a trifle rather than an andante thus qualified. But the performance was in other respects so beautiful, as in quality of tone, and above all in that rare thing—unerring intelligence—that the query as to the precise tempo may well seem hypercritical.

The Schubert octet displays Schubert with his weaknesses, as well as his strengths. Masters of supreme, soulful, haunting beauty are side by side with that which is trivial and threefold. Mr. Kneisel is to be thanked for his part in the octet, which is seldom heard in concert halls. The quartet was ably assisted by Messrs. Pourtau, Leclercq, Leco and Keller.

The concert of the series will be given Feb. 25.

Philip Hale.

But I with infinite weariness outworn
Haggard with endless nights unblest by sleep.

Ravaged by thoughts unutterably forlorn
Plunged in despair unfathomably deep,
Went cold and pale and trembling with affright

Into the desert vastitude of Night,
Arid and wild and black;
Foreboding no oasis of sweet slumber,
Counting beforehand all the countless number

Of sands that are its minutes on my desolate track.

That you always slept well was your boast. You were offensive in the proclamation. Mr. Twitters would give in detail the record of a sleepless night. You would look at him with compassion; you would throw out your chest; and thus would you discourse: "My boy, the moment my head touches the pillow I fall sound asleep and I do not stir until it is seven-thirty and time for me to get up. It doesn't matter when I go to bed or what I eat or drink before going to bed. I can eat Welsh-rabbit and mince pie, drink strong coffee or ale, smoke a pipe or a cigar, turn in, and sleep like a top. My boy, you see I leave all business at the office, and walk home, no matter what the weather may be. Insomnia is only a dictionary word." Thus did you boast.

It was only last week that for some unaccountable reason you awoke with a start at five in the morning, and, for the life of you you could not close your eyes again. It was late that night when you stretched legs luxuriously and settled yourself on your right side with the right arm under the pillow. It was Monday. Tuesday night you went to bed at 11. Wednesday morning you again awoke at five, with a strange feeling in your head, with dry eye-balls. You heard the earliest street cars, and they thundered over the bridge. There were strange crackings and explosions in the flat. There was someone stirring cautiously in the bedroom. You lighted the gas. You smiled at your suspicion. You went back to bed and tried in vain to yawn. The maid-servant arrived from the cave below. What a noise she made! There were signs of life in the court. The ice-man came, or rather, you thought he was throwing ice at the refrigerator. You wondered why they do not make refrigerators of wrought-iron. Somebody with singularly heavy feet tramped on the roof right over your head. Finally you could not endure the bed, but your bath did not refresh you. Breakfast was distasteful, and when your eldest son Hamilton—a lad of investigating mind—asked you the meaning of bimetalism, and whether you thought Mayor Quincy was really a bad man—you glared at him and used language that provoked a righteous rebuke from your spouse.

You made all manner of experiments, but each morning you awoke at five, with a start, to sleep no more. Sunday night you found yourself lying awake with staring eyes. You heard the hours and the half hours until you lost consciousness—was it one o'clock or half past one? You now do business in your disturbed and fretted rest; there is a note that you must meet; there is stock that must be sold; you dream that your trade is falling off; or there is an article of six thousand words that must be written in an hour. Yesterday you were cordial toward poor Twitters; you asked him what he was taking for insomnia. You now dread the night. You are afraid to go to bed. Your boasting is over. And yet be patient. You will soon sleep soundly and long enough.

And so I went, the last, to my dear bed,
Aghast as one who would go down to lie
Among the blissfully unconscious dead,
Assured that as the endless years flowed by
Over the dreadful silence and deep gloom
And dense oppression of the stifling tomb,
He only of them all,
Nerveless and impotent to madness, never
Could hope oblivion's perfect trance forever:
An agony of life eternal in death's pall.

Perhaps you might gain comfort from Dr. Waldstein's "Sub-Conscious Self and Its Relations." Listen to him: "Men do not sleep sometimes because they have trained themselves to do without it for a certain limited period and the rhythm of life is lost, and so they hasten on to death, and they allow their sub-conscious self to get the better of them." Endeavoring to be at the head of the procession, you lost the rhythm of life. It might have been better for you if you had jogged along with the stragglers.

The Philistine for February indulges in no "genteel home thrusts" at literary or illiterate inhabitants of Boston and Cambridge. Even Mr. Barrett Wendell has been given breathing-time. But there are delightful glimpses of social life in Buffalo and other suburbs of East Aurora. For instance: "At a swell and crush affair in Buffalo a short time ago the cake was being passed (sic) by Africa's dusky sons. A certain sweet young lady,

deeply engaged in conversation with a nice young man, glancing over the plate said, 'I like the chocolate best—oh, yes, here's a piece!' But somehow it failed to come. She wriggled it slightly—it surely was stuck—she wriggled it again. And then Eph said, 'Beg your pardon, Miss, but dat's my thumb!'" This reminds us of the definition of a box stew: "A box stew is one into which the waiter sticks his thumb."

Mr. Elbert Hubbard is happy in his description of the Library Loafer. The type is the same whether you see it in Boston, Pittsburgh, or the British Museum.

"The L. L. is harmless and would be unobjectionable were it not for the fact that he talnts the air wherever he goes. He never bathes, and clean linen with him is an anomaly. You can always tell him by the odor—he smells like a Jury Room."

Mr. Hubbard proposes to start a crusade, "for the reformation of reformers."

And now you are acquainted with that which is best—or worst in the Philistine for February.

Feb 2. 1898

God thundereth marvelously with his voice,
great things doeth He, which we cannot comprehend.

For He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth.

He sealeth up the hand of every man; that all men may know his work.

Then the beasts go into dens, and remain in their places.

The tolling paragrapher turns snow into copy. You will find in at least 50 newspapers of New England this week the following "sparklin' epygrams":

"This is like old times."
"Who says that the good, old-fashioned New England winter is a thing of the past?"

"Uncle Amos Perkins dropped in Tuesday. He says he hasn't seen anything like it since his wife died."

"There'll be a good many driving with one hand now."

"Jingle, bells."

"This is great weather for the boys. Don't be angry if Johnny swats you in the back of the neck or plugs your ear. We were all boys once."

Others may be moved to poetry.

There will be liberal quotations from Whittier's "Snowbound."
Or you will run against

The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Which was Mr. Emerson's idea of poetry.

You may substitute "bronzed radiator" for "radiant fireplace."

A more sentimental soul will recite Eastman's

All day had the snow come down—all day
As it never came down before;
And over the hills, at sun-set, lay,
Some two or three feet, or more.

Mr. Johnson kissed his wife and cheek-smears children and sallied gayly forth. "I don't suppose that there are any cars running, but the walk will do me good. I haven't seen so fine a wintry sight since I was a youngster in Haddam Centre." He disdained an umbrella.

'Twas seven o'clock at night. No word from Mr. Johnson.

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire—
With tears of artless innocence.

The wretched man is at the club.
Wearied, perspiring, yet chilled, he fell
into it, as into a life saving station. He has ordered his third go of New England rum, and he is studying the bill-of-fare. "Thank the Lord," he remarks to old Auger, "my wife didn't have to go out today; this is no weather for women."

Or you will read articles beginning in this fashion:

"How puny and insignificant a thing is man! Where now is the boast of arrogant science! How feeble are electricity and steam when matched against the power of wind and snow! The elements are unconquerable when they assert themselves. A storm like that of Monday and Tuesday teaches us," etc., etc.

Or someone will write a pathetic story of the heart and hearth, entitled "How Baby Missed Her Milk; a Tale of the Great Storm."

O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord;
praise Him and magnify Him forever.

And tomorrow is full of omen, for it is Candlemas Day.

"Signora Crispi, wife of the former Italian Premier, appears at outdoor festivities accompanied by a tame calf

which follows her like a dog." There are female leaders in Boston and New York society that anticipated her, but they are not content with one.

The Emperor William is "quite delighted" with Mr. Ponitney Bigelow's "White Man's Africa." Of course, of course. William has reason to be grateful toward his old Pudden chum.

We are unable to recommend heartily the Life of the Prince of Wales that has just been published. There is no account of the baccarat scandal, nor is there any report of the conversations between the Prince and Hofentse Schneider. The searcher after truth is left in doubt as to whether Mrs. Langtry on a famous occasion dropped a piece of ice down the back of His Royal Nibs, and by this innocent prank lost for a season his inestimable favor. We learn that "he has no sympathy with the revolutionists who would abolish the frock-coat," that "his influence in matters of dress is strongly conservative," which is cheering news, for "it would be difficult to overestimate the Prince's influence as an arbiter of fashion, especially in America, where every trifling change in his costume is faithfully reported and imitated." But what if the Prince should die? Never despair of the Republic; is not the Providence Journal on sure foundations?

"His Royal Highness is also understood to have a special fondness for the old-fashioned 'bowler' hat." "Bowler" is the spelling preferred by some for the low-crowned stiff felt hat. His father, the Prince Consort, invented a hat; and it should not be forgotten that George IV. had some skill in cutting out coats.

Mr. Tom Webb, a cowboy who has been witching the monde and the demimonde of Paris with noble horsemanship, was disgusted the other morning by a poodle which barked at his horse's heels early in the morning when the ride was for exercise, not hire. He lassoed the dog, gently they say, and then let him go. And what did the guardian of the peace do? He saw in Mr. Webb's action an abhorrent contempt of law: "Voluntary damage to movable property, punishable under Article 479 of the Penal Code, with a fine of a franc and a half."

Mr. Forbes-Robertson delivered in January an able and eloquent address before the Midland Institute at Birmingham. Did he talk of Roscius or Mnester? Did he discuss Schlegel's erroneous theory of Fate as brooding over the Greek tragic scene? Did he compare the pantomime of "Leda," Bathylus acting the leading part, with "L'Enfant Prodigue?" Did he dispute the paradox of Diderot or wither Mr. Clement Scott? Oh, no; discussing homely, modern things, he rose to an azure height, where Joseph Jefferson sits enthroned, the greatest play-actor of Buzzard's Bay. We quote the peroration in full:

"Don't walk to your seat if you are late during a quiet scene, for you disturb both audience and actors."

"Don't hold a running conversation with your neighbor."

"And ladies, I implore, I beseech you, don't wear large hats with bobbing feathers and all the glories of the milliner's shop towering on high."

Feb 3. 1898

She was in prison, as you see,
All in a cave of snow;
And she could not relieved be,
Though she was frozen so.

Ah, well-a-day!

For she was all froze in with frost,
Eight days and nights, poor soul!
But when they gave her up for lost
They found her down the hole.

Ah, well-a-day!

Yesterday we said "tomorrow is Candlemas Day." It was tomorrow when we wrote it, and Candlemas Day is today. But you read properly today "yesterday was Candlemas Day." We hope this explanation will be satisfactory to all.

Inasmuch as the day was fair and clear, "you may expect a long and severe winter. There are about 40 quotations in prose and verse to back this statement. One is enough.

The hind had as lief see his wife on the bier,
As that Candlemas Day should be pleasant and clear.

There is little to talk about except the weather. A good many years ago Gabriel Peignot wrote a book in which he told of severe winters and sufferings induced by snow and ice. You will find it in the Public Library. Then there is Mr. Rimbaud's chronological list of great frosts beginning with that mentioned by William of Malmesbury

2. Or you might have been
to this evening to a national advan-
ge by inquiring whether climates
are colder formerly than now. Thus
the Tiber was in the habit of freezing,
and Horace speaks of the streets of
Rome as full of snow and ice.

The story of Elizabeth Woodcock and
her remarkable deliverance, after be-
ing buried in snow eight days and eight
nights, is good reading. It is an affect-
ing tale from the beginning.

On her return home in the evening, be-
tween six and seven o'clock, being about half
mile from her own house, her horse started
at a sudden light, which proceeded, most
probably, from a luminous meteor, a phe-
nomenon which, at this season of the year,
is not uncommon; she was herself struck
by the light, and exclaimed "Good God!
what can this be?"

the final sentence:

"The too-free use of spirituous liquors is
opposed to have been the cause both of the
extraordinary accident and its fatal conse-
quences."

There are several versions of this
story, but the most moving is that pub-
lished in Kirby's Wonderful and Ec-
centric Museum (Vol. IV): how she told
her horse to go home without her; how
she tried to signal with a handker-
chief through a hole in the snow; how
she heard gypsies talking; how she snuff-
ed her no gratification; how she took
from her left hand two rings, "the
tokens of her nuptial vows twice
edged," and put them, together with
a little money, into a small box; how
she finally said to Mr. John Stittle,
who rescued her, "I have heard the
bells go two Sundays for church"; how
Mr. Okes, the Surgeon, gave her mut-
ton broth, a saline mixture, with anti-
dotal wine and strong decoction of
oak, and three grains of opium; and
how her prospect was most miser-
able until she died July 13, 1799. The
day of her rescue was Feb. 10 of that
year. And they made a ballad, pitiful
and true, about her, from which we
have quoted.

"Constant Reader" wrote the Journal
his note, dated Newtonville, Feb. 1:

"Being storm-bound to-day, I have been
looking over my diary, to see if I could
find date of similar storm. I find under
head of 1873 as follows: Jan. 28, 'Re-
markable winter; no sleighing as yet;
a snow and very warm all winter, with
the exception of Jan. 7, 8 degrees be-
low zero in morning; Jan. 8, 15 degrees
below in morning. In afternoon of
Jan. 9, 45 degrees above zero, and grow-
ing warmer. Oldest inhabitants say
there has been no such winter for 50
years. Jan. 31, severe snowstorm all
day. Feb. 1, still snowing; snow two
feet deep on a level now; more snow
has fallen than since the big storm of
1867. No horsecars are running in Bos-
ton or any of the suburbs; everything
jammed up.' This is from my diary
of 1873, and is a complete duplicate for
his winter, day and date, and weather
also, 20 years later."

Joanna Crippen of Chardstock was
buried six days in the snow (January,
1713), and received no nourishment.
Neighbors went out with poles and
shovels and found her in snow four
feet deep. "One of the men thrusting
at her with his pole found she was
there and alive." She was without
shoes and stockings, and there was an
old whittle about her shoulders with
a large hole in it which she had eaten
through. She survived with the loss
of one great toe.

The motor-man in this city stands un-
protected against wind, sleet, snow. Do
you think that his condition is credi-
table to the company that employs him
or the city in which he lives? There
are towns in which street railway com-
panies are obliged by law to house mo-
tor-men during the winter. In these
towns the men stand comfortable, alert,
in full possession of their faculties, un-
disturbed by passengers. The front
platform is fenced on the sides; there
is a house of wood and glass. No
thoughtless passenger can open a front
door for the sake of saving for himself
a few seconds. Do you think that truly
civilized beings would long endure the
sight of a motor-man shivering or numb
on a platform swept by wind, sleet,
snow? And yet you are interested deep-
ly in the condition of Armenians, and
you sigh for the bombardment of Con-
stantinople by American men-of-war.

Are you aware of the fact that news-
papers in foreign cities are commenting
severely on slavery as it is practised
in the United States? They reprint the
account of the sale of 430 men, women
and children, black and white, at Albion
for \$21,000, to work in phosphate mines.
They wonder at the statement that
these wretches were kicked, prodded
and punched by their purchasers; that
the more active of the convicts were
made to "go their paces" to show their
strength. "They were treated in a way
that would not be tolerated by a gang
of Siberian prisoners," says a Paris
newspaper.

And do you think that in a civilized
city live wires would be allowed to
menace the people in the streets? Some-
day "a prominent citizen" will be killed
here, and then there will be a column
of hysterical letters to the Transcript.

Own up, be honest. Did not the en-
forced walks Tuesday do you good?
Did you not have a natural appetite
for your luncheon and dinner? Did
you not feel better all over? Were you
not more amiable and cheery? Yet you
have always thought it necessary to
take a car, even if you were going
only from School Street to Berkeley
Street, or from Water Street to West
Newton Street. For you are one of those
wretched beings whose life is spent in
trying to keep pace with the clock.

You sometimes speak contemptuously
of those out of work. "Oh, they could
get work, if they were not lazy. I tell
you, sir, they don't wish to work." You
had a chance to see how gladly men
out of a job would use a shovel. They
knew for a few hours true happiness;
they were earning money. They worked
as though they wished to show what
they could do if they had only an op-
portunity.

MISS JOSIE HARTMAN,

Assisted by Miss Olive Mead,
Violinist, Gave a Piano Recital
in Steinert Hall Last Evening.

The program of Miss Hartman's con-
cert was as follows:

Kreutzer Sonata.....	Beethoven
Pastorale.....	Scarlatti
Capriccio.....	Scarlatti
Polka and Fugue. A minor.....	Bach-Liszt
Violin Solo. Adagio.....	Vieuxtemps
Violin Solo. Mazurka.....	Zarzycki
Scherzo.....	Mendelssohn
Nocturne.....	Schumann
Rhapsody. G minor.....	Brahms
Etude. A flat major.....	Chopin
Fantasia. F minor.....	Chopin
March. From "Lucia".....	Donizetti-St. Lubin

(For violin alone.)
Polonaise. E major.....Liszt
Miss Hartman is a pianist of more
than ordinary promise. Her fallings
and faults are those of exuberant
youth, and they can easily be correct-
ed. She is occasionally inclined to hur-
ry the pace; she is not always coolly
sure of her rhythm; she is not content
to let a simple melody make its own
simple way. Thus in the arrangement
of Bach's organ fugue, the tempo was
not steady, and the piece lost thereby;
the tune of Schumann was not sung;
and the performance of the etude by
Chopin was frankly and wholly bad.
On the other hand there was much to
admire and praise. Her fingers are
well-developed; her tone is agreeable
(although in fortissimo she was tempt-
ed last night once or twice to abuse
her strength); her runs are clear and
even; her chord-attack is full and pre-
cise; and in addition to all this she
has decided musical taste, emotion—in
a word, that which is known as tem-
perament.

She plays with native passion, and
when she has full mastery of her emo-
tions and knows also the value of sug-
gestion and repose, this same passion
will be her distinguishing strength. To-
day it is a possible obstacle to the true
brilliance of her career. An interest-
ing player is this Miss Hartman. Her
future will be watched with curiosity.
She might well begin by chastening her
fondness for the damper pedal.

Miss Mead displayed her solidly
grounded technic—in a seemingly
phlegmatic manner. I do not ask her
to feign emotion or play in a hysterical
manner, but why should she apparently
be so apathetic? Her tone is full and
rich, without thought of dryness, but her
inappreciation of the value of dynamic
contrasts and the uniformity of her
phrasing bring quickly a respectful in-
difference on the part of the hearer.

Philip Hale.

Then Johnson drew his glittering sword, with
all his might and main,
So well he laid upon them, that eight of them
were slain:
As he was fighting the other two, this woman
he did not mind,
She took the knife all from his side, and
ripped him up behind.

Are you fond of fairy stories? Here
is a beautiful one about Tamagno, the
tenor. No, it is not about his washing
his socks in his room at a tavern. It is
a new story, published in Italy just be-
fore his engagements begin in foreign
cities. In his palace he has a museum,
richly stocked with crowns, cups, gob-
lets, cigar cases, etc., etc., which have
been given to him as testimonials of
admiration, wonder. There is a strange
history attached to one of the cigarette
cases. Ten years ago in Chili, Tamagno
was worshipped by a delightful woman
who gave him a cigarette case, made of
gold, and encrusted with precious
stones. The initials of Tamagno in em-
eralds were on one side; the initials of
the giver in rubies were on the other.
"Was Tamagno in love with her? Who

knows? He has the reputation of being
an extremely virtuous person." After
his engagement he left Chili, and he
was told that his adorer was a married
woman and the mother of 12 children.
Two years ago her husband died. She
went to Rome in February, 1897, where
she saw Tamagno. She spoke to him a
few words, then drawing from her
bosom a dagger, she dagged him. The
point was blunted by the cigarette box
which she had given him.

Mr. Paul West, the eminent and pas-
sionate press agent, never invented a
better story.

It is true that the tale has been told
for years concerning others, but the
thwarting body was always a temper-
ance medal or a Bible.

After the death of Rubinstein they
found a note book in which the pianist
had recorded bitter sayings. The Méne-
strel, Paris, is publishing a French trans-
lation of them.

"To write is a pleasure; to publish is
a responsibility.

"A young girl is right when she mocks
an old man of sixty who speaks to her
of love; the public is also right when it
laughs at a singer of sixty who sings,
and put on amorous airs.

"Formerly there were everywhere lit-
tle, miserable, ugly, dirty concert halls
where great artists were heard; today
nearly everywhere the concert halls
are large, splendid, well equipped, but

"A young man who is pessimistic
and disgusted with life is a ridiculous
object, for he has not yet had time
to know life thoroughly. But an opti-
mistic old man, who is contented with
life, is a still stranger phenomenon, be-
cause he has had time enough to know
it from A to Izzard.

"What is there new today? Every-
thing that is old: excavations, fashions,
bric-à-brac, etc."

A contemporary pays this well meant
but doubtful compliment to Mr. Adrian
C. Anson, more familiarly known as
"Grandpa," "The Old Man," "Uncle
Adrian": "Those who remember how
much he has done for base ball will
wish him all the enjoyment possible
in his life after leaving it." Bless you,
man, Grandpa Anse is still able to say,
as did the Sage of Marshfield on a
famous occasion, "I ain't dead yet."

There is at least one Englishman that
approves of Mr. Clement Scott's abuse
of play actresses. We quote an adver-
tisement from a London exchange:

"Mr. Clement Scott and the stage.
"All interested in this controversy
should read 'The Wheel of Life,' by
Clement Scott, second edition now
ready, with portrait of author. Lon-
don, Lawrence, Greening and Co."

Furthermore, a Mr. Francis Gribble
proposes in a novel to give a realistic
presentation of stage life behind the
scenes.

Great Scott!

This leads us to consideration of busi-
ness methods in the music schools of
California. We quote from an elab-
orately prepared catalogue: "To all
student recitals given at the — Con-
servatory of Music after Jan. 1, 1898,
there will be a charge of 10 cents to
students or public for general admis-
sion and 25 cents for reserved seats.
These concerts are given for the benefit
of students and it is compulsory that
they attend."

We have received the following ex-
traordinary communication:

"If you have in your note-book a list
of candidates for the honor of being
cooked in your column of the Journal
will you give a place on the list to that
spineless breed of folk who are afraid,
in writing, to use any adjective or noun
that has snap or spirit, without insult-
ing and betraying it by putting before
and after it a pair of shirking apolo-
getic quotation marks—quotation marks
that are used, not for their original
purpose, but simply as a screen and a
protection against honest responsibility
for having said and meant what the
writer did say, and would have meant
if he hadn't been so timid.

"Please wait until some morning
when you are in a particularly fine,
savage mood, and build a good hot fire
under these people."

The Vita Italiana has discovered
among the State archives of Rome cer-
tain copies of a Greek journal published
at Missolonghi in 1824—the year of By-
ron's death. This journal—the Télé-
graphe Grec—tells us many things of
Byron's last days, and of the sudden
setting of the bright Occidental and
Oriental star, and it gives the reason
why the poet died. He was killed by
disobedience to the doctors:

Hunc neque dira venena, neque hosticus
auferet ensis.

Nec laterum dolor aut tussis neque tarda
podagra;

He died because he would not be bled.
And this is proved by the autopsy of
the poet which the Télégraphe Grec
records in extenso. Byron had, it

seems, a brain of excessive weight. It
weighed "six medical pounds," whatever
medical pounds may be. "The skull
was of exceptional hardness, and with-
out any frontal bumps." His lungs were
perfect and of enormous dimensions,
but the liver was exceptionally small.
"Indeed," says the faculty, "this great
genius may be considered to have had
no liver at all." It is the old ques-
tion and the old answer. Is life worth
living? It depends upon the liver. The
notice concludes with the remark:—
"And we the doctors of Missolonghi
are all of opinion that the patient would
never have died if only he had allowed
us to use the lancet." Alas, for the
might have been! We told you so, and
now your inquest proves it. And yet
Byron on his deathbed called the doc-
tors "a d—d set of butchers."—*Pail
Mall Gazette.*

F26-5.1898

FRANZ RUMMEL

Gave His First Piano Recital
Here This Season in Association
Hall.

The program of Mr. Rummel's con-
cert last night was as follows:

Andante con variazioni.....	Haydn
Sonata, Op. 110.....	Beethoven
Fantasia, Op. 17.....	Schumann
Barcarole, Op. 60.....	Chopin
Preludes, Op. 28, No. 6, u. 3, 4.....	Chopin
Capriccio, Op. 76, No. 2.....	Brahms
Intermezzo, Op. 76, No. 3.....	Brahms
Nachtfalter (Valse Caprice).....	Strauss-Tausig
Nocturne, Op. 15.....	Chopin
An Bord d'une Source.....	Brassin
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.....	Liszt

When Mr. Rummel played here seven
years ago this month, his substantial
qualities were recognized gladly and
heartily. They that heard him then
looked forward with interest to his re-
appearance last night; for during his
absence in Europe complimentary re-
views of performances by him were
published in foreign papers, and
eulogistic reports of his interpretation
of works by masters crossed the At-
lantic. It is true that there was dis-
appointment when his program was
published a week ago; for we have a
right to expect from a pianist of Mr.
Rummel's reputation fresher and
more entertaining selections. Why
should he persist in playing pieces that
have been played to death? And surely
if he had a sense of humor he would
not put Schumann's Fantasia imme-
diately after Beethoven's Opus 110. Are
there no living composers whose piano
pieces are worth hearing? Must the
dead rule the living even beyond the
tomb?

But this disappointment was nothing
to that provoked by the performance
of these too respectable selections.

Quantum mutatus ab illo! At times
I could hardly believe my eyes. I rubbed
them; yes, it was Mr. Rummel in the
flesh—but not in the spirit that was
once revealed to us.

First of all, his technic was not sure;
those fingers, which were formerly his
trained, obedient and willing servants,
were at times rebellious; or they mocked
him occasionally, as in the variations
of Haydn. Perhaps he was nervous;
and yet he is a man of large experience,
accustomed to smile at critics' rage and
face a frowning world. His touch was
at times heavy, almost clumsy; and he
would frequently drive one close to
the wall until it shrieked. His trill was
no longer dazzling. His runs were not
always clear. And yet seven years ago
his technic answered fully all demands;
it apparently was so firmly grounded
that there was no need of ostentatious
display; it was accepted at once as an
indisputable fact.

Occasional slips or technical short-
comings may be overlooked in the case
of a pianist of acknowledged reputa-
tion. I have heard Joachim play false
to the pitch for ten minutes at a time.
I have heard Rubinstein when his mem-
ory failed him in a Schubert impromptu,
and he was obliged to depend upon his
own invention. But there is not such
ready excuse for dull interpretation.

To me Mr. Rummel was most success-
ful in certain passages of the Schumann
Fantasia and in the pieces by Brahms.
The sonata was played as though the
piece were on the dissecting table. Mr.
Rummel showed the sonata form so
that the severest analyst could have
found no cause to complain; but the
sonata was a lifeless thing. The Haydn
variations were without the grace and
the shades of tone color that alone lend
interest to a performance of them.
Chopin was for once a dealer in prose.
I do not see how a man of Mr. Rum-
mel's reputation could play the preludes
without one touch of romanticism. The
fourth prelude, for instance, was abso-
lutely dry, rigid, inconsequential. The
brilliance and the dash of the Strauss-
Tausig waltz were labored and per-
functory.

A fair sized audience was generous
with applause.

Philip Hale.

Our life draws near unto the great and
popular assemblies of the Olympic games,
wherein some, to get the glorie, and to win
the goal of the games, exercise their bodies
with all industry; others, for greediness of
gain, bring thither merchandise to sell;
others there are (and those be not the worst)
that seek after no other good, but to mark,
how, wherefore, and to what end, all things

are done, and to be spectators or observers of other men's lives and actions, that so they may the better judge and direct their own.

Mr. Parker has introduced in the Legislature of Ohio a bill that requires "all persons applying for license to marry to pass a medical examination." His idea is not new. Ancient philosophers approved of it, Sir Thomas More advocated it in his Utopia, and certain savages have put it into practice.

The applicants should also be visited while they are asleep, that the question of snoring may be determined satisfactorily.

We recommend as a candidate for the hand of any rich, handsome Ohio woman that is sound in wind and limb and is warranted kind the Honorable Mr. McConnell—we believe his baptismal name is Frank—who bashed Colonel Griffo to the joy of beholders. "Mr. McConnell is a wonderful specimen of muscular development, weighing about 143 pounds. He is of the rangy build with a hard punch with either hand, and has a splendid guard." All up for McConnell!

The bookkeeper who went wrong to the surprise of many "lived quietly and unostentatiously, apparently well within his income."

"Unostentatiously"—that is he made no lavish display of wealth; he drove no high-bred horses; unlike Mr. Frick, the mæcenas of Pittsburgh, he bought no painting by Pascal Adolphe Jean Dagnan-Bouveret for the blazing sum of \$100,000; he did not own the finest collection of first editions; nor did he pay taxes on a summer palace in Newport. No. He lived "apparently well within his income."

And what was the income received by him for discharging his duty in a position of trust?

It was \$18 per week.

This bookkeeper is 69 years old, and his wife is an invalid.

We regret to see people in Dover Street petitioning for a change of name, from Dover to East Berkeley. The old name is familiar to every one, and it bears with it hosts of associations. The preposterous reason is advanced that if the name East Berkeley be given, the tone of the street will be raised. But do you not know that there are queer people, quibsy characters whose address is Beacon Street? Some time ago certain citizens in Falmouth Street succeeded in having the name Saint Stephen given to that portion of Falmouth the other side of Massachusetts Avenue; and, pray, with what result? The established name of a street should not be played with lightly.

Is Chapman Street any the better for its new name?

It is a pity that a postman should not be content with the appropriation of books that were intended for other owners, and should remove the sympathy of book lovers far from him by showing an uncontrollable passion for jewelry. No thoughtful person censures severely a bibliophile. Several times we have been tempted to steal Sir Richard F. Burton's "Arabian Nights," but there were 16 volumes and the suspicious clerk never left our right elbow.

We asked our esteemed correspondent, F. H. M., why he used the word cantatrice. Thus does he reply: "Why do I use the term 'cantatrice' in referring to Nordica? 'Well,' in the language of Maine's Burglar Poet, 'I'll tell you why.' It is just as good a word as 'cantata,' which you will allow is a

good English noun of hoary authority; and the name of a style of musical and literary composition which cantatrices have been known to assume a part in the rendition. It is shorter than the hyphenated 'prima donna,' and it looks as if it was an aristocratic peg or two above 'songstress,' 'soprano,' 'singer,' 'singeress,' 'song-bird,' or 'warbler.' 'Nightingale' is preferable, perhaps, but ever since my old friend, Patrick Balgarry, wrote his first American poem and made the American nightingale 'warble in the watter,' I have deemed it not graphic as applied to anything that warbled elsewhere. Why, O genial talker, do you make a somebody in Paris see 'the monde' and 'demi-monde,' when he saw only the Parisian world and its naughty girls." "Cantata," oh, F. H. M., as it is now understood by musicians, is a specific term for a specific thing, and it has no synonym in English. "Cantatrice," which found its way into the English language about 150 years after "cantata" was borrowed, has synonyms.

But "prima-donna" is not one of them. A "prima donna" is always a "cantatrice," but not every "cantatrice" is a "prima donna."

It is true that Mrs. Nordica is a "cantatrice"—if you insist on hifalutin; she is also a singer.

We regret to find you using the term "rendition" in the sense of "performance." If a singer tears a song into pieces, her performance may then be called a "rendition."

"Demi-monde" is not synonymous with "naughty girls." The word itself is untranslatable. If you use "demi-monde," why not use monde by way of contrast? If you say "world" and "half world," the terms do not say what you precisely mean. We again insist that "cantatrice" is a vile term.

The New York Times, speaking of the great storm, is moved to say:

"Boston fell a very early prey to the overhead trolley, which a number of speculators endeavored to introduce into New York. The firm stand made against the introduction of it was one of the most creditable and useful things that New York ever did for itself. But for that resolute resistance the underground trolley would never have been brought to the point of practicability. It is obviously cheaper to erect poles and string wires, to the defacement of a city, than to dig trenches and arrange for the insulation in them of electric currents. By rejecting the former method New York compelled the introduction of the latter, which has continued to operate through the storms of this winter with only an occasional and comparatively trifling failure."

ALEXANDER SILOTI,

The Russian Pianist, Made His First Appearance at a Symphony Concert Last Evening in Music Hall.

The program of the 14th Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 6 (Pathetic).....Tschalkowsky
Concerto for piano, No. 2.....Tschalkowsky
Overture "1812".....Tschalkowsky

The extreme length of Tschalkowsky's second concerto was a stumbling block to pianists as well as audiences. It was played here—I understand in its original form—by Mrs. Madeline Schiller at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association in 1882. The second edition of the score is "revised and shortened according to the composer's directions by A. Siloti," and Mr. Aphrop tells us that his analysis in the program-book was written with reference to further cuts made by the pianist.

It was a great pleasure to see and hear Mr. Siloti. There is a short sketch of him in the illustrated supplement of the Journal this morning, so I shall not repeat it here. It is enough to say that as he was an intimate friend of Tschalkowsky, he plays the works of that composer with genuine authority.

His European reputation had preceded him, and yet I doubt whether those of us who were strangers to his performance had much, if any, idea of his distinguishing characteristics. He came, he played, he conquered. He triumphed gloriously.

Concerning the technic it is enough to say that it is developed to the highest degree. This technic is absolute, so that when it serves as the medium of expression, the hearer has no thought of difficulties to be overcome. It would be a tempting task to compare the technic of Siloti with that of Rosenthal and D'Albert; but what good purpose would such comparison serve? It is better to say simply that the technic of Siloti is modern and at the same time individual. You are not reminded of other pianists by him. Other pianists, similarly equipped, are perhaps more heroic; or on the other hand more sensuous; but we should remember that Mr. Siloti has been heard thus far only in a concerto that may not call for the display of heroism, or profound thought, or sensuous charm.

The chief impression made on me last night by Mr. Siloti's superb performance were elegance and repose. His tone was peculiarly individual, and I find it hard to define the charm. There are the words "crystalline," "crisp" and the like, but Mr. Siloti's touch is something nearer and farther, as Walt Whitman puts it. The tone never offends in fortissimo; it makes its way in passages of the most extreme delicacy. Unlike certain pianists of fluency and elegance, he sings his melody, and his legato is as distinguished and apart as are his "non legato" and staccato.

I do not find him a cold player. As I have said, his concerto of Tschalkowsky is not inherently sensuous or heroic or profound. The second movement, with its solo for violin with counter figures in a solo cello, is at the best delightful salon music. It might easily be made sentimental. Now, Mr. Siloti played the theme with rare tenderness, and this tenderness was not feigned, it was true. The simplicity was unaffected; there was no attempt to be unduly eloquent. And the pianist who, in this movement, can suggest a mood or inspire reverie (without falling into temptation) by ennobling the music as it were by the sweetness—a sweetness not cloying, but real and fragrant—is surely not a cold player, is surely not an animated and marvelous machine.

Here was most admirable art. And the case, the modesty of the man! There was no attempt to startle or amaze; there was no dreamy gazing at the

audience, or inspired look to a ceiling. And I thought while he was playing that he remembered his dear, dead friend and was resolved to do him honor in a foreign city and in the presence of an alien folk.

The symphony was on the whole played with great breadth and passion. I believe that the second movement might flow more freely; perhaps it would be well to follow Richter's example and let the orchestra go its own gait; for the rigidity of a beat is out of keeping in such unusual time. And I do not think that there was sufficient grace-allegro con grazia—in this strange movement that suggests the desperate attempt of a man to be gay when at his heart he is sad. The third movement was performed with amazing fire—and to me this same third movement is indescribably great although I know it is despised by some. I admit the tinge of vulgarity and I like it. There is the whole of earthly success in this music; you hear the applauding shouts of the sweating mob. Success, as Victor Hugo said, is hideous. The irony of it all is in the dirge that follows. The answer to the shout of triumph is the death stroke of the gong in the finale. Dust and ashes!

The picturesque "1812" overture was written originally for performance in the open air. It was to have been played in the public square before the cathedral by a colossal orchestra, and the big drums were to be replaced by salvos of artillery. Why not make an experiment on Boston Common? When it is made, I hope the bells will be sounded more accurately.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Personnel of Damrosch-Ellis Opera Company.

A Description of the Chief and Celebrated Artists.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

When the season of grand opera by the Damrosch-Ellis Company opens in the Boston Theatre on Feb. 21, for the first time Boston will have a company able to gratify all the varied tastes of its music-loving public. For those who prefer to all else the operas of the French school with their adroit mingling of lyric and dramatic qualities, their opportunities for beautiful singing and merry acting, "Faust," "Roméo and Juliet," "The Huguenots," "Carmen" and "Manon" are to be sung. For others that find their keenest pleasure in the melodic beauty and charm, with more or less dramatic feeling underneath, of the Italians, "Lucia," "The Barber of Seville," "La Traviata" and "Rigoletto," the more dramatic "Aida," and the stormy little music dramas of the young Italians, like Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" are to be given. Those that find their fullest enjoyment in the opera and the music dramas of Wagner, can range from "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" through "Tristan and Isolde" and "Die Meistersinger" to the fourfold tragedy of the "Ring of the Nibelung." The repertory comprises the operas just named, with others, and they are put there to be performed with all fairness as they shall find favor with the public. With Mmes. Melba, Barna, Seygard and Messrs. Ibos, Salignac, Boudouresque, Rains and Campanari chiefly for French and Italian opera, and Mmes. Nordica, Gadske and Staudigl and Messrs. Kraus, Breuer, Fischer, Staudigl and Stehmann for German, Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Ellis have kept the balance very even. The two conductors, Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Bimboni, likewise, are both fitted for the share in the work of the winter. There is also to be an adequate ensemble in scenery, costumes and stage groupings. The audience of today wishes that its eye be pleased as well as its ear delighted, and its feelings moved. The fuller the illusion, the better it likes it. In fine, the singing actors, the chorus, the orchestra, and the stage pictures are all to make part of a balanced whole. Mr. Martersteig, the stage manager, has intelligence, general capability, and he has had experience in Mannheim, Stuttgart and in Russia. As for the chorus, which Mr. Schenck and Mr. Fried, the assistant conductors, have particularly in hand, the singers have been picked from that of last year, and from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and strengthened by other choristers whom Mr. Bimboni chose in Italy and brought hither with him. The orchestra, needless to say, is the New York Symphony Orchestra, as excellent a body of men as Mr. Damrosch ever had at his command, and

well prepared by work together in previous seasons for their share in the coming performances.

And now a word as to the singers as individuals, and in particular as to those that are new to Boston. The most conspicuous of these is Mr. Ibos, the new tenor, now 35 years of age, and in the fullness of his artistic prime. Trained at the Conservatory in Paris, he passed thence to the Opéra, where he made his first appearance as Fernando in Donizetti's "Favorita" in 1885. There he remained for three years, widening his repertory and gaining fresh praise. Subsequently he has sung in Madrid, Warsaw and other European cities, with constant praise.

Warm and sweetness are his dominating characteristics, but vigor is not wanting. His voice is remarkable for its freshness, compass and flexibility. Firm and powerful in passages calling for energy, it is sweet and tender in sentimental moments. His management of breath is extraordinary. He holds, with a single breath, and without effort, middle D for 52 seconds, and his mastery of phrasing is due largely to such a natural gift.

Boudouresque, the new basso, is more than usually a singer by inheritance. Not only was his father an eminent basso, but he has been his son's only teacher in the art of song and in operatic acting. He has enjoyed also the advantages of the traditions and the discipline of the Opéra Comique at Paris, where he first appeared in 1889, and where he sang with success for three years. Subsequently he has appeared in many European cities, notably in the admirable companies that Jerbin gathers each winter at Monte Carlo. His ardent Southern temperament gives warmth to his acting, and the training of so esteemed a singer as his father and of the Opéra Comique suggests his skill in singing. In appearance he is tall, well built and of fine carriage that suits well with such parts as St. Bris in "The Huguenots," or Capulet in "Romeo."

Mr. Breuer like all Mr. Damrosch's and Mr. Ellis's tenors, is still a young man—a tenor, so to say, by the discovery of his voice by his friends when he was hesitating between business and the law. Mrs. Wagner likewise found him out, and he was trained at Bayreuth under Kneise, especially for the part of Mime in "Rheingold" and "Siegfried," in which he appeared at the festival of 1896, with praise that witnesses his worth as a drama singer in a very difficult part. His finesse in acting and in singing won him applause, and subsequently in the Opera House at Breslau increased his repertory and increased his reputation.

Mr. Staudigl is scarcely a newcomer, but when he last sang in America, as a member of the company of the Metropolitan Opera House, he went little outside of New York. There he sang in important baritone parts, and his repertory is by no means limited to Wagner's operas and music dramas. His versatility, indeed, is one of his chief characteristics.

Of the new female singers, Mrs. Barna is a Californian, and the daughter of Judge Barnard of San Francisco. Her early training she received in that city. Some years ago she came East and made her home in Boston, where she sang in concert with the Cecilia Society and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Going to Europe, she completed her training under Sbriglia and Marchesi, and subsequently she has been singing with much success in Italy. Her repertory contains the classic and modern Italian operas, and in the highly dramatic "Andréa Chénier" of Giordano, and in Puccini's "La Bohème," she has sung recently and with praise. The range, purity, resonance and emotional quality of her voice fit her also for Wagnerian parts.

Camille Seygard, a soprano, is a Frenchwoman of attractive presence and with a voice that is pure, agreeable and flexible. She studied in Paris and made her first appearance in opera at Covent Garden in 1888, as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." A few months later, under the name of Marcolini, she appeared at the Opéra Comique, Paris, as Rosina in Rossini's "Barber of Se-

vile," where she found favor, and appeared in other parts. She has sung since in all the larger cities of Europe. She came to this country last year, when as a member of the Damrosch Opera Company she sang as Carmen in Boston, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Like most singers trained in the French fashion, she is skilled in significant details in her phrasing and her action, and she has the finish that work at the Opéra Comique usually imparts.

Gisella Staudigl, whose husband is also a member of the company, is a pupil of Marchesi and sang at first in the Court Opera House in Karlsruhe. Since then she has appeared in many German cities, and in particular at Bayreuth, where as Brangäne and Mag-

...the last five years she has been with the Berlin Opera, her parts ranging from the tragic Brünnhilde to the sprightly Vitellia in Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito." She has received the golden Ludwig medal "Für Kunst und Wissenschaft," and has been decorated by Duke George of Meiningen. She has a voice of unusual compass, which allows her an extensive repertoire as an opera and concert singer. She takes parts allotted to sopranos, mezzo-sopranos and contraltos, and the variety of her roles shows her to be of considerable dramatic skill.

Of the singers already known and esteemed in the country Melba heads the list.

Every circumstance favored her return to America. Long since she recovered from her serious illness of last winter, and in opera at Covent Garden in London early in the summer and a few weeks ago in a series of concerts in the chief cities of England and of Scotland, she sang with all her wonted beauty and brilliancy. While unable to sing last winter she busied herself with the preparation of two new parts in which she has never appeared in America—Alda in Verdi's opera, and Rosina in "The Barber of Seville." At first we in America saw Melba chiefly as mistress of the art of song, endowed with a voice that was nearly a perfect instrument for its practice. But two years ago as Manon in Massenet's opera she showed no little skill as an actress, and won the praise of those even that had come mistrusting. Of her voice and her mastery of the art of song there is only to repeat the praise that in the last five years has traversed the length and the breadth of Europe and America. When she first came hither, her singing seemed the ideal of bel canto, and in the intervening years her voice has grown warmer and mellower.

How, step by step, by sheer force of musical and dramatic intelligence, by the hard work and keen condition, Mrs. Nordica advanced from Elsa to Isolde, then to the Brünnhilde of "Siegfried," and so forward, is a familiar story. Her place is fixed now in the operatic stage, and especially in the heroic parts of Wagner's music dramas. From one point of view, Mrs. Nordica's regard has come late, but it has come, too, with compensating fullness and as the deserved result of much work well done. In all that she does she seems always striving to be at her best.

Mrs. Gadsby is one of the few of the younger German singers whose artistic progress we in America have had opportunity to watch. Before she came hither she had sung with much success in Berlin and in Bremen, and had been invited to appear at Bayreuth. But she has no taste for self-exploitation, and when she appeared first in New York in the spring of 1895, she was almost unheralded. As Elsa she seemed the genuine heroine of Wagner; she was an Elizabeth who could both love Tannhäuser and recoil at his tales of the Venusberg; her Eve had maidenly simplicity and sweetness. Her voice was sympathetic, and her method pleased even those lovers of bel canto in its purity who are wary of German singing. Since then she has sung each year in Mr. Damrosch's company with steady progress.

Ernst Kraus, the Wagnerian tenor of the company, is at his best, and there is little need to recall his full, vibrant and sympathetic voice, his superb physique and the freshness and vigor of his youth that made him an ideal Siegfried, in many respects the most difficult of the Wagner roles to fill satisfactorily. No Siegfried since Alvary in his prime was to be compared to him in persuasive illusion. His Lohengrin, and especially his Tannhäuser, were nearly as warmly commended, and his Siegmund in "Die Walküre" had abundant praise. Ill-health vexed him during the latter part of his stay in America, but rest has restored him, and in his recent appearances in Berlin he has shown all the admirable qualities that distinguished his work in America last winter.

Mr. Salignac, though he has hitherto sang but one winter in the United States, and then mainly in New York, left an enduring recollection of his merits as a dramatic singer. In "Carmen" his Jose was well-nigh a match in passion for Mrs. Calvé's gypsy, and had the audience been prepared for it, it would have made almost equal impression. The final scene, indeed, he fairly divided with her. As Romeo also in Gounod's opera he showed the same intensity, variety and felicity of style, alike as singer and actor. His long training on the admirable stage of the Opera Comique in Paris has taught him the worth of detail in song and in action, while the sweetness and charm of his voice admirably suits it to lyric passages.

Mr. Giuseppe Campanari has not only a most admirable baritone voice, but he is an actor of exceptional skill, and,

with all, a sound singer. In his repertoire are found united in such high degree the one man, and their presence in Mr. Campanari has won for him with the hard work, a conspicuous place in opera. As a singer, he is notable for his pure, virile, moving voice, free delivery, broad and intelligent phrasing and keen dramatic feeling. As an actor, in tragic parts like Rigoletto, and Tonio ("Pagliacci"), he is full of dramatic intensity. In comedy like the "Barber of Seville," he shows a keen sense of humor, gayety and lightness of touch. Whether it be in the modern Italian, realistic operas, or the older lyrical works, or the half cynical, half dramatic operas of the French composers, he is always master of his scene; dominating when he should dominate, strengthening ensemble without personal obtrusiveness. His principal parts there have been Ford (in "Falstaff"), created by him in this country with notable success, Valentine, Germont, Rigoletto, Mercutio, Amonasco, Escamillo, Alfio and Tonio.

David Bispham, who will share with Mr. Campanari the leading baritone part, is a native born Philadelphian, and it was in that city that began his musical career. A broad and solid foundation, laid by a collegiate education and experience in the practical affairs of the world, has given him a liberal and sane view of his artistic work. This solidity, won by early training, has thus proved an excellent background for his artistic instincts, and has made Mr. Bispham one of the most satisfactory singers, perhaps rather, singing actors, that this country has yet produced. No detail in his work is too small to be overlooked; and yet so nice is its balance that in case of small things he never forgets the whole, thus giving to it an admirable symmetry. Until 1885 he lived in Philadelphia, during which time he sang in St. Mark's Church as solo bass. In that year he went to Europe, where he studied under Vannucini, Lamperti and Shakespeare. Since 1891 he has been singing constantly in opera, oratorio and concert with unvarying success. His operatic repertoire is varied and comprehensive, embracing the French, German and Italian schools; but it is as a Wagnerian singer that he has won his greatest note in this country.

To name Emil Fischer is to recall Hans Sachs in Wagner's "Meistersinger," so thoroughly has he made the part his own. To most of the younger generations in America he was the first Sachs in time, leaving an impression of ideal fitness for the part that none of his successors have been able to erase or diminish. He appears again in this winter, and in other of his familiar parts that have shown, time and again, his authority as a singer, his skill as an actor, and his fine regard for the composer's intentions and the harmony and force of the whole effect.

Mr. Stehmann, like many of his associates in the company, is notable for his versatility. His voice, nominally a baritone, has a wide range above and below the normal compass. He is capable of singing in German, in Italian and in French. He is acquainted with many parts, familiar and unfamiliar, and like most German singers, he is ready and willing to bear his share in any unexpected emergency. In the two years in which he has been with Mr. Damrosch's company in America he has proved his worth in a dozen parts, sometimes conquering singularly adverse circumstances. His own work is careful enough to occupy him; but his executive ability and wide knowledge make him a very useful adviser in nearly every department of stage management.

Three promising young singers, with wide reputations still to make, are also members of the company. Mlle. Toronto, a notable pupil of Marchesi, who has sung with praise in concerts at Paris and has been highly trained for opera; Mr. Rains, a young American bass, with a voice and style that augur well for his future, and Mr. Van Hoose, a light tenor of some experience, who is destined for such parts as Eric in "The Flying Dutchman."

Add to these Mmes. Van Gautheren and Mattfield and Messrs. Vanni and Viviani for the minor parts, in which they have shown unvarying usefulness and competence, and the list of the company is complete.

Last is the new conductor, Mr. Orceste Bimboni, and for those that heard him conduct the performances of Verdi's "Aida" in Boston last year there is little need to recall his worth. It justified at a stroke the reputation he has long enjoyed in Europe as an operatic conductor of high rank, known from London to Bucharest, and from London to Naples. Fine musical intelligence, adroit and patient head of detail, nice sense of proportion, imagination, warmth, and power to move his men, the singers and the audience all seemed

to be his. A. M. F. L. C. M. U. and Giorgio revealed the young Italian as a composer, so made them known as conductors. He is a controlling artist, who plays upon his orchestra as upon an instrument.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Anton Bruckner is to have a monument at Steyr, his birthplace.

Nuremberg is to have a new city-theatre which will hold between 1500 and 1700.

The Opera at Paris in nine performances of "Die Meistersinger" last December took in 192,000 francs.

Betty Goll-Pfeiffer, once an operetta soubrette, died Jan. 5 at Kuchelhofen. She was born in 1825 at Würzburg.

"The Vision of the Throne," a religious cantata, music by N. H. Sprague, will be performed for the first time at Grace Church, Providence, Feb. 11.

Camillo Banda and Adriano Adrioni propose to compete at Milan for \$200, playing the piano without stopping for between 50 and 60 hours until one cries "Hold, enough!"

There will be a great Saxon Music Festival at Dresden this year. The Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig will take part in it, as well as the royal orchestra of Dresden.

Mix Schillings in Munich is at work on a new opera. There will be a systematic use in the orchestration of Dr. Alfred Stelzner's "Violotta," which is a cross between a viola and a cello.

Liege is more musically awake than Boston. Weingartner's "Gedichte der Erlangen" and Alexander Ritter's "Olafs Hochzeitsreigen" were produced there lately at the second of Dupuis's concerts.

Mrs. Ivan Caryll (Miss Geraldine Ulmar) is still suffering from the effects of the serious carriage accident which recently happened to her. The compound fracture of the ankle has not yet been healed.

Richard Strauss's symphonic poem, "Don Quixote, phantastische Variationen auf ein ritterliches Thema," is finished. It will be produced at a Gürzenich concert in Cologne this winter. There is a prominent part for a cello obbligato.

Cosima Wagner has in her possession, according to Wagner's friend, Mr. Hecke, four unpublished completed plays by her husband, entitled "Luthy," "Frederick the Great," "Hans Sachs's Second Marriage," and "Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar."

Portraits of celebrated musicians who

have had to do with the Munich opera will adorn the corridors of the opera house to celebrate its 120th anniversary, Oct. 7. Grützner will paint August Kindermann; Holmberg, von Perfall; Stuck, Levi; Uhde, Nachbour.

Mr. Felix Winteritz, the excellent violinist of Boston, is on a concert tour that will include Worcester, Springfield, North Adams, Hartford and Baltimore. His program includes a concerto by Bazzini, Ernst's Erlking, Bach's sonata in G and chaconne, the Mendelssohn concerto, etc.

One critic calls for an Ibsen who shall make comic opera less conventional. A brave effort in this direction was an amateur work given the other day in New Orleans. One act was in this country, another in the planet Saturn, and the third in hell. But Offenbach anticipated this last situation.—New York Sun.

"Arpeggien, musikalisches aus alten und neuen Tagen" is the title of a book by Rudolph Freiherr von Prochazka, a music critic in Prague, published in Dresden. The book is reviewed on the whole unfavorably by the Allgemeine Musik Zeitung; although credit is given for certain interesting historical revelations. The chapters appeared originally in various newspapers.

Oscar Eichberg, composer, teacher, for many years music-critic of the Berlin Börsen-Courier, died Jan. 13 in Berlin. He was born in that city Jan. 21, 1845. A pupil of Lösehorn and Kiel, he was modern in his sympathies, a staunch Wagnerite. As a man he is spoken of in the highest terms. From 1879 to 1889 he published a musical calendar; for a year and a half he edited the N. Berliner Musikzeitung; and for 15 years he conducted a choral society.

The music of the Twenty-second Annual Festival of Parish Choirs to be held this year under the auspices of the Choir Guild of the Diocese of Massachusetts will consist of G. C. Martin's Te Deum in C, Barnby's Magnificat and Nunn's Dimittis in D, Martin's "The Great Day of the Lord," Tour's "I shall come to pass," Garrett's "In humble faith and holy love," Goss's "Fear not, O land," Atwood's "Turn Thee again, O Lord," Cruikshank's "Praise the Lord," Sullivan's "Sing, O heavens."

The proposed comic opera company in which Lillian Russell and Jessie Bartlett Davis were to be united will probably not be formed. Miss Davis is anxious to appear in pieces which give the leading role to the contralto, while Miss Russell is equally disposed toward those which put most of the responsibility on the soprano. An arrangement by which they would appear on alternate evenings might be more satisfactory, but is not contemplated, as the object of the plan would be to gain strength from the coalition.

C. Villiers Stanford's mass in G and Augusto Rotoli's hymn, "Glory to God," will be publicly performed by the choir of St. James's Church, Harrison Avenue, near Kneeland, Friday night, Feb. 11. The performance will begin at 8 o'clock. Mr. Rotoli will conduct it. The quartet, which will be assisted by the regular chorus of 60 voices, will be made up of Miss Elizabeth Clahane, soprano; Miss Waltman,

contralto; Th. F. Johnson, tenor; and Joseph Smith, bass. The performance will be by the Worcester Knicker, the organist, in memory of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Among the works to be performed at the Triennial Festival, to be held at Leeds next autumn, are "Elijah," a Mass in B minor, Beethoven's Choral Symphony, and a Cantata entitled "Caractacus," specially composed for the festival by Mr. Edward Elgar. The pitch of the Leeds Town Hall organ is shortly to be lowered. With reference to this decision, Sir Arthur Sullivan, the conductor of the festival, states, in a letter to the committee, that he has no objection to the alteration, but he nevertheless warns them that there will be probably some trouble with the wind instruments. This, however, he will do his best to overcome.

Mr. George Benjamin Allen, the well-known conductor and composer, died recently at Brisbane, New South Wales. Mr. Allen, who was born in London in 1822, was the conductor who, in the old Opera Comique days, first produced here Gilbert and Sullivan's "Sorcerer," "H. M. S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance." His wife and pupil, professionally known as Miss Alice May, was the original Aline in "The Sorcerer." He composed several operas (one of which, "The Viking," in five acts, has not yet been produced), besides three cantatas, many part songs, and about 300 other compositions, some of which were extremely popular. Alice May died in this country in 1887.

Mr. Frangcon-Davies, assisted by the Philharmonic Orchestra, made his first appearance in Berlin Jan. 14. The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung describes him as a richly endowed singer. "His voice is not one of extraordinary strength; when it goes beyond its natural working limits it sounds hard, it shakes, and the intonation is no longer precise; nevertheless when it is used normally it is rich, sympathetic, and expressive. High proficiency in the art of song is not as noticeable as the living, warm feeling that permeates each tone. In hearing him we are now struck chiefly by his temperament, the youthful freshness of his organ, his musical nature; he has yet to acquire the finest polish in tone-production. Although he does not speak a word of German, he sang the monologue of Hans Sachs 'Was duftet doch der Flieder' and Wotan's Abschied with remarkably clear and distinct pronunciation." Mr. Frangcon-Davies also sang "Honor and Arms" and Sullivan's "Templar's Love Song."

Three novelties were produced by the Philharmonischer Chor (Siegfried Ochs, conductor), in Berlin, Jan. 17. The first of these was "Sylvesterlocken," by Hans Koessler, who is at present teacher of composition at the Budapest Music Academy. His published works are a 16-voice Psalm a capella (which won a prize), a string quartet, a violin concerto, and this "Sylvesterlocken," a requiem for solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ. The text is by Max Kalbeck. The music is conspicuous for artistic treatment, contrapuntal handling (as in a quadruple fugue in the second part, and a noble fugue as a finale), sensitive feeling for orchestration, and for sympathetic and truly musical expression of the serious, solemn text rather than for originality of invention. The work recalls the earnest, chaste style of Kiehl, and Brahms has influenced the composer. Stenhammer's "Snöfrid" was the second novelty. The poem by Victor Rydberg tells of the meeting of Gunnar with Snöfrid, the daughter of an old man, and their voyage. A storm drives the ship against a rock. Gold mining, treasure-hoarding dwarfs are heard calling seductively to Gunnar to exchange his soul for their treasure and an undisturbed existence in the arms of his sweetheart. Snöfrid awakens in the breast of Gunnar the consciousness of many worth, that a hero should fight for that which is good and for the weak even though he should thereby lose his life, and if he remain true to himself he will be rewarded, after the toll and anguish of earthly life, by reunion with her in the abode of light. Stenhammer, who was already known in Berlin as pianist and composer, is intensely modern in this work. Wagner influenced him mightily, and there are suggestions of the Venusberg, Waldweben, Titirels Todtenfeier, Kundry's attempt at Parsifal, etc. The critics also found indisputable character drawing, decided melody, and mastery over individual harmonic combinations. Great things are prophesied of this composer. The third novelty, "Hagestolz," by Arnold Mendelssohn, is a setting of a song in Heine's "Stimmen der Völker." It is said to be extremely difficult and of a rhythmically declamatory character. It is also said to abound in fine humor; to be melodious, and to be orchestrated ingeniously.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Jan. 19 spoke thus of Mr. De Greef, the pianist: "Yesterday afternoon, at the St. James's Hall, Mr. Arthur De Greef gave the first of his pianoforte recitals, and proved himself the possessor of a style of rare brilliance, energy and distinction. Mr. De Greef has an intense sympathy with his instrument; he seems to realize its spirit, its fundamental idea, its artistic possibilities; and he plays it accordingly with every kind of confidence and facility. This being stated as a general prelude, we are able more or less to gather from his playing of yesterday something of the kind of music in which he excels, and in which he falls short. He played, for instance, Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, and succeeded in producing a very different sort of effect from each movement. The 'Allegro Assai,' for example, went with a curiously modern sentiment; for some reason or other Mr. De Greef reminded us a little of Mottl's conducting, who is never so delighted as when he is interpreting, say, Beethoven's work as though it had been written by Wagner. We cannot, indeed, truthfully say that this particular Allegro sound-

ed like an extract from Parsifal; but it did show a sentiment of nervous unrest which one has been chary to admit as possible in the work of so finely equipped a musician as Beethoven, whose most jarring emotions find utterance in what to modern ears seems necessary, formal and classic. Mr. De Greef was less successful in the fine An-a-ute movement, the second portion of the Sonata. Here the modernity of his feeling gave a spurious air of sentimentality to the composition that struck us as being altogether unworthy; it was the modernity (may one say?) not of life, but of the chromo-lithograph. In the final movement, however, he redeemed himself brilliantly. Freed from all possible temptations of sentimentality, with just a magnificently constructed body of absolute music before him, Mr. De Greef tackled his subject with wonderful distinction and success. We do not think that, as a Beethoven player, Mr. De Greef stands on the generally high level which distinguishes Mr. D'Albert; but we do not remember even from Mr. D'Albert to have heard a single passage, a separate and isolated movement, played with so dazzling and admirable an effect as that which Mr. De Greef achieved in this final movement of the Beethoven Sonata. We are inclined to think that in it he summed up his best qualities, although he interpreted with even greater brilliance and facility Saint-Saëns's disagreeable set of exercises in the music of Gluck's "Alceste." We use such a word as disagreeable in connection with such a composition as this because it seems really to be one of the most wanton things in the world. Saint-Saëns has taken this almost consecrated music of Gluck's, and has twisted and turned it into every shape that is possible to a versatile, but, we are sorry to say, unsympathetic mind. Highly as one praises Mr. De Greef's accomplishment in his playing of this tawdry bit of cheap effectiveness, it was impossible not to feel sorry that talent so fine should be devoted to work of so doubtful a value. M. Saint-Saëns should have something more interesting to do than cover the old velum of Gluck's stately music with the water-color illustrations of a modern Christmas card."

Alexandre Siloti.

Alexandre Siloti, who appears for the first time in this city, is one of the most distinguished pianists in Europe. He was born Oct. 10, 1863, at Charkow, South Russia. He studied at the Moscow Conservatory from 1875 to 1881, under Sweroff, Nicolas Rubinstein, Tschaiakowsky and Hubert; from 1883 to 1886 under Liszt. He made his first appearance in 1880 in Moscow at a concert given by the Music Society. His appearance in 1883 at Leipzig in a concert of the Tonkünstler Versammlung provoked stormy applause. Since then he has given concerts throughout Europe. He first appeared in London, May 26, 1892, when he played pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, Rubinstein, Schubert. He made his first appearance in the United States at New York, Jan. 25, 1897, when he played an abridged and revised edition of the second concerto by Tschaiakowsky; Chopin's Etude No. 7, op. 25, Liszt's 14th rhapsodie.

Since he left Moscow he has made Paris and then Antwerp his home; he now lives in Leipzig.

The New York Sun gave this description of him: There is a new pianist in town who will make an effort to attract the women by some personal charm fresher than the mere possession of long hair. He is Siloti, the Russian. The absence of Rosenthal has left the field practically to Pugno, and Siloti is the only other foreigner who has come to this country to share honors and profits with the Frenchman. Siloti is a mild-mannered young man with an intelligent and rather agreeable face. He is slender and dark-skinned and quite destitute of any of the remarkable physical peculiarities which have attracted attention to many musicians here and played some part in making them successful. But Siloti

is not altogether free from these little eccentricities of nature. On one side of his chin is a small mole and this is carefully trimmed and cherished by the pianist. It is as religiously cultivated as a moustache might be, and although there may be need of opera glasses, Siloti is not without the distinguishing peculiarity that the most successful of the visiting pianists have possessed. Silivinski was merely good looking and would only smile divinely, showing his white teeth. Stavenhagen might have been a grocer's clerk so far as his personal appearance went, and Rosenthal was not exceptional enough in looks to gain any particular favor from the women. M. Siloti is not going to rely on his merely agreeable appearance, nor will he, as Sieveking did, grow his hair long a couple of years too late. He has ornamented himself with something entirely new and so delicate, moreover, that it can only be observed after some effort."



ALEXANDRE SILOTI,
The celebrated Russian pianist

I am the mash'd fireman with breast-bone broken,
Tumbling walls buried me in their debris,
Heat and smoke I inspired, I heard the yelling shouts of my comrades,
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels.
They have clear'd the beams away, they tenderly lift me forth.
I lie in the night air in my red shirt, the pervading hush is for my sake,
Painless after all I lie exhausted but not so unhappy.
White and beautiful are the faces around me, the heads are bared of their fire-caps,
The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches.

"Died at the post of duty!" These are familiar words. May they never be unfamiliar in this city.

We doubt if there is anyone that can read unmoved the plain story of how six firemen met death in Merrimac Street. A boy is taught in school to admire the deeds of Greek bullies and Trojan boasters; to remember Leonidas and his band who combed their yellow hair as carefully as a bride adorns herself for her husband; to call brave soldiers and still braver martyrs by name. There is no need of crossing the ocean or of peering backward into the dusky years. There are heroes in these streets.

And now you may know the meaning of Whitman's lines:

Lads ahold of fire-engines and hook-and-ladder ropes no less to me than the gods of the antique wars,
Minding their voices peal through the crash of destruction,
Their brawny limbs passing safe over charr'd laths, their white foreheads whole and unhurt out of the flames.

The fireman was very dear to Whitman, and no one has spoken in more manly or more sympathetic fashion of his joy and death than has the poet who mixed freely with all sorts and conditions of men. He knew well the Mose and the Sikescy of the volunteer days in New York. (Have the plays of Chantrel in which the "soap lock" figured vanished entirely?) He would have recognized the truth of the description of Moses, the Sassy: "A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowls, which last air turned up over his boots; his hat, which it is a plug, being cockt onto one side of his classical head. In sooth, he was a heroic looking person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its harmlest days, near produced a more hefty cavalier." But he saw the manly, heroic stuff that was so cloaked in grotesque extravagance.

Charles Reade was another who appreciated this century and its heroes. Witness the description in "Very Hard Cash" of the turning of the insane asylum and the deeds of young Dodd. Do you remember Fitz James O'Brien's "Tenement House"? Mr. William Winter for some reason or other, did not see fit to include it in his edition of O'Brien's prose and poetry.

Those bellicose days when companies would fight in the street before, after, or even during the fire, are as remote to this young generation as the days of the rival houses of Verona; and there are some who shake their heads at the thought of such lawless strife. We believe that many lessons of value were taught in those rough years; the worth of a man was determined accurately; he was not merely a machine to fight fire or a fellow-men. The volunteer life played an important part in the development of citizenship.

All this reminds us that war as well as peace has its heroes. Many of them deserve pensions. The claims of others are, perhaps, open to investigation. What should be done, for instance, with the case of Mr. Abe Cumens, way down in the Mississippi Valley, who wrote the following letter:

"We was workin on the canal aroun Hand No 10. We was cutten down trees under water. Tha was a tug steamboat pullin out tha trees. One end of the rope was tached to tha Captain (capstan), tha other end to tha tree. The rope slack under the water. I war in tha water, tha water war up to my waste. I war straddled tha rope, but unbeknowns, al of a suddet tha sterner tooted, tha rope titened and I war throne hell to breakfast, and now by gum I want a pensin."

And what food would you give to fighters? There is an idea that large quantities of rare meat foster valor; but here comes Mr. Josiah Oldfield, M. A., who insists that the British soldier should be a vegetarian. "The Turkish army, fed on rice and beans and dates, has made a name for itself in the fighting world; and now, when we turn to the world-renowned Sikhs, we find that while their religion does not forbid flesh as food, yet, as a matter of fact, the Sikhs in country districts, whence the bulk of recruits comes, are practically vegetarians." The armies of Caesar and Cyrus lived chiefly on "frumentum."

They are still discussing the great storm. At the Porphyry the other night, they that go down to Jamaica Plain and Brookline in street cars were

speaking of enlaced delays, of broken engagements which were necessarily broken. And Old Chimes remarked in ecclesiastical tones, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled electric."

Feb 6. 98

Dwarf roses and dead lavender—
The false, white gown of woven wool
Fain of strange lights and colorful,
Beneath the shifty lamp ablur;

A noise of tangled winds that cry
At the pale windows—all the high,
Uneasy winds of dawn astir;

The bruised mouth where the shadows creep,
The lips all drooping, fain of sleep,
The hot breath, heavier than myrrh;

And in the tired unholy eyes
The weariness of love that dies,
Love's faintness in the throat of her—
Dwarf roses and dead lavender.

The Criterion, from which we quote this poem of Vance Thompson, is growing stronger and stronger. By this we do not mean that it is becoming ranker and ranker, although when you read some novel that has been described to you as "strong" you are obliged to hold your nose. The Criterion has a way of expressing its opinions freely. If these opinions were not as a rule couched in admirable English, we should say the Criterion blurs out what it thinks—without regard to the delicate public or the still more sensitive advertiser.

Thus we enjoyed its remarks concerning the "theatrical epilepsy" known as the benefit.

"If the hind legs of a stage elephant stubs his toe he is forthwith accorded a 'benefit'; if the treasurer of the Bowery Nickelodeon reaches his third anniversary he must have a benefit."

These remarks were called forth by the testimonial given lately to Mr. Dan Daly, who is held in high honor by the Criterion.

"Though Daly's work has been confined to that species of continuous vaudeville known as the musical comedy, he is really one of the few genuine artists of our stage. Like Dixey's, his genius receives less serious recognition than the plodding mechanism of many an old fogie, merely because it is not displayed in the 'legitimate.'"

"In truth, however, there is not one Shakspearian actor in a thousand whose temperament or whose technique has the perfection or individuality of Dan Daly's. He owes his irresistible make-up to Nature herself.

"A lean and hungry look, macabresque legs, a voice dank and clammy from the catacombs of his thorax—these collaborate with a morbid quietude of manner to make him a grotesque that Holbein would have hailed with delight."

Skill in expectoration will soon be numbered among the lost arts. You are forbidden to spit in street cars, you are forbidden to spit in many places where relief, especially in this climate, is necessary. There is talk of banishing that ingenious article of household furniture known as the spittoon—and by extremely nice persons as the cuspidor. One of the distinctive features of American civilization is threatened publicly and violently.

We do not defend the practice of spitting in street cars even when the offender shows marvelous precision or presents the variation of spitting through his teeth, an accomplishment which many in boyhood toil after as men after virtue. Alas, we never mastered it. If a lover of tobacco must chew, he should be a self-consumer. And yet there are occasions when ordinances against this form of relief may work disgust or injury.

This climate does not favor expectorative abstinence. It is perhaps too much to expect one suffering from influenza to stop a car and then rush to the gutter. All offences against good taste or good manners are largely matters of geography and chronology. Do you remember Montaigne's essay on Custom? Let us turn to it in Florio's brave translation: "There are others, who when the King spiteth, the most favoured Ladie in his court stretcheth forth her hand . . . Let us here by the way insert a tale. A French Gentleman was ever wont to blow his nose in his hand (a thing much against our fashion) maintaining his so doing, and who in wittle jesting was very famous. He asked me on a time, what privilege this filthy excrement had, that wee should have a daintie linnen cloth or handkercher to receive the same, and which is worse, so carefully fold it up, and keepe the same about us, which should be more loathsome to ones stomacke than to see it cast away."

And then for a moment in this statement of Mr. T. F. Elworthy, terms of disease present in foetid matter can pass into the body only through the breathed air, and hence to void the saliva which may have been impregnated by the foul odor is a natural act, and as involuntary, as the closing of an eye at a threatened blow. This is surely one of Nature's own lessons. Those who are too polite to expectorate, find upon careful scrutiny that a bad smell causes a flow of saliva to the mouth. Who knows whether 'good manners' may not have had some bad effect, and that many a case of diphtheria might have been avoided if it had never been considered vulgar to spit."

"The world where one amuses one's self." The cake walk is now an insignificant affair. We have received a circular headed "Corset Contest." It appears that at a reception and ball of the — Association, "four handsome corsets will be presented to the best formed ladies." The question naturally arises, "Does it pay to be strait-laced on such an occasion?"

No one is really well adapted for the companionship of children who has not this capacity (often made vain though it may be) for finding refreshment in exceedingly simple things. It is the distinction and, as it were, the nobility of children to make all things new. Dullness and vulgarity in the last instance are for the dissatisfied. Anne Brontë in her twaddling little novel speaks with cold aversion of the delight of the children committed to her charge when they had gathered something to chop and mince, and were accordingly chopping and mincing it together in a corner. These children, by her account, were decidedly not nice children, but, whatever they might be, they were to be pitied as the subjects of the fierce primness, the demure ferocity of any Brontë. The Brontës did not like children. When the fate of governesses is deplored, why, then, the fate of children is certainly deplorable.

Feb 8. 98
"Queen of the Ballet"
Cadet Show

The "Queen of the Ballet," a musical comedy in two acts, book by R. A. Barnett, music by Edward Corliss, with additional numbers by Alfred Norman, George Lowell Tracy, H. L. Heartz, W. E. Gould and Hastings Weblin, was presented last night for the first time on any stage at the Tremont Theatre at the Cadet theatricals. Mr. Barnett received "lyrical assistance" from F. W. Arnold, Jr., William M. Browne and H. R. Evans. The music was agreeably and felicitously orchestrated by George Lowell Tracy, who conducted the performance admirably. The cast was as follows:

Jack Harwicke.....	Walter S. Hawkins
Huney Jim.....	B. P. Cheney
Hon. Brassie Buiger.....	T. E. Stutson
Willie Putter.....	T. L. Drew
David Tooke.....	C. W. Cole
Johnny Blackstone Coke.....	T. M. Richards, Jr.
O'Hara.....	W. B. C. Fox
Billee Ros'n.....	Courtenay Gould
Beatrice Jerome.....	Sheafe C. Rose
Gretchen Dare.....	A. C. Stone
Phyllis Arkyle.....	L. C. Benton

This is by all odds the best book that Mr. Barnett has written, or rather composed for the Cadets. He has before this shown ingenuity in detail, keen observation, ability in using the fleeting fads or every day farcical episodes in life to make a point or stuff a scene, no small knowledge of human nature, and indisputable stage instinct. But his former books have been, in the main, of an old nature, episodic, scrappy, suggestive of lines to be fatted and scenes to be extended by professional comedians when the pieces were played on the road.

"The Queen of the Ballet" is more coherent, firmly knit and truly interesting. I read the book the other night, and I confess that I thought the dialogue was weak, inferior to the lyrics; but I remembered that the play which reads well is often a dismal failure when it is seen and heard, and therefore took my seat with hope born of experience and nourished in this instance by affection for the author and admiration for the Cadets. The very lines that seemed dull or futile in print made their way immediately across the footlights. Indicated business that left a doubt in the mind of the reader was irresistible when it was seen.

The piece is on a higher plane than those which have preceded it. There are true comedy touches, there are probable situations, there is less of the variety business, the stage is not kept waiting for a specialty. There are even suggestions of melodrama which are not displeasing when a laugh breaks in; as when Beatrice tells how her kind

old friend gave her a miniature and told her to be good because he had been so bad. There is a great deal of human nature in this piece, and Mr. Barnett has again utilized what he sees and hears in the street and in the office and during vacation weeks. I doubt if he would have written about golf so entertainingly as the sport of the rich if he had not spent last summer at Osterville, in which delightful place he worked out the scenario of this comedy. And in "The Queen of the Ballet" the different episodes seem an inherent part of the whole; they are not lugged in by the heels. The second act is in Venice at Carnival time, and surely anything may happen in the Carnival season.

The music serves its purpose exceedingly well. It is melodious without being hopelessly conventional. It is rhythmical without monotony, and it is seldom, very seldom dull or aggravatingly reminiscent. There are many numbers that linger in the memory, and will be heard in the streets. The most ambitious one, a serenade, at the beginning of Act II, is pretty and well made.

Of course it must not be forgotten that this music is written for male voices, and for singers who make little pretension to vocal art.

The performance gave pleasure to the cool, indifferent spectator as well as to the friends of the comedians. It is the fashion to say, "Yes, they are capital amateurs," but I do not think it is necessary or even honest to pat the Cadets on the head in any such patronizing fashion. There were impersonations last night that would have been creditable to professionals of repute.

Where all strive so earnestly, where all give time and labor so willingly to the drudgery of rehearsal, where some forget their business cares and sacrifice freely their duties and even their personal feelings in behalf of a common cause that is really a civic cause, it may seem invidious to particularize and call special attention to a few when the performance of so many was admirable. And yet I am sure that they who excelled deserve praise in full; nor will any member of the company grudge praise bestowed upon a comrade.

Remembering now the pleasure given by the company as a whole, I feel special gratitude for entertainment toward Mr. Stone for his delightful and incredible performance of Gretchen. Perhaps the highest praise is this: Whenever he appeared, the spectator immediately spoke of him as "she" or "her," according to grammatical construction.

There was no thought of a male masquerading in female costume. And when I saw him, graceful, feminine, alluring, fascinating, I appreciated the statement of Schopenhauer, that after all the male is the beautiful sex. The sight of other ladies of the ballet confirmed this opinion. Have you ever

seen girls genuine, certificated, warranted girls in golf costume—who approached in personal charm the short-skirted golfers of last night?

Even the hands and the feet of these men might well be envied by many well-appointed women. And there are soubrettes that wear triumphant diamonds who might well turn green watching the coquetry of Mr. Stone.

Unctuous in humor was the O'Hara of Mr. Fox, a born comedian of rare force. He was funny in repose as well as in action. He made his points directly and neatly. His bregue in the song was delightful, and he skillfully refrained from exaggeration or undue mugging. His business was fresh and spontaneous.

Mr. Richards was excellent as Blackstone Coke. He was authoritative even in an apparently inconsequential line. There was nothing vague about his impersonation. He established a character at once; he was not obliged to explain; he did not beat about the bush.

And time would fail me were I to tell of Mr. Stutson, who is always a sparkling fount of merriment, whose choice of a calling has been a loss to the comic stage; or of Mr. Benton as the grotesque Phyllis, a behest of fun; or of Mr. Rose, a desirable Beatrice, who played with due appreciation of feminine and artless wiles; or of the capital business in the song and chorus about Lucy; or of the graceful trio dance by Messrs. Seafie, Perkins and Drew; or of the chorus and dance of the Automotons; or of the refreshing pronunciation of the word "ballet;" or of the apparition of Shylock and his daughter; or of the children from the dramatic class of the Dorothea Dix Home.

I liked Mr. Cheney in the second act better than in the first. For a long time, until he warmed to his work, he was nervous, vague, characterless; and

his singing was not so positively bad as to be funny in the second act just as he began to shape his part. His performance was practically at an end. Mr. Hawkins sang at times with taste, and in action showed a decided gain in consequence of professional experience. Mr. Cole, as villain, disappointed me because he did not smoke cigarettes; he wore the proper clothing—immaculate evening dress—but he had no cigarette case, and his laugh was too legato. Mr. Drew was a satisfactory second to Mr. Stutson.

For a first performance the piece went smoothly, and Mr. Tracy by his nerve and authority saved the serenade. The costumes were unusually handsome. A brilliant audience gave constant manifestations of delight. The Cadets, and Mr. Barnett and his assistants, are to be congratulated heartily.

Philip Hals.

Want to Syracuse
Feb 9. 98

CHAMBER MUSIC.

Second Concert of the Ondrick-Schulz Quartet Last Night.

The program of the second concert of the Ondrick-Schulz Quartet last evening in Steinert Hall was as follows:

Quartet in E major, Op. 80.....Dvorak
Sonata for piano and violoncello in B minor, Op. 23.....Klengel
(First time)

Quartet in D major, Op. 64, No. 5.....Haydn

The quartet was assisted by Mrs. Maas-Tapper, pianist. The quartet by Dvorak does not show the composer in his best vein. The themes of the first and second movement are agreeable, but the working out seems rather labored. The andante con moto is the most pleasing movement.

Julius Klengel was born Sept. 24, 1850 in Leipzig, where he is now first cellist in the Gewandhaus Orchestra, and teacher at the Conservatory. He has written "cello concerto op. 10; a concertino op. 1; a suite for two cellos and a string quartet. In the sonata played last night, an excellent example of capellmeister music, there is one movement which at once attracts attention, the Scherzo. It is brilliant and interesting and was played delightfully by Mrs. Maas-Tapper and Mr. Leo Schulz. The performance of the finale was perhaps less satisfactory owing to the fact of the piano being open, whereby the cello was at times overpowered.

The Haydn quartet, which ended the program, is a favorite with violinists, there being many melodious passages and an effective finale. It was played with much spirit and the general work of the quartet was excellent. There was a fair-sized and friendly audience.

Mr. Jules Renard, the intelligent foreigner, listened intently to a young gentleman at the Porphyry who was propounding in clear, bell-like tones his scheme for an ideal steam-yacht. After we left the club, Mr. Renard said, "I do not know as such a yacht will bring pleasure. I remember a curious and disturbing incident in the placid life of my good friends the Bornets." And he told us the following story.

THE STEAMBOAT.

The Bornets were country neighbors of the Navots, and they were on pleasant terms with them. They enjoyed together the quiet, the pure air, the grateful shade and the flowing river. They were, in fact, so sympathetic that they imitated each other.

In the morning the women went to market together.

"I think I should like a duck," said Mrs. Navot.

"Well, I'll buy one, too," said Mrs. Bornet.

The men consulted each other about everything; how the garden of one, which was advantageously situated, might be embellished; how the house of the other, which was on a hill and never damp, might be made still more comfortable. And no one thought that this agreeable relationship would ever be broken.

These good people were happiest when they went on the water of the Marne. The two boats, of the same shape, and of the same shade of green, went side by side. Occasionally the men rowed until the perspiration started, but without any jealousy, and without thought of rivalry. One wife would sniff discreetly and say, "It's delightfully cool!"

And the other would answer, "Yes, it's delightfully cool."

One evening as the Bornets were going to meet the Navots for the usual boating party, Mrs. Bornet looked earnestly at the river and said:

"Well—I never!"

Mr. Bornet, who was looking the front door, said: "What's up?"

"They don't deny themselves anything. They have bought a steamboat."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Bornet.

It was true. On the river by the landing that was reserved for the Navots, there could be plainly seen a little

steamboat with a funnel which showed in the sun, and the wreath of smoke were escaping. Mr. and Mrs. Navot were already seated, and they were waving handkerchiefs.

Mr. Bornet suddenly grew stiff. "On my word, this is a funny performance!"

Spiteful Mrs. Bornet exclaimed, "They wish to dazzle us!"

"I did not know that they were so mysteriously close-mouthed," answered Mr. Bornet. "I should never dream of buying a steamboat without consulting them. Pooh, for your friends. I thought for the last week that they were hiding something from us—and now I know what it was."

"Let's keep away from them!"

"That would be going too far. Since they have no delicacy of feeling, let us not give them pleasure by showing surprise. Let us be indifferent."

"At any rate, it's a little boat," said Mrs. Bornet; "it's hardly bigger than the old one. Don't you think so?"

"At a distance, my dear, a steamboat deceives the eye. Besides they make steamboats now of a very small size."

The Navots kept waving their handkerchiefs. They were no doubt shouting, "Hurry up!"

The Bornets walked toward the river in a cool and leisurely manner.

"This is awkward," said Mr. Bornet.

"As for that," answered his wife, "we could have a steamboat without pinching ourselves."

Slowly, oh so slowly, they moved forward. They pretended to see things on the ground; or they would look behind them; or they would watch the sky. They had no intention of quarreling with the Navots. They agreed to admire the boat politely—as is customary in society; but they felt that the threads which had bound their hearts together had snapped, and finally Mrs. Bornet said:

"If I am only a woman, I am not a woman for nothing, and I shall never forget their conduct—never, never as long as I live. And what do you say?"

Mr. Bornet made no answer in speech. He pressed her hand.

"Halloo! My dear, we are a couple of fools. Look!"

They rubbed their eyes, as though they were clearing away fog, or as though they were growing blind. Then they began to laugh, silently, as two Indians, shoulder to shoulder, once more good-natured, cheerful, happy to live in a world where everything is at last explained.

Seated between Mr. and Mrs. Navot in their green boat so familiar to all a stranger was smoking—perhaps he was a guest from Paris—and, dignified under his tall black hat which shone in the sun, he sent forth smoke, naturally, from his mouth.

Feb 10

A hundred men had passed you by
Nor seen how you were fair,
Dearest, 'twas I, and only I,
That found you past compare.

I looked, and gave you loveliness;
Dreamed, and your careless eyes
Bespoke a heart all tenderness,
A spirit wondrous wise.

And now the very gifts I gave
Stand for a bar between;
How should your Highness wed a slave,
Though he did make you Queen?

Mrs. Joseph Kingsberry, "one of the wealthiest and most prominent of Atlanta's society leaders," warns the young women of her town against "the latest fad in the Gate City." And what is this fad? Wearing a live turtle for a brooch? Quoting Browning at social gatherings? No, it is kissing. Is it possible that this delightful method of showing esteem and regard has just been introduced in Atlanta? And is it probable that Mrs. Kingsberry can put an end to it by writing letters to the newspaper?

It is always pleasant to read of the incomes of others, and some may find consolation in learning what the intellectual proletariat of France—as the Ecclair puts it—gains yearly. According to the same newspaper, there are in France from 12,000 to 13,000 doctors, of whom 2500 are found in Paris, and about 10,000 in the provinces. Of this number only five or six make incomes of from \$40,000 to \$60,000 a year; from 10 to 15 make from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year; a hundred make perhaps \$10,000 a year; 300 make from \$3000 to \$5000 a year; 800 make from \$1500 to \$3000; while 1200 earn less than \$1500 a year. "Coming to the lawyers, of whom there are 3000 in Paris alone, we find that there are not 400 of them who make as much as \$2000 a year. A couple of score make incomes of \$10,000 a year. It appears that when one of these advocates is made a magistrate his salary is only from \$600 to \$800 a year, whilst for the justices of the peace—all fully-qualified legal practitioners—the salaries range from \$400 to \$600 a year. Think of it! And an English judgeship is worth from \$25,000 to

\$30,000! It seems that a college professor is paid from \$200 to \$300 a year; a lycée professor from \$750 to \$1000 a year. An English university professor earns an average of \$3500 a year. The explanation of it all is the very simple economic one that in France the supply exceeds the demand; twice as many doctors, lawyers, professors and engineers are turned out yearly as there are berths for. The prejudice against trade, industry and agriculture is even stronger in democratic France than in aristocratic England.

What has Mr. Le Gallienne done that he should be so abused the moment he touches American soil? He has written exquisite prose and striking poetry. We do not mean to say that he has not also written poor stuff, but the average of his literary work is high. We agree with those who laugh at his impudence in trying to improve upon Fitzgerald's version of Omar Khayyam; but his manner of wearing his hair is his own business, so long as he does not sit next us when soup is served. Is it true that he is an effeminate? Surely his books do not confirm the report. And why should the New York Times, for instance, and the Sun gird at him daily—except in the mad pursuit of copy. Many are the tales told to his discomfiture. Here is one: A certain man went into a book shop and conversed with a friend behind the counter. And he said to his friend: "Have you read Richard Le Gallienne's version of Omar Khayyam?" And the friend straightway answered him: "No; I prefer Edward Fitzgerald; I do not care for Clissy."

And the day after this yarn appeared the Times renewed the attack by publishing the following: "Our neighbor, the Sun, inscrutably calls him the Hon. Narcissus Le Gallienne, and declares that his pretended interpretation of Khayyam is merely a perversion of Fitzgerald 'into bald and flat Le Gallienne.' How can the young man write bald verse with all that wealth of celebrated hair?"

Is Swinburne's poetry the less admirable because his chin resembles a poached egg? Or is Isben a less commanding figure because his hair stands on end as though it were worked by a string or an electric battery?

A bridge has been found in the South of France which is called the Bridge of Death. It has counted 20 victims in three years, and those who have died here have one and all been cyclists. The pons perditorum lies on the high road between Mentone and Nice, it spans a ravine some hundred feet deep, and the way in which it serves as a death-trap is this: The Nice high road leading to the Ramingao Bridge makes here an abrupt descent, and at the very bottom of the descent it takes a sharp turn at right angles, while just at this point the fatal bridge must be crossed. The parapets of French bridges are generally too low, and in spite of the usual warning to riders, the venturesome cyclist has been wont to convert himself and his machine into a battering ram against its walls. The French Government intend to rectify the course of this road, but at present the Touring Club of France has resorted to an ingenious expedient. For the cycle that charges a stone bridge nothing can be done, but the cyclist is a man and a brother, and they have put up a net to catch him when he parts from his machine and prepares to describe a parabola into the valley below. The rider collides against the net and falls unconscious into its sheltering folds. Meanwhile the gamin of the neighborhood visits the trap with an empty wheelbarrow and an empty purse at fixed hours during the day. Encore un qui a donné dans le piège! He says it is much better than netting sparrows.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Criterion thus arranges the somewhat conflicting reports concerning a celebrated Chicagoan:

According to the most reliable newspaper authority that well-advertised young gentleman, Mr. Joseph Leiter,

- Has made six million dollars.
- Has gone broke.
- Is leading a quiet, studious life.
- Plays poker without a limit.
- Has dyspepsia.
- Eats a whole cow at a sitting.
- Dumps money into the Chicago River through a hopper.
- Is a miser.
- Weeps when asked for margins.
- Has strong nerves.
- Gets rattled every hour.
- Is dead game.

Standard (Symposium) 24 10

THE MUSIC OF RUSSIA

Described by Philip Hale, the Boston Critic.

AT MORNING MUSICAL CLUB

An Entertaining and Instructive Lecture Upon an Unfamiliar Theme.

The members of the Morning Musicals yesterday enjoyed an hour of great interest, in the lecture upon "Modern Russian Music," given by Philip Hale, the widely known Boston musician and musical critic.

Mr. Hale was gracefully introduced by the presiding officer, Mrs. E. S. Jenney, and began his lecture with a quotation from the poet Pushkin:

By the side of the Blue Sea is a great and green oak-tree, girt with a golden chain.

Day and night, a learned cat crawls around the oak.

When the cat crawls to the right, he sings a song; when he crawls to the left, he tells a story.

It is there you must sit down and learn the understanding of Russian legends,

There the spirit of Russia and the fantasy of our ancestors come to life again.

"Beneath this tree also," added Mr. Hale, "you must sit if you wish to understand Russian music."

The speaker then developed and explained his quotation, by saying that the student of Russian music must familiarize himself with the history, the landscape, the sociology, and, above all, with the literature of Russia. For, as modern Russian music is founded upon folk-songs, it is first necessary to appreciate the conditions which made such songs possible, as well as the atmosphere in which the musicians who have used such songs, have worked.

Mr. Hale then gave a rapid resume of the history of Russian music, going back to the plain-song of the Greek church which was kept within strict ecclesiastical traditions, until Peter the Great brought Italian methods and Italian musical character into the services of the national religion.

Side by side with plain-song, continued Mr. Hale, folk-song grew out of the heart and life of the nation. It was pagan in origin; its earliest preserved examples date from the fourth century, and are laments, or ballads, which were improvised and chanted over the tombs of warriors.

These ballads, or folk-songs, reflect as in a mirror, the life of the people, from its birth until the present day. The horrors of serfdom, the social and domestic position of women, the fatalism of the moujik are all imaged in the spontaneous musical expression of the people. And in them, the words are the perfect complement of the melody, as instanced in the cradle song:

Sleep, sleep, son of the peasant! Formerly, the old ones did not know poverty—poverty with rude, cruel blows. Sleep, my little one, sleep, son of the peasant! We conquer poverty by labor, painful, eternal, wretched, back-breaking work on the land of another. Your white body is in the cradle. Your soul flits toward heaven. God guard your sweet sleep! Angels of light watch by you. Yes, angels watch.

The same indissoluble union of words and music is to be found in the haunting

strain of the song sung by the wretched outcasts who support life by towing against the stream huge barges loaded with grain, while their bare heads are blistered by the sun, and their naked legs are buried knee deep in burning sand. This cry of supreme suffering, Mr. Hale pointed out, has made the tour of the world, and its melody has been pronounced "characteristic" by the gentle men and delicate women who, amid their elegant surroundings, have listened to it.

From the subjects of Russian folk songs, the speaker passed on to consider the musical features which distinguish them; the first and most notable one being an extreme liberty of rhythm. In these songs the musical phrases are not only often composed of an unequal number of measures, but even in the same song, the rhythm of the measures may change several times, as from five-four to three-four and four-four. There are measures in seven as well as in five, and yet the musical phrase does not appear

unnatural, because it fits exactly the text and because the accentuation is perfect. So the common place and the monotony which would result from the prolonged employment of a uniform and regularly accented rhythm, are wholly avoided.

The second characteristic is the diversity of melody, which is owing to the diversity of the scales employed: the European scale often being discarded for the ancient Greek modes; that is, the Lydian, which is our scale of F major, without the B flat, and the Dorian, which is our scale of G, without an F sharp.

A third characteristic is that a true Russian melody can, with difficulty, be harmonized throughout, in either major, or minor mode. It consists in short musical phrases, and passes from one to the other, in unexpected fashion. The melody is, also, of small compass, seldom going beyond the interval of a sixth.

From these songs, rich, original, energetic and virile, the modern Russian composers have derived their inspiration. They have absorbed and assimilated this popular music, that they may give it out again in their vocal and instrumental work.

Mr. Hale gave the honor of founding the modern Russian school of music to Michael Glinka who, born in 1804, began, in his boyhood, to collect folk-songs. After having studied in Milan and Berlin, he revolted against conventionalities, and resolved to create a national opera; wherein, as to both text and music, his "dear landsfolk could find themselves at home." He therefore employed strange scales, modified old modes, and hunted after new rhythm and harmonies.

The movement begun by Glinka, was continued by a circle of intellectual and wealthy men who applied themselves seriously to music. They first of all established theories which they agreed to follow, in order that the national art might be perfected. They recognized that orchestral music, as written by Beethoven, Schumann, Liszt and Berlioz, had reached its last stage of development. The rules of four parts, the string foundation of Haydn, could no longer be a law to them. Beethoven had introduced vocal solos and the chorus into his ninth symphony. Schumann had added in his Rhenish symphony a fifth movement. Liszt, in his symphonic poems, had connected separate episodes into a general ensemble, and had established programme music. Berlioz painted in orchestral colors, and had given an important part to a solo instrument, as to the viola, in "Chiilde Harold." It was impossible to go farther in these directions.

With opera it was different. Dramatic music was still in a transition state, and therefore they applied themselves to the department of the art which was not irrevocably determined. They decided that the vocal music should be always in perfect concord with the text; that the arrangement of the scene should depend entirely upon the situation in which the characters are placed, as well as on the general movement of the plot; that one model of melodic form, however successful, should not serve in several numbers of the same opera, because in a lyric work, there are not often two situations completely similar; that the chorus should not be used as a device to relieve the principal singers, but that it should be a crowd doing something and having a determined part in the drama.

These ideas differ from those employed by Wagner in his musical drama; for the latter composer centers his interest in the orchestra, while the singers have

but a secondary place. And Wagner clothes the singer with a musical phrase, as with a coat which always wears, the Russians give the singers as many phrases as the situations in which he is placed demand. They change rhythm, harmony and other musical media in their effort toward musical portraiture.

The operas resulting from these theories reduced to practice, have not been given outside of Russia. But examples of the orchestral work of the composers of these operas have been played in Boston, New York and Chicago.

At this point, Mr. Hale paused in resume to define the two classes of symphonies: the absolute, in which there is no idea but the music; and the suggestive, which contains a story and known under the name of programme music. Each of these kinds finds illustration in the work of the ultra-Russians. As an example of the suggestive symphony, Mr. Hale described the Scheherazade Suite of Rimsky-Korsakoff, a description so beautiful that it is worthy of quotation:

"These Arabian Night tales in music provoke swooning thoughts, such come to the partakers of the leaves and flowers of hemp. There are the stupor perfumes of the charred frankincense and grated sandal root. The music comes to the listener of western mind as the Malay who knocked among English mountains at DeQuincey's door. And Scheherazade, the narrator, far away; her soul dies on that high exhaled by the wondering violin. You know the sumptuous colors of the painting entitled 'A Russian Wedding.' The orchestral colors of Rimsky-Korsakoff are still more rich and dazzling."

Mr. Hale next took up the new painting of the ultra-Russian composers whom he characterized as most fantastic and original; as typical of the nineteenth century, and at variance with the ideas of Gray and Walpole, whom the Alps were hideous monstrosities. "The landscape," said Mr. Hale, "is in the eye of the beholder."

In closing the lecture, the speaker gave an estimate of the men who, in nearly a half century, have labored to develop, in Russia, a national school of music; characterizing the neo-Russian composer as the child of an illegitimate union of Robert Schumann and the Slav, who vainly attempts to conceal his paternal heritage. He then made a forecast for the music of the future, holding out the suggestion that Russia may possibly be a nation to free the world from the narrowness of existing musical prejudice and to do away with the belief that music, by divine right, belongs exclusively to the Germans. I. S.

RUSSIAN MUSIC.

Philip Hale of Boston Lectures to Morning Musicals.

In place of the usual weekly recital the members of the Morning Musical club were treated this morning in Wagner's Union hall, to a lecture by Mr. Hale, the noted Boston critic, on "Russian Music."

Mr. Hale was pleasantly introduced by Mrs. E. S. Jenney and on coming forward was warily welcomed. In opening remarks, Mr. Hale said that to understand Russian Music, it was essential to become acquainted with social and political condition of the people, and the literature of the country. In an interesting manner, he traced development of Russian music from plain song of the Greek church, to the advent of the father of Russian opera music, Michael Glinka, who was born in 1804. Referring to the pronunciation of Russian names, Mr. Hale humorously remarked that he must not be considered an authority, as there were so many incongruities that were extremely confusing. He traced the influence of modern composers, notably Rimsky-Korsakoff and Tchaikowsky, and in a timely way gave a delightful analysis which was as entertaining as it was interesting and instructive.

RUSSIAN MUSIC.

By Philip Hale.

Philip Hale's Interesting Discourse on a Fascinating Theme.

The members of the Morning Musical Club and many of their friends enjoyed an unusual pleasure yesterday when they were privileged to listen to a lecture on "Russian Music" by Philip Hale of Boston.

Mr. Hale is one of the most cultivated, discerning, impartial and reliable musical critics now writing for the entertainment and instruction of the public. He is to Boston what Krehbiel is to New York. He not only possesses the critical acumen to an unusual degree; but his profound technical knowledge of music, his familiarity with its history, his ripe scholarship in other directions, his fluency and grace in diction and his originality of style make the expression of his opinions on musical compositions and affairs of exceptional interest and value. His tastes are so catholic and his views so unbiassed by prejudices that his utterances while stimulating are not irritating, as are those of more narrowly minded men engaged in a similar occupation. The wide range of his studies and researches along musical lines was conclusively shown in his treatment of the subject to which he devoted his attention yesterday. He opened a sealed book to most of his listeners and the information which he gave concerning the development of music in Russia and the productivity of its composers, was of genuine value for its instructive as well as its entertaining quality.

In order to understand modern Russian music, he said, one must know first the variegated history of holy Russia, and all the influences brought to bear upon its political, social and religious life; the barbaric extravagances and the oppressive exactness of the aristocrats, and the sublime patience and enduring devotion of the common people to czar and country.

The literature of Russia, ranging from the passion of Pushkin and the irony of Gogol to the tales of serfdom, Dostoevsky and the mysticism and realism of Tolstoy, must be studied. In this is made known the conditions reflected in the folk songs upon which modern Russian music is founded and the atmosphere in which composers utilizing these songs have labored.

To most minds, the speaker said, Russian music meant the compositions of Rubinstein and Tchaikowsky. He stressed every one entertaining these notions to dismiss them, for the hypocrisies of the modern Russian school, while respecting the character, the talent and the achievements of these men, does not recognize them as true Russians in music. It regards them as cosmopolites and reluctantly admits their works to programs of a distinctly Russian character. He urged his hearers to beware of such songs as "Shone Minka" and the "Redsaraftan" and others published in song collections for English singers if they would not be deceived as to the true spirit of Russian music.

Investigation shows that the first songs of the pagan period, preserved among Slavonic races, date from the ninth century, and they are verses haunted over the tombs of warriors, celebrating their brave deeds and invoking their shades. With the introduction of Christianity new ideas and new customs affected the folk songs, and although these have been bent beneath different yokes their original spirit has been preserved in the more distant provinces. They reflect the life of the people from its origin, as it were, to modern days. They treat of occasions of accidents, of ceremonies and marriage, and those having to do with the joys and sorrows of wedded life are the most interesting.

The earliest music of which anything is known in Russia is the song of the church, which after many vicissitudes was affected in its character by the Italian musical methods introduced by Peter the Great, who was captivated by the beauty of Italian song, heard during his travels. The influence prevailed until Borovskiy, who died in 1825, began to oppose.

After describing the characteristics of folk songs, the first of which is liberty of rhythm, Mrs. Hale declared that Russians have from the beginning and it necessary to subordinate the music to the demands of the verse, and to doing so have avoided the banality and monotony resulting from prolonged employment of uniform and heavily accented rhythm. Another

characteristic is that the theme is not built on the European scale, but on the ancient Greek modes, which results in the great diversity in Russian melodies.

Rich and original in theme, some of these songs are distinguished by virile energy, unrestrained dash; majestic dignity, unreluctant gaiety or profound, indescribable melancholy, such as one sometimes sees in the eyes of a Russian peasant woman.

Although these songs have begun to disappear from the great cities and towns before the advance of airs from Italian operas, French operettas and of German ditties, yet it is from them that the modern Russian composers have derived their inspiration for their vocal and instrumental works.

After describing the advent of opera of the Italian school in Russia in 1735 and its continued popularity there, the lecturer referred to the tentative efforts of Russians to compose opera, which resulted in but weak imitations of the Italian style, until Michael Glinka appeared in 1804 and later laid the foundation of modern Russian music. Unlike so many composers elsewhere, Glinka and his followers were born into prosperous circumstances and were unhampered by the necessity of utilizing their talent for a livelihood.

Glinka's first opera "A Life for the Czar" was the first work of the kind distinctly Russian in character. In his section, "Russian and Rudmilla," he turned his back on European conventionality and created a new school peculiarly characteristic of the Russian spirit.

Mr. Hale then reviewed the swift development of musical ideas in Russia and their formulation in the works of Dargomyski, Cesar Cui, Balakireff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodine, Moussorgsky, Glazounoff and Stecherbatheff.

He showed how this circle of intellectual men, many of whom had won distinction and wealth in other professions and had turned to music as an agreeable and serious study, began to establish theories which they followed in their work. They agreed that orchestral music as written by Beethoven, Schumann, Liszt and Berlioz had gone as far as possible. They held, however, that dramatic music, as employed in opera, was in a transitory state and that its style had not been irrevocably determined. They knew that opera had progressed from the long winded concertos with scenery, in which dramatic truth was sacrificed to the demands of singers.

The new Russian school even goes so far as to say that Wagner, although a radical reformer, has not accomplished all that may be done in dramatic opera. As a result of this belief, Russia is the one country where Wagner has not influenced perceptibly composers of indisputable talent. This school wages war on all conventionality, believing that there should be complete independence of form, and that the musical development should be controlled by the text or scenic situation.

Mr. Hale fully explained the differences between the new Russian and Wagner's theories and by an analysis of the little known modern Russian composers' work, showed the wonderful progress made by them and their activities in musical life.

PHILIP HALE'S LECTURE.

The Boston Musical Critic Talks About Russian Music.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Morning Musicals, held in Women's Union Hall yesterday morning, Philip Hale of Boston delivered a lecture on "Modern Russian Music." Mr. Hale is editor of The Musical Record, published in Boston, and also Boston correspondent for The Musical Courier. Aside from his editorial duties Mr. Hale is also an interesting lecturer and one of Boston's most prominent musical authorities, and the Morning Musicals were indeed fortunate in securing a man of Mr. Hale's wide musical experience.

Mrs. Jenney, president of the club, called the morning meeting to order and announced that no program would be given, but that the time would be wholly given to Mr. Hale's lecture. Edward MacDowell, the composer-pianist, was present and an effort was made to induce him to give a short program of Russian music, but he could not be prevailed upon to do so. Mr. Hale, in the opening of his address, called the attention of his audience to the fact that Rubinstein and Tchaikowsky were the names which came first to one's mind upon hearing Russian music spoken of. Rubinstein and Tchaikowsky, he said, did not write Russian music, but were considered by Russians and others as cosmopolites in the musical world. The Russian folk song was the foundation of

modern Russian music. He then spoke at length of Glinka and others who had written operas, symphonies, songs, and other compositions purely Russian in text and music.

Mr. Hale also explained that Russian composers were mostly men of affluence. This, he said, was explained by the fact that a composer could not live by his compositions in Russia, there being too little demand for them, and the ridiculously small prices paid by publishers. Mr. Hale is a most clever and interesting speaker and it is to be regretted that he did not choose a more popular subject, he being one of the best posted men in this country in matters pertaining in any way to music. This is explained by the fact of his residence in Boston, the "musical hub." It is only through the enterprise of such clubs as the Morning Musicals, the Beethoven Trio Club and others that Syracusans catch an occasional glimpse of the best of music.

Syracuse Post-Express Feb 10

Feb 8, 1898 by W.

A. Willis

"ARMINIUS."

Bruch's Oratorio as Performed Last Night in Music Hall by the Handel and Haydn.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave Max Bruch's secular oratorio, "Arminius," in Music Hall last evening. The solo singers were Miss Gertrude Stein, Evan Williams and Charles Clarke. Mr. Zerrahn conducted, and there was an orchestra of Symphony players, Mr. Schnitzler, principal. Mr. Tucker was organist.

This was the second performance of this work by the Handel and Haydn. On the previous occasion, when the composer conducted his own work, Mr. Zerrahn drilled the chorus up to within one or two rehearsals of the performance, and the result of his work was highly complimented by Bruch at that time. Mr. Zerrahn conducted when it was given in Worcester, and also at Tremont Temple as recently as '92. So you see he is perfectly familiar with the score. Now, remembering all this, and knowing Mr. Zerrahn's musicianly insight, we cannot help asking why the two great choruses, No. 7 and No. 10, were omitted, teeming, as they are, with rare beauty and soulfulness. Surely "Arminius" is a grandly impressive work, but would it not be even more ruggedly heroic with this touch of calm but grand beauty, which is lost in the omission of these two numbers? Yes, they have always been omitted on previous renderings. We admit this, and again ask why?

But about the performance. Much has been said about the Handel and Haydn chorus. It must all be reiterated. The chorus is too large. There should be twice the volume from such a body of singers. Last night's performance emphasizes the fact that there must be many people in the society who, for some reason or another, either can't, or don't, sing. The tenors are deplorably weak, many of the chorus numbers were practically three part writings, as far as tone was concerned. There was but one chorus, No. 16, in which they were duly felt, and that only for the reason that the remaining parts were divided. But, in spite of all this, the work stood out boldly as a grand piece of writing.

Of the soloists Mr. Williams towered far above his associates by his impressive delivery and superb repose. Where is there a tenor in this country who is able to deliver the passage concerning the cursing of the Romans in this work with such magnificent impressiveness?

And then his singing of the music of the death of "Siegfried." What tenderness and beauty! This alone would stamp him a rare artist.

Miss Stein gave a superb conception of the "Preiestess." There was a dignity and breadth to her singing that brought the character clearly and forcibly before the listener. Would that she had had more to do.

Mr. Clarke is best known here as the kind, accommodating gentleman who took Mr. Rains' place at the second performance of the "Messiah" at Christmas time. Many sins were forgiven him at that time, as he took the part on short notice. Mr. Clarke should have rested on the laurels intended for Mr. Rains. Last night there were times when the music completely overwhelmed him. Not that his conception of the part was in any way weak, but his voice shook like the sapling before the gale. It is of good quality, but his shaking of the tone at times utterly destroys his intonation. Nevertheless, the "Battle Song" was given with a good deal of breadth, and probably in a smaller hall in a work that demands less, he might impress one more favorably.

There was a very large audience present, and applause was frequent and spontaneous.

A man there was who believed to find That e'er his pigtail hung behind He wished it otherwise.

And so, he thinks, "What shall I do? I'll turn me round, ay, that will do!" The pigtail hangs behind.

Then quick as thought he turned him round, But, as before, so now he found, The pigtail hangs behind.

Then quick he turned the other way, That mends it not, alackaday, The pigtail hangs behind.

Then to the right and left he wheels, It does not harm, nor good, he feels, The pigtail hangs behind.

Then like a top he spineth round, But all in vain, in short he found, The pigtail hangs behind.

He turns, and turns, and turning still, Thinks "I at last shall have my will!" The pigtail hangs behind.

If you read the above you may think it is a topical song. You are mistaken. It is a tragedy, and not an uncommon one.

Old Chimes, who has been sitting in the front row all the week at the Cadet theatricals and has more than once been observed hovering undecidedly about the doorway of a florist, obviously misled by association of ideas, is much disturbed by the extraordinary verisimilitude with which these ingenious warriors take on the attributes of the gentler sex. "I used to fancy," he said, as he prudently declined his accustomed cocktail, "that there was such a thing as a sense of sex quite independent of any testimony of the eye or ear. I remember to have divined more than once about the subtle charm of femininity and to have openly maintained the besotted theory that to all men of properly receptive sympathies, such, for example, as myself, more or less intelligible messages were telepathically conveyed by womankind. I have upon occasion gambled, so to speak, upon these temperamental advices, not without success. Yet, now, I find them to be merely a question of millinery and cosmetics. For I have experienced during the whole week," he said, dejectedly, "precisely the same fascination for a young man, the son of an old friend of mine, who is appearing as one of the Frivolity ballet."

I have frequently met this young man in his father's home, and though I have now and then felt like taking him over my knee, I never before was tempted to take him on it. In his own proper person I have liked him well enough—as well, indeed, as it is possible to like any one ostentatiously younger than oneself and boastfully unconscious of possessing a liver, but I have never felt the least tendency to love him, even for his father's sake. But now, thinly disguised beneath a few articles of make-up and costume, purchasable at any theatrical costumers, and in themselves even less attractive than he is, I am distinctly enamored of him.

There can be but one explanation of this, and that is a repugnant one. Every man of variable moods has, of course, observed that if, when mentally tuned in the key of a funeral, he is suddenly called upon to assist at a more joyous function, he resolutely assumes a jovial expression of countenance, this hypocritical mask will presently react upon his spirits and enable him to put up a very presentable article of joviality. Now this lad has been for several seasons masquerading in feminine garb, and I begin to fear that some subtle reactionary influences of this sort are beginning to undermine his sex. I have not seen him in private life for some years, but I am convinced that during this misspent interval he has acquired the art of embroidery and a characteristic terror of mice.

In his particular case this is interesting, but not important. But these influences must be equally at work upon his fellows, who constitute, as a body, one of the chief bulwarks of our safety in the event riot. And it is an appalling thought that our pet military organization may be gradually acquiring through practices in which our patronage and applause have unwisely encouraged them those feminine peculiarities in the handling of firearms which might make them more dangerous to friends than to foes.

"I should be glad to hear," he concluded, "from any one who may have visited their last camp, if tattling was one of the resources of their leisure hours, and particularly if their tent flaps exhibited any significant adornment of Hamburg edging or, perchance, thinly veiled a furtive bottle of Creme Yvette."

There was a little fresher on Tremont Street, at the corner of Hamilton Place, last evening. Tiny cataracts of water, clear as crystal, were bobbing playfully up about the cover to the water works cut off, and a brook, as fresh as if running over country pebbles instead of city cobble stones, was rushing down the incline to Winter Street. It was virgin water, lately arrived in town and quite unsoiled. Along came a workman hurrying home after a day of perspiration-inspiring toil—it had been an unseasonable day. He had to step off the curbstone to hurry along, and the babbling, bubbling water caught his eyes. He stooped quickly, bathed his hands in it, and passed on. Perhaps his soil stained hands needed the bath. Possibly the clean water—for it did look out of place—awakened odd memories in him. Who knows? It was an odd sight to the imaginative, and a commonplace one to the rest of the world. But so are all things we see.

Feb 12, 1898

I met him in the cars,
Where resignedly he sat;
His hair was full of dust,
And so was his cravat;
He was furthermore embellished
By a ticket in his hat.

The centre of storm disturbance in a sleeping car is always close to the head of your berth. It is here that porter and conductor exchange confidences, comment on personal peculiarities of the passengers, reflect bitterly on the stiffness of superior officers. It is here that the mysterious passenger from some mysterious station that assumes palpable form only at 2 A. M. finally settles for the few hours before daybreak. It is here that the equally mysterious passenger starts to connect at 5 A. M. with some train known to no railway guide. The man with the graveyard cough, the baby that is a slave to the bottle, the snoring machine—they are all in this centre, close to the head of your berth wherever it may be, upper or lower, in the middle or near an end.

The storm rages. You wonder what those warning whistles mean. From your feverish bed, disengaging yourself from overcoat, umbrella, trousers, coat, collar, cravat and wristbands, you peer through the glass. Not a house in sight. You hear men talking excitedly, but you cannot see them. A brakeman runs along waving frantically a red lantern. You try to reassure yourself. "Four tracks—accident impossible—four tracks; but what are they stopping here for?" You see yourself sprawling in the ditch or wedged in between timbers. You would be a grotesque sight. No one would then know that in your town you were a man of authority, always serving on committees, and that you had once sat next a President of the United States in an open carriage and had pointed out to him and named Col. Bungstarter, the old war horse of Republicanism, who was elated when the President raised his hat and said in clear tones, "Good morning, Colonel." You have a prejudice against a nightshirt in a sleeping car, and you prefer to sleep in your underclothes and stockings, to be better prepared in case anything should happen.

A splintering crash below,
A doom-foreboding twirl,
As the tender gave a lurch
Beyond the flying switch—
And a mangled mass of men
Lay writhing in the ditch.

You are luckier. The train starts, and you are comparatively at ease in your mind, although you cannot sleep. You wonder if the Pullman Company is about to consolidate with the Wagner Company. You wonder whether such consolidation would affect the character of the porter, or lead to the invention of a blanket that will neither roast nor chill the victim that now tosses or shivers.

You doze, and just as you are ready to sleep soundly, the storm breaks again over your head, and the porter Lawis "Boston." You are just drawing out of a station an hour distant. You stagger toward what is known humorously as the "lavatory." You sit down and wait your turn for a wash bowl. Are you as queer a sight as the elderly man puffing and snorting with depressed head, or the young fellow ostentatiously flourishing a safety-razor? A man speaks pleasantly to you; he even cracks a joke. How can he be cheerful after such a night of torment? He tells you that he slept like a top. He is evidently devoid of imagination, a mollusk. You loathe him. Another asks you to give him two quarters for a fifty-cent piece. You at once see his game; he wishes to give the porter a quarter. He came from Chicago; you accuse him of meanness; and to your horror you find that you have only a

fifty-cent piece and some small bills. You refuse to be brushed; the porter looks at you sternly, contemptuously; you are a poor, weak thing; you give him the half dollar.

One of the cruellest cartoons published in *Triboulet* when the late Baron Hickey was editor was a sketch of the reception of Liszt by President Grévy and his wife. It sneered at the latter, accusing her of beginning her career as a cook, representing her falsely as incredibly stupid and vulgar.

The First Corps of Cadets, with hundreds of thousands of dollars to pay upon its armory and camp-ground, with larger dues and expenses to its members than any other militia organization in New England, proposes to raise what money it can to help the families of the six Boston firemen who were killed last week. The corps follows its motto, "Monstrat Viam." The public ought to bid high at the auction sale next Tuesday.

We have spoken jocosely in this column of the artistic femininity displayed by the Cadet actors, of the distinction with which the golf girls wear their gams and of the general excellence of the dressing on the stage. Seriously speaking, how admirable is the masculinity of the entire Cadet performance! It is wonderful to see how these vigorous, athletic young men can for a couple of hours each evening delude the spectators—so to speak—with a fetching impersonation of heroines and soubrettes, and off the stage every one of them is a stalwart young soldier.

If a "regular American Monte Carlo" is to be established on Fighting Island, eight miles from Detroit, there should be proper accommodations for suicides. The promoters would do well to study the plans of the Government Lethal chamber, designed and published by Mr. R. W. Chambers in *The King in Yellow*.

"Anson Day," if it is established in honor of the Swedish-American Grand Old Man, will be a good day to set apart for kicking.

Feb 13, 1898

TWO CONCERTS.

Alexandre Siloti's First Recital in Steinert Hall—The Fifteenth Symphony Concert, With Mr. Schroeder as Soloist.

Mr. Alexandre Siloti gave his first piano recital in Boston at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The hall was filled by an enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Suite in D minorHandel
"Le Coucou"Daquin
Sonata, E major, Op. 109Beethoven
Prelude, Op. 3 (1870)Rachmaninoff
Etude, "La Nuit," Op. 31Glazounoff
EtudeArensky
Basso ostinato, Op. 5Arensky
"Music Box," Op. 31Lidoff
Paraphrase uer "Onegin"Tchaikowsky-Pabst
Ballade, A flat majorChopin
Etude, No. 7, Op. 25Chopin
Rhapsodie, No. 12Liszt

And first, a word about this program. It was well arranged, the pieces were well contrasted and several of them were new and delightful. The name of Daquin does not appear in Riemann's *Musik-Lexikon*, and yet Louis Claude Daquin was a pretty fellow in his day. Born at Paris in 1694, he was a pupil of Marchand and at the age of 6 he played before Louis XIV. In 1727 he was appointed organist of Saint-Paul. He died in 1772. His pieces for clavichord were published in 1735 (some say 1722). The program stated that Glazounoff was born in 1865 and Lidoff in 1838; but Belaieff's catalogue—and Belaieff is the publisher of the works played—gives the dates 1865 and 1855 respectively. The program gave the opus number 31 to Lidoff's "Music Box," but is not the opus number 32—"Une tabatière à musique, Valse—Badinage pour piano"? Mr. Siloti is fond of the "Basso ostinato" by Arensky, for he was playing it in public certainly as early as 1832. Arensky was born in 1862—the program said 1857—and he was a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff. His symphony in B minor, played in London last year, might be heard with pleasure in Boston. Rachmaninoff is known chiefly by the prelude played yesterday, but he has written other piano pieces that deserve respectful attention. The etude "La Nuit" by Glazounoff is the third of a set of three.

This program called for a full exhibition of Mr. Siloti's abilities. It tested severely his versatility both technically and spiritually; for there are dazzling players of Liszt who are unsatisfactory when they lay violent hands on Handel and Beethoven. Mr. Siloti played the Handel suite most admirably.

He played it frankly, without undue fancifulness, with a sure knowledge of its character and a warm sympathy that vitalized passages and ornaments that to others seem merely formalism. Especially delightful was his exposition of the fugue. Indeed, his contrapuntal playing throughout the concert was unusually excellent. His treatment of the ornaments was a lesson as well as a pleasure. Although Fets could see nothing in Daquin's music, "Le Coucou" is a charming trifle, and it was played with infinite taste. Mr. Siloti's performance of the sonata by Beethoven pleased me mightily. In his coloring, he never became unduly sentimental, and while the interpretation was free and romantic, it was always authoritative and noble. They that have accused him of coldness, of mere brilliance, have never heard him play the Chopin etude he chose yesterday; for there was an exhibition of the highest poetic spirit, of emotion that was genuine and not hysterical. The rhapsody by Liszt was given with amazing dash.

The Russian pieces are all interesting. Rare skill in harmonic treatment characterizes the prelude by Rachmaninoff and Arensky's "Basso ostinato." In deed, the latter is one of the strongest piano pieces that I have heard of late years. Glazounoff's etude breathes forth the mystery of a summer night, nocturnal perfumes and suggestions, the whispers and the sighs of lovers, the tempting by the south wind. Lidoff's "Music Box" is an ingenious trifle, musically made, and it served to show the unparalleled equality of the pianist's fingers, the extreme delicacy of his touch, a delicacy that is born only of supreme strength. The paraphrase by Pabst is a thunderous thing which showed the stupendous technic of the pianist.

I am tempted to indulge in comparisons; but let us consider Mr. Siloti without thought of others. I have seldom had such unalloyed pleasure in listening to a pianist. Not that his technic stunned or dazzled me; but here is a man that has brains as well as fingers and wrists, and subtle but indisputable temperament as well as brains. As a colorist he is a master of the brush; he disdains the assistance of the palette knife. He is without affectation of any kind; he does not set traps for his audience; he knows no pose as well as a pleasure. To hear him is an imperative duty. May his recital Monday be the second of a long series, and not the final appearance of this remarkable pianist.

The program of the 15th Symphony Concert in Music Hall last evening, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, "Gaelic," op. 52Mrs. Beach
Fantastic Concerto for violoncello and orchestra (MS.)Loeffler
Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau"Smetana
A second hearing of Mrs. Beach's symphony confirms the first impression: It is a very creditable work, of which the second movement is the most firmly knit and spontaneously musical; the first movement and the finale contain passages of strength and beauty; the third movement is long-winded, laboriously contrived, and at times downright dull.

To me Mr. Loeffler's cello concerto is the least interesting of his more important works. Neither in themes nor in treatment of them is he as striking or as entertaining as in his other compositions of long breath. Yet I acknowledge gladly the ingenuity frequently displayed, and the many successful experiments in tonal color. Mr. Schroeder showed an easy and artistic mastery of the many difficulties.

There is a melancholy interest attached to Smetana's "The Moldau." The last page of the score bears this note: "Completely deaf." This was in 1874. His infirmity obliged him to resign his position as conductor, and April 4, 1875, he gave a concert to raise money so that he might consult foreign aurists. This symphonic poem was then played for the first time. It is not a work of depth, vitality or peculiar charm. Glazounoff in his "Stenka Razin" personifies the Volga, which in his music, they say, is alive and enormous. Might not Mr. Paur be persuaded to let us hear it? It made a profound and enduring impression in Paris some years ago.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Sketches of Ysaye, Pugno and Gerardy.

A Trio of Distinguished Players in Chamber Music.

Concerts of the Week and Other Announcements.

The appearance of Mr. Eugene Ysaye, Mr. Raoul Pugno and Mr. Jean Gerardy in chamber concerts is indeed an event of uncommon interest.

When Mr. Eugene Ysaye first thought of making a visit to this country, his approach was trumpeted in furious blasts. Here is an extract from the perfunctory circular that appeared early in the fall of 1894:

"Ysaye's magnificent stature, with flowing hair and the face of a young

Greek god, consistently deserve for him the title of 'Champion of the Violin.' When carried away and inspired by his great playing one half expects to see an aura descending upon his magnificent head."

And here are two more impressive instances of press-agent genius:

"His pupils are as clean cut as a cameo, as distinguishable from other graduates as the real sun from a stage effect."

"As a conversationalist he is charming, with a vivacity that draws you toward him, and in the discussion of arts he talks with an irresistible vehemency."

But Ysaye came and conquered. His first appearance in Boston was at a Symphony concert Dec. 1, 1894, when he played Saint-Saëns's third concerto, Ernst's "Otello" fantasia, and a sara-bande and gigue of Bach.

He appeared here again Jan. 12, 1895, in a concert, when he was assisted by Miss Pfafflin, soprano, and Mr. Almé Lachaux, pianist. With the latter he played César Franck's sonata for violin and piano (first time in Boston). He also played Vieuxtemps's Fantasia Appassionata, Bach's sonata in D minor, and his own Scène au berceau, mazurka No. 3, and Saltarelle carnavalesque.

He appeared at the Boston Theatre Jan. 20, 1895, with an orchestra conducted by Mr. T. Adamowski, and played Mendelssohn's concerto, Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasia, and the andante from Joachim's Hungarian concerto. He also played his own Saltarello carnavalesque.

His second concert in Music Hall was Jan. 23, 1895. He and Mr. Lachaux played the Kreisler sonata, and he played these solo pieces: Wilhelmj's paraphrase of "Parsifal" and arrangement of the Siegfried Idyl; two movements from a sonata in G minor by Bach; Beethoven's Romance in F, and Sarasate's "Zigeuner Weisen." Miss Priscilla White, soprano, assisted.

His third concert in Music Hall was Feb. 9, 1895, when he was assisted by Mr. Watkin Mills, bass, and Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, pianist. His program included the first movement from Vieuxtemps's E major concerto; Spohr's D minor concerto; a fugue in G minor by Bach; Wilhelmj's arrangement of the Prelude; and a suite by Vieuxtemps.

He gave a farewell concert in Music Hall March 15, 1895, when he was assisted by an orchestra led by Mr. Mollenhauer. On this occasion he played Beethoven's concerto, Bruch's Scotch Fantasia, and extracts from a sonata by Bach. Miss Hamlin sang.

There are some who are always anxious concerning the age of a virtuoso. Ysaye was born at Liège, Belgium, July 16, 1858. He studied at the Liège Conservatory, with Vieuxtemps at Brussels, and it is my impression that he received lessons from Wieniawski. Afterward, and until 1881, he was concert master of Bille's orchestra in Berlin. Then he traveled extensively. In 1886 he was appointed first teacher of the violin at the Brussels Conservatory. Since his first visit to this country, he established in Brussels the Ysaye Orchestra, which, under his direction, presents programs distinguished by catholicity of taste. He made his reappearance in New York at a Philharmonic Concert Nov. 13, 1897, when he played Mozart's concerto in E flat, op. 268, and Bach's concerto in E major. Of his performance on this occasion, Mr. Henderson wrote as follows for the New York Times:

"Salzburg in 1776. Mozart wrote five violin concertos in the previous year, those numbered 207, 211, 216, 218 and 219. That written in 1776 properly belongs to this series, produced when the boy was in his 20th year. The work is by no means tinged with juvenility. It must be recollected that Mozart was precocious in his violin playing and composing as he was in his piano work. When a mere child he astounded his father by taking the second violin part in a quartet at sight and without any previous instruction in playing the instrument. Incredible as this seems, it is a fact substantiated by good testimony. In 1777 his father wrote to him: 'You have no idea how well you play the violin; if you would only do yourself justice, and play with boldness, spirit, and fire, you would be the first violinist in Europe.' The concerto in E flat, played here for the first time (so far as known) yesterday, shows excellently how well Mozart understood the instrument. The first movement is the best of the three, according to our modern ideas, being broader and more virile in its subject matter, and freer in its treatment than the other two, of which the second shows the dominance of the conventional ornaments of the time, while the third is a rondo with the usual concession to the popular demand for geniality in a finale. It may be doubted whether any other violinist now in this part of the world, except Franz Kneisel, could make the work effective to a modern audience as M. Ysaye did. In his hands it became a veritable tour de force, and won every hearer by the purity and suavity of its melodic style and the spring-like character of its musical atmosphere. M. Ysaye's other number

...the U.S. ... orchestra, in ... it is the ... necessary to say that the work is beautiful. Bach never wrote anything for the violin that was not so. M. Ysaye is a devoted lover of Bach, and he played the work superbly, so superbly that even the matinee audience, usually somewhat undemonstrative, burst into a thunder of applause and cheers, to which the player was compelled to respond with an additional number. M. Ysaye's technique has lost none of its excellence, and his admirable nuancing and phrasing remain models of this kind."

Jean Gerardy also visited this country for the first time in 1894. He, too, was born at Liège, Dec. 6, 1878, the son of a professor at the Conservatory. He studied with his father and with Bellmann. At the age of eight and a half years he won the second cello prize, and when he was 11½ years old, the first prize medal was voted to him by acclamation. His first appearance in public was at Liège in 1888. Then he played at Spa, Lille, Aix-la-Chapelle, Antwerp, and at this last place he played with Ysaye and Paderewski a Rubinstein trio. He made his debut in London Nov. 20, 1890; was invited to play before the Queen, traveled through Great Britain with Patti. In '91-92 he visited Germany. He first played in this country at New York, Dec. 12, 1894.

His first appearance in Boston was in Music Hall, with Bernhard Stavenhagen, the pianist, Dec. 27, 1894. He then played Servais's "La Desirée" fantasia, an arrangement of Chopin's E flat nocturne, and Popper's romance, spinnelle, and tarantelle. His sister, Therese Gerardy, accompanied him.

He played again Jan. 8, 1895 (sonata for cello and piano, Beethoven, op. 69, the andante from a concerto by Sitt, Popper's second tarantelle and gavotte on the familiar air by Bach); Jan. 10, 1895 (Grieg's sonata for piano and cello, and pieces by Mendelssohn, Herbert, Bach, Gounod, Davidoff); Jan. 19, 1895 (Servais's "La Desirée," a sonata by Boccherini, arrangements of a Chopin nocturne, and Schumann's Abendlied, and Popper's Spinnelle); March 21, 1895 (Eckert's concerto for cello, Svendsen's romance, Godard's berceuse and Popper's tarantelle).

The Journal published Jan. 9 of this year a portrait of Mr. Pugno, the eminent pianist, with a sketch of his life. It is not necessary now to repeat this sketch in full; it is enough to say that Louis Pugno was born at Montrouge, France, June 23, 1852; he appeared in public as a pianist at the age of six; he studied with George Mathias (the pupil of Chopin) at the Paris Conservatory, where he took these prizes: First for piano (1866), first for harmony and fugue (1867), first for organ (1869) and prize for fugue.

His first appearance in this country was at the Astoria, New York, Nov. 18, 1897, when he played the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer" Fantasia.

Pugno is esteemed as composer as well as pianist. Here is a partial list of his compositions: "La Résurrection de Lazare," oratorio, at a Pasdeloup concert April 11, 1879; "La Fée Cocotte," 1881; "Ninetta," opéra comique, 1882; "Viviane," ballet, 1886; "La Sosie," opéra-bouffe, 1887; "Le Valet de Cœur," 1888; "Le Retour d'Ulysse," opéra-bouffe, 1889; "La Vocation de Marius," vaudeville, 1890; "La Petite Poucette," vaudeville-opérette, 1891; "La Danseuse de Corde," pantomime, 1892; "Pour le Drapeau," mimodrame, 1895; symphonies; a symphonic poem, "Prometheus;" an opera for Calvé, "Pauvres Gens," founded on Richepin's story; a sonata in D minor and smaller pieces for the piano; songs, etc., etc. He is an officer of the Academy.

He has been much interested in chamber music, and his concerts with such artists as Marteau, Ysaye and others have been most successful in France and Belgium. With Ysaye in Paris in 1896 he played these works: Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata, Franck's sonata, Schumann's sonata in D minor, Saint-Saëns's sonata in D minor, Schubert's fantasia (op. 159), Brahms's G major sonata, Grieg's G minor sonata, Lalo's D major sonata, Castillon's sonata (op. 6), Mozart's sonata in E minor (No. 28), Fauré's sonata in A major (op. 13).

The programs of the Ysaye-Pugno concerts will be as follows:

- THURSDAY EVENING, AT 8.
- SonataFaure
 - Messrs. Ysaye and Pugno.
 - Fassungsschwank, Op. 26.....Schumann
 - Mr. Pugno.
 - 4th Concerto.....Vieuxtemps
 - Mr. Ysaye.
 - Prelude and Fugue (F minor).....Bach
 - Piece in A.....Scarlatti
 - Scherzo in A flat minor.....Chopin
 - Mr. Pugno.
 - Serenade Melancolique.....Tschalkowski
 - Rondo CapriceGuiraud
 - Mr. Ysaye.
- FRIDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2.30.
- Trio in F.....Saint Saens
 - Messrs. Ysaye, Pugno and Gerardy.
 - Sonata in D.....Locatelli
 - Mr. Gerardy.
 - Sonata Quasi Una Fantasia.....Beethoven
 - Mr. Pugno.

Concerto in F major
With Organ and Piano
Mr. Ysaye
Trio in F major.....Schumann
Messrs. Ysaye, Pugno and Gerardy.

Mr. Francis Rogers, who is to give a song recital in Steiwer Hall the afternoon of Thursday, was born and educated in Boston. His first teacher was Cornelius Chenery, with whom he studied for three or four years. During the winter of 1894-5 he studied under William L. Whitney at the New England Conservatory, and went abroad with him the following summer to work with Vannuccini of Florence, who used to teach in London during the season. The following winter he spent in Florence studying Italian opera, with Vannuccini. In the spring of 1896 he went to Paris, where he worked on French opera with Bothy and Manoury. He has just returned to America from Paris, but has already sung in several of our large cities with success. In the spring he expects to go back to Paris, and thence to London for the season. Next year he hopes to sing in grand opera, his chosen field, either in England or on the Continent. He already has a large repertory of baritone parts in French and in Italian, and in addition he has a good knowledge of the German language. He is to sing again in Boston with Ethelbert Nevin Feb. 24.

The opera singers will be soon here. Portraits of some of them are in the magazine supplement of the Journal today.

Philip Hale.

This short sketch from the Sun (N. Y.), provoked by the benefit performance in honor of Mr. Emil Fischer at the Metropolitan, Feb. 8, will be of interest, for there is nothing about this singer in the music-lexicons. The anniversary was the fortieth year of Mr. Fischer's stage career, who has acquired a large repertory. He has sung 165 different roles in 101 operas: Rocco, Bartolo, Don Juan, Colona, the Dutchman, Landgrave and Wolfram, King Henry, Wotan, Wanderer, Hagen, Hans Sachs, Casper, Marcel, Mephistopheles, Capule, etc. It is chiefly in the Wagnerian operas that Mr. Fischer is known in this country. He was born in Brunswick in 1840. When he was 17 years old he made his debut at Gratz, where his parents lived. His father was Frederick Fischer, the bass, and his mother, as Caroline Fischer Acten, was a prima donna. He had only three months schooling before he made his debut in Boldieu's opera, "Jean de Paris." Later on he appeared in succession in Brunswick, Stettin, Hamburg, Dantzig, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and, in fact, at all the important theatres of Europe. Fischer's last long engagement, previous to his first visit to America, was at the Royal Opera in Dresden. In 1885 he accepted an engagement in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House. This was the second year of the German opera, introduced there by Dr. Leopold Damrosch. Here he also created the principal Wagner parts, together with Lehmann, Brandt, Seidel and Niemann. Alvary and Robinson. In all, the popular bass has sung in opera 3455 times. Of these appearances 839 were made in America and 471 in the Wagner operas.



LILLIAN NORDICA.

A striking instance of pluck and perseverance plus a noble voice. There is more to her than glorious voice and commanding figure; there is determination; there is dauntless courage. From Boston to Brescia, to the Paris Opéra, to Covent Garden, and then an appearance at Bayreuth. And in all lands, an American.



MARIE BARNA.

A Californian, who once sang here in church choir and staid concert. A woman of rare courage, who has battled against obstacles. Her first operatic success was in Italy, where audiences hiss as well as applaud. Puccini praised her Mimi in "Bohème," which calls for action as well as song.



MISS TORONTA.

MISS FLORENCE TORONTA, like unto other singers, as Albani and Novara, took her stage name from a city, which, in this instance, was her native town. She also followed the example of other distinguished singers by taking lessons of Mathilde Marchesi. Her first appearance in opera was at Philadelphia, as Siebel.



JOHANNA GADSKI.

HE came to this country when she was still young—and thus, as in other ways, is she an exception in the list of visiting German singers. He knows the value of pure and flowing song. She is not given to vocal exaggeration. A rara avis in Germanic forest!

THE TOY OF THE POOR.

I am going to show you an innocent pleasure. There are so few amusements that are not criminal or sinful!

When you leave the house in the morning with the fixed intention of looting in the streets, fill your pockets with cheap toys—a jumping-jack, a monkey on a stick, the athletic skeleton, a blacksmith hammering, a cat beating a drum, a horse whose tail is a whistle—and give them to the children playing in the gutter, or watching a procession or a hand organ, or tending baby. Their eyes will start out of their heads. At first they will not dare to take them; they will be suspicious; then their hands will grab the gift, and they will run away, like unto cats, who wish to eat afar off the piece you gave them, for they have learned to beware of men.

Behind the grated gate of a large garden at the end of which appeared the whiteness of a country house splendid in the sun, a handsome child was standing, dressed with coquettish simplicity.

Luxury, freedom from care, the habitual sight of wealth, give such beauty to these children, that you would believe them to be made of other dough than that which forms the children of moderate circumstances or poverty.

By his side, on the grass, was a costly plaything, as spick and span as its owner; varnished, glided, clothed in a purple robe, covered with plumes and glass beads. But the child paid no attention to his favorite plaything. This is what he was looking at:

On the other side of the gate, in the road, among thistles and nettles, there was another child, dirty, pitiful, face smooched with soot, a pariah-brat. An impartial eye would discover his beauty, if, as the eye of a connoisseur divines an ideal picture under a coating of coach-varnish, he should clean it of the disgusting oxidation of extreme poverty.

Through the symbolical barrier separating two worlds, the open road and the country-house, the poor child showed to the rich child his own plaything, which the latter examined greedily as a rare and unknown thing. Now this toy, which the dirty urchin teased, shook about, and poked at in a wired box, was a live rat. The parents, through economy, no doubt, had taken this plaything from life itself.

And the two children laughed in brotherly fashion, and their teeth were of an equal whiteness.

We knew it would happen. A correspondent asks, "Is Major Patey de Clam a relation of Pâté de Foies Gras?"

We heard of a rare thing Saturday. A party of Bostonians visited Bunker Hill Monument. Strangers from several corners of the country were there to point out the things of interest and all had an enjoyable time.

J. Gordon Coogler, the sweet-singing poet of the Carolinas, recently asked us for the names of the most prominent literary societies in this vicinity. We sent him the address of the Browning Society, the Saugus Literary Union and the "Dicky" at Harvard. Are there any others?

Zola has always been a careful student of man. He is getting a very valuable object lesson now. Talk about storing "Human Documents." If he gets out of this alive Victor Hugo's outcry against the coup d'etat won't be a circumstance to what Zola can do. Fate seems to be presenting him what he has been eternally delving after—realistic effects.

Hetty Green is to be pitied. She visits an office on business, loses a veil, hurries back to get it, finds it, smiles, and departs. That is probably a daily event in the lives of most women. Yet Hetty Green's "adventure" gets into the newspapers, with a heading in big type, for being quite like other women. Whoever is singular in this life, and unfortunate enough to become known to the world, can never after that breathe without the common act taking on an uncommon appearance.

The city and the suburbs are strangely at odds just now. In the city you can walk very nearly dry shod. In the suburbs you will get your top boots full of water if you attempt to cross the street. A place near the entrance to the Public Garden for changing one's foot gear and storing one's rubber boots during the day would be very convenient for those who live a little way out of the city and must walk for health's sake.

This conversation is reported by Simplicitysimus:

He—"How pretty you are today, Miss Irma!"

She—"How witty you were—yesterday!"

Here is a Viennese description of Prof. Schenk who can tell a boy or a girl before he sees it: "He is a remarkable man in many senses. He has managed to direct the interest of the scientific world to himself, and make himself the greatest celebrity of the moment without having furnished

the slightest proof that there is anything in his methods, or attempting to remove the doubts of sceptics. And then he is a remarkable man in his individuality. You might style him the Grub Street man among celebrities. He is a typical burgher with a burgher's outspokenness and simplicity of habits. The institute in which he gives his lectures and has his laboratory is one of the oldest and most rickety of university buildings, occupying the corner of a wretched courtyard. His own domicile is in a similar condition of dilapidation, and to look at the professor himself, in his plain and neglected attire, one would say that the surroundings are adapted to the man. An Austrian professor's honorarium is by no means of the highest. The professor shuns what he can no longer avoid—notoriety. "What benefit have I from it?" he queried in a chat with me. "I shall say no more. I want rest. I have been overrun with journalists, who have made me say a good many things, and heaven only knows what I have said." Experience has made him cautious. His secret will have to be bought from him, and paid for in solid cash. The professor said it would be difficult to make it a popular work, as it was essentially a physiological treatise. A German doctor had offered him 25,000 marks down for the German rights, and he was endeavoring to sell the rights for other countries. Until that was effected, no communication whatever would be made to the world."

Feb 15. 98

"The Geisha"

"The Geisha," a musical comedy, words by Owen Hall, lyrics by Harry Greenback, music by Sidney Jones and Lionel Monckton, gave much pleasure when it was first produced here a year ago, and its return to the city was welcomed last night by a large and appreciative audience at the Tremont Theatre. The piece was produced under the direction of Mr. Augustin Daly.

It is indeed a charming work. The story is entertaining, although the Geisha of Mr. Hall and the Geisha of Japanese life are very different girls, each of them delightful in her own peculiar way. The music is always melodious; it is often piquant and characteristic; it is at times skillfully made. Never pretentious, it is effective, and there is more true musical stuff in this little comedy than in many operettas making arrogant claims.

I regret to say that I did not see the performance of a year ago; I am, therefore, unable to indulge in comparisons. The features of the performance last night were the Miss Seamore of Miss Virginia Earl and the Geisha of Mr. James Powers. The former played and danced with exhilarating animation and contagious merriment, and although her voice is limited in compass and of small quality, she used it discreetly. Truly a fascinating apparition in European dress or in the more civilized costume of the Japanese! The Marquis bought her at auction at an absurdly low price. I was tempted to rise from my seat and outbid him; but there is so much legislation at present concerning conduct in theatres that prudence restrained me.

Mr. Powers was exceedingly funny as the Chinaman. He made his points quietly and neatly, and his gags were fresh and laughable. Mr. Augustus Cook as the Marquis was at times funny in a laborious fashion. Mr. Julius Storer has gained in stage experience and mastery of English, but I cannot hold up my right hand and swear that he is an accomplished singer.

Miss Nancy McIntosh as O Mimosa San was applauded loudly by the audience. Unfortunately I cannot join in this applause. Her singing was spasmodic, mannered, and not always tuneful, and her bravura was clumsy. As an actress, she disconcerted and worried me. She was so much in evidence, she was so restless in facial expression and gesture, that what seemed affectation may have been the symptoms of intense nervousness. However this may be, her mannerisms were to me almost intolerable, and yet it is only fair to say that the audience did not agree with me.

The minor parts were acceptably taken, and there were several pretty faces and graceful figures. But when Miss Earl and Mr. Powers were off the stage, the action often dragged and there was a general absence of life. The fortune-telling scene was dreary. The orchestra was not under firm control and it did little justice to the score.

Philip Hale.

ALEXANDRE SILOTI

Gave the Second of His Piano Recitals in Steinert Hall Yesterday Afternoon.

The program of Mr. Siloti's second recital was as follows:

Zigeunerweisen.....	Tausig
Impromptu.....	Schubert
Andante with variations.....	Schubert
(Arranged by Tausig.)	
Variazione ueber ein Thema von Glinka.	
Op. 35.....	Liadoff
Prelude, Op. 25.....	Glazounoff
Prelude, Op. 3.....	Rachmaninoff
Valse, Op. 10.....	Rachmaninoff
Consolation, Op. 38.....	Arensky
"Logarides," Op. 28.....	Arensky
Romance, Op. 5.....	Tschalkowsky
"Music Box" (by request).....	Liadoff
Paraphrasen ueber "Omigiri".....	Tschalkowsky-Pahst
Scherzo, B flat minor.....	Chopin

No. 11
The program was not as well balanced and well-contrasted as that of Friday. There was too much of music it is merely brilliant, the sport of a sailing virtuoso. Among the new pieces—or pieces that are little known in Boston—the waltz by Rachmaninoff and Liszt's variations gave, perhaps, the most pleasure. The first is useful and harmonically piquant, and variations are interesting as well as ingenious. The pieces by Arensky, of conventional salon and well-bred refinement, and the prelude by Glazounoff is inferior to the étude played last Tuesday.

It seems ungracious to speak in this fashion, for Mr. Siloti by his playing is rare left hand. The fluency of the left hand is remarkable, but it is not merely fluency. There is thoughtfulness in the most tinkling expression. There is ease in the most audacious abandon. It is a sure mastery of all dynamic shades. Mr. Siloti is one of the few artists I have heard who has a genuine mezzo-piano. What a refined colorist this Russian is! And what a happy virtuosity in his performance! I have heard the scherzo by Chopin only when it carried greater conviction. The Schubert impromptu was, perhaps, brought out too clearly into all its parts; to me it is a twilight piece; it is, as ever, comes up the question of three individuals: the composer, the interpreter and the hearer. There can be no question about the performance of the Zigeunerweisen, the pianist with variations, or the Nocturne, for it was marvelous. The piece by Rachmaninoff and the Nocturne by Liszt again worked their spells in widely differing fashion. Mr. Siloti turned the grand virtuosity of the arrangement by Pabst into a glory of pianissimo.

It is good news that this great artist will visit Boston March 12, when he will play, with the assistance of Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder, at the Albert Hall in the afternoon. I understand that Tchaikowsky's piano concerto will then be played—the "In Memoriam" of Nicholas Rubinstein. Yesterday there was not a vacant seat, and the audience was enthusiastic. I seldom if ever has any pianist in this city aroused more genuine interest or elicited warmer appreciation.

Philip Hale.

I have searched these thirty years, my sisters,
His abiding place,
I have fared these thirty years, my sisters,
Nor have seen his face.

Everywhere he has seen me, my sisters,
Him I could not see;
Everywhere I have seen him, my sisters,
But he saw not me.

Thirty years have I fared, my sisters,
Tired my footsteps fall;
He was everywhere, my sisters,
He is not at all.

Here at last dies the quest, my sisters,
Doff my sandals here;
And the twilight dies as well, my sisters,
And my soul is serene.

Ye are sixteen years, my sisters,
Bright your faces glow;
Take ye my pilgrim-staff, my sisters,
Ye also seek him, go—

They say that Meredith's "The Egoist" will be dramatized and produced in London this year. We respectfully name Mr. Richard Mansfield for the leading part.

This reminds us that the position of editor of a "literary supplement" is no sinecure. There is the excellent "Saturday Review of Books," published by the N. Y. Times. The editor is asked questions: "What do you think of 'Quo Vadis'?" "Is Macaulay a good writer?" etc. etc. Last week he was put to a cruel test. "Buffalo" asked him to explain this sentence from "Diana of the Crossways": "Men have rounded Scraglio Point; they have not yet doubled Cape Turk." The editor came up smiling and returned in this fashion: "It means that men win mastery over women more easily than over themselves or each other," which is, after all, an answer, and it will undoubtedly satisfy "Buffalo," who asks: "To what school of novelists would you assign Meredith?" To our relief the editor answers. "To the tiresome school."

We are informed on the best of authority that Mr. George W. Cable's "favorite posture is in his rocking chair, with the pad on the arm, or else with one leg thrown over the other, writing on his knee." This is welcome news. Last year Mr. Cable suffered severely from writer's cramp, which was superinduced—the physicians say—by the novelist's habit of writing with his left hand, while his right was wreathed about his neck.

There is a café in Paris, known as "Au Napoléon," much frequented by literary people. There is a waiter attached to that café, Montauban, by name, who as garçon has been for years dispensing the demitasse, the "bitare," "grogue," and absinthe. Montauban has caught the disease known as "literaturitis," and "The Impressions of Montauban, Garçon of the Café Au Napoléon," will appear.—Exchange.

When you strut at the club, when

you throw out a Boston front and a bow-wow voice, are you not aware of the observing, cynical waiter? His face is of wash-leather imperturbability; he hands you a perfumed note, or a King William, or a bill, without the slightest personal interest; he says, "Very well, sir," when you decline his aid in the coat-room, because you do not wish to betray the secret of your sleeve lining—and how foolish you look at that moment with your thin bravado! Joseph makes no sign. Yet he knows your frame, your mind, your clothes, your habits. He could build you up and restore you from a fragment of your immortal self. And what a volume of memoirs he could write! Fortunately, waiters seldom write books; they see too much of literary men.

A sexton of a church or a fashionable undertaker might give long delight by publishing his reminiscences. Why has no tailor, just before the cooking of his goose, written about his distinguished customers—or is "clients" the proper word? Possibly because he has been obliged to write so often to them.

Has no philosopher ever disguised himself as a barkeeper—no, we will not use the more popular form "barkeep"—to study human nature, to dive deep into the soul of man? Yes, a great philosopher once donned apron and diamond and mixed drinks, and gave straight dashes, and pumped, or drew from wood. For five years he studied man. He died before his magnum opus was finished. We saw the manuscript. It was thick. On the first page were these words: "Man as a thirsty beast." The other pages were blank.

Endless discussions have taken place as to Cromwell's political honesty and unselfish patriotism, but no light has ever been thrown on the character of the beer he brewed at Huntington. No one seems to know whether it was X, XX, or XXX, whether it was a puritanical belly-vengeance, or a more generous, not to say Royal liquor.

To kiss and tell is not usually considered a very delicate proceeding. To kiss and have your kisses told off by a third party might even seem indelicate to some. But to have them told off by that third party in the presence of several other parties, and for the pecuniary consideration involved in a wager, can only be pronounced German by everybody. Thus considered, what happened in Munich the other day, as narrated by the local Nachrichten, becomes conceivable. There a young and ardent lover laid his friend odds that he would kiss the object of his, the lady's, affections for a matter of ten hours on end, and that he would put on 10,000 kisses in the time. The friend said, Done; the lady said, Do. The lover found his backers; so did time. The terrain was agreed upon, tellers were chosen, a referee appointed. Bidden to go the kisser went off at score, evidently full of it. The conditions required appreciably divided and properly accentuated smacks. For the first hour, the pace, under these conditions, was very strong indeed. In 60 minutes no less than 2000 unexceptionable kisses had been scored—a fifth of the whole course had been covered. If this could only be kept up! But in the course of the second hour the pace began to tell, and only 1000 kisses were told. Despite the strenuous calls which the performer made upon himself during the third hour, he fell still further behind; the score dropped to 750. There it stopped. The kisser's lips refused their office. He was seized with kisser's cramp and had to be taken off. He does not propose to take it on again.—Fall Mall Gazette.

F2616

Who maketh the pipe-clay man
Think all that nature can?
Who dares the gods to flout,
Lay fate beneath the table,
And maketh him stammer out
A thousand monstrous things,
For history a fable,
Dish-clouts for Kings?
And sends the world along
Singing a ribald song
Of helgho! Babel?
Who, I pray—
Love, quotha, Love? nay, nay!
It is a spirit fine
Of pale or ancient wine,
Lord Alcohol, the drunken fay,
Lord Alcohol alway.

We were feeling at peace with the world; we were beginning to like Boston; we were inclined to speak respectfully of the equator, when our better nature was driven into dark retreats by the receipt of a note from our old friend F. H. M. He was amazed to see the word "femininity" in this column. Hear him: "Are you and many others not 'in it' about once too many times? How long is it since 'femininity' had another syllable interpolated; except in the Duchess's and other equally great novels by feminine authors? You

don't print this one on you, old man."

We forbear comment on the flippancy of this communication. We ignore the taunt, we forgive the reference to our gray hairs. With his mouth has he boasted against us and multiplied his words against us. Oh vain and foolish man! Why did you not consult the dictionary?

You will find the word you so despise in Ash's Dictionary (2d ed., 1795), as well as in the Standard Dictionary published by Funk and Wagnalls Company (1895).

We invite your attention, firmly and sorrowfully—for cruelty is no part of our nature—to the Oxford English Dictionary (part for October, 1895, Fec-Field). You will find there the word "femininity" in good repute, unchallenged. You ask "how long is it since 'femininity' had another syllable interpolated?" Chaucer used "femininity" in 1386. Other quotations of the word are from Lydgate (1430), Blackwood's (1835), Daily Telegraph (1865), T. P. O'Connor (1879), Manchester Examiner (1875), Westminster Gazette (1893), G. Dawson (1876), Pall Mall Gazette (1891); and there are other quotations.

Why pursue this painful subject? We are sorry for F. H. M.

We learn with regret of the breaking up of the Zoarite colony. To live far from the world, to live simply and in ideal communism, to live chiefly with reference to a celestial home—the thought is not unpleasant. 'Tis a pity that the introduction of a railroad made the young men restless and eager to see the cities of the ungodly, where it is hard for the soul to outstrip the flight of the elevator, where the stars are dimmed by monopolized electricity.

Yet in some of these communities the soul must have been clogged by the meat served for the body. We were reading yesterday an account of home life fifty years ago among the Moravians at Bethlehem, Penn. Mrs. C., for instance, breakfasted at six, usually on bread, butter, coffee, and molasses. At nine there was a luncheon of cold meat, pie, bread and butter; and at a quarter before 12 came the dinner of meat and vegetables. Often there was soup. "We always had pie for dinner. At two we had coffee and bread and butter. This was called vesper. At six was our supper of cold meat, bread and butter, and pickles. We always had pickles, and every day in the year we had apple butter."

Pie and pickles, with clock-like regularity! Oh the immortal soul! We know the glory of squash pie—but such pie should be the reward of long travail of the spirit, not for daily gustation. We also know the story about Mr. R. W. Emerson and his question "What is pie for?" but we believe that even Mr. Emerson would have written more clearly if he had abjured pie. "The Sphinx," for example, is an eternal warning against a consuming passion for the great American dish.

The big hat is not as terrible to a sensitive man in the theatre as is careless dressing of a woman's neck. The nape of the neck is one of the chief charms of a beautiful woman. How rarely in this town do you find it cleanly exposed, alluring, irresistible, a very lodestone! The neck is there, but the hair slouches over it. There will be a stray tuft, not planned coquettishly, but the result of negligence or indifference; or there will be a frowzy underbrush; and that which should invite delectable thought inspires aversion. Look about you in street car or any public place, and you will realize the truth of this statement. Are the city fathers powerless in this matter? Are there no ordinances or laws to come to the rescue of man?

The ancients knew the beauty of hair drawn cleanly from the rape. (And so does peerless Miss Eustacia). Remember how Apuleius fell in love with Fotis.

"Sometimes the beauty of the hair resembleth the colour of gold and honey, sometimes the blew plumes and azure feathers about the necks of Doves, especially when it is either anointed with the gumme of Arabia, or trimmely tufted out with the teeth of a finecombe, which if it be tied up in the pole of the necke, it seemeth to the lover that beholdeth the same, as a glasse that yeeldeth forth a more pleasant and gracious comeliness than if it should be sparse abroad on the shoulders of the woman or hang downe scattering behind. Finally, there is such a dignity in the haire, that whatsoever shee be, though shee be never so bravely attyred with gold, silkes, pretious stones, and other rich and gorgeous ornaments, yet if her haire be not curiously set forth she cannot seeme faire."

It is said that Gen. Cassius Marcellus Clay, seeking a divorce from his child wife, will accuse her of lunacy. Will the main point made by him be her willingness to marry him?

Dec 17, 98

Under an open gray sky, on a vast dusty plain without roads, grass, a thistle or a nettle, I met several men who were walking, with bent backs.

Each of them bore on his back an enormous Chimera, as heavy as a sack of flour or coal, or the accoutrements of a Roman fool-soldier.

The monstrous beast was not an inert mass; on the contrary, it was wrapped and oppressed with elastic and powerful muscles its bearer. It hooked itself with two huge claws to the throat of its man; and its fabulous head rose above the forehead of the man, as one of those frightful helmets by which warriors of old hoped to strike greater fear into the enemy.

I questioned one of these men, and I asked him, whether they were all going in such fashion. He answered that he did not know, that no one knew; but that they were surely going somewhere, for they were pushed on by unconquerable desire.

It was singular to note that no one of these travelers showed any irritation against the fierce beast fastened to his neck and glued to his back; he seemed to consider it as an inherent part of himself. These tired and grave faces showed no sign of despair. Under the splenetic cupola of the sky, feet plunged into the dust of a land as desolate as the sky, they all walked with the resigned expression of those who are condemned to eternal hope.

And the procession passed by me and was lost in the atmosphere of the horizon, at the place where the rounded surface of the planet shuns the curiosity of a human look.

And for some moments I stubbornly wished to understand this mystery; but soon irresistible indifference depressed me, and I was more heavily encumbered than they themselves were by their crushing Chimeras.

Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling has been collecting the queries put from time to time to the novelist. Here are a few:

"Do you think out your plots in bed?"
"Do you suffer with your characters?"

"Do you describe your nasty people from life?"

"Do you sometimes want to rush away and write?"

"Do you put in the stops as you go along, or afterwards?"

"Do you think quicker than you write?"

"Which of your books do you think yourself will—live?"

"Do you mind my sitting by and looking at your dear face while you write?"

"Do you feel ever as if it wasn't yourself, but somebody else, holding the pen?"

"Are you thinking what you can make out of me in your next book?"

There was a pathetic moment in the return of Mr. William Riley Forster to New York. Mr. Forster, it may be remembered, fled this country in 1838 with \$193,000 belonging to the gratuity fund of the Produce Exchange. After various adventures he heard one morning in Paris the voice of Mr. McCafferty, a detective, saying, "Come, rise up, William Riley, and go along with me!" The passage to New York was a pleasant one, enlivened by jest and conversation. Not until Mr. Forster, leaving the District Attorney's office, met Mr. McNaught was there any shadow across his path.

"Why, Bob McNaught," he exclaimed, "is that you? I used to know you in Geneva. Don't you remember Ackerman's?"

"Where you used to eat snails?" said McNaught.

"Yes," said Forster, falling into a reminiscient mood. "We used to eat snails and drink beer all the evening. It seems like old times to see you."

And well might Mr. Forster weep.

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

"Snails at Ackerman's." Truly a delightful place, Rue du Rhône 92, and the beer is Bavarian. And who does not remember some day or place, set apart, consecrated in the memory by an unforgettable meal. It was at Chambéry that the landlord himself cooked those lake trout after we had fasted perforce for ten hours; it was at Solothurn that a wonderful beefsteak saved life; there was never such a tart as that once served in lodgings on the island of Jersey; and how violently sick we were after eating beans cooked with oil and drinking several queer kinds of wine on a farm a few miles from Florence and its Duomo.

And how did Mr. Forster like his snails? Fried with oil and onions? Or spitted delicately as kidneys? Or boiled? We hope that he did not eat them in the month of April, for then the snail courts the serpent and is poisonous.

Prof. Arthur T. Hadley, the eminent authority on finance, was of the class of '76 at Yale, and for 26 years he has joined in the chorus,

Here's to good old Yale.
Drink her down, drink her down.

Feb. 14 three men were killed and two were badly hurt by three separate elevator accidents in New York. There are persons in Boston, who, under no circumstances, trust themselves to an elevator. Old Chimes is one of them. He pretends that going up long flights of stairs exercises muscles that otherwise are unused. It is a wonder that there are not more of these accidents; for they that run elevators and they that use them constantly are often careless on account of undue familiarity with them.

Beaumont Fletcher of the Criterion declares that the speech of Miss Julia Opp "still hisses with the symbolism of the Bowery and still hums with the 'n' of the East Side, and still reduplicates its surds as in 'late-t,' and 'not-t.' But she is a rare and graceful beauty."

MUSIC.

Vocal Chamber Concert by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel Wednesday Evening.

The first of the series of the Boston vocal chamber concerts was given last evening in Association Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel were the singers. These pieces were sung:

Duet from "Giulio Cesare".....Handel
Serenade song, "Vergissmeinnicht".....Bach
Cavatina from "Il Maestro di Musica".....Pergolesi
Aria from "Don Calandrino".....Cimarosa
"Star Violino".....Salvatore Rosa
"Polly Wills".....Dr. Arne
"Gin of Kenmare".....Old Irish
"Dr. Asra".....Rubinstein
"Widmung".....Franz
"So willst du des Armen".....Brahms
Mignon's song, "Kennst du das Land".....Liszt

Berceuse.....Blizet
Serenade de Zanetto.....Massenet
Duet, "Gondoliera".....Henschel
Three songs from the Cycle.....Henschel
"Der Trompeter von Sakkingen".....Henschel
Ballad, "Jung Dietrich".....Henschel
"There was an Ancient King".....Brahms
"Sandmaennchen".....Khaun
Duet from "Les Voltures Verses".....Boieldieu

As will be seen the program contained no novelties. Nevertheless many of the songs will bear many repetitions, and in the hands of such superb interpreters they reveal new beauties. The Handel duet is a stupid thing with but one redeeming feature—it is short. Bach's "Vergissmeinnicht" contains little that is sacred, and Dr. Arne's song, admirable as it is, is over-weighted with music. The words are simple; why load them down with so much superfluous music? "Der Asra" is a welcome number on any program, and the three songs from the cycle are among Mr. Henschel's best. The duet from Boieldieu's "Les Voltures Verses" is wearisome in the extreme, looking at it from any standpoint you choose.

Truly speaking there is but one thing the student of vocal music may learn by attending a recital by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, and that is style. To be sure this is a great deal, but there are times when their superb interpretations are sadly marred by execrable tone production. Most of the passages calling for a dramatic tone were harsh and often crude. We do not say there are not hosts of things in their singing to commend, and that heartily, but there are many things vocally bad and beyond forgiveness. For instance, Bach's song was sung in a spasmodic fashion that in any other singer but Mr. Henschel would not be tolerated. One would hardly recognize it as the same voice that sang so superbly the songs of the "Triumph." And there are other instances. Mrs. Henschel was in the "mood," and her singing was a rare treat, as is invariably the case under these conditions. She gave to her husband's song "There was a King," a touch of the artistic that was charming.

Mr. Henschel played the accompaniments in a manner that gave rare delight, but there were times when his voice failed to carry above the instruments.

All in all it was an evening of rare pleasure. There was a good sized audience present. Applause was frequent, and both artists responded good naturedly. The second concert of the series will be given March 16, by Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor, and Heinrich Schu-

(a) Walter's "Triolet".....Wagner
(b) Rondo Caprice.....Guiraud
Mr. Ysaye.

It was a pleasure to welcome Mr. Ysaye again to Boston, and it was also a pleasure to make the acquaintance of such an admirable pianist as Mr. Raoul Pugno. The sonata by Fauré, first played July 5, 1878, at the Trocadero by Mr. Murlin, violinist, and the composer, was heard for the first time in this city at one of Mr. Baermann's concerts Jan. 28, 1892, when Mr. Loeffler was the violinist. It is a singularly beautiful and original work, abounding in varied and ingenious rhythms, with phrases of profound sentiment, with refined and yet searching melody, with characteristic harmonies. It is a work of sane, vigorous, poetic imagination. The scherzo will always be, no doubt, the most popular of the four movements, but the repose and the melancholy of the andante leave a lasting impression, and the other movements are crowded with fine thoughts and interesting detail. I doubt if I have ever heard such cunningly graded, such reciprocal, such sympathetic ensemble playing as that of Messrs. Ysaye and Pugno. Artistic feeling, superb technique, rare intelligence were here most happily combined in the service of the composer.

The genius of Mr. Ysaye is familiar to us all. It is enough to say that although there were a few moments when he fell below his own high level, as his performance was characterized by the noble breadth and sensuousness of tone, sweep of phrase, beauty of detail, and force of authority that have made him conspicuous among violinists of the first rank. Recalled after the concerto he played pieces by Bach for the violin alone.

Mr. Pugno is a pianist of highly polished technique and Parisian elegance. I should like to hear him in other selections before I speak at length about him. The Fauré's "Scherzo" by Schumann calls for the abilities of a pianist only in limited degree, and only the first two movements are grateful to player and audience. It was a delight to hear a piece by Bach that was not a disarrangement by Liszt of one of the organ fugues. Mr. Pugno played the prelude with chaste and exquisite beauty of tone and sentiment. His performance of the piece by Scarlatti was an exhibition of dazzling technique and rare skill in gradation of tone. After a virtuoso rather than a poetic interpretation of the polonaise by Chopin, he gave a thunder and lightning performance of Liszt's obscene rhapsodie No. 11.

There was an audience of only fair size, but enthusiasm of Boston is at its height. For the honor of Boston I am pleased to learn that there will be a very large audience this afternoon when Messrs. Ysaye, Pugno and Gérardy will play Saint-Saëns's Trio in F and Schumann's Trio in E. Mr. Ysaye will play Bach's concerto in E major; Mr. Pugno will play Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, and Mr. Gérardy will play a sonata by Locatelli.

Mr. Carlos Sombrino accompanied last evening with skill and taste.

The program of Mr. Francis Rogers's recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon was as follows:

Vittoria!.....Caccini
Amarilli.....Caccini
In questa tomba.....Beethoven
Gute Nacht.....Franz
Mädchen mit dem roten Mündchen.....Schumann
Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen.....Schumann
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen.....Schumann
Im Walde.....Schumann
Widmung.....Schumann
"Vision Fugitive" from "Hérodiade".....Massenet
Noël d'Irlande.....Holmes
L'Orgue.....Fabre
Avril.....Paulin
(a) Chanson d'Automne.....Hahn
(b) L'heure exquise.....Hahn
Drink to me only with thine eyes.....Erlanger
Who is Sylvia?.....Schubert
L'ethe.....Boott
Here's a Health to King Charles.....Boott

The program was diversified agreeably, although it would have been better if Mr. Rogers had sung fewer songs and been relieved by a pianist or violinist. There are few who can sing twenty-one songs in succession without injustice to the composers and themselves. Of the new songs, or those comparatively unknown, the Irish Noël is without beauty or distinction; "L'Orgue" is a dramatic setting of a creepy poem by Charles Cros; "Avril" is charming in melodic grace and harmonic sentiment, as are the settings of Verlaine's two poems by Reynaldo Hahn, the Parisian-Venezuelian. (By the way, the Mercure de France for January published a setting of the "Chanson d'Automne" by Georges Flé.) Erlanger's "Fédia" is a tedious thing. It was a great pleasure to hear the pathetic song by Alessandro Scarlatti, although Mr. Rogers hurried it so that it suffered severely, and the poignant appeal of Caccini (1559-1615). When such songs as the last two are well sung, the hearer wonders whether there has really been any progress in vocal composition for the last two hundred and fifty years.

Mr. Rogers is evidently earnest and sincere in the pursuit of his career. His voice is naturally manly and agreeable, of good working compass; and although it is not of sensuous quality, it is neither dry nor hard, and it may well serve as an interpreter of emotion. He is musical in feeling and taste. Unfortunately he suffers from tremolo, and as a result his intonation is at times false, for he is inclined to fall below the true pitch. And what, pray, is the cause of this? At first he was well taught. He had the advantage of studying under that most excellent teacher, Mr. William L. Whitney of this city, and then under that consummate master, Vannucini. Surely he

did not acquire the detestable tremolo from either one of them. In an evil hour he was advised to go to Paris, and there at once arose a couleuvre between two methods. Result, tremolo, not vibrato, which may at times be employed legitimately, but tremolo. Now tremolo, as Charles Réade said, is the voice of palsy; "it is not, nor ever was,

nor ever will be, the voice of passion." Mr. Rogers has his career in his own voice. He may continue to go on in a mistaken path, and if he does, he will fall by the wayside, or truly musical hearers will spring up and choke him. Or he will commune with himself, consider his ways, return to his former method—the one true method, century old, and taught and learned by all musicians of great repute in any country—and work vigorously until he overcomes this tremolo, brings his tones forward where they belong, and forgets the theory that open tones are best suited for long and sustained phrases. With the exception of this unnaturally acquired tremolo (and its disastrous concomitant results) which, though it seems radical, can yet be unrooted, and with the exception of the apparent inability or disinclination to finish cleanly and gracefully the end of a final phrase, his performance was worthy of praise for its musical intelligence and sincere, indisputable musical feeling. There is the real stuff in this singer. He has it in his power to do something.

The accompaniments were played delightfully by Mr. Wallace Goodrich. There was a good-sized and very friendly audience.

Philip Hale.

MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

Mr. Charles Williams read last night in Steinert Hall. He was assisted by the Harvard Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs. Mr. Williams reads with considerable taste. His program was made up of selections well known as taxing any reader's ability. His selection from "David Copperfield" was, perhaps, his best effort, but his impersonations call for special mention. Of the assisting clubs the Mandolin Club was by far the best. Its playing was exceedingly pleasing. The Glee Club should add a few more first tenors, for in this respect it is now weak. Otherwise its work was good. Mr. Root and Mr. Turner sang solos in a pleasing manner. There was a very large audience, whose applause doubled the number of selections on the program.

"No," said Mr. Jules Renard, the intelligent foreigner, "if I were you, I should not write at length today, for there is nothing to write about. You surely are not interested in the row between the great playwright Mr. Charley Hoyt and Mr. Bates, and the tragedy of the Maine is too terrible for touch-and-go discussion. Let me tell you a true story." And Mr. Renard began, after he had chucked Miss Elizabeth under the chin.

THE SPOILED CAKE.

Mrs. Bornet opened the telegram and read: "Can't come. Sick. Very sorry. Lafoy."

"What a nuisance!" she exclaimed; "Sick! I don't believe a word of it. And after I had got everything ready." "These things happen only to us," said Mr. Bornet.

Mrs. Bornet was thinking. "I can arrange it after all. The Nolots are coming tomorrow. The cake will still be fresh and good enough for anybody."

The next day, just as she was lighting the dinner candles, a telegram came: "Impossible for this evening. Very sorry. Nolot."

"It is just as though they did it on purpose," said Mr. Bornet.

Mrs. Bornet, stunned, with pale lips, did not understand the obduracy of fate. She opened her big mouth as a flood-gate of speech.

"To let us know at half-past seven! Where were they brought up?"

"Better late than never," said Mr. Bornet. "Be calm. You'll have a stroke."

"Laugh away, you fool! This time the cake is absolutely ruined."

"We'll eat it tomorrow at luncheon."

"Do you suppose I buy cakes like that for every-day use?"

"Of course not; but let us make the best of it."

"All right; let's throw our money into the sink," said Mrs. Bornet.

As mistress of the house, she slept badly, tossing all night, while her husband slept legitimately, dreaming, perhaps, of sugar and vanilla.

"He is already tasting it," she thought.

At luncheon the maid put the cake on the table. Mr. and Mrs. Bornet looked at it. It was done for. The cream had turned and run out through cracks; the éclairs were drowning slowly. Once the cake looked like a castle; it now resembled nothing known to man, nothing at least that is solid. Mr. Bornet was quiet, and his wife began to cut. Bused with the division she said, "You have got your eye on the biggest piece; I know you, old pig."

Her knife disappeared in the flood of cream, scratched the plate, set teeth on edge, but she never struck a dry piece; and, angry, she took up the dish, and poured half the contents on the plate of her husband, and said: "Pitch into it."

Mr. Bornet took a soup spoon, blew on the cream until it seemed cool and took a mouthful. He twisted his face,

and then smiled freely. "I think it a little off."

"Oh, indeed," answered Madam. "You are never satisfied; I don't know what to give you. Lord, I am a wretched woman!"

"Try it," said her husband.

"It isn't necessary. I know it isn't off."

"Try it. Swallow a spoonful."

"Two, if you insist." She swallowed them and said, "Well what's the matter with it? Perhaps it's cooked a little too much." But she ate no more and was going to cry when an idea struck Mr. Bornet.

"Listen. You haven't given the janitor anything for a long time, and since Christmas he hasn't looked after us very well. Let us deny ourselves. We'll give him the cake. We have our life before us; let us do good to others."

"At any rate, put your own part back on the plate," said Mrs. Bornet.

They sent for the janitor. Mirabile dictu! He was in the basement.

"Wouldn't you like this cake?" said Mr. Bornet.

"You are very kind," answered the janitor, "but you mustn't rob yourselves."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Bornet, "I am stuffed up to here," and he touched his Adam's apple.

"Take it," said Mrs. Bornet; "don't be afraid, it's for you."

The janitor, with eyes on the cake, sniffed where he stood: "Are there eggs in your cake?"

"No one makes a good cake without eggs," answered Mrs. Bornet.

"It's too bad; I don't like eggs; I am sick at the stomach if I hear a cock crow."

"I tell you it is exquisite. You'll have a treat," and, to prove it, Mr. Bornet dipped his finger into the stuff and bravely sucked it.

"Very likely," said the janitor, "but you must excuse me; it would make me vomit."

"Give it to your wife then."

"She's like me, she doesn't like eggs. That's one reason why we married."

"Give it to your children then."

"The older one has the toothache; he can't eat anything sweet; and the dear baby isn't weaned yet."

"That will do," said Mrs. Bornet in icy tones; "We do not propose to force you."

"Yes, that will do," added Mr. Bornet, as though he were repulsing a beggar.

The janitor left, abashed, apologetic.

"What an idiot!" said Mr. Bornet; "those people are starving."

"I think it was pride," said his wife; "he was dying to take it." Her fingers beat the devil's tattoo, and Mr. Bornet examined one of his coat sleeves.

"What fools we are," exclaimed Madam. She rang the bell. The maid came in. "Louise," said Mrs. Bornet, "eat that. You can save your cheese for tomorrow."

Louise took the cake away.

"She'll gobble it with her eyes shut."

"I don't know about that. She's getting cified. She wears glass diamonds in her ears."

"I know it. Since we were silly enough to take her to the circus, she juggles with the plates. But she won't rob her belly."

They sat still. Then Mrs. Bornet went into the kitchen. She returned, gnashing her teeth.

"Where do you suppose our cake is?"

Mr. Bornet stood up, like unto an enormous interrogation point.

"It's in the swill pail. Sacrifice yourself for these hussies, pick them out of the gutter, and this is your reward. I didn't come here to eat your rotten cakes. But she'll pay for this insolence!" And disdaining human speech Mrs. Bornet made claws of her hands.

"I suppose," said Mr. Bornet, whose face looked as though it had been rubbed with black lead, "that you gave her a week's notice."

"Didn't I!"

Face to face they excited themselves to vengeance; she with red ears, glowing forehead and cooked cheeks; he still darker and darker, as a window facing the sun when the blind gradually develops a shadow.

Tab 19-98

O what is withdrawing a juror?
I'm longing to know how 'tis done;
With a hook like a pike or a salmon?
With a screw like the charge of a gun?
Or does the Official Withdrawer
Resort to his forceps, and wrench?
Or is it contrived with a lasso
Judiciously thrown from the bench?
And which is the juror selected—
The one that is nearest the door?
Or, possibly, he that is furthest,
To tickle his lordship the more?

And is he aware of his danger?
Or is he approached from behind?
And does he prefer the withdrawing
To staying to make up his mind?
And how are the others affected?
Is envy or gladness their lot?
And is the Official Withdrawer
A muscular usler, or what?
And does his pursuit of withdrawing
Impair or develop his brawn?

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YSAYE-PUGNO.

First of Their Concerts in Music Hall Last Evening—Mr. Francis Rogers Sang in Steinert Hall.

The program of the first of the Ysaye-Pugno concerts in Music Hall was as follows:

G. Fauré
Messrs. Ysaye and Pugno.
Faschingsschwank.....Schumann
Mr. Pugno.
Birth Concerto.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. Ysaye.
Fugue (F minor).....J. S. Bach
A.....Scarlatti
Op. 22.....Chopin
Mr. Pugno.

O. West... And how is a...

There is a more intolerable nuisance in the theatre than the big hat. This nuisance is the late comer. Sometimes he is alone; he has dined heavily; he has been late in deciding where to go; he saunters leisurely down the aisle; his seat is at least six places from the aisle; he apologizes loudly and steps carefully on male and female feet. Or he is one of a theatre party. He and his friends come in the full glory of evening dress, but they came late. There are people on the stage—but the theatre party does not see them as they enter—nor do those seated hear them until the party with much ceremony is seated.

We regret to say that this evil is increasing in some of our concert halls. At Music Hall the rule—not to let persons enter until the first piece, or first movement of a symphony, is finished—is well observed. Audiences in Steinert Hall have of late been much disturbed by thoughtless persons who do not hesitate to take their seats while there is singing or playing. This hall is so admirably managed, it is such a delight to the lover of music that a word to the ushers would summarily put an end to this evil.

They gave "La Poupée" lately at Nantes, France. There were so many late comers that the spectators who had been punctual heard little or nothing of the first act. The curtain rose for the second act. There were cries, "Let us hear the first! We haven't heard the first act!" The manager appeared, listened to the complaints, and the whole of the first act was repeated.

Some time ago we insisted in this column that eggs should be sold by weight. Tongues of derision were protruded, and drunkards made songs against us in the street. We are pleased to see that there is now a determined movement to sell eggs by weight.

An egg is a vital subject—not that it should be too vital—and it is of interest to note that the experiments in egg preservation conducted by the German Agricultural School have resulted in showing that the method commonly followed in Kent and Sussex, England, is practically the best, as it is at once cheap and easy. "We refer to the practice of immersing them in lime-water. This gave a clean shell, all the eggs so treated being found to be fresh after being kept six months. Very unsatisfactory results were obtained from various other devices recommended in England now and then, such as rubbing with salt, packing in bran, and coating with paraffin. Only a moderate number were saved by treatment with solution of salicylic acid and glycerine, alum, and so on. Those kept in soluble glass were returned as 'all very good,' but as none were spoiled when kept in lime-water, that method is not likely to be changed."

This reminds us that a writer in Science describes a curious monstrosity which has come under his observation. This is a cock with no signs of spurs upon the tarsi, but with a couple of well-developed spurs upon the head, on either side of the comb, giving the creature the appearance of being horned. These mock spurs are not attached to the skull, whatever they may originally have been, but are loose. Instances are on record of spurs being grafted on to combs, but, so far, no similar case is known to have occurred in nature.

But this is nothing to the case of the hen with the human profile, found in the district of Belef, in the government of Tula, and sent to the Imperial University of Moscow by the civil governor, Mr. Bogdanoff. The beak was wanting, and the jawbones were shortened so that they terminated where in other hens the nostrils are found. They were covered with flesh and resembled lips. This hen had whiskers and lived on bread soaked in water, or in milk. Yet she liked hashed meat, corn, etc., and she even ate cheese with much eagerness. You can see her picture in Kirby's Wonderful Museum Vol. II., page 201, but we advise you not to look at it if you are suffering from nervous depression, or are subject to fits or a rush of blood to the head.

There has been much talk about the reasons why Lord Rosslyn went on the stage. He frankly says that he tried at first to get some other work, and he endeavored to be a city clerk. Now Spain has a peer of the realm who is a play-actor, first walking gentleman in Senora Guerrero's company. (The Senora hopes to play in Paris in September.) He is the Marquis de Fontanar. A grandee of the first class, he married some years ago the daughter of Marshal Serrano, the ex-Regent.

Having lost his wife, and finding himself attracted by the stage, he joined the Teatro Espanol at Madrid, where he achieved great success, fell in love with Senora Guerrero, and married her—an event which caused no little sensation when it occurred.

First Appearance Here of Eugene Ysaye, Raoul Pugno and Jean Gerardy in Ensemble.

Messrs. Ysaye, Pugno and Gerardy gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Music Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Carlos Sabrino was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

- Trio in F.....C. Saint-Saëns
- Sonata in D.....Locatelli
- Mr. Gerardy.
- Sonata quasi Una Fantasia.....Beethoven
- Mr. Pugno.
- Concerto in E major.....J. S. Bach
- Mr. Ysaye.
- (With organ and piano.)
- Trio in F.....Schumann

This trio of Saint-Saëns (op. 18) was first played Dec. 29, 1867, by Messrs. Roschwitz, Telezinski and Norblin. It was played here as long ago as 1883, and probably before that date. It is an exceedingly interesting, brilliant, and well-made composition, of which the andante and the final are perhaps the most striking movements, although the scherzo is not to be despised. The andante is extremely characteristic and of personal flavor; there is a depth which is rarely found in the works of this admirable musician, whose head and ironic mind are more in evidence as a rule than his bowels or soul. It was marvellously well played, with the utmost brilliance of technic, and with the rarest sympathy.

I do not know whether the sonata by Locatelli is an arrangement of one of his violin pieces. In the catalogue of Locatelli's music I find no mention of any work for the 'cello. The sonata is entertaining in an old-fashioned way, but the chief interest for us moderns is the slow movement. Mr. Gerardy has developed since his first appearance here, when Knickerbockers contributed to his success. His tone is broad and noble, and he phrases with maturer appreciation. I believe that he will play still better a few years from now. He has yet to learn the ineffable value of repose.

Mr. Pugno's performance of the "Moonlight" sonata was at once delightful and irritating. It is impossible to praise too highly the beauty of his piano and pianissimo, the purity and elegance of his runs, arpeggios, and ornaments; but his forte is at times harsh, when he is playing as soloist. The first movement of the sonata which should be performed as though it were a nocturne, with the melody singing above the monotonous, subdued, and gray accompaniment, and with a by no means rigid observance of tempo, was poetically played, beautifully played; only Mr. Pugin occasionally allowed the arpeggios to form a part of the melodic structure, which was surely wrong. The allegretto, played with exquisite gradations of tone, was taken at too fast a pace; and so was the presto agitato—at so fast a pace that the music became merely a vehicle for virtuosity. Recalled, Mr. Pugin displayed in an encore number the utmost delicacy, clearness, and a fluency that astonished even in these days when technic runs in the street.

Mr. Ysaye was assisted in the Bach concerto by Mr. Sabrino, pianist, and Mr. Pugin, organist. It is not easy to speak of this performance without indulging in hyperbole. Mr. Sabrino showed here and there an undue fondness for the damper pedal, and the organ was only spasmodically effective, but Mr. Ysaye played in wondrous fashion. The adagio was indeed celestial music. A friend of mine said after the concert that there was too much sentimentalism. I cannot agree with him. There was reverie, there was pathos, there was the aspiration of the soul—and if all these things are sentimentalism, let us have more sentimentalism in performances of Bach, who is too often treated, especially in this town, as a mere pedagogue, a tireless spinner of counterpoint.

Mr. Ysaye, recalled, played Wilhelm's "Parsifal" paraphrase, and thus rivaled his performance of the Bach concerto. He was recalled again, and he played, but I left, and therefore did not hear the trio by Schumann, which seemed superfluous after such a generous feast.

Philip Hale.

Feb 20 1898

ABOUT MUSIC.

Careers of Messrs. Ibos and Boudouresque.

How Mrs. Galski Talked to a Reporter.

Concerts of the Week and Other Announcements.

The talk now is chiefly of opera. Mr. Ibos will make his first appearance in this city tomorrow night as Faust in



CAMILLE SEYGARD. Feb 13, '98

A French singer, born in Russia, and of cosmopolitan experience. Even if her voice were thin and sour, the hearer would find delight in watching her lithe movements and seductive curves. To her vocal and natural charms is added the art of the French school which so admirably disguises art.

Feb 20 1898

Gounod's opera. Let us consider his career, as described by books of authority as well as press agents.

Henri Guillaume Ibos was born at Toulouse in 1862. His first studies at the Lyceum of Toulouse were preparatory to his entering the Military School of St. Cyr. At the age of twenty he was a cavalry officer, but he left the army to devote himself to an operatic career. He entered the Paris Conservatory in 1883, and in the competition of 1885, as a pupil of Archainbaud, he gained a first accessit; but before this competition he signed a contract with the managers of the Paris Opéra. At the competition the elegance of his appearance was remarked by critics. He made his debut at the Opéra as Fernand in "La Favorite," Sept. 21, 1885. Contemporary criticism was very favorable. "His voice is of great compass and beautiful quality, of clear and charming sonority, expressive in timbre. A tenor of demi-caractère, he was superb in the great duet. The audience was most applaudive" (Noël & Stoullig's Annales, 1885). In 1887, appearing as Don Ottavio in "Don Giovanni," he "showed remarkable progress;" and in the same year he appeared as the Duke in "Rigoletto." He created the part of the Duc d'Anjou in Salvayre's "Dame de Monsoreau," Jan. 30, 1888; and April 18 of that year he appeared as Don Gomez in Saint-Saëns' "Henry VIII." Massenet wished him to sing in the first performance of "Esclarmonde" at the Monnaie, Brussels. Mr. Ibos therefore left the Opéra, and after his engagement in Brussels sang several parts in the Imperial Theatre of Russia with ever-increasing fame. In 1892 he was recalled to the Paris Opéra, where he sang in "L'Africaine" (Jan. 20), "Les Huguenots" (Feb. 17), and other operas. He created in Paris (Jan. 16, 1893) the part of Werther in Massenet's opera of the same name at the Opéra-Comique, the part played by Van Dyck at the production in Vienna, Feb. 16, 1892. Léon Kerst thus spoke of him: "Mr. Ibos displayed admirable qualities in his impersonation of Werther. Charm, sweetness, are his dominating characteristics. Not that vigor is wanting." It was Massenet himself who secured Mr. Ibos for the part, who learned the part in a month. The success was so great that there were thirty performances in the space of two months and a half. Foreign managers made him flattering offers. In 1894 he appeared at the Royal Opera, Madrid, in "Lohengrin," "Lucia,"

"L'Africaine," "Rigoletto." His success was so great that he renewed his engagement thrice in succession that season, at the price of 40,000 francs a month. He then went to Warsaw, where he sang at the Imperial Opera, and met with the same favor as in Spain. Sonzogno last year invited him to appear at La Scala in "Götterdämmerung" and "Henry VIII." Mr. Ibos thought it best to decline the offer, which was renewed in still more flattering terms for this winter at Milan. Appeals were also made to him by managers at St. Petersburg, Madrid and Lisbon. He was considering them when Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis informed as to his reputation, knowing that he was ranked among the leading tenors of Europe, engaged him for representations in America.

Education, a striking physique, fascinating manners, combine to make Mr. Ibos a distinguished figure in the operatic world. His voice is remarkable for its freshness, compass and flexibility. In Spain and in Russia where the encore habit is firmly rooted, he has been obliged, as the Duke in "Rigoletto," to sing in one performance the ballade of the first act twice, the air in the second act twice, and "La donna é mobile" five times. In "Lohengrin" he has often been obliged to repeat the Story of the Graal, and in "Les Huguenots" the audience has insisted not only on his repetition of both couplets of the romance, but of the whole duet of the fourth act.

Mr. Ibos is fond of sport, an accomplished rider, and extraordinarily cunning at fence.

The Mephistopheles tomorrow night will be Mr. Boudouresque. Marcel Maurice Boudouresque is a son of Auguste Acanthe Boudouresque, the celebrated bass, who sang for ten years at the Paris Opéra and for ten years in other leading opera houses, as Milan, Rome, Buenos Ayres, etc. The father is now a much respected and successful singing teacher in Marseilles.

Marcel was born in Marseilles in 1862. He studied at the College of Sainte-Barbe, Paris, and then served his time in the army. At the age of 23 he began to study the art of singing. His father has been his only teacher.

Mr. Boudouresque made his first appearance on the stage of the Opéra-Comique, Paris, May 14, 1889, when he created the part of Le Roi Cléomac in Massenet's "Esclarmonde." (At that same performance Miss Sibyl Sander-

made her debut as the heroine of Massenet's romantic opera. His talents were noticed by provincial directors and he was engaged for two seasons at Lille and Algiers. In 1891 he returned to the Opéra-Comique. That year he sang in "Manon." In 1892 he sang in Grunoi's "Mireille" and (June 9) as Panthée in the first performance at Paris of "Les Troyens," by Berlioz. Since then he has appeared to great advantage at Monte Carlo, Bourdeaux, St. Petersburg and Marseilles. In September, 1896, he was urged by the publisher Ricordi to make an engagement at La Scala, Milan. To his deep regret, he could not accept the offer, for he had already signed a contract with the Marseilles manager. A favorite in his native city, he is a contradiction to the proverbial prophet in his own country.

Mr. Campanari, who will sing the part of Valentin tomorrow night, is well known here, but this record of his career may be of interest:

Born in Veneto, he showed a disposition toward music at an early age. The cello was his favorite instrument, and he was for some time a member of the orchestra of La Scala, Milan. There he discovered that he had a voice, and after earnest study he appeared in opera houses of Italy and Spain. In the season of 1884-85 he came to this country at the solicitation of his brother, Mr. Leandro Campanari, the well-known violinist. He made Boston his home, and he joined, as cellist, the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He remained with it, an honored member, playing also in chamber concerts, until 1893, when he decided to return to the stage. He was the cellist of the Adamowski Quartet, the season of 1888-89. He had already sung in oratorio and concert in Boston and other towns, as in Verdi's Requiem at a Handel and Haydn concert in 1889, at an Apollo concert in 1888. He had also sung in opera in Boston.

Joining the Hinrich's Opera Company, he created in this country the part of Tonio ("Pagliacci") in New York, June 15, 1893. As a member of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company, he made his debut in New York as the Count in "Il Trovatore." Other parts sung by him were Ford, which he created in this country (Feb. 4, 1895, New York), Valentine, Germont, Rigoletto, the High Priest ("Samson and Delilah"), Mercutio, Amonasro, etc. He created the part of Chillingworth in Mr. Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter," when the first act and the forest scene were sung for the first time in Carnegie Hall, Jan. 5, 1895. He has also sung in concert throughout the country, repeatedly in New York, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Boston, Oct. 31, 1896), at the Worcester Festivals of 1894, 1895, 1896.

Mr. Campanari is illustrious not only for his pure, virile, superb voice, free delivery, broad and intelligent phrasing, intense dramatic feeling; his sound musicianship has won the plaudits of the most censorious, and contributed in large measure to his success. Furthermore, as a critic has well remarked, "He has the grand opera manner—the dignity, even in trivialities, that is inseparable with prominence on the grand opera stage." And in the modern Italian operas written under the spell of verismo, as well as in the older, purely lyric works, in the national and character comedy of "Die Meister-singer," as well as in Rossini's "master-piece," he is always master of his scene, dominating when he should dominate, strengthening ensemble without personal obtrusiveness.

Miss Toronto, who will be the Siebel, is Miss Florence Brimson of Toronto, and a pupil of Marchesi. She sang in concert in Paris in 1897, and her first appearance in opera was at Philadelphia as Siebel, Nov. 29 of the same year.

The first performance of "Faust" in Boston was January 14, 1864. The cast was as follows:

Faust.....	Mazzolini
Mephistopheles.....	Blachi
Valentine.....	Hellini
Wagner.....	Muller
Marguerite.....	Clara Louise Kellogg
Siebel.....	Henrietta Sulzer
Martha.....	Fanny Stockton

I quote from an interview published lately in the New York Sun extracts from an interview with Mrs. Gadske, who will sing the part of Elisabeth Wednesday night.

"You ask me if I am not practically unknown in Germany and if I have not made my career in this country. That is true and it isn't true. I made my first public appearance in Germany in concert when only 11 or 12 years old. You are surprised? But I sang very well, for I began to study tones, to cultivate my voice when 9 years old. I was born at Greifswald. (I have understood her birth place is Auklam in Pomerania, and she

was born June 15, 1872.) "My father was a Government official; he was at the head of the Post Office many years.

"I was in school and took singing lessons in a class with all the other children. One day a lady heard me sing and she was so struck by my voice that she went to my parents and said that I must never be allowed to sing in the class again; that the children were allowed to shriek and sing so loud that I would destroy my voice. Then they sent me to study with Frau Schroder Chaloupka. As I said, I made my first public appearance two or three years later and made a great hit. My father didn't dream that I would ever go on the stage, for he was opposed to it. My family are not any more musical than German families usually are, so I don't know where my voice came from. In 1889, when 18 years old, I went to Berlin. The director of the Choral Opera heard me sing and offered me a contract, and I made my first appearance in 1891. Of course I did not begin with such roles as Elsa or Elisabeth, but started in lighter operas, such as those of Weber and Mozart. Oh! I learned so much there, for I sang with all the great singers and learned from them. I was in each opera, so I could see what was good and what was not good."

"Had you never taken any lessons in acting?" asked the interviewer.

Mme. Gadske shrugged her shoulders and exclaimed: "No, I have never had any lessons in acting. The director of the Choral Opera told me at the outset that it was better to act by feeling when singing than by instruction. If one studies only acting and singing one is not always natural. That is the reason why one who does not speak German does not understand the German people and their spirit, is not a German, and, in short, cannot sing the Wagner roles. One must have the German spirit. Sometimes you write here in your papers that German singers cannot sing. I think they sing German roles very well."

"I first heard her in 1891 at Mayence," interrupted Mr. Tauscher.

"And was it then that she captivated you?" suggested the visitor.

"That very night," he answered, with a great show of enthusiasm, and his wife blushed prettily. "But we weren't married for two years," he volunteered, "for I had many things to do."

"These Americans I like and this country I love; but there is one thing about the people that we cannot understand. A singer comes here who knows only two or three roles and you say she is grand, magnificent; you say her acting is so—what is the word I want? Some days English flows from me and others it comes so hard, and this is one of them. You say her acting is so real, so true to life. The stage is not the place to portray human beings as they are, but to idealize them. America has been most kind to me, however, and I owe a great deal to her, but I would not like to live here all the year."

"How do you spend your time when not singing?" asked the interviewer.

"I am so very busy," she replied. "I have time for nothing but work. I had an eight weeks' concert tour before the opera season began, and I have eight more of concert after the season. Then I take the first steamer I can catch for London, 1st of August. I sing there in Italian for the first time, and I have yet to learn the language. You see I'm so fond of singing for benefits that I am kept busy. I like to do it, because in that way I can show the gratitude of my heart. I never get to bed until quite late, 12 or 1, but I am a good sleeper, and rest until 9 or later. Then I study by one of my methods or the other. If I am to appear a great many times during the week I study some part without using the voice, but if not I try my voice to see how it is that day. Sometimes I take a short walk, but I'd rather take the air from one of these hansom cabs. They are fine. I do like them so much. I ride a bicycle in Berlin when I am resting."

"I wish my little girl Lotta would come in," she broke off. "She's an insolent—is that the word?—little things. I mean she answers back. She is only 4, but she is learning English rapidly. The other day she looked at me when I corrected her, and said, 'Never touched me.' I wonder what she meant?"

"I do not go out much. I often go to hear Mrs. Melba, because she is absolutely perfect of her kind and I love to listen to her, but I hardly ever go to the theatre."

"You know I'm German. To be a German woman is to be a needlewoman. I am devoted to making fine embroideries and make all on my

stage costumes. As Elsa I wear a mantle with a great gold lion embroidered on it, you may remember, I did that, and I embroidered the satin petticoat in gold, too, and then I embroidered these magnificent gold bands down the front of one of my Elisabeth costumes. Nothing takes my mind off my work like this embroidery. Sometimes I try light literature, but sewing absolutely rests the brain. I am very domestic in my tastes. It's a fine thing to make a successful public career, but it's much finer to have a happy little home and some one to love and some one to love you," she concluded.

July 21, 1898

Whom do you love best, enigmatical man? Tell me. Your father, your mother, your sister, or your brother?

"I have neither father, nor mother, nor sister, nor brother."

Your friends?

"You use a word whose meaning is to me unknown."

Your country?

"I do not know under what latitude it is situated."

Beauty?

"Willingly would I love it, goddess, immortal."

Mezey

"I hate it with abiding hate."

And what do you love, extraordinary stranger?

"I love the clouds—the clouds that pass—over there—the marvelous clouds."

We read an article yesterday on spelling. The reviewer classed spelling among fetish superstitions, a superstition, however, that has no root in the instincts of mankind. "The feeling of children for spelling is simply scorn and abhorrence. Some children revolt to the last. We are all acquainted with persons who cannot spell. They have been at school like the rest of us."

"Not a few are distinguished in the learned professions. Their parents, their brothers and sisters, spell like machines; but they could never bring their minds to it. Unconsciously they protest against laws which curtail the freedom of speech, that is, of writing. It was in such a cause that Hampden died on the field and Sydney on the scaffold. Spelling, in fact, is sheer tyranny, with no claim to dominion, but merciless in punishing those who do not submit. It persecutes even the dead, however illustrious. You shall hear a little curate speak with pitying contempt of Shakspeare or Cromwell or Napoleon because of their spelling."

Mr. James Powers, the ingenious comedian, refused to read a letter by daylight, protesting in his character of a Chinaman that he could read only at night because he had attended a night school. There are seasons, hours, minutes, for spelling. No doubt Noah Webster himself was often stumped when his wife—we assume that Noah was married—interrupted him with "Mr. Webster, how do you spell contagious, or parallel?"—or whatever the word may have been. No doubt he was obliged to look up the word in his own dictionary.

You write a word, a simple, foolish everyday word, and you swear to yourself it does not look right. "Dance" does not satisfy the eye; it should surely be "danse." "Dance" looks thin, angular, acrid, like unto a wall flower at a Cheap-and-Hungry. Furthermore our language, the glorious, rich, forcible English language—"brawny and limber and full enough; the powerful language of resistance, the dialect of common sense, the speech of the proud and melancholy races and of all who aspire"—this noble language has been tinkered by prudes, and prigs, and lazy men, and men that are in a hurry.

What is "color" without the "u" in it that suggest "colour"? When you find the old spelling "boldogge" you see teeth, you are conscious of grim determination. What is "nostrils" in comparison with the word in Marlowe's sonorous lines?

The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honored in their governor.

Yes Mr. Le Gallienne (né Galloon) is a very pretty fellow, and so is Mr. Stephen Phillips (we are not sure about the "t's" and "p's" in his immortal name), and so are the young vagabonds of song who thrill the editorial staff of the Transcript, but they are poor things—vagrant mortals—and their pipes seem shrill and sour when you hear the music of Marlowe.

The reviewer tells us that as the pronunciation of words is decided by conventionality alone, so is the spelling. "There is no inherent right or wrong." But it is different with regard to names. "For in course of time, as we see, people adopt the artificial word, for-

getting the true. But every place-name had a meaning, which vanishes when obscured by some fantastic combination of letters. Thus the chain of historic evidence is broken, and people frame absurd theories to account for a word which has no origin besides affected spelling. Take Liverpool. When the inhabitants began to feel curiosity about their birthplace, the 'Liver' puzzled them sorely. At length they resolved that it was the local appellation of some bird, and the city arms display a creature like a heron, the 'liver,' standing beside a 'pool.' But to this day any rustic of the neighborhood will explain the mystery. For him the town is 'L'erpoo,' which in his dialect is 'Lower pool.' So his fathers called the place for a thousand years before some imbecile choose to spell it 'Liverpool.' 'Brommagen' is vulgar to a proverb, but correct nevertheless. The word so pronounced—quite properly, doubtless—is now spelt 'Bromwichham,' an ancient village absorbed in the town. 'Birming-ham,' doubtless, represents the tribute of some sycophantic scribe to that powerful family, who were lords of the manor."

Perhaps you receive letters from sweethearts, Adolphus—for you are young and your eyes are bright and you have no paunch; do not feel vexed if Louisa makes sad work of "separate" or Clara spells her disappointment at not seeing you with a double "s." The sweetest, most desirable girl we ever knew—twas at least twenty-five years ago—knew no difference between "to" and "too."

July 22, 1898

OPERA

"Faust"

The season of grand opera under the direction of Messrs. Walter Damrosch and Charles A. Ellis began here last evening at the Boston Theatre. There was a very large audience. Mr. Damrosch was the conductor. The opera was Gounod's "Faust" (in French), and the cast was as follows:

Marguerite.....	Melba
Siebel.....	Toronto
Martha.....	Van Cauteren
Faust.....	Ibos
Mephistopheles.....	Boudouresque
Valentine.....	Campanari
Wagner.....	Viviani

Are some of our friends in New York right in holding the opinion that "Faust" is for the most part hopelessly old-fashioned, that it should be shelved along with early operas of Verdi, Donizetti's "L'Elia," and certain operas that disappeared from the stage in the sixties? And are they justified in their ironical allusions to the Metropolitan Opera House as the "Faust-spielhaus?" These questions came to me last night as I heard again Gounod's music to the story of the way of a man with a maid.

Many portions of the opera that once were the popular pages, that were looked forward to before the rising of the curtain and remembered after the going down of the same do seem archaic in this, the year of our Lord 1898. The duet in the first act is pointless and boring. The Kermess, which once was regarded as "German in its structure," seems ordinary music, not much better than that which is found in the finale of well-made operettas. The Calf of Gold is no longer an example of diabolical satire. The Soldiers' Chorus is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

The jewel song is impertinently coquettish—a sacrifice on the altar of a virtuoso's vanity. Etc., etc. Yes, and when you have said all this and more too, there remain pages that are still vital and palpitating; as the Entrance of Marguerite, the duet in the garden, the death of Valentine, and the Church Scene. No, I do not include the final scene, although it is an admirable test of lungs and endurance, and therefore it is widely applauded when the singers meet or surpass expectation.

As for the taunt about the "Faust-spielhaus." If audiences demand "Faust," why should not managers oblige them? How many managers can afford to educate the public taste by producing new operas and compelling the people to listen to them until they are accustomed and correspondingly grateful?

Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis know that the people of Boston as well as the people of New York, Philadelphia or Chicago like "Faust." Why should they not put it on the stage? The large audience last night was a proof of the soundness of the managerial view.

Now any review, at this late day, of a performance of "Faust," leads one imperceptibly to indulge in comparison. You hear Melba, for instance, and you at once compare her with other celebrated women whom you have heard and seen in the same part. And this often leads to confusion and abandonment of discrimination.

You must first of all ask yourself, "Is

Stephens Matthews
Tannhauser Kraus
Landgrave Fischer
Wolfram Bispham
Walter Van Hoose
Bertoli Staudigl
Rehmar Hains
Haurich Schein

It is a pleasing task to look backward occasionally and recall to the mind the men and women that have given pleasure, or bored, or excited derision in an opera that still knows stage-life. Take "Tannhäuser" for instance. How many of the audience of last night remember the first performance of the opera in this city? How many recall the first performance of the overture?

The latter was first played here October 22, 1853. Excerpts from the opera—chiefly from the first act—were sung in the sixties, I believe; but the first performance of the opera as a whole was Jan. 20, 1871, and the cast was as follows:

Elisabeth Louise Lichtmay
Venus Bertha Roemer
Shepherd Haffner
Tannhauser Fransch
Wolfram Carl Bernard
Walter Ed. Vierling
Bertoli Th. Habelmann
Bitter W. Fornes

Since that night there have been many performances; and in how many have you seen a Venus that was musically seductive or a Wolfram that was true to the pitch in the song to the evening star? Or how many Tannhäuser have you seen who made anything out of the unmusical ditty that Wagner put in the mouth of the minstrel-knight when he was a-visiting Venus in her mountain cave?

"Tannhäuser" is to me one of the least successful of Wagner's operas; to be ranked a little above "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman," and a little below "Lohengrin." In this opera Wagner shows his hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt; he still has a desire to outdo Meyerbeer and other men of that school; and the result is melody that is often angular, crude, brutal, and ensemble built on conventional foundations. On the other hand, there is abundant proof of his knowledge of stage effect, and there are poignant moments.

Miss Barna, who was once favorably known in this city as Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, made her first appearance here last night as Venus, a thankless part. To judge of her ability as an actress or singer from this one impersonation would be unfair. Physically she might have satisfied ordinary New England requirements—for she is a stately, well-moulded woman—had she not chosen in facial expression the mask of a grieved and injured person. When she wooed Tannhäuser to remain, there was more suggestion of trouble to come, unless he yielded, than any appeal to the remembrance of past, delicious, unholy delight. And therefore there was visible reason for his fixed determination to change his lodgings. Now this fault in Miss Barna's histrionism could be easily corrected, for she has a face and a figure that might be used in plausible appeal. But it is so hard for an American woman to be so sensitive on the stage—even when the part imperatively demands an exhibition of sensuousness. There is the stored coldness of heredity; there is the influence of generations of men and women that thought it wicked to show emotion. There is the thought of Mrs. Grundy; or the fear that some relative may be in the theatre and be shocked. Our American women are too self-conscious in opera; they are without abandon. (Perhaps they remember the diatribes of Dr. Dio Lewis against theatrical exhibitions.)

It is not fair to judge of Miss Barna's singing from her performance of last night, for the part is extremely taxing. Venus has here no Paphian strain; neither she nor her jaded lover knows erotic measures. It is enough to say that Miss Barna made a brave attempt, and sang with skill and musical intelligence. I hope to hear her in a part that will reveal fully her abilities, and where her constant, harassing thought will not be, "Shall I get that interval and be in time?"

Johanna Gadske has often pleased Boston audiences, and when she disappointed them it was never on account of lack of intelligence or through caprice or ill-humor. A hard-working woman, she does not spare herself, and no voice under such conditions can invariably be fresh and alive. Last night she was in excellent voice, and her Elisabeth was delightful in vocal and histrionic artistry. Her tunes have gained in breadth and fullness, and her delivery is more authoritative. Her action is discreet and effective. She makes her points quietly, and in emotional scenes her intensity is never exaggeration, nor does she throw tones and method to the winds to win the easiest applause. Her impersonation last night was sweet and womanly throughout. The prayer at the cross was a prayer, and not an appeal to the gallery.

Mr. Kraus appears to be in better physical condition than he was last year, and his voice is under firmer control. Last evening there were mezzo-forte and piano passages that were sung by him simply and in tune, and he made a great deal to say of a heroic German tenor. I wish that he had been taught young and taught the proper method of singing; for he has many natural gifts; he is a manly fellow, and he sings in manly fashion; his voice is as agreeable as well as strong; but as a rule he bothers himself little with the production, and is content to rejoice in his strength. And yet I have heard few Tannhäusers that were on the whole as satisfactory as Mr. Kraus with all his sins of omission and

commission. That he has true dramatic stuff in him was shown in certain passages of the account of his journey to Rome.

It may be said of the others in the cast that they formed an ensemble of general excellence. Mr. Bispham's Wolfram is not perhaps the most striking of his impersonations, but it is artistically conceived and carried out with nobility of thought; and when you remember the spasmodic, blurring and untuneful Wolframs that have picked at harps, the Wolfram of Mr. Bispham assumes large proportions. Only in the opening recitatives and the romance in the last act did he occasionally flatten tones, a thing unusual with him.

Mr. Fischer's experience still serves him, and the competitors in the tournament of song almost made me forget the intrinsic barrenness of the music. The chorus was better than I dared

to hope; and the orchestra played with a greater attention to nuances than on Monday evening. The finales of the first and second acts were given with great spirit, and the hearty applause was almost always well deserved. Mr. Damrosch was inclined at times to hurry tempo, but we should all be thankful that he did not prefer to drag it.

Rossini's masterpiece, the immortal "Barber of Seville," will be sung to-night in Italian. Melba will sing Rosina for the first time in this city. Salignac will be Almaviva; Campanari will be Figaro; and Carbone and Boudouresque will respectively take the parts of Bartolo and Basilio. Mr. Bimboni will conduct.

Philip Hale.

He is perfectly harmless, and suffered to go to all their public entertainments. He promised to subscribe five thousand pounds towards building me a room, and said Mr. Pitt would repay him out of the overplus after saving a million a year. He calls himself Sir Edward Mason, Knight of the Poker—carrying a large one constantly in his button hole—and has badges of distinction sewed all over his clothes. Asking him how he came by a fine star upon his sleeve—"Sir," said he, "the King of Prussia—the King of Prussia—last battle—mark of honor—he and I—fought the whole army—killed, conquered, and plundered—tied the commander to a tree—robbed him of forty thousand pounds—and his watch."

Mr. Blowhard is now passing like a weaver's shuttle between Havana and Key West. He was in a row boat near the Maine when the explosion occurred. He saw things moving on the water and in the air just fifty-six seconds before he heard the horrid din. He looked at his watch—an invaluable time-keeper. At Key West he met a marine—a distant relative of the gallant Captain Jinks—and this marine told him that a tobaccoist in Hoboken said a year ago that there would be trouble if the United States should ever send a ship to Havana, and that he should therefore recommend the use of domestic cigars. Mr. Blowhard has a large mouth. Diagrams of his ears hang on the walls of the consulting rooms of aurists.

This is the same Mr. Blowhard whom Artemus Ward knew in Cleveland. "He knows Ned Forrest like a book. Has taken sundry drinks with Ned. Ned likes him much. Is well acquainted with a certain actress. Could have married her just as easy as not if he had wanted to. Didn't like her style, and so concluded not to marry her. Knows Dan Rice well. Knows all his men and horses. Is on terms of affectionate intimacy with Dan's rhinoceros, and is tolerably well acquainted with the performing elephant. He said the rhinoceros was perfectly harmless, as his teeth had all been taken out in infancy. Besides, the rhinoceros was under the influence of opium while he was in the ring, which entirely prevented his injuring anybody. No danger whatever."

Mr. Blowhard is correspondent for two New York papers.

London fogs are expensive affairs. The excess in a day's gas bill is estimated at about 8000 pounds. Then there must be added the cost of electricity and oil; and the loss of business is no trifle. What is still more serious, is the fact that fog interferes with spiritual manifestations. "A lady spiritualist relates that, after 20 years' deprivation, mediumship returned to her unsought immediately on her arrival at Bath from smoky London." We quote this sentence of elegant English from the Daily Messenger (Paris).

It is a pleasure to know that highwaymen are again to be seen between six and eight o'clock in the evening in the more fashionable streets of the Back Bay. They are not as courteous as the ancient knights of the road. The highwayman that let a woman go last Sunday evening because she had no money with her might at least have politely insisted on the honor of a dance. The only explanation of his ungallant conduct is that he wore a gray suit and a soft black hat. The police should see to it that all highwaymen in the Back Bay be required to appear in evening dress after six o'clock.

The late Mr. Eno was indeed a good man, as well as a shrewd operator in real estate. In his old age he took up the study of Italian, as well as French and Latin, and spent many nights in translating Dante, when he might have read Boccaccio in the original.

We do not understand this fuss about the study of English at Yale. We have heard that Mr. Bob Cook, '76, expresses himself in English of singular force and directness.

The New York Sun (Feb. 22) says of photographs taken by Mr. F. H. Day of this city, "His achievements as here displayed present indisputable evidence that he possesses not only a fine perception of the possibilities of pose and lighting, but also a remarkable mastery of printing. Some of his models seem to have come directly from the Florence of the fourteenth century, and others from the Naples of today; but the creative faculty is distinctly individual and the quality of the pictures is impressive."

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly apparently ignores this sentence of his idol, Bacon: "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or mischief." But perhaps he will here discover a cryptogram referring to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays.

The attention of those who are interested in educational matters is invited to the life work of Johann Jakob Haberer, an industrious teacher of the good old school. During his life he kept a diary of the number of punishments inflicted by him on pupils. He records that during 51 years, he distributed "311,517 strokes with a stick, 240,100 birch-rod smites, 136,715 hand smacks, 10,986 blows with a ruler, 10,235 slaps on the face, 8000 boxes on the ears, 115,800 on the head, and that he set some 13,000 tasks from the Bible, so that it was necessary to purchase a new copy, through wear and tear, every two years. Seven hundred and seventy-seven times did Johann make his children kneel on dried peas, while 5001 times he stood them in his corners with rulers over their heads."

Court is now over and Bill Scott is to hang 25th of Feb. Everybody is glad of his sentence, any such fiend as him and Charley Hall ought not to be given no more time than could be helped.—Alabama Beacon.

Feb 25. 08

OPERA.

Rossini's Masterpiece "The Barber of Seville."

A Delightful Performance and True Pleasure.

Ethelbert Nevin's Concert of His Own Compositions.

"The Barber of Seville" was performed last night by the Damrosch and Ellis Company at the Boston Theatre. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Bimboni conducted. The cast was as follows:

Rosina Melba
Bertha Van Cauteren
Almaviva Salignac
Figaro Campanari
Bartolo Carbone
Basilio Boudouresque
Fiorello Viviani

Rossini's masterpiece has not been heard here for several years. One of the last performances, if not the last, was that in English by the Ideal Company, Jan. 12, 1889, when Pauline L'Allemant was the Rosina. But "The Barber" must be sung in Italian, and the last famous Rosinas in this town were Patti and Sembrich.

It is a shame that this opera has been neglected, not only in Boston, but in other American cities, so that to younger opera-goers a performance is as a novelty. Indeed, I heard one spruce young fellow say to another after the first act last night, "Why, this is a light opera!" He spoke almost sneeringly, but I observed that he sat it through, laughed freely, and applauded uproariously.

Yes, it is a light opera, and would that there were a few more like it. It is one of the great operatic masterpieces; it ranks with Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro"—to my mind in dramatic truth it surpasses it—and with Verdi's "Falstaff," Donizetti's "Elixir of Love" and "Don Pasquale" are charming and vivacious works—and Donizetti in comic or serio-comic vein is superior to Donizetti, the maker of

lyric tragedies—but "The Barber" stands above them. How fresh and spontaneous are its melodies today! How pat is the music to the situation! Rossini caught the spirit of Beaumarchais; he, too, knew how to sneer and mock. These petrole are a bad or foolish lot; Rosina is an arrant flirt, a liar, an intriguer; Bartolo is a pompous, credulous ass, you see him here in the street, he saw the opera last night and was amused in his stiff, condescending way; the Count—we all know what became of him, and Rosina was deservedly punished; Basilio is as big a rogue as Figaro, and Bertha is hardly the person to whom you would confide a maiden of tender years. Now Mozart dealt with these people and others of their kind, but he idealized them; he turned Cherubino, a cheap little Don Juan, into a figure of moonlight and romance; he made the Countess an abused heroine; the vulgar squabbles and key-hole courtships are forgotten. And thus the element of pure comedy, as well as those of mockery and satire, is put in the background, while Rossini, a child of this world, accepted Beaumarchais's view of it and bothered his head no more about it. He, too, had incurred Bartolo's suspicion, had been obliged to hear him sing, had made eyes at Rosina under her guardian's nose. Figaro had befriended him; Don Basilio was his sneaking enemy. And he wrote these immortal strains in a hurry, without thought of the years to come. So little was his anxiety that they who went to condole with him after the fiasco of the first performance found him sleeping soundly. Well might he say in the laziness of after years and in reply to some flatterer, "Yes, I think one of my operas may live—"The Barber of Seville."

But I do not propose to give the history of this opera or discuss its amazing merits at length. You heard it last night. You heard a solemn chump pooh-poohing it, and signing for "Die Meistersinger." Well, he will have a chance to hear this specimen of German humor Monday night, and there is no law compelling you to go. Did you not enjoy yourself thoroughly? Were you bored for a moment? And did not the tunes seem as though they were heard for the first time? There is a simple explanation of your pleasure: You heard the masterpiece of a great genius in comedy; you listened to the music of one of the few great natural melodists; and, in the third place, you were present at an admirable performance.

It was not an instance of one star shining brilliantly on a bundle of sticks. There was an uncommonly good ensemble. From Melba to Viviani all contributed to your pleasure. Melba was in far better voice than when she sang Monday night, and she sang delightfully. Her runs and ornaments were clean and smooth; her voice was warm, vital, palpitating. And when she is at her best it is hard to find her equal in these days. Furthermore, she acted with spirit, and entered into the intrigue and the fun as though she herself enjoyed it all. The lesson scene, for once, did not seem impertinent; the song with piano accompaniment and the scottish from "Don César" were applauded stormily. Someone inquired lately in New York what Melba proposed to do in future; "there were so few operatic parts for her to sing; a statement born of ignorance of many operas that need only a voice like that of Melba and comedians such as were seen last evening to give pleasure to thousands who are beginning to be tired of the narrow repertory and the restriction of German opera to works by Wagner."

The florid music of Almaviva is a stumbling block to the modern tenor, and to say that Mr. Salignac sang it perfectly or always satisfactorily would be foolish and untrue. Yet Mr. Salignac did many things well; he was really in action, and he did not err by sentimentalizing the character. He remembered that Almaviva's sentiment is chiefly epidermic and that Rossini, even in serious opera is seldom sentimental.

The Figaro of Mr. Campanari was most admirable, vocally and histrionically. We all knew that he could sing the part, but some of us wondered whether he would sing and act in the true and glorious buffo style. This question was speedily answered. The impersonation was consistent throughout; the humor never fell into exaggeration; there was the suggestion of cynicism and contempt for all his dupes; there were subtleties of expression that were unexpected from this frank and noble singer. An impersonation long to be remembered! A impersonation that places Mr. Campanari among the leading singers on the operatic stage.

And I cannot imagine a better Bartolo than that portrayed by Mr. Carbone, who once gave here a striking instance of his talent by a masterly performance of Beckmesser. He knows the traditions; he himself is a born comedian; and he has the authority that makes each word and look an gesture of weight and force. Nor can the sly, malicious, sneaking Basilio of Mr. Boudouresque be passed by without warm praise. This singer, who disappointed as Mephistopheles, sang and played Basilio's part as an accomplished comedian. Nor would I be right to let the Bertha of Mrs. Van Cauteren go unnoticed. In this small part she too, showed appreciation of the character allotted to her.

Mr. Bimboni led with infinite spirit intelligence and skill. The orchestra was heard to great advantage. The orchestration of Rossini demands a conductor a keen sense of proportion. Mr. Bimboni played on the orchestra as on a piano. Each solo entrance of an instrument had its meaning, gained its effect. And there were dynamic grades and contrasts under this leader that would have done honor to an orchestra in a careful rehearsed symphony concert.

The opera this evening will be "The Walküre." Nordica will sing Brünnhilde for the first time in Boston. Other chief singers will be Gadske, Staudigl, Krauss, Fischer and Ral. Mr. Damrosch will conduct.

Mr. Ethelbert Nevin gave a concert of his own compositions yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall, assisted by Miss neville Weaver, singer, Miss Gerald Morgan, violinist, Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone, and Mr. Paul Morgan, cellist. The composer was the pianist, and was a good-sized and very friendly audience.

Mr. Nevin played his suite for piano, *Taglio in Toscana*, and with Miss Morgan a serenata for piano, violin and cello. Miss Morgan played a lody and a barcarolle for violin. The gers sang songs new and old, three which were with violin obligato. This young composer of indisputable musical gifts—chief of which is distinctive melodic thought—was popular early

in his career. To many he is still the thor of "Narcissus," "Little Boy ue," "At Twilight," and when yesterday, in response to a recall, he began play "Narcissus" there was loud applause, as at a "Grand Operatic Concert," when the ritornello of "Donna e arile," or the Torador's song, is able. I have on various occasions expressed my appreciation of Mr. Nevin's natural gifts, and rejoiced in the promise contained in pieces that showed le by side with melodic individuality a feeling for pleasant or poetic harmonic expression, a lack of mastery, and authority. Surely earnest udy might have deepened his thought ad broadened his style. He went to rope. And what did he do with himself there?

I am sorry to say that in the pieces his later years I find few marks of y real advance. These pieces are of n charming in idea, in suggestion, but ey are more like sketches that might e improved rather than finished orks. Not that it was necessary for m to write a sonata, or a string artet, or a prelude and fugue; there e delightful little compositions by ephen Heller and by ultra-modern astians that are no longer and no ore pretentious than certain pieces by r Nevin; but they were most carefully thought out, and it would be an extremely hard task to better them. Of ie sixteen or seventeen songs sung yesterday, how many made any really rong and abiding impression? "Le ase brise," "Vielle chanson" pleased t the time of hearing, but does one hrase or one harmonic thought linger ow in the memory? To me Mr. Nevin still the composer of "Narcissus," and e earlier songs. I am grateful to him or that which gives pleasure even now; ut we all had a right—we have it to xpect something from him more mature, more sustained.

Miss Weaver sang with more rhetorical style than voice or vocal method. Mr. Morgan and her brother contributed to the success of the entertainment. Mr. Nevin, the pianist, was heard to best advantage in the accompaniments. In the serenata and the uite his technic was at times inadequate, and his tone in forte passages as coarse.

Philip Hale.

Mr. E. Bradshaw of Newtonville sends us the following poem.
MY OLD COLONY GAIL.
"Of poor but honest parentage"—
Such was my boast an' pride
Ontl I hitched to Huldys Jones
Which is my present bride.

Long'st fust she "honored" an' so forth
Till in a evil hour
She learned she is the 'leventh descent
Down from the old Mayflower.

Such airs she puts on 'bout her folks
Is what onsettles me
As if there warn't no wormy fruit
Grown on a family tree.

She keeps a twittin' night an' day
Says I'm of "plebian birth"
"No Bible record you aint got"
"No blizness on the earth."

Waal, 'leven forefathers Huldys got—
A 'ristocratic clan—
But one forefather's 'nough for me
Long'st he's a honest man—

According to B. B. B., the following advertisement appeared in the Ulster County Gazette of Jan. 4, 1800:

For Sale

The one half of a
Saw Mill,

With a convenient place for Building,
lying in the town of Rochester, By the
Mill is an inexhaustible quantity of
Pinewood—And also
a stout, healthy, active
Negro Wench,

Any person inclined to purchase, may
know the particulars by applying to
John Schoonmaker Jun. at Rochester.

Observe the evolution of a name. At
first it was Sousa, just plain Sousa.
Then it was John Sousa, John P. Sousa,
John Philip Sousa; and the N. Y. Sun
yesterday spoke of him as Philip St.
John Sousa. The only parallel is the
long step from "Cork-leg Barnabee" to
"Henry Clay Barnabee, Esq."

Captain Eulate of the Vizcaya has
had "a charming time in New York." He
thinks the city is "so much finer
than London," and the New York
women are "beautiful and brilliant,
the most lovely women in the world." This
has an ominous sound. Does Captain
Eulate propose to give a series of lec-
tures or readings in this country?

A villager in New York State ex-
actly was of that opinion of Apollonius
which we quoted the other day. Because
his wife cut off her hair, he poisoned
himself, first at the village saloon and
afterward by taking a large dose of
paris green.

Professor Drinkwater is an authority
on the properties of alcoholic beverages
in Great Britain.

Teachers who consider themselves
poorly paid should ponder the case of
Professor Jordan of Kùpru-Kof, Bul-
garia. He was not long in discovering
that his income was too small even for
his moderato needs. He hit upon this
ingenious plan. He announced to his
flock that he would organize a botany
class and take it to a jubilee picnic.
Great was the joy of the youngsters.
They did not know that their kind
teacher had arranged with leading rob-
bers and brigands of the district that
the botanizers and their professor should
be surprised and captured, that the son
of the richest villager should be held
for ransom, and that the spoil should
be divided. The contract was carried
out, but through some ridiculous over-
sight of Professor Jordan he was tried
and sentenced to penal servitude for
five years.

The Chicago Tribune published this
extract from Captain Anson's farewell
address:

Here are those

Who in the years agone have called me
"corpse,"

"Leviathan," and "hippopotamus,"

"Baby elephant," and "walking tombstone,"

And given me the hoarse ki-yl, and heaped
Loud oburgations on my friendless head;

Groaned when I tried to steal a base, and
bawled

"Dead bird!" If I stood still; who howled
in glee

When'er I slid and soiled my uniform

Or filled my hair with sand; who yelled
"play ball!"

On all occasions when I kicked, and swore
Profanely at me if I did not kick.

In Germany a telephone apparatus,
under the control of the Post Office,
will be rented at about \$12 a year, with
an additional charge of one pfennig
(the hundredth part of 25 cents) for
every private conversation, two pfen-
nige for every business conversation,
and three pfennige for hotel conversa-
tions.

Those interested in postage stamps
may be pleased to know that "A History
of British Postmarks," by J. H. Daniels,
has been published by L. Upcott Gill,
London. The examples of postmarks
and obliterations go back to the year
of the Great Fire.

He wachelt und bachelit
He chugelt und sauchelt,
With many a hech and a hotch,
He scautit und rakit
His memory and scrapit
A story he said was "braid Scotch."

Feb 26. 98

OPERA AND DRAMA.

"Die Walkuere" by the
Damrosch & Ellis Co.

First Appearance Here of Nor-
dica as Bruennhilde.

Current Attractions at the
Theatres—What's Coming.

Wagner's "Die Walküre" was the
opera last night at the Boston Theatre.
There was a good sized and appreciative
audience. Mr. Damrosch conducted.
The cast was as follows:

Sieglinde	Gadski
Bruennhilde	Nordica
Fricka	Staudigl
Siegmund	Kraus
Wotan	Fischer
Hunding	Rams

The other Valkyries were Toronto,
Sevgard, Van Cautren, Staudigl, Matt-
feld, Goettich, L. Hartman and M.
Hartman.

This opera was first given here with
the adventurous Mr. Neuendorff as con-
ductor, April 16, 1877. (The first per-
formance in America was April 3 of
the same year at New York.) Eugene
Pappenheim was the "Brünnhilde, Pan-
line Canissa was the Sieglinde, Grim-
menger the Fricka, Bischoff the Sieg-
mund, Blum the Hunding and Preusser
the Wotan. There was diversity of
opinion in Boston concerning the per-
formance. Some were delighted with
the "Stereopticon scenes that enhanced
the grandeur of the Ride of the Val-

kyries" other than Mr. Apollonius in the
Boston Courthouse thought that the per-
formance should be treated with "sor-
rowful silence."

The opera is now familiar to Bos-
tonians, but in a shabby version so far
as mounting it is concerned. Few of
the stage directions of Wagner are
followed in the second and third acts,
and the fight last night between Hun-
ding and the adulterous and incestuous
Siegmund was ridiculously managed.
Wagner, with all his angry cries against
Meyerbeer for his love of spectacular
display, leaned heavily on the stage
carpenter, and his wishes should be
more respected by his American disci-
ples who are inclined to hysteria at
the mere mention of his name.

Aside from the poverty and the shab-
biness of stage decoration, there was
much to praise in the performance of
last night. Nordica made her first ap-
pearance here as Brünnhilde. She was
welcomed with the loud applause of de-
termined hands, and thus a holy tradi-
tion of the Wagnerites was violated.
The applause again broke out after the
"Hojotoho!" likewise "Heia-ha!" with
which Brünnhilde is accustomed to ex-
ercise her lungs. The applause was
answered by hisses from all parts of
the house, and Wagnerian tradition was
avenged.

Applause is disturbing in the ma-
jority of Wagnerian scenes; it robs one
of a quiet nap.

Nordica was a stately Valkyr and she
hojotohoed, and likewise heia-ha-ha-
ed in lusty fashion, occasionally flatt-
ing the high tones. As she asked for in-
dulgence, I do not propose to discuss
her singing this morning. The indul-
gence was asked by Mr. Damrosch, who
made this speech before the curtain
rose for the last time: "Madam Nor-
dica asks your indulgence in the third
act for a cold that she caught in the
second act."

It is only fair to say that even with
a cold she sang rather than shouted,
which was an agreeable relief, for the
Brünnhilde generally seen and heard
is a stout person that screams. There
are few Terninas.

Nordica has not yet fully mastered
the part; her conception of it is not
yet artistically developed. She was
satisfactory in her exulting, maiden
pride, and was conventionally respect-
able in her attempt to console poor
Wotan after the scene of harrassing
domesticity; but she has still to study
the great scene in which she announces
death to Siegmund. This is one of the
grandest, noblest, most pathetic scenes
in all opera. It must be acted with the
utmost simplicity, with quiet yet in-
exorable dignity. There must be the
thought of the supernatural, the help-
lessness of man in the hands of Fate.
Mr. Kraus played his part with full
appreciation; but Nordica was matter-
of-fact when she should have been im-
pressive, and for once the scene became
wearisome. Furthermore, the orches-
tra was not subdued enough, and the
frequent pianissimos were not strictly
regarded. The whole scene, then, was
brought out too clearly, as in a garish
light. There was no mystery.

The Sieglinde of Gadski was sweet,
pathetic, always womanly. The music
was sung by her with beauty of tone,
breadth of style; it was not shrieked or
shouted. Mr. Kraus was in many ways
an excellent Siegmund. He knows little
or nothing of the art of singing; he is
inclined to yell his forte phrases; but
his voice is naturally a noble organ,
and even in his yelling there is a rude,
animal delight. In more tender mo-
ments, as well as in what you may call
extra-ordinary conversation—for these
fellows in Wagner's operas are always
telling what happened to them years
before and what may happen in years
to come—he often used mezzo forte and
piano with effect.

Gisella Staudigl sang the disagree-
able, purposeless, ineffective music of
Fricka in broad style, and made as
much as possible of the boring part.
Mr. Rams was sufficiently savage as
Hunding and he sang in virile fashion.
The Valkyries screamed so that they
were heard above the thunderous or-
chestra, and as a result applause an-
swered their final shout. There was
much to praise in the work of the or-
chestra; there were, on the other hand,
false entrances that were not easily to
be excused, and the vigor at times de-
generated into rough noise.

The opera this afternoon will be "La
Traviata" in Italian, with Melba as
Violetta, Salignac as Alfredo, and Cam-
panari as Germont. Mr. Bimboni will
conduct.

There will be no opera this even-
ing. Monday night "Die Meistersinger"
will be performed with Gadski, Mr.
and Mrs. Staudigl, Kraus, Fischer,
Stehmann, Rams and Breuer as the
chief singers. Mr. Damrosch will con-
duct.

Philip Hale.

THE COMEATANT.

When thou shalt stand, a naked shivering
soul,
Stripped of thy shows and trappings, made
most bare

Of all the fleshly glory thou didst wear,
And hear the thunder of God's judgment roll
Above thy head—while to their hard-won goal
His own elect ascend the golden stair—
What plea wilt proffer, when, too late for
prayer,

Of thy lost life thou see'st the sum and
whole?

"I have no armour dinted by the fight,
No broken sword, no casque with cloven
brim:

Was none to witness to the grisly sight,
For all alone we strove in darkness dim:
Yet in the Valley of Death, O Lord, one
night,

I met Apollyon and I vanquished him."

A man should always consider that

he is not born or educated to an en-
vironment. Thus you may have money
and friends, but you are a laughable
sight in such an lun as—say La Ga-
cogne. No one doubts your ability to
settle for your room and your meals,
but you do not enter into the general
scheme of the house; you are not in
harmony with the decorations and the
furniture; you are a false note in the
tune of the hostelry; you are incongru-
ous, as a hymnbook in a billiard room.
And although you may stand by the
desk, flourishing a personal quill tooth-
pick and staring with a lordly air at
new comers, you deceive no one.
Everybody knows that the place for
you is round the corner, where men do
a vast deal of sitting down and spit-
ting in a large public room.

Choosing an inn, you should stand
apart from yourself and study coolly
and impartially your own architecture.
If you look like a bug-light, you have
no business to enter an inn of lofty
height and soaring elevators. A gas-
ometer would be your appropriate
home.

Or if you are of the gothic architec-
ture, shun squat buildings with paunch-
like rotundas.

Old Chimes was disturbed seriously by
the appearance of the ballet at the
opera. (By the way, he disapproved of
the pronunciation of the word "ballet"
adopted by the Cadets at their show:
the sounding of the final "t" is sanc-
tioned by so few that it is now delib-
erate affectation.)

"Our hearty old friend thinks that the
matter of tights should be regulated by
a committee appointed by Mayor Quin-
cy. Managers should invite the com-
mittee to a rehearsal—called by cour-
tesy, or through irony loved by the
Greeks a dress rehearsal—and the mem-
bers should then and there have the
right to say, "No, no; this must not
be; that poor girl must not appear un-
less she be cloaked from head to foot."
For nature has not been generous to
all women, and "shapes" are often a
delusion and a mockery. Old Chimes is
earnest in this proposed reform, and is
willing, in a spirit of civic duty, to ac-
cept the position of Chairman of the
committee.

Cousin Richard's conversation is like the
voice you hear in the telephone when you
are waiting to be connected, a vague, im-
personal voice talking, not to you, but to
someone else—talking, so far as you are con-
cerned, to nobody at all. Cousin Richard
lacks the art, does not, indeed, see the ne-
cessity, of connecting himself intellectually
with his hearer. His remarks, his conversa-
tion generally, instead of being directed to
my ear, are shot at random into the sur-
rounding atmosphere, where they diffuse
themselves so rapidly—being of an evanescent
nature—that I have not time to pick up a
single thread. He suffers from a fundamen-
tal misconception of the aims and uses of
conversation. Conversation is to him not an
Intellectual intercourse between two or more
persons, but a sort of Intellectual deflation.
He deflates himself of his thoughts and opin-
ions like an India rubber bicycle tire, and
deludes himself with the idea that he is en-
gaging in conversation.

Why do not the Baconians of Boston
invite the Right Reverend Bishop A. J.
B. Jenner to visit this city, to lecture
here in support of their faith. He wears
a waistcoat of purple silk and points
with pride to a diagram representing a
species of primitive mangle, with a
sheet of paper stretched across wheels,
on which pages from the works of
Shakespeare, Bacon, Green, Peel, Mar-
lowe, Spenser, Bunyan and Robert Bur-
ton roll. The Bishop says that with the
aid of this "on-ur-ring piece of mech-
anism" he can prove that Francis Ba-
con was "the lawful (sic) son of Queen
Elizabeth by Robert, Earl of Essex." He
is also able to demonstrate neatly
and conclusively that William W.
Shakespeare was "a low pouthouse black-
guard; if he wrote the plays of Shaks-
peare, I did; I know it, and I am will-
ing to swear it on a stack of Bibles a
million feet high." The Bishop is now
in England, but we think he might be
persuaded to deliver a series of Lowell
lectures before the flowers bloom and
the Public Gardch breaks out in floral
speech and diagrams.

This reminds us that violets soaked
in rainwater make an excellent wash
for the skin. What says the Gaelic?
"Anoint thy face with goat's milk, in
which violets have soaked, and there is
not a young Prince on earth who
would not be charmed with thy beauty."

As a simple the violet comforteth the
heart; the leaves reduce inflammation;
violet tea relieves fever; syrup of vio-
lets is good for inflammation of the
lungs, and breast, pleurisy, coughs
and ague in children. For the latter
disease, eight or nine drops of vitriol
are put in an ounce of syrup of violets;
a teaspoonful is the dose; the child gets
well or dies.

Feb 27, 1895
"LA TRAVIATA."

Melba as Violetta, the
First Time in Boston.

A Performance Distinguished
by Admirable Singing.

Sixteenth Concert of the Sym-
phony Orchestra.

The opera performed yesterday afternoon by the Damrosch and Ellis Company was "La Traviata" in Italian. The theatre was crowded. Mr. Bimboni was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Violetta.....Melba
Alfredo.....Van Cauteren
Germont.....Mattfield
Gastone.....Campanari
Baron Douphol.....Viviani
Marquis.....Rains
Dr. Cor.....Stehmann

When this opera was produced in London in 1856, with Piccolomini as the heroine there was a controversy concerning the good or bad morals of the libretto. The opera was denounced from the pulpit and by the press. Chorley tells us that it was "the commonplace nature of the sin and shame and sorrow, which revolted such persons as were really revolted, and which absolutely provoked a manager's defence of the tale, as conveying a salutary warning to the young men of our time (1856)." You will find some of the arguments pro and con republished in Dwight's Journal of Music for 1856-1857, and they make singular and entertaining reading.

The opera was first sung in Boston by a company of which Max Maretzek was conductor. Marietta Gazzaniga was the Violetta. Brignoli was the Alfredo, and Amodio was the Germont. The date of the first performance was June 8, 1857. The opera was not much liked; it had little or no drawing power. Good Mr. Dwight said that for some reason or other the public entertained the idea that the opera should not be seen by decent people; he himself cared little for the music, and he was rash enough to express the opinion that Verdi's invention "seemed exhausted." Here is an awful warning to us all: Brethren, let us not be cock-sure of anything! Since the date of Mr. Dwight's solemn statement, Verdi has written "Ballo in Maschera," "Don Carlos," "Aida," "Otello," "Falstaff" and the Manzoni Requiem. I do not mention two operas, which were failures.

I do not think the "morality" or the "immorality" of the libretto bothers anybody today. An audience that can stand "Die Walküre" or "Tristan und Isolde" is not likely to shy at the simple tale of Violetta Valéry's life and death. Even Emma Abbott finally consented to appear in the part; although her Violetta, as Sadie E. Martin tells us in her biography of the singer, "was always the woman who would be good, who appealed to society to aid her, and who sacrificed her love to save a heart-broken father from despair."

Is the music as hopelessly commonplace as some of our friends would have us believe? Is the opera dead and buried beyond resurrection, except for the attempt of some virtuoso to give it the semblance of life for a matinee? In 1894 it was given 53 times in German cities, and on stages which some tell us are consecrated chiefly to the worship of Wagner. In 1896 it was given eight times at the Berlin Royal Opera. It seems to me that it will be long before such melodies as "A quell' amor" and "Parigi o cara" will perish and be no more heard. If Verdi were now to set music to this version of Camille he might make a more dramatic, more moving version, but I doubt if such spontaneous and beautiful melody would flow from this pen. Do you remember how Helen and Inassaroff in Tourgueneff's pathetic story listened to "Traviata" in Venice, and their emotions when they heard the wail of despair "Lascia mi vivere, morirai giovane?" Who is not thrilled by that cry of agony?

Gazzaniga, who first sang the part in Boston, was, according to report, a soprano of limpid voice, with extraordinary lower tones; and, although she was admirable in coloratura, her action was full of energy and passion. And she suffered, for her husband, a young officer, the Marquis of Malaspina, to whom she was devoted, died of yellow fever at Havana.

Yesterday we heard a great mixture of song who relies almost solely upon her vocal art to make effect. The melody of Melba was comparatively without emotion, but I confess that neither the joy nor the sorrow of Violetta was of especial moment, so great was the pleasure derived from the superb artistry of the singer. There are many actors and actresses that are not so good as singers; there are some who are so good as singers that they are not so good as actors. There was joy in hearing a simple phrase sung by Melba. How exquisite the "messa-voce"! How beautiful was her legato! And the grace of her delivery! I am a little death, with vo-

cal lation and gurgling. A play to something; an opera is another. A golden voice is exceeding jealous; it ill brooks the rivalry of violent action.

Mr. Salligane sang for the most part with taste and at times with true spirit. He was not as cold as reports from New York led us to believe, but New York critics are hardly pleased except when Mr. Seidl sits in the conductor's chair and winks to them, "It's all right." Campanari was a satisfactory Germont, although his performance of the part is not one of his striking impersonations. The others were adequate, each in his or her way. Mr. Bimboni made much of Verdi's score, this being interpreted, means that he led with the intelligence of a musician and with Italian taste and spirit.

The opera Monday night will be "Die Meistersinger," with Gadsch, Fischer, Kraus, Stehmann, Rains, Breuer and Mr. and Mrs. Staudigl in the cast. Mr. Damrosch will conduct.

The program of the 16th Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "For the Consecration of the House".....Beethoven
Recitative and aria, "Lusinghe più care," from "Alessandro".....Handel
Cantilena for cello.....Goltermann
"Dance of Sylphs," for cello.....Popper
Symphony No. 4, in D minor.....Schumann
Songs with piano, "Sweet is True Love," Irish Folk-song.....Poete
Ballet music from "The Demon".....Rubinstein

Mr. Apthorp says in the program book of last night, "Coussemaker came out a year or two ago with a bulky volume, proving by carefully collected documents that Gregory the Great had next to nothing, if anything at all, to do with the establishment of the 'Gregorian Chant.'"

Charles Edmond Henri de Coussemaker was in some respects a remarkable man, but he was not as remarkable as Mr. Apthorp would have us believe.

For Coussemaker died in 1876.

The dry and formal overture was anatomically well played. Not even this praise can be awarded to the performance of the symphony. The first movement was rough and confused; the romance was for once without poetry; the scherzo with its marvelously beautiful trio was beat out in perfunctory cut-and-dried fashion; and the finale was without elasticity or swing. There has not been such a prosaic performance of this nobly melodiously and haunting work in Music Hall for nine years.

There are some that object to the ballet music from "The Demon" in a Symphony concert. I cannot sympathize with this objection, but I well understand how any one may reasonably protest against cello pieces by Goltermann and Popper, and songs with piano accompaniment, in a concert of this nature. The Cantilena is, in its place, a pretty piece, and in German beer gardens conversation is hushed while it is performed. The "Dance of Sylphs" may well arouse applause at a concert, where the names of "eminent artists" are printed in exceedingly large type on the program. These pieces, however, are beneath the dignity of a Symphony concert. Mr. Schulz played them well enough, but I am still more surprised that Mr. Paur allowed them to be played.

Mrs. Henschel, a skillful cutter of vocal cameos in a small hall, does not give the same pleasure in a large one. She might have spared us the aria from "Alessandro," for she has sung it here before, and there are tunes with orchestra that we have not heard and are worth singing. And if she insisted on singing songs with piano accom-

paniment, was it necessary for her to pay tribute to parochialism? The genteel parlor folk song of Mr. Foote is no novelty, and Mrs. Henschel found in it nothing new.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Few Words Anent "The
Barber of Seville."

Mr. C. M. Loeffler's Success in
the Town of New York.

Notes and Comments on Pieces,
Singers and Players.

A correspondent asks me the date of the first performance of "The Barber of Seville" in this town.

The first performance in this country was at New York, Nov. 29, 1825, when Garcia was Almaviva and Maria Garcia, afterward Malibran, was Rosina. The younger Garcia was Figaro—he is still living—and the mother of Maria was Berta.

I am not sure about the first performance of Rossini's masterpiece in this city. Thomas Comer brought it out in January, 1829, at the Tremont, with Comer, Horn, Miss George and Mrs. Papanti in the cast, and a short time afterward at the same theatre Mr. Feron sang Rosina.

Colonel Clapp says in his "Record of the Boston Stage" that Sept. 2, 1829,

an Italian opera company at the "Milk house"—the Boston-began a season and brought out "Tancredi," "Barber of Seville" and other operas. Miss Feron, Mrs. Brochta, Rosch, Angriani were in the company, and Ostinelli led the orchestra. "This was the first regular attempt to present the lyric drama, with all the proper accompaniments, which proved successful."

Rosch was the Bartolo in the first performance at New York and Angriani was the Basilio.

Miss Feron—or Mrs. Feron-Glossop—was born at London of French parents in 1797. As a child she was brought forward at Vauxhall to sing music similar to that sung by Catalani at the Opera, and she was, therefore, known as the "Little Cat." Parke in his amusing "Musical Memoirs" says of her: "She began her musical career at Vauxhall Gardens at the time when I became a composer for them, in the year 1818. I composed many songs for her; and observing the bent of her genius, gave her 'The Triple Courtship,' in which she whimsically and admirably described her three lovers, a soldier, a Quaker and a sailor; and 'The Romp, or the Great Catalani.' These were both acting songs, and (by my advice) she sang them without a book in her hands, a thing never before known in those gardens. They were both tumultuously encored, and in them she displayed powers which marked her for future excellence." She was singing in Paris in opera in 1818. She then went to Italy, and appeared at La Scala in 1820 as "Feron." She again appeared there, 1824-25, 1827. That last year she made her operatic debut in London Nov. 29, at Drury Lane, in "Isidore de Merida, or the Devil's Creek." She was again in London in 1834. She died in London in May, 1853. She was married to Joseph Glossop, an impresario, and was the grandmother of the late Sir Augustus Harris.

The Woods sang in "The Barber" in 1833-1834. In 1847 the opera was sung by the Havana Opera Company at the Howard, with Tedesco, Vita and Lormi in the cast. In January, 1853, an opera company, of which Alboni was the prima donna, gave the opera. Sontag sang Rosina in the spring of that year.

Here is a curious note about a performance of "The Barber" in London. It was first produced there, with Garcia, Jan. 10, 1818; in October of that year Parke says, "Rossini's operas having become highly fashionable, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre produced on the 12th 'The Barber' with part of Rossini's music. . . . The overture by Bishop, and the whole of the music, went off with great éclat." In like manner Bishop compiled "Don Giovanna," "Marriage of Figaro," "Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol" (from Rossini's "Wm. Tell"), "Der Freischütz," "John of Paris."

"Lili Tsee" was produced for the first time in this country at Daly's Theatre, Feb. 17. I quote Mr. Henderson's review:

"Tsee," a Japanese operetta in one act (words by Wolfgang Kirchback, music by Franz Curtis), was presented at Daly's Theatre last night before the performance of 'The Country Girl.' It is short, fragile and pretty, and exactly serves its purpose, and it is set on the stage with exquisite taste. The scene represents a street in a remote Japanese village, with pottery shops on one side and a number of dainty girls painting and modeling satsuma ware, and the portal of Lili Tsee's home on the other; with the blooms of the cherry and dahlia in abundance and an ideal Japanese landscape in the distance. Kiki Tsum loves Lili Tsee and tells her often in sweet numbers how beautiful she is—so often and so eloquently, in fact, that Lili Tsee begins to be quite curious and longs to gaze on her own charms. For it seems that in that land of flowers there are no clear pools of water, such as that which caused the destruction of Narcissus, no shining silver fountains or bright tin dish-pans in which one may see one's own face and so admire one's own beauty. And the casual introduction of a hand-mirror, dropped by an English globe-trotter, leads to various misunderstandings and complications, in which all the inhabitants of the village, a Buddhist priest (who is a sly old rascal), some English tourists and a pompous State official in a jiriksha are involved. The music is piquant and pleasing, and the performance smooth and spirited. It is likely that 'Lili Tsee,' which was cordially received by a large audience last night, will so strengthen the bill that the revival of 'The School for Scandal' will be still further postponed."

The cast of "Lili Tsee" follows:
Kiki Tsum.....Frank Rushworth
Lili Tsee.....Marguerite Lemon
Mr. Ming.....Arthur Cunningham
Talmu.....Belle Harper
Miss Whirlibottle.....Marie St. John
A State Official.....Clement Hopkins
Mr. Henderson or the composer is mistaken in the spelling of the composer's name, which is "Curti," not "Curtis." Curti died at Dresden the 7th of this month. He was born at Cassel, Nov. 16, 1854. He first studied medicine at Berlin and Geneva. He then studied music under Kretschmer and Schulz-Beuthen at Dresden, which

he made his home. His chief work are "Hertha" (Altenburg, 1857), "Reinhardt von Ufenau" (Altenburg, 1859), "Lili Tsee" (Mannheim, Jan. 12, 1896), "Rose vom Saientis," music to Kirchbach's fairy play "Die letzten Menschen" (Dresden, 1891); a choral work, "Die Gletscherjungfrau"; Schneefried-Suite (Weimar, 1895); a choral work "Die Schlacht" (Dresden, 1895), and orchestral works, male part songs, songs, etc.

Of "Lili Tsee" Mr. Dithmar says: "It is certainly charming to the eye, delightfully Japanese in the 'Mikado' and 'Geisha' style, and rich in color. One novel feature of its story struck me. When the tenor hero had finished proclaiming in song the manifold charms of the soprano heroine, she commanded him to sing, in the same dulcet strains, the opinion of her coquettish friend. The effect of this was exceedingly new and refreshing. It was as if Lucia should compel Edgardo to sing in praise of Alce, or Leonora should order Manrico to make love (in the usual operatic fashion) to Inez."

It is a pleasure to find Mr. Loeffler's works appreciated in other cities. Mr.

Paur produced his Divertimento for violin and orchestra at New York in a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Feb. 17, and Mr. Henderson wrote as follows:

"Mr. Loeffler is a young man, a German by birth, and has already made himself favorably known as a composer. The delightful composition produced here last night will surely add to his reputation. It is in three movements, a Prelude, an Elogue and a Carnival des Morts. The first of these opens with a passage which, by its melodic style and its fine exposition of some of the best qualities of the solo instrument, shows that the composer has been a close student of Bach's violin sonatas. This passage soon works into a sort of perpetual mobile theme, which is followed by a broad singing melody of genuine beauty. There are a few resplendent tutti passages, and at the end of the movement the first themes are heard again. The Elogue is a wholly admirable specimen of elegiac composition. It is wholly free in form, and consists of a development of a songlike melody by alternate solo and orchestra treatment. Some of the instrumental effects in this movement are very ingenious, the stopped trumpets and the glissandi on the harp giving some bizarre tints. The final movement is a set of variations on the old 'Dies irae.' It is tremendously difficult for the solo instrument, embracing as it does all the feats of violin playing, yet it is solid, good music, full of interest, and uncommon in its display of mastery of the techniques of composition. The work as a whole is full of melody, color and feeling, and it ought to become one of the stock pieces of the violinist's repertoire. Mr. Loeffler played the solo part with large tone, perfect intonation, grace and finish of style and inconstant charm. The orchestra gave him an accompaniment which was a work of brotherly love. He was enthusiastically recalled several times."

And the New York Tribune spoke of his cello concerto played that same week at a Boston Symphony Concert in Brooklyn as follows:

"Like its companion piece, the divertimento for violin and orchestra, that Mr. Paur brought out last Thursday at the Metropolitan Opera House, it is a profoundly interesting work, the product of an uncommonly gifted musical nature, served and seconded by a fine technical skill. It does not, perhaps, stand on quite so high a plane as the other composition, a circumstance for which the explanation may be found, to some extent at least, in the nature of the piece itself. Mr. Loeffler has not entirely succeeded in eliminating the stubborn incompatibility between the essential nature of the concerto and the essential nature of the violoncello. They cannot be made to fit each other. All Mr. Loeffler's rich gifts of fancy—and he has availed himself largely of the privileges implied in title of 'fantastic'—is impotent to make passage work on the cello seem interesting and musically significant. The undulating musical elements of the concerto are, however, of great beauty; its ideas are noble and nobly expressed, so far as the solo instrument is permitted to speak its own language, as it is in so much of the first movement and in the plangent adagio. Mr. Loeffler has again made use of the variation form in the third movement, and again has shown his resources of fanciful ingenuity in applying it to a most characteristic Russian theme. He has, too, unceasing surprise and pleasure in store for his hearers in the harmonic structure of his orchestral background and in the individuality, the richness and the clearness of his orchestration. Mr. Schroeder played the concerto with a brilliant and superb power that fathomed every intention of its composer—a brilliance that even that great artist has seldom displayed. The performance raised stirring demonstration of approval and pleasure to which Mr. Schroeder and Mr. Loeffler both had to respond many times."

They did not like "A Normandy Wedding" in New York, where it was produced Feb. 21, any more than we did here in Boston, although Dorothy Morton replaced Merri Osborne, and William Norris took the places of Evelyn Gordon, Ida Mülle, and Louis de Lang. The New York Times said:

"The audience applauded everything which gave the singers' excuse for applause and laughed at everything which might have evoked a passing smile from the proverbial Cheshi

...the mathematical reductio ad absurdum. Their dialogue consists largely of cheap and rude jokes of the American variety, and their lyrics appear to have been composed by an automatic type-writing machine. They have not hesitated in their situations to imitate everything and anything, from "Riguetto" to "Shore Acres," and the results about as various as might be expected. The music is by William Furst. Mr. Furst, in his present score, is decidedly an eclectic. He has had memories of all kinds of music from "Adonis" to Strauss's "Küsst-leben" waltz. By such a method a clever composer can produce some good music, and there are a few good numbers in Mr. Furst's score. The rest is all silence, but it ought to be. The performance was worthy of the work. A Papa Campistrat of his favorite exploits from "Little Faust," and ended till he was out of breath. If he had been out of breath before he had to sing it would have been well. Dorothy Morton as Denise, his daughter, looked almost like his wife, and sang in a marvelous manner altogether her own. One William Norris showed too easy it was to play the simpleton in the stage, and the young woman who calls herself Merri Osborne sang with a still, small voice and danced with restless, large limbs. The chorus did its work tolerably and the orchestra at least worked hard.

And the Sun remarked: "It is burlesque, and burlesque of the broadest type, that bore but a remote relation to such works as 'La Mascotte' or 'La Cigale'." The story of the libretto, whatever it may have been in the original, was trivial and scarcely distinguishable. Several American hands had turned the piece into a Tonderness of the most aggravated burlesque character. This was particularly noticeable in the speeches that fell to Richard Carroll, and doubtless they were his own. There is the same proportion of elaborate stiltedness and unrestrained vulgarity that were characteristic of his humor in "Kismet" and "Little Faust," nobody but Mr. Carroll need be held responsible for them. * * * Nor has William Furst helped the result by his score, which will be remembered only because it contains the frankest appropriations that were ever heard in the work of any composer. There was a Scotch song at the close of the first act and a negro melody in the second that were so familiar to the majority of the audience that they provoked a smile when offered as the achievement of anybody but the man who wrote them long before they were put into Mr. Furst's score of "A Normandy Wedding."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

F. F. F. has composed the music for an opera based on the life of Marie Antoinette.

They propose to give "Der Freischütz" in a new version by Alfred Ernest at the Opéra Comique, Paris.

Miss Ellen Nelson of Calais, Me., will take part in a concert to be given by her teacher, Juliani, in Paris, next June.

They say Jean de Reszke is studying the parts of Manrico and Arnold in addition to the Siegfried of "Götterdämmerung."

Three operas made from plays are soon due for production in Italy. They are Leoncavallo's "Tribù," Samara's "Feodora," and the "La Tosca" of Gioacchino.

Miss Mary S. Park will give her annual concert in the Universalist Church, Newtonville, Monday, March 7. She will be assisted by Mr. Charles Follen-Angus, Mr. Henry Taylor and the Newton Chorists' Club.

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, has lately a performance of "Carmen," given at the Bucarest Opera House by young pupils. As she took her part, the children, about to sing a chorus, were disconcerted. She beat time with her fan, "after the manner of a most skilled leader." The children followed her; and the chorus was finished "and the applause of the spectators was frenetic." Even queens have their passionate press agent.

"The Geisha," after a two years' run at Daly's Theatre, London, will give place some time this spring to a new "musical comedy" by the same authors and composers. The subject is "classical" and some declare that Owen Hall has discovered that there was a Corinthian Club in ancient Greece or Rome, and that the nobility of the time were wont to enjoy themselves on Sunday evenings as do the jeunesse dorée—and others—at the New Lyric Club in London at the end of the nineteenth century.

Margaret Macintyre may visit this country in the spring to sing at certain music festivals. She was born in India, the daughter of Gen. John Mackenzie Macintyre. She studied under Manuel Garcia and Mrs. Della Valle, and her teacher in declamation was Carlotta Leclerc. She made her debut in opera at Covent Garden, May 14, 1888, as "Cecilia." She sang in Milan in 1893, made a tour in South Africa, and was engaged at St. Petersburg, 1896-97. She sang at the Leeds Festival of '93; Birmingham (1897); and at the Handel Festival of 1891.

For the benefit of those who intend to go abroad in the early summer, here is an announcement of Mr. A. Schulz, as us' series of performances of

...the mathematical reductio ad absurdum. Their dialogue consists largely of cheap and rude jokes of the American variety, and their lyrics appear to have been composed by an automatic type-writing machine. They have not hesitated in their situations to imitate everything and anything, from "Riguetto" to "Shore Acres," and the results about as various as might be expected. The music is by William Furst. Mr. Furst, in his present score, is decidedly an eclectic. He has had memories of all kinds of music from "Adonis" to Strauss's "Küsst-leben" waltz. By such a method a clever composer can produce some good music, and there are a few good numbers in Mr. Furst's score. The rest is all silence, but it ought to be. The performance was worthy of the work. A Papa Campistrat of his favorite exploits from "Little Faust," and ended till he was out of breath. If he had been out of breath before he had to sing it would have been well. Dorothy Morton as Denise, his daughter, looked almost like his wife, and sang in a marvelous manner altogether her own. One William Norris showed too easy it was to play the simpleton in the stage, and the young woman who calls herself Merri Osborne sang with a still, small voice and danced with restless, large limbs. The chorus did its work tolerably and the orchestra at least worked hard.

Masegni has lately been very frank. The Scala Orchestra, now that the theatre is closed to operatic performances, will give a series of concerts. He was asked to conduct them, but declined. "It is true that I have been asked to direct the concerts at La Scala," he wrote to a friend. "They preferred me, moreover, to Richter, who is probably the greatest German conductor. I must prepare myself to become a director, and I will gain honors in that direction. I was not born to compose operas. I am in my right place only in the director's chair. I was not intended for a conductor."

Victor Maurel, whom the Berlin papers style "Mr. X," is shortly to be heard at the Royal Opera House in Berlin, and that will mark his first appearance in Prussia. He, like Sarah Bernhardt, always said that he would accept nothing but Alsace-Lorraine as compensation for singing in Germany. So far as the reports go, he is not to receive that reward. He will sing in "Don Giovanni" and "Falstaff." The chief part in the latter opera was first entrusted to Reichmann of Vienna, who was to have sung it in Berlin in German. But it has now been given to Maurel, who will, of course, sing the role in Italian. Maurel was to have gone directly to Berlin five years ago with an Italian company to produce "Falstaff." But he went to Paris instead, and now that he is finally going to the Prussian capital he is anxious to have it understood that he neglected Berlin before, not because he had any patriotic objections to singing there, but on account of his agreement with Verdi, which compelled him to sing Falstaff in Paris before he was given in any other city.—New York Sun.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 11 thus speaks of a little known work: "Last night the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society gave its third members' concert at the Queen's Hall under the direction of Mr. Norfolk Megone, and managed to secure an uncommonly good audience, which listened with something like enthusiasm to a long and ambitious program. The concert opened with a performance of Theodore Gouvy's Second Symphony in F (Op. 12), a work which in the most curious mixture of the worst of fustian and fine writing, but of which it is strange to consider how small a reputation it has—and its author, for that matter—in this country. It entirely lacks the massive quality of stateliness which one naturally looks to find in any symphonic form of composition. It has a touch of the circus, a hint of the music hall, a suspicion of Offenbachian light opera, a memory of the sentimental songs of the sixties, a thrill of inspired commonplace, a shining shallowness that distinctly stamp it as the work of a showy, resourceful and ingenious musician rather than that of a great artist. Let anybody recall the reminiscences, say, of 'Dites-lui' in the last movement, and these passing comments will scarcely be found too severe."

The two young women who came down from one of the northern towns of the State several years ago called themselves the Abbott Sisters, and then dressed themselves up in rag to sing in the burlesque and music halls, have temporarily retired from public view. But at least one of them is likely to be heard of again. This is Miss Bessie Pickens Abbott, and not her sister, Miss Jessie Pickens Abbott. Miss Bessie was fortunate enough several years ago to sing for Jean de Reszke, who took an interest in her, admired her voice, and urged her to devote herself to study. This made it necessary for the young woman to give up singing, which was the only means of support for them and their mother. But matters were finally arranged in such a way that it became possible, and Miss Bessie Pickens Abbott started to work. M. de Reszke sent her to one of the best known singing teachers in New York, and is highly interested in her progress. She is said to have proved quite worthy of his kindness to her, as she is learning how to sing, and her voice is said to have improved immensely. Both of the girls were scarcely out of their teens when they were first heard here, and are very young still. Miss Jessie Pickens Abbott, who does not sing without her sister, is awaiting in leisure the time when Miss Bessie will be a great prima donna.—New York Sun.

Messrs. Binet and Courtier gave in the Revue Scientifique an account translated for the Lancet, of experiments, made by themselves and others on human beings and animals, of the effects of music on the heart and respiration. An Italian physiologist, had a patient with a wound in the skull which laid bare the brain. He was thus enabled to observe the actual effect of music on the cerebral circulation. Music occasioned an increase in the size of the brain itself. The effect on the cerebral circulation was variable, the vessels being sometimes constricted and sometimes dilated. At other times no effect was produced. Messrs. Binet and Courtier experimented on a musician. Isolated notes, chords, and discords were first tried. Both major chords struck in a lively manner and discords quickened the respiration, the latter more especially. Minor chords tended to retard respiration. When melodies were tried it was found that all, whether grave or gay, produced quickened respiration and increased action of the heart. The lively tunes produced the greatest acceleration. The subject also sometimes unconsciously endeavored to synchronize his respiration, with those of the singer. In recitativo and diminuendo passages the respiration was retarded.

What the effect was wholly... of by emotional ideas, as in single notes or chords, the heart's action was accelerated, but not in so marked a degree as when a melody of other grave or gay was played. During operatic pieces, or those well known to the subject the acceleration attained its maximum. The subject had a strongly marked capillary pulse. The influence of music on the capillary circulation was tested by a plethysmograph attached to the right hand. The capillary tracing usually showed a diminution of pulsation. This diminution was occasioned by the sound of single notes, chords or discords. In sad melodies, especially minor ones, there was almost no diminution while in lively airs the diminution was marked.

As the Sun announced a month ago, Mme. Melba probably will head an opera company of her own next year, and travel through the United States singing in "The Barber of Seville" and "Don Pasquale," possibly reviving the half concert and half operatic performances which were at one time popular. This was decided after Mme. Melba had made several appearances in the Western cities this winter, and drew such large audiences that it became clear she could repeat the experiment anywhere else in the country with great profit. Only a few singers are needed for the two operas she proposes to give, and the expense of such an organization will be comparatively slight. Her rewards for every single performance will be more than the company at the Metropolitan can afford to pay. It seems a curious retrogression that the prima donna of the older days should appear to be once more revived. The success of "The Barber of Seville" was astonishing to persons who have heard repeatedly the assertion that the opera could not draw a corporal's guard if it were sung here. Possibly during the regular season, with all the popular singers here, there would have been no such audience. But the revival was unexpectedly successful. Mme. Melba's plans for the next season show plainly enough that the public will again support the old-fashioned enterprises which were thought to be exhausted, so long as there is a singer equal to arousing their enthusiasm. Mme. Sembrich is coming back to this country next year to undertake just such a series of performances throughout the United States. When an artist's popularity and reputation are once established, the plan seems easy enough. Only two such singers as Melba and Sembrich, however, could undertake the operatic end of these old-fashioned tours. The singing music which does not require every other accessory to make it effective. Mme. Melba's great success in Pittsburgh and Cleveland has shown that the out-of-town public is anxious to support just such performances.—New York Sun

Feb 28, 1898

THE SONNET.

"Don't forget, ladies and gentlemen, that a true poet is among us, a true poet; there he is."

Thus spake the mistress of the house, as she would say anything that came into her head.

The poet, feeling himself stared at, hung his head and purred, "Oh, no, I am not, truly I am not! Oh, if I were!"

He protested so much that they forgot him. Artists, artists worthy of the name, were waiting, and in a hurry. Already the crowd was applauding a pianist. The imprudent poet had given up his turn. He peered through his eyelids. He was like unto a man frightened needlessly, who perceives suddenly that he made a mistake. He despised the pianist, whose success he envied; and glory seemed to him a tempting although a vulgar woman.

"I shall be more decided," he thought, "when they ask me again."

The hostess drew near:

"Then you refuse us a pleasure?"

He saved his pride by an adroit phrase:

"I should like to oblige you, but you see for yourself that it wouldn't go."

The guests felt like saying: "Are we idiots, then?"

Profiting by his hesitation, a singer raised immediately his dramatic voice.

And the poet, suffering keenly, kept letting his chance go by.

Finally the evening was over, a very successful evening, as are all such entertainments. The hostess escorted even to the landing guests that had never before so heartily enjoyed themselves.

"You are the only one who did not do something," she said to the poet. "It is foolish for you to stand on ceremony. Oh, you wretch!"

And the guests, thinking themselves out of danger, shouted in chorus:

"Fie! Fie! Oh you wretch."

"You flatter me, you really do not mean all this."

"I hope we shall be more fortunate another time," said Madam.

"Thank you," said the poet.

Then with the abruptness of a mad resolve, he cried:

"Pardon me, but my memory has come back to me. I'll recite one of my sonnets."

"How sweet of you!" said the hostess. "Sh-h-h-h! Please be quiet! Sh-h-h-h!"

The poet recited his sonnet in a hurried fashion, as a man who must catch a train and yet is pressed by a friend to eat something on the jump. The poet recited his verses, beautiful

verses I tell you. The guests, under the spell, did not finish gestures that were begun. Overcoats were hanging from shoulders. An arm was just entering a sleeve. Hands dropped before they shook each other. A cane stood in the air. The reading of initials in lists was interrupted. One woman had in hand in the heel of her rubber overshoe. Another had her neck half covered and she sat down. Young girls said, "Mamma, listen!" A man on the staircase held a cigarette near a gas jet. Another, who was three or four steps from the landing, stood still, one foot in the air, listened, and—he was noted for his manners—took off his hat.

We know that this story is true, because Mr. Jules Renard told it to us yesterday. He was at a reception last week, and he is as observing as he is intelligent and truthful.

Here is the latest instance of Mr. Elbert Hubbard's delicate, refined humor: "A few days ago I received a very pleasant call from Mr. James King Hand. In addition to his regular business Mr. Hand operates a Skunk farm, and is also chief owner of a plantation devoted to raising teazle. I have placed Mr. Hand's name on the Phillistine free list."

Rank, we know, is but a guinea stamp. This means in some cases that the title must be paid for by the stamp, and that a patent of nobility may be paid for with a reasonable number of guineas. According to the Independence Belge, this is at present the case in Italy. The title market has long existed, but the tariff is to be raised, and it is hoped that the new Nobility will lighten the burden of the proletariat. This tariff, which is to confirm titles of high degree granted already or to be granted in the future, is as follows: A Prince fetches 40,000 francs, a Duke 30,000 francs, a Marquis falls in the market to £1000. The Count is rated at 20,000 francs, and the Baron at 12,000 francs, while the ordinary noble is only worth £200. For the little preposition "of" before their names aspirants will pay 10,000 francs. If the titles are not to be hereditary, then the cost is only three-fifths of the above sums. A change of name in Italy means a tax of 40 francs. Exception is made in the case of "les enfants trouves," who may take an alias and pay nothing for it. Nobody's child is hardly likely to aspire after the vanity of old Roman blood, or to have the money to pay for such a glory.—Pall Mall Gazette.

We regret to see that street skirts are assuming street-sweeping length. Listen to an English authority, all ye women that are afraid of originality or independence in costume: "The newest skirt has one deep flounce which seems to spring suddenly into existence, some little distance above the hem, and which is cut in such a way that it curves gracefully round the feet with a most mysterious amount of fullness, in no way to be accounted for by the width or shape of the tight-fitting skirt above. As a rule, these skirts are made in cloth, in a severely simple style, and ornamented only with a few rows of stitching, and it is impossible to deny that they are exceedingly graceful. At the same time, one cannot help lament-

ing, in a still small voice, the fact that these are but the forerunners of those trained skirts for walking which ought to be condemned and avoided by every woman who has a grain of common sense in her composition. A skirt which requires at least four hands to hold it up effectually, and which, if not held up, must perforce sweep through the dirt, dust and mud of the streets, is a skirt which all sensible women should refuse to wear. Trains are delightful things in their proper place, and they add immensely to the dignity and gracefulness of a dinner gown or a reception toilette, but a trained skirt on a walking costume should certainly not be accepted without protest."

When Israel worshiped the golden calf, Israel could never have guessed that there would one day be such a close connection between calf and gold. It is now 50 years since the modern purse came into existence—that is to say, the leather purse to which the calf has been a principal contributor, though the skins of other creatures, even the crocodile and the snake, have entered into the same labors. The Ledermarkt, a German organ of trade, complains that Europe has shown itself ungrateful in the matter of the modern purse. Its jubilee should have been celebrated last year, for it appeared first in 1847. The author of its being was a German, a bookbinder's apprentice, living in America, of the name of Carl Hene. Before that period man used the long telescopic purse with metal rings; he also used old stockings, his tobacco pouch, and, when he was dis-

De pretties ting in de creation
Is a little yaller gall in de wild goose na'r
[All de way from de ingin nation.

and after each verse there are seven
all comes this uproarious chorus.
ed, gals, gib me chaw terbnkur.
ed, gals, foch along de whisky,
my head swim when I gets a little
tipsy.

Mr. Antonin Dvorak, the eminent
composer, ever hear this exquisite ditty,
when he was searching New York for
American folk-tunes?

The Sun (N. Y.) thinks Boston is
a queer old place. "We, who love it,
have never been able to defend it satis-
factorily against the charge that it ha-
bitually says 'pants' and writes mot-
es and rebuses in flowers in the Pub-
lic Garden." And then it hurrahs be-
cause Dr. William Everett is to lecture
on "Some Poets of Our Grand-
fathers' Days." "It is unnecessary to
sympathize with Dr. Everett's incur-
sions into Mugwumpia to appreciate
his exquisite scholarship and his sound
conservative taste. Some of the poets
whom he admires are no longer admired
in Boston. The more need for his lec-
tures. Boston, like the rest of the
world, admires what it is told to ad-
mire, and even if you are not prepared
to subscribe to the orthodox poetical
judgment of Dr. Everett, you like to hear a
man who says what he thinks and is
not a victim of literary fashions and
caprices. One word of expostulation to
Dr. Everett. It takes an original man
to be a great translator. Anybody who
has read Plutarch in the French of
Amyot, or the almost incomparable
English of Sir Thomas North, has read
something finer than anything Plutarch
wrote. Will Dr. Everett ever grow
weary of Mugwumpia and write the
definitive English paraphrase of Vir-
gil?"

Mrs. Amelia Atkins of Newton writes
the Journal as follows: "I attended
two of the operas last week. I noticed

in the entire orchestra and bal-
cony and even in the boxes ladies were
without hats or bonnets of any kind,
and certainly it was a pretty sight to
see beautiful hair all arranged so be-
comingly. I never saw the theatre look
so handsome; it was more like a ball
room than anything else with jewels
and flowers displayed everywhere. Many
ladies were noticeable with wavy snow
white hair that is so much admired.
Those who have never removed their
hats in the theatre I advise to take
them off and see how pleasant and rest-
ful it is."

MR. SCHARWENKA'S RECITAL.

Mr. Xavier Scharwenka, whose last
appearance in this city was at a con-
cert in which he assisted the eminent
pianist Charles Gregorowitsch, Feb.
27 gave a recital yesterday after-
noon in Association Hall. He played
the pieces: Beethoven's Sonata op.
10, No. 3; and Sonata op. 57; his own arrange-
ment of Schubert's Impromptu a
concerto and his own Spanish
waltz, Pralse Rose op. 53, No. 1, and
a piano etude; Schumann's Nacht-
stuck (No. IV.); Mendelssohn's Scherzo
E minor; Chopin's Fantasia op. 49;
Liszt's Rhapsody and first Mephisto
waltz. Mr. Scharwenka played with
standing and with brilliance.
The recital was a small but appreciative

men
"SIEGFRIED"
As Given by the Damrosch
and Ellis Company.

Mr. Kraus's Idea of the Youth
That Knew Not Fear.

Mrs. Nordica, as the Maiden
Waked by a Kiss.

"Siegfried" was the opera given last
evening at the Boston Theatre by the
Damrosch and Ellis Company. Mr.
Damrosch conducted. The cast was as
follows:

Siegfried..... Nordica
The Bird..... Toronto
The Dwarf..... Kraus
The Wanderer..... Stehmann
The Shepherd..... Bispham
The Hunter..... Breuer
The King..... Rains
Siegfried was here again with his
wife, the trick dwarf, the sleep-
ing woman, the one-eyed asker of con-
fessions, the speaking dragon, the
blind hear, and the bird, although
last named did not fly across the
stage. And of all these the greatest
was Siegfried.

We have seen Siegfried in the
Alvany, John de R.... and Kraus.
The Siegfried of Alvany was strikingly
picturesque, memorable for grace and
manly bearing, admirable in its boyish
feeling, petulance, courage, wonder.
But what an abominable singer he was!
How arrogantly abominable!

Jean de Reszke sang the part as no
other man has sung it in Boston, but
he was a parlor Siegfried who was lost
in the woods and had found shelter in
the smelly of the dwarf. His innocence
was an affectation of middle age. His
youthfulness was an endeavor. There
was no suggestion of the artless,
heroic lad who knew not fear, and who
trusted everybody until he had tasted
dragon's blood and listened to the bird.

Now if Mr. Kraus does not sing as
well as Mr. de Reszke, he certainly
sings better than Mr. Alvany, for he is
generally in tune. In fact, no one could
possibly sing worse than Mr. Alvany
sang, even in mood of wildest burlesque.
In comprehension of the part, in per-
sonal fitness, in management of detail,
and in authority Mr. Kraus is much
nearer the Wagnerian hero than is Mr.
de Reszke. It is not too much to say
that his impersonation is intelligent,
sympathetic, interesting, and authori-
tative. If it is not as beautifully pic-
turesque as that of Mr. Alvany, it is
eminently manly, and his Siegfried is
one that could easily kill two or three
dragons. There is no doubt in your
mind as to what the result of the con-
flict will be. When Mr. de Reszke
played the part, you thought he might
at the last moment refuse to fight, lest
he should soil his clothes. All in all,
Siegfried is far away the best im-
personation by Mr. Kraus in the operas in
which we have seen him.

And the thought again comes up that
singing, as we all understood the word
before the invasion of the Germans, is
perhaps injurious to true enjoyment of
the Trilogie and Tristan. When an actor
sings, unless he is an extraordinary
person, either action or song is likely
to suffer. Heroic howling with spirited
action suits the Wagnerian music
drama better than smooth and well-
regulated singing with genteel action
suits it. Mr. Kraus did not howl, for
that is the proper word for Mr. Alvany's
vocal explosions; he sang alternat-
ingly well enough and badly enough
to enter fully into the spirit of Siegf-
ried; and thus in all respects he was
admirable.

For once Brünnhilde was respectable
in song and at the same time almost
uninteresting, hardly worth awaken-
ing from her enviously long sleep. The
stage management, which was careless
during the performance—witness the
anvil that gaped open in sight of the
audience long before Siegfried clove it
with his sword; witness also the sticks
that poked the fire into view in the
last act—stretched her out most stiffly
and unbecomingly in sleep. When she
was finally awakened by the kiss that
suggests timing by a stop-watch, her
salutation to earth, sky and every-
thing else visible was without grandeur,
and the softening of the warrior
maiden into palpitating womanhood
was not surely defined. There were too
many deliberately executed and care-
fully remembered positions—there was
too much of the affectedly statuesque.
On the other hand, Mrs. Nordica sang
the music, from the purely pedagogic
standpoint, better than we have heard
it of late years. The Brünnhilde of Ter-
nina in "Die Walküre" was one of
haunting strength and beauty; her
Brünnhilde in "Siegfried" was not as
impressive. I mention her, not for the
sake of comparison, but because she
knew how to sing. Nordica knows how
to sing; but in spite of her vocal attain-
ments and earnest study, she does not
shine, she never shone, and I do not
believe that she ever will shine as an
actress. She too has the fatal Amer-
ican self-consciousness. It is true that
Brünnhilde is to her a comparatively new
part, and experience may bring greater
ease, and an abandonment of regularly
recurring positions that suggest signal-
ing by a code made up exclusively of
X's and Y's. The Brünnhilde who knows
for the first time the kiss of man
must be a creature of elemental na-
ture, elemental passions. I therefore
find the endeavor of Nordica a respect-
able one; I hope that some day her im-
personation may be spontaneous and
irresistible.

Mime was played in thoughtful, ear-
nest fashion by Mr. Breuer. His work
was a great improvement over that
shown in his David. It, however, lacked
the restless vitality of others whom we
have all seen in the same part. Mr.
Bispham was a melodramatic and effec-
tive Alberich. The part of the Wand-
erer calls for a heavier voice than that
owned by Mr. Stehmann, whom he
wished to be especially godlike, wand-
ered from the true pitch; but why com-
plain of occasional false intonation? There
is no true delight in listening to any
one drama of the Trilogie, unless there
are pronounced deviations from the
pitch. When the music is sung abso-
lutely true, it does not sound like the
music of Wagner. The Faber of Mr.
Rains was uncommonly good, and the
Dragon was, indeed, a dreadful and
able beast. The Forest Bird was the
same old bird, singing with evident ef-
fort and anxiety as to when he would
sometimes am tempted to believe that
Wagner would have done well to leave
something to the imagination; that if
the dragon were not visible and aud-
ible, that if the bird sang in the orches-
tra, the effect would have been greater,
and the easy charge of absurdity could
not be brought forward. The orchestra
often gave pleasure. Mr. Damrosch
might have taken the sword business
in the first act at a faster tempo, and
I have heard more passionate readings
of the last act, but he, as a rule, had
the orchestra under better control than
at the performance of "Die Meistersin-
ger." There were heroic cuts. The
opera did not suffer materially thereby,
and the curtain fell at a comparatively
reasonable hour. There was a fair sized
house; and Mr. Kraus received many
heartly recalls.

The evening with the "Romeo
and Juliet" in French. The singers will
be: Mlle. Toronto, Lhos, Boudouresque,
Campanari, Stehmann, Rains, Van
Hoose. Mr. Bimboni will conduct.

Friday evening the 11th instead of
"Lucia." "The Barber of Seville" will
be given, and in addition, the Mad scene
from "Lucia."

Philip Hale.

Sound the Trumpet of Fame!—Swell the
Paeon again!

Religion a War against Tyranny wages!—
From her couch springs, in Armour, Re-
naissance Spain.

Like a Giant, refresh'd by the slumber of
Ages!

From the cell, where she lay,
She leaps in array,

Like Ajax, to Die in the face of the Day:
Chorus.

And Swears, from pollution, her Empire to
save,
Her Flag, and her Altars; her Home, and her
Grave.

The poem of which this is the first
verse was written by an American; yes,
by a Bostonian. But hush your in-
dignant protest.

"Spain, Commerce and Freedom, a
National Ode," written by Robert Treat
Paine, Jr., was delivered at a Public
Festival given by the citizens of Boston
at the Exchange Coffee House, Jan. 24,
1809, in honor of Spanish valour and
patriotism.

Through the courtesy of Mr. P. K.
Foley of Bromfield Street, a little pam-
phlet printed by Russell and Cutler, en-
titled "An account of the Public Festi-
val," etc., "with the Regular and Vol-
unteer Toasts, and all the original
songs and odes sung on the occasion," is
now on our desk. The pamphlet also
contains a Brief Sketch of Spain, geo-
graphical, historical and political. The
motto on the title page is "Spain is not
a dead but sleeping Lion."

Then comes "a page of mottoes." The
leading one is this:

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep
no more!

Napoleon murders sleep—the innocent
sleep!"

FERDINAND VII.

Even the "Brief Sketch of Spain" has
its motto. It is chosen from Job: "The
stork in the heavens knoweth her ap-
pointed time!" A misquotation, for the
stork knoweth "her appointed times!"

The opening sentence is a corker. "At
this momentous crisis in the annals of
human liberty, when the hopes and
fears of mankind are trembling in the
balance with dark and doubtful destiny,
SPAIN, a nation peculiarly marked by
heaven and history—great though op-
pressed, never despairing, and now re-
suscitated—has become equally interest-
ing to the mind of the philosopher, and
the heart of the philanthropist."

And here is an analysis of the Spanish
character as understood in 1809: "Slow
to determine, the Spaniards are resolute
to act. True to their plight, muscular
from labor, and familiar with peril,
they glory in their zeal, contented to
suffer, and despising to despair. Such
men may be slaughtered, but they can
never be disgraced, or conquered. * * *
SPAIN HAS NEVER BEEN CON-
QUERED. She has been partially
subdued, but has never sunk under the
panick of defeat. The swords of heroes
have resounded upon her shield; but she
has recorded her valour on the helmets
of her assailants. Beaten to her mother
earth, she has risen, like Anteus,
stronger from her fall. Napoleon, the
modern Tartar, may march over her
territory; but never subjugate it."

Who sat at the feast? The Hon.
Mr. Gore, President—Hon. Thomas H.
Perkins, Col. Paul Revere, Jonathan
Hunnell, Esq., Col. Arnold Welles,
and Daniel Sargent, Esq., Vice Presi-
dents; Don Juan Stoughton, Spanish
Consul; members of the Executive
Council; Hon. Mr. Otis, President of
the Senate; Hon. Mr. Bigelow, Speaker
of the House of Representatives; the
late Chief Justice Dana; the Hon.
Judge Paine; the Judges of the Su-
preme Judicial Court; Judge of the
United States District Court; the
Reverend Clergy; the Hon. Gen.
Brooks; the Hon. Col. Humphreys; the
Chairman of the Selectmen; and nearly
300 citizens of this town and its vicinity.

"The style of the table, and the man-
ner of the service were highly credit-
able to Mr. Hamilton." The company
was "greatly indebted to the Com-
mittee of Arrangements * * especial-
ly for their exertions, in obtaining a
number of new and occasional songs,
which were received with great ap-
plause."

A benediction by the Rev. Dr. Eckley
introduced the entertainment: "in
which was displayed that Independence
of religious sentiment, and that purity
of political doctrine, which so pecu-
liarly distinguish the moral and polit-
ical tenets of this respectable divine." A
prayer of thanksgiving at the close
of the dinner was made by the Rev.
Mr. Buckminster.

Here is a list of the regular toasts
drank on this occasion: The Patriot
of Spain; the Spanish Armies; The
Spanish People; The Spanish Govern-
ment as it was, the Spanish People as
they are; the heroic Pelagius of Asturias;
The friends of Spanish Independence;
Freedom to Ferdinand the Fifth; The
patriotic Juntas and Generals of Spain;
The Nation that Discovered our Coun-
try; Our own Country; Washington;
Hamilton! Ames! the Patriotic Legis-
lature of Massachusetts; The Probles
of the American Navy; The Constitu-
tion of the United States, as now
practised upon:

A dream of what thou wast! a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot.
A sign of dignity! a breath of bubble!

Our Indisputable Rights; Our Ad-
ministration; The Federal Presses; The
Minority in Congress.

Eighteen regular toasts! No wonder
that the recorder named "Such of the
volunteer ones, as could be gathered
from the company." And they were
these: Hon. C. Gore; The Free and
enlightened citizens of New England;
The Town of Boston; The citizens of
Boston; The Mechanics of Boston;
General Lincoln; The Disorganizers of
our Country; the Rights of New Eng-
land; the Mountains of New England;
While Boston remains the "Head
Quarters of Good Principles," let the
Inhabitants of Newburyport and
Gloucester be stiled the Front Rank in
the Impenetrable Phalanx of Free and
Independent Citizens; The Town of
Salem; The Philosophers of Virginia;
Col. Olney of Providence, late Collec-
tor; The Merchants and Mechanics of
New England; Gen. Brooks; The Span-
ish Consul; The Old Colony; Joseph
Napoleon.

Thirty-six toasts in all! 'Twas a hot
time in the old town.

The songs sung were Spanish Pa-
triotic; Bonaparte (tune, "Vicar of
Bray"); a song to the tune "The Black
Sloven"; a long song to the tune "Mag-
gie Lauder"; a song to "Rule Britan-
nia"; and an "address to the Span-
iards," beginning,

Noble Spaniards, fam'd in story,
To your king and country true,
Gallant warriors on to glory—
Freedom lives or dies with you.

The Exchange Coffee House was sit-
uated in Congress Square. It was seven
stories high; it was finished in 1808,
and it was two years and a half build-
ing; it cost half a million. It was
destroyed by fire Nov. 3, 1813, and the
light of the flames was seen 100 miles
from Boston. It was rebuilt and oc-
cupied as a tavern until 1853, when it was
demolished.

And now let us close with the 9th and
last verse of the tremendous ode by
Robert Treat Paine, Jun.

Hail! Spirit of Spain! Mount the Battle-
ment Walls!
With thy voice shake the Clouds! break the
Dream of Subjection!

Like a new-risen Spectre, thy Helmet ap-
pals!
And Pavia recoils at thy dread Resurrection!

Oh! may France—the new Rome—
Never destiny thy doom,
Till the Pyreneas sink, and thy Realm is a
Tomb!

Chorus.

Rise! and swear, from Pollution, thy Empire
to save!

Let thy Flag, and thy Home be thy God and
thy Grave!

MECH 4. 1898 OPERA AND CONCERT

"Romeo and Juliet" as
Sung Last Evening.

A Performance That Was, at
the Best, Mediocore.

Third Concert of the Cecilia—
Schumann's Dull Piece.

The opera given last evening by the
Damrosch and Ellis Company at the
Boston Theatre was Gounod's "Romeo
and Juliet" in French. Mr. Bimboni
was the conductor. The cast was as
follows:

Juliette..... Mlle. Toronto
Stephan..... Mlle. Van Hoose
Gertrude..... Mlle. Boudouresque
Romeo..... Mlle. Campanari
Murcibus..... Mlle. Stehmann
Friar Laurent..... Mlle. Rains
Capulet..... Mlle. Rains
Duc De Verona..... Mlle. Rains
Tybalt..... Mlle. Rains
Benvolio..... Mlle. Rains
Gregorio..... Mlle. Rains
Paris..... Mlle. Rains

The opera "Romeo and Juliet" has
yet to be written. Gounod's work,
which is only thirty-one years of age,
already is old and wrinkled. The first
act is for the most part cheap and
commonplace, and even the once a-

... health foods of a far more...
... Chimes called at the office yesterday. He had just returned from Newport, where he assisted his brother...
... moving furniture from his summer place to an inland retreat beyond the reach of marine bombardment. But his talk was not of war, red war. "What the matter with our young girls?" asked. "Last week I met the youngest daughter of my old friend Col. H. T. Soaks—poor fellow, he could not endure the privations of frontier life and he died, as you know, two years ago, in a gold-cure asylum. I asked her—she's a sweet thing to look—how she was. 'Oh, I'm a little lumpy, but I'm not skunky yet.' And what, pray, did she mean? And where in the world did she learn such language?"
F. F. asks: "Is fake in the common use of the word—and it was, perhaps, ever so much used as during the last night—slang or a reputable term?" The word "fake," a verb, according to the Oxford Dictionary, is of obscure origin, probably a variant of the older "fague," which are adaptations of the German "fegen." As early as 10 "a feger of loges" is explained as meaning "one who begs with false comments."
In its transitive form "fake" means in leaves or vagrants' language, to perform any operation upon; to do, do for; plunder, wound, kill; to do up, put to shape; to tamper with, for the purpose of deception. "In the last mentioned application it has latterly come to wider colloquial use, especially with reference to the 'cooking' or dressing-up of news, reports, etc., for the press." The earliest quotations of the latter are from English newspapers and eekies, as the Pall Mall Gazette, which used the noun fake without quotation marks in 1891. The Spectator spoke of "faked up" pictures in 1885. The Times in 1887 spoke of "faked" diamonds. The earlier meanings of the term were used in English literature nearly as early as 1812.
The intransitive verb "fake" means, as said, to steal, as in the famous song "My dolly pals fake away" (1831), at this meaning is queried, as being possibly only a literary misapprehension.
In Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Analogues" (1891) there is no specific mention of "fake" in connection with a newspaper false report. In English theatrical slang "to fake up" is to paint one's face, to make up a character (1835); and "fakes and slumbers" are coperies, accessories of any kind.
We find the word "fake" in a newspaper sense in this country as early as 1838, when the Missouri Republican (March 24) said: "The telegraph man, who has edited Mulhatton's yarns before, and knows a fake from a barn door," and the New York World (Feb. 1888), describing a prize fight, said: "Neither man used his right hand, and they made as many misses with their left hands as they could. It was a thorough fake."
The word was at first undoubtedly English, not American slang; but like unto other "loafers and foot-pads of speech which inspire the grammarian with horror," it has made its way into our language and is used as substantive and verb in English weekly papers of the highest standing.
Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire as gone to Cuba "as a representative of the people." This leaves Senator Chandler to represent the people of New Hampshire at Washington.

McN b
NINTH SYMPHONY
Beethoven Given Without the Last Movement at the 17th Concert of the Orchestra Last Night in Music Hall.
The program of the 17th Symphony on it was as follows:
Movements from Symphony No. 9 in D minor.....Beethoven
Piano Concerto No. 3.....Beethoven
Piano Concerto No. 4 in C minor, Op. 4.....Saint-Saëns
Piano Concerto No. 1.....Berlioz
Beethoven's 9th symphony was first performed in Boston, Feb. 5, 1853, when the solo singers were Miss Stone, Miss Humphrey, Mr. Low and Mr. Thomas Hall. The orchestra was the Germania, under Mr. Bergmann; the chorus was the Handel and Haydn. The success was so great that the performance was repeated April 2 of that year.
The last performance of it in concert form was under Mr. Nikisch,

Dec. 11, 1892, when it was given by the Boston Symphony Society, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Whitch and Mr. May. Mr. Paur led three orchestral movements, as he did last night, April 24, 1897.
The work as a whole has not been performed in this city of arrogant musical pretension since 1892.
It may be said that the finale is written so outrageously for the voices that a perfect performance is impossible, and that the result of the attempt under Mr. Nikisch was not of a nature to warrant a repetition with such a chorus. It is true that the vocal parts are often of extreme difficulty, well nigh impossible; but I believe that the Cecilia, if thoroughly trained, could sing the greater part of the finale effectively. And it does seem to me a matter of regret that this symphony is not at least attempted in its complete form. For what in the world has the Leonore overture No. 3 to do with the orchestral movements of the symphony. In 1897 the three movements and the Leonore No. 3 closed the concert. I then said in substance that if any music is to be substituted for a finale of the symphony and serve as the last number of the program, Beethoven must follow Beethoven, and the Leonore No. 3 is perhaps the best suited to the occasion. But last night there was no need of the overture. It seemed out of place, and it lengthened unduly the program.
The fragments, however, outside of their marvelous beauty and grandeur, served this purpose: they showed how much more dramatic absolute music may be than music that is written expressly for the opera house. What operatic scene is as full of heartrending, unendurable pathos as is the adagio that follows the scherzo which is so full of earthly gaiety? And here comes again the need of the finale to answer doubt and comfort grief. The finale is almost impossible; but such an adagio demands the impossible.
I do not believe that we yet realize fully the stupendous proportions of this symphony. Even with the best leaders, each reading is more or less of an experiment. It seemed last night at first that Mr. Paur took the opening movement at too slow a pace; and yet there are pages where a quicker pace would have destroyed the sombre majesty. The first movement is still a riddle. Let each solve it in his own way. For if the reading is only thoughtful and sincere, the music is full of mighty suggestion, according to the mood of the conductor and yourself.
The beater of kettledrums who displays military precision must have a dull ear. He forgets that the drum may, after all, be a musical instrument. He at times also forgets that drums should be tuned precisely.
Mrs. Zelsler is no stranger to a symphony audience. Last night was, I believe, her fifth appearance at these concerts. She chose the C minor concerto of Saint-Saëns, which is a fine example of the technical skill and glittering insincerity of the composer. She played it at Cambridge in 1891. The years have not robbed her of disagreeable exuberance in gesture. She plays to the eye as well as to the ear. Such pianists as Slioti, Paderewski and others, male and female, have shown conclusively that repose is possible in passages of the utmost difficulty. Tossing arms wildly in the air, bracing oneself visibly in the sight of the public—all this is old-fashioned ostentation. It detracts from a performance. She is a woman of nimble fingers; her bravura is often truly brilliant; her gradations of tone are often effective; she plays with fire and her temperament is plausible if not deep. She does not need to indulge in such extravagance. She could win easily applause and praise without extraneous appeal.
Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.
Concerning the Order of Scenes in "Faust."
Georg Liebling Criticized as a Pianist in London.
Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

A correspondent asks, "Which scene should come first in 'Faust'—the Death of Valentine, or the Church scene? I have generally seen the Death of Valentine close the act, but I observed that at the performance of 'Faust' by the Damrosch and Ellis company, the order was reversed."
When "Faust" was first put in rehearsal, in the fall of 1853, the Censor was offended by the Church scene. Satan should not in a theatrical performance stand behind a pillar of a Cathedral: Rome would be shocked. The Apostolic Nuncio, Monseigneur de Ségur, was present at one of the rehearsals. A blind man, he was charmed by the music. There was a religious conference in his box. The Nuncio favored Gounod. The Church scene was retained. The Bishop, touched by the talent of Mrs. Molan-Carvalho, the

... have her a...
... Gounod, however, insisted before the performance that the Church scene was too long, and the Death of Valentine too dismal.
In the first performance at the Théâtre-Lyrique, March 19, 1853, the trio of the duel was followed by the death of Valentine. The crowd dispersed, and the church opened, showing the interior. Mephistopheles, hidden behind a pillar, prevented Marguerite from praying and drove her to despair.
Today at the Paris Opéra the Church scene precedes the death of Valentine. Gounod wrote concerning the proper order as follows to the conductor at Port Mahon: "The dramatic order observed by Goethe demands that Valentine's death should precede the church scene, and I planned my work accordingly. But certain scenic considerations inverted this order and today at the Grand Opéra the fourth act ends with the death of Valentine. There is an advantage, they say, in ending an act with musical masses rather than with a scene between two persons."
Another correspondent wishes to know whether Messrs. Breuer and Stehmann have "a European reputation."
Mr. Breuer, born at Cologne, April 27, 1870, first went into business, then studied law. He abandoned the law and entered the Cologne Conservatory to study singing. Thinking himself a baritone, he found out that he was a tenor. Mrs. Cosima Wagner took an interest in him and induced him to join the Bayreuth school, where he studied with Kneise. In 1894 he took small parts in the Festival. His first appearance in any part of importance was at the Bayreuth Festival of July, 1896, when he appeared as Mime in "Rheingold," and afterward in "Siegfried." The critics were unanimous in praise. Since 1896 he has sung at the Breslau Opera House.
I must refer the correspondent to the press agent concerning Mr. Stehmann's career. I know nothing about it from personal knowledge.
"Gerhard Stehmann was born in Germany and came to America when quite a young man. He developed a baritone voice, and when quite young displayed musical talent—so much so that his future career was plainly indicated. Opportunities for young singers, even of great merit, are often long in coming, and frequently altogether lacking. It was a particularly good piece of fortune which, when the Damrosch Opera Company was in St. Louis, enabled Mr. Stehmann, on a very short notice, to take the place of Mr. Fischer, who was ill that evening. His success was instantaneous, and Mr. Damrosch at once offered him an engagement, which he accepted; he resigned his position on a St. Louis newspaper, of which he was musical critic. Mr. Stehmann not only sang principal bass roles, alternating with Mr. Fischer, but also acted as stage manager. He has a most remarkable faculty for learning a part quickly, and when Mr. Kraus was ill and unable to sing the part of Mataswintha in Scharwenka's opera of that name, Mr. Stehmann in two days learned the part and sang it, thus enabling the performance to be given. Lilli Lehmann last year took a great fancy to the talented young baritone, and invited him to study with her in Berlin during the summer, which he has done."
The first part that I remember as taken by him in Boston was the Minister in "Fidelio," Feb. 5, 1896. He appeared as the Wandere in "Siegfried" Feb. 6, as Bechmesser Feb. 7, as Melot Feb. 8, as the Rev. John Wilson (in "The Scarlet Letter") Feb. 10, as Cuno Feb. 11, as Bittercliff Feb. 13. In 1897 he also appeared here as Daland (Feb. 2), and the Dancairo in "Carmen" Feb. 3.
Inasmuch as Mr. Georg Liebling, pianist, proposes to visit the United States, the following review by Mr. Blackburn, published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 18, will be of interest: "Yesterday afternoon, at the St. James's Hall, Herr Liebling gave a pianoforte recital consisting altogether of works by Schumann, following the same sort of scheme which induced him to give a Beethoven recital and which is responsible for the announcement that next week he will devote an afternoon to the works of Chopin, and another afternoon in the coming week to the compositions of Liszt and Brahms. It is, perhaps, a little doubtful if such a scheme as this is really effective in the most artistic sense of the word, unless the single composer of the works that constitute such a recital has a peculiar affinity towards and sympathy with the interpretative artist. A Rubinstein or a D'Albert wrestling during a couple of hours with Beethoven, showing his fineness through the fineness of their own intimacy with his musical spirit, is an experience of a particularly overwhelming kind; but the same cannot conscientiously be said of Herr Liebling set face to face with Schumann. This player, indeed, has a fine technique and a considerable mastery over the objective complications of pianoforte interpretation; but it seems to us that he lacks a continuity of purpose, and that for this reason Schumann was one of the worst selections possible from composers through whose writing he could hope to prove his own musical talents. For Schumann's much-praised pianoforte compo-

... past century...
... in the world, and there is added as it may be, Herr Liebling's own serious difficulty. Neither of these so much tedious as a collection of separate episodes as are to be found within the limits of a Schumann sonata. He is as prodigal of ideas as he is economical in his treatment of them. He never allows you, in Beethoven's grand manner, to lean back, as it were, with a thought that has been familiar to you, and note the infinite variety of decoration with which he is able to clothe that thought. He whisks you, on the contrary, from new idea to new idea with a lavishness that would be nothing short of stupendous if it were not just a little teasing. It is this quality which makes Schumann one of the most exquisite song-writers in the whole world of musical art. Within the confines of a short poem he found himself able to create a single idea of the most delicate and appropriate texture which just served his purpose without any drooping of the wings, without any sign of fainting or fatigue. However, to sum up the present matter, Herr Liebling in dealing with Schumann's longer pianoforte pieces, cut them into sections, by reason of his impatience, even more frequently than the composer had already done by his swift, brief flights. That is, where Schumann paused here and there before renewing his course, Herr Liebling paused even oftener; so that you became curiously aware of a perpetual scrappiness in the result. This is no mere paradox said for the sake of cheap effect; for in the case of composers like Beethoven, whose continuity of purpose is almost religious in its intensity, their own coherence has somewhat hidden Herr Liebling's want of this particular quality; and indeed his playing of Beethoven is excellent in those moments where his intelligence and sentiment are suddenly fired by the music, which in itself is too much of a piece to allow one to think of it as divided into episodes. Herr Liebling may, indeed, be congratulated upon charming little passages delivered yesterday every now and then with feeling and spirit; but take his Schumann recital all in all, we are inclined to think that this is a composer who, as we have said, in his more ambitious work is less calculated than any other musician to prove the excellence of Herr Liebling's art; and for this very reason, that the player's own tendency, in regard to musical coherence, is even to 'out-Schumann Schumann.'"
The Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette in a letter dated Jan. 18, thus spoke of Puccini and his forthcoming opera:
"It is a long time since we have had such a theatrical season as this winter. Notwithstanding the hisses, little respectful to Queen Margherita who was present, that greeted Gabriele d'Annunzio's 'Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera' ('Dream of a Morning of Spring'), Eleanor Duse is delighting all Rome, at the Argentine Theatre the 'Bohème' of Puccini has had a great success, and Fregoli, who made such a hit among London music-hall audiences, provides entertainment of another kind.
"Maestro Puccini is now in Rome on musical business. Despite his successes and the honors showered upon him by the public, I found when I called that he had not forgotten a visit I paid him at Torre del Lago, near Pisa, where, on the little blue lake of Massaciucoli, he has his summer residence. Behind the lake rises the chain of the Apennines, while a fertile plain extends to the sea, visible from the villa, like an opalescent strip, fascinating and tantalizing. In this quiet and tranquil solitude the young composer works almost constantly, yet one would hardly take him for a musician, surrounded, as he is with guns, bicycles, etc. Were he not a great composer, he might acquire fame as a sportsman. His operas have placed him in a few years in the first rank of Italy's young masters, yet he remained the same modest, affable Puccini, open-handed and accessible. He does not forget the hard-working eventful past, in which he had Mascagni as a companion in misfortune.
"Giacomo Puccini comes of a family of musicians. From his babyhood he was designed to be a music master, but his studies had to be conducted with more than strict economy, and he would, perhaps, never have been able to continue them had not the 'Congregation of Charity' of Rome given him a monthly allowance of 40. On that sum he, a brother and a cousin all lived at Milan. He himself recounts how, towards the end of the month, when the precious 44 was spent, they lived from hand to mouth, taking first an umbrella, then part of their clothes, or a silver watch, as the case might be, to the pawnbroker, to be redeemed the following month. They all three lived in one furnished room, the owner of which was employed in the Post Office, and, unfortunately for them, in the registered letter department, so that every month he triumphantly showed them the letter from the 'Congregation' opened it himself, and subtracted twenty-four shillings for the rent. That bill, at least, was regularly and punctually paid. The landlady kept a sharp eye on them to be sure that no cooking went on to spoil her precious furniture. To delude her, and at the same time prepare their déjeuner, which in days of abundance consisted of three eggs, usually fried, one for each, they put a spirit lamp, with a small frying pan, on the piano. When the eggs began to fry, the cousin, who was also the cook, whispered, 'Play! Play now!' and Puccini, on foot before the piano, improvised all kinds of nonsense. The louder the noise of the frying the louder he played, ceasing abruptly when the eggs were done.
"Puccini's first opera, 'Le Villi,' had the same fate in 1833 as that of Verdi. It was judged by the Conservatoire unworthy of consideration. Five months later 'Le Villi,' given in Milan, had a

And the Chicago Times Herald tells its pathetic story of a devoted wife: Kansas widow, whose husband lost estate and fortune through strong drink and who finally died with delirium tremens, had a marble monument erected over his grave upon which a snake of many coils has been chiseled, as also his inscription upon the pedestal, and just beneath the fiery eye and forked tongue of the serpent: "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

A writer in the Journal of the French Statistical Society has been making some observations on the outcome of pure American marriages. From one cause or another such marriages are resulting in a steady diminution of the birth-rate, and the facts are beyond dispute. The question is one to be solved if the American race is to survive. The most obvious explanation is probably the ideal of consumptive eugeny which prevails, for it is an open secret of nature that women adapt themselves to the reigning ideal. The writer of the article in question, however, takes another view of the matter. It is the principle of democracy, he finds, that is at fault. Democracy reduces individualism and the maximum of personal development, which is bad for the race. The numerical increase of a race is in inverse proportion to the development of individuals. America, it seems, must either give up democracy, or die of it. There is yet a third alternative. She may discover a "scientific democracy" capable of indefinite reproduction.

The following persons were conspicuous for their disgraceful conduct during services at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church last Sunday night: Emmett Pyeatt, popping match and talking during the sermon; William Pittman and Horace Winstead, laughing and talking during prayer and preaching; Roy Mock, laughing and talking during sermon; Hugh Polson, eating peanuts and talking during services. This department will be continued as long as the necessity for it is apparent.—Prairie Grove (Ark.) Record.

ch 8. "Faust."

On account of the continued indisposition of Mrs. Nordica, "The Huguenots" was not sung by the Damrosch and Ellis Company at the Boston Theatre last evening. "Faust" was substituted. The cast was the same as at the opening performance of the short season two weeks ago. Melba as Marguerite, Toronto as Siebel, Van Cauter as a Marthe, Ibsen as Faust, Poudour as Mephistopheles and Campanari as Valentin. Mr. Damrosch conducted. The performance was not unlike the one that was discussed at length a fortnight ago. There was much to enjoy in Melba's singing, although she was at times a little below the true pitch. Mr. Campanari was applauded warmly for his solo in the second act. Mr. Ibsen is a sufferer from chronic tremor. Mr. Poudour is still eminently respectable as Mephistopheles. There was a large audience.

The opera Wednesday evening will be "La Traviata." Melba, Salignae and Campanari will be the chief singers. Mr. Bimboni will conduct.

To give an accurate description of what has never occurred is not merely the proper occupation of the historian, but the inalienable privilege of any man of parts and culture. Still less do I desire to talk learnedly. Learned conversation is either the affectation of the ignorant or the profession of the mentally unemployed. And, as for what is called improving conversation, that is merely the foolish method by which the still more foolish philanthropist feebly tries to disarm the just rancour of the criminal classes. Don't let us discuss anything solemnly. I am but too conscious of the fact that we are born in an age when only the dull are treated seriously, and I live in terror of not being misunderstood. Don't degrade me into the position of giving you useful information. Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught. Through the parted curtains of the window I see the moon like a clipped piece of silver. Like gilded bees the stars cluster round her. The sky is a hard hollow sapphire. Let us go out into the night. Thought is wonderful, but adventure is more wonderful still.

Old Chimes looks forward confidently to the bombardment of Boston. "It will be the first city that will suffer. And why? Those Spaniards will examine the map of the United States, searching out desirable places for shells. They will see Cape Cod extending a finger of invitation, warmly beckoning across the sea. Nature herself begs the attack."

Away with themes of war! Away with war itself! Hence from my shuddering sight, to never more return that snow of blacken'd, mutilated corpses! That hell unpent and raid of blood, fit for wild tigers or for lop-tongued wolves, not reasoning men.

Miss Maggie Cline declares war against Spain and says that if it is necessary she herself will enlist. This is cheering news. It would indeed be terrible if she should sing against this country.

Mr. Zander of Wisconsin maintains his wife, two children and himself on \$200 a year. They eat boiled potatoes with butter gravy and pie for dinner, and they drink coffee three times a day. Mr. Zander may be an able and scrupulously truthful man. If his statements are accurate, is life maintained by such a diet worth living? How are the little tumblers of his spouse and children, and how are their poor nerves?

Mr. Frederic, speaking of Forbes Robertson's undoubted success as Hamlet at Berlin, adds, "It is practically 40 years since Phelps played there, and since then no English tragedian has challenged comparison with the great German exponents of Shakespeare." It is singular that Mr. Frederic does not allude to Edwin Booth's appearances at Berlin in January, 1883. His first appearance in Germany was at the Residenz Theatre of that city as Hamlet, Jan. 11. The supporting company was German. The theatre was crowded. The applause was spontaneous, furious. Mr. Booth was called before the curtain over 20 times.

We are not quoting from the report of a press agent or from the account of a gushing biographer. We saw Mr. Booth at the Residenz Theatre, and he then acted with a vigor and a fire that were often missed sadly in his performances in America in the early eighties.

We regret to see symptoms of acute parochialism in the New York Times's Saturday Review of Books. Observe this headline:

"D'Annunzio.

Books That Prove Him to be Entirely Selfish and Corrupt."

Here is another instance in the same number. "I wonder which was really the more thoroughly American, Miller's red-flannel shirt or Whitman's red-flannel poetry." And who framed this searching analytical question? Mr. Alden, Mr. W. L. Alden, who was once the funny man of the New York Times and is now still funnier as a literary critic in London.

Mr. Francisque Sarcey, vegetarian and writer about theatrical matters, has a son in London. The father read in a medical paper that the influenza was very severe in England, and he wrote his son as to this fact. The son replied that he was down with it himself, that all his companions were also, but that it distressed no one, and no one spoke of it. Not a word of it in the newspapers, which were full, instead, of the Dreyfus affair. This letter drew from Mr. Sarcey these remarks:

"What an admirably disciplined people! At Paris we had a year or two since two or three cases of cholera. We immediately made a 'cure' of all the devils! All Europe was rent with our cries of distress, and all the foreigners who had come to pass the winter at Paris packed their trunks, the hotels became empty, and in two or three days commerce stopped, and so forth. And all because a poor devil in a hospital died of cramps and vomiting. Now the English have at the present time a rare and serious epidemic on their hands. But the newspapers say nothing. In England, be it understood, everything is healthy, just as everything is normal. In France it is the other way round; we cry aloud about our blots. The English hide theirs. That is the difference."

Here is a pleasing description of life among the early Highlanders—an admirable condensation of history: "There followed a long period of the amenities of Donnybrook Fair—an institution the original settlers may well have brought across the Channel with them—during which the wigs of the Macleans, Macdonalds and MacLachlans were always on the green. The rules of the game were simple enough. A Macbannock would marry a daughter of the Macwhuskes, confine her on a desert island, and entreat her evilly. To avenge this insult a casual Macwhusky would knock a stray Macbannock over the head; both families, to their remotest ramifications, would then join in the diversion and the heather would be afire. On the ruins of these old clans rose the Campbells, who had the foresight always to be on the side of whatever there happened to be in the way of central government, while the Macbannocks, the Macwhuskes and the rest of them were always against it. Hence the national pastime became to set 'MacCullamore's beard in a lowe,' though the Campbells were consistently on the winning side."

The crude commercialism of America, its materializing spirit, its indifference to the poetical side of things, and its lack of imagination and of high unattainable ideals, are entirely due to that country having adopted for its national hero a man who, according to his own confession, was incapable of telling a lie, and it is not too much to say that the story of George Washington and the cherry tree has done more harm, and in a shorter space of time, than any other moral tale in the whole of literature.

It is a good thing for theatre managers to perform occasionally plays of Shakspeare; for thus the pulse of the public is felt. The Intelligent Foreigner, who admires Modjeska, was puzzled yesterday by the reviews of the performance of "Measure for Measure." "To me," he said, "it is one of the greatest of Shakspeare's plays. Bitterness of philosophy, knowledge of heart, relentless probing into morbid recesses put this 'comedy' above certain tragedies. I find 'Measure for Measure' more interesting than the melodrama 'Hamlet.' I am a foreigner, and I do not understand clearly your beautiful language; but I know Angelo—he is on the bench and high in honor for his probity. I saw Luelo here in Boston, only last week, at one of your clubs; he was retailing scandal in a corner. It is a wonderful drama, this 'Measure for Measure,' but it should be played without expurgation. I do not understand why some of your townsfolk who delight in unutterably vulgar and silly plays show the whites of their eyes at the mere mention of Elbow and Froth and that most worthy woman Mistress Over-Done."

He continued: "I prefer 'Measure for Measure' to 'The Merchant of Venice' with its female lawyer, Portia, one of the chief of stage-bores. And how outrageously Shylock is treated! His name might be Dreyfus."

We never dispute the Intelligent Foreigner; he is of quick temper and believes in the duello. Thus he thinks it would be more manly for Mr. Paul Dana and Mr. Whitelaw Reid to follow the example of Cavallotti and Macola than to call each other "liar" and "scoundrel" in the editorial columns of the Sun and the Tribune. "A fairly conducted duel would settle the affair and give pleasure to the readers, who now are bored."

All this reminds us that Sir Henry Irving intends to revive "The Merchant of Venice" this season. Three hundred years ago, July 22, "A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse" was entered on the register of the Stationers' Company.

Will Irving have the courage to put the play upon the stage in the costume of the time at which it was written? Antonio would wear a bonnet like an inverted porringer; Shylock would wear an orange-tawney bonnet, the mark of an outcast race; Portia would be seen in "the stiff and clumsy skirt and stomacher of a Venetian lady of rank, formidable with bristling ruffs, and with her hair engineered into two little conical turrets of curls upon her forehead, one over each eye."

Some idea of the depression in trade caused in Paris by the excitement over the Zola trial may be gained from the fact that Duvall's homely restaurants showed a falling off in their receipts of \$10,000 in six weeks. The slaughter house returns showed a decrease of 50 per cent. Hotels, cab companies and many theatres suffered. Coquelin at the Porte St. Martin did not fare so poorly. In the first fortnight of February the theatre took in \$33,300.

It is painful to find our esteemed contemporary, the Boston Herald, calumniating the inhabitants of that learned region which may be called the Cambridge Pale. M. Ferdinand Brunetiere lectured at the Sanders Theatre last year and M. René Doumic is now lecturing there. "They present themselves," asserts the calumniator, "under the grave disadvantage of expressing themselves in a language imperfectly understood by ear by nine out of ten of the audience." Nine out of ten! To mention these ridiculous figures is to show their falsehood. It is not too much to say that ten out of every nine persons in and about Boston speak their own French, and are willing to give an indulgent ear to that spoken by Frenchmen. Anybody who was able to understand the surprising variety of language, apparently intended for French, in which the Boston Herald described the performance of "Athalia" at the Sanders Theatre must be able to hear French without a master.—New York Sun.

The Atlanta Board of Police Commissioners has enacted the rule that a patrolman will be suspended if he reports

for duty with a toothpick in his mouth. It makes no difference whether the pick be of quill, wood, horn, bone, silver or gold, the thing of a few minutes or imperishable. We commend the Board. The toothpick is too much in evidence. It may serve properly as a solitary pleasure, but it should never be an instrument of a household game, or a badge of public office.

They that are interested in the recently published biographies of James Clarence Mangan should not overlook the pages concerning the poet in Walter Lecky's "Green Graves in Ireland." Mangan is buried in Glasnevin. "A few years prior to my visit a Dublin gentleman, interested in the personality of Ireland's Poe, erected a finger-post with the index pointing to a little black slab of Irish slate stone, and underneath this legend, in large, disjointed yellow letters that are fast fading, 'J. C. Mangan's Grave.' * * * The day of my visit some American had hung on the finger-post a garland of roses, with the well-merited tribute, 'He Loved Liberty.'"

Shut thine aching eyes to the vapour-hidden skies
And thine ears to the reeling din,
And send thy soul where the brimming ripples roll,
And the year's spring tide sweeps in.
Though the body stays in the city's barren ways,
The spirit wanders free;
And where its treasure hides in the dewy country-sides,
The chainless heart shall be.

B. C. L. asks "What is oyster-toddy?" It is a dish high in favor on the New Jersey coast. Here is a good recipe. Strips of salt pork are cut into dice and allowed to simmer in a frying pan until a portion of the fat is extracted. Some potatoes are peeled and cut into thin slices. These are placed in the hot pork juice and fried. When they are nearly done oysters are added, and when they are almost or quite cooked, milk mixed with flour is stirred in. Season with pepper and serve very hot.

If you wish to see what the women of Boston will wear next November, go to New York and see what the women of that city are wearing now.

m ch 10 GRAND OPERA.

Verdi's "La Traviata" was given again last night by the Demrosch and Ellis Company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Bimboni conducted as before, and the chief singers were Melba, Salignae and Campanari. There was a good-sized and appreciative audience.

"Lohengrin" will be sung this evening. The cast will be as follows:

Elsa	Gadski
Ortrud	Staudigl
Lohengrin	Kraus
Henry the Fowler	Fischer
Tetramund	Bispham
The Herald	Staudigl

Mr. Damrosch will conduct. Mrs. Gisella Staudigl will be heard here for the first time as Ortrud.

Rossini's delightful "Barber of Seville" will be given for the third time Friday night. The house, we understand, is already sold out. The Mad Scene from "Lucia" will be sung after "the Barber."

The farewell performance will be Saturday afternoon, when "Tannhauser" will be sung, with Gadski, Barna, Kraus, Stehmann and Bispham in the cast.

When any one of their Cattes dieth, they cower it with Sarcenet, and houlung, and crieng, and beating of their breates they all to bestrawe the carckesse with salte. And after they haue embalmed it with the lleur of the Cedre and other fragraunt oyntmentes, and oyles, to preserue it the longer, thel bewyre it in holy seapulture. If a man haue slayne any of these beastes willingly, he is coudempned to death. But yf he haue slaine an catte willingly or unwillingly, the people ronnetth vpon him vpon heapes, and withoute all ordre of Iustice or lawe, in moste miserable wise torment him to death. Vpon feare of the which daungler who soeuer esleth one of those lyeng dead, standing a farre he howleth and crieth professing that he is not giltye of ye death.

Again there is ridicule, again there is shooting forth of lips because a kindly spinster dying at an over-ripe age provided by will for her dear cats. As though she were the first of her sex to care posthumously for her pets!

In the 17th century there lived a celebrated player of lute and harp. Her name was Jeanne Félix. She married Adam Dupuis, who thoughtfully died, and left her rich. And she, too, died (1677), having made an extraordinarily spiteful will, in which she abused outrageously a son-in-law, as well as a magistrate who had decided a lawsuit against her. The will was set aside, for the maker of it was determined to be out of her mind; and thus her cats were her most sincere mourners. She had left two of these animals in the care of Nicole Pigeon, and instructed her executor to pay over 30 sous a month to meet expenses.

And she left these special instruc-

the "They must have meat-soup regularly, the same that we are accustomed to eat; but there must be a separate plate for each cat. The bread should not be put in lunks into the soup; it should be broken into pieces the size of walnuts, otherwise the cats will not touch it. When the bouillon is ready, and the bread soaked, put in a little chopped meat, cover it all carefully, and let it simmer until it is fit to eat."

Pierre Jean Grosley, a lawyer of distinguished parts (1718-1783), not only was painted in the act of stroking a little cat; he proposed to dedicate one of his last works to his favorite Mimi, and he left by will to the woman who should care for his two cats 25 francs a year until the death of both animals.

An English maiden in 1828 insisted on this clause in her will: "I bequeath to my dear, amusing Jocko for enjoyment during his life the sum of 10 pounds sterling, which is to be used exclusively for his support. I bequeath to my faithful dog Shock and to my well beloved cat Tib the sum of five pounds sterling annually to each."

Jeremiah Drexelius, a learned Jesuit, tells us in his "Aeternitatis prodromus mortis nuntius" (1630), of a woman known to him who left her cat 500 ecus (about \$500) that it might never want good cheer. "Quae feli suae testamento legavit oulgentos philippcos, videlicet ut honesta semper mensa frueretur."

(By the way, is there a copy of *Diatriba medicis de morbis hibicis a Christiano Warlizio, Witembergae 1744* in S. in this city. The ingenious author asks curious questions about cats, as "Why do they see more clearly at night?" and "Cur felis faeminae in congressu tam vehementer ululatur?")

Other animals have thus been cared for. Dr. Christian, Dean of the League Faculty at Vienna, left 6000 florins for the support of three dogs; and after their death the money was added to the funds of the Viennese University.

There was Reinhold Rosen, who appeared at the siege of Dole in 1668, "mounted on a horse aged 33 years, which he said had saved his life at the battle of Rocroy." He died some years after, settling a pension on the horse, with a meadow. Many from Calgula have treated horses with extravagant consideration. Spondanus tells a queer story of Charles, Duke of Calabria, son of Robert, King of Naples: "A great prince of former times, famous for his virtues and his zeal in doing justice to everyone, thought he pronounced a sentence worthy of his exalted rank when he decreed in favor of an old horse, who, having been forsaken by his master in his old age, and to whom he had done very remarkable service in war, went, by I know not what instinct or accident, and rung a bell that was hung up at the palace gate, purposely that all who met with ill-treatment might ring it, in order to make their complaint, and sue for justice."

Why is not the cat mentioned in the Bible? Is it because of the devotion paid it by the Egyptians, to which we have alluded in the first paragraph?

The Apocrypha is not as squeamish. In the description of Babylonian gods (Baruch VI.) are these sentences: "Upon their bodies and heads sit bats, scorpions and birds, and the cats also. By this ye may know that they are no gods: therefore, fear them not."

Speaking of wills set aside, we are reminded that undue influence is alleged in the will of Henry Hoffman that is now contested in Brooklyn. One witness swore that the testator sometimes drank 20 stone-fences a day. The Surrogate asked the witness to be "more specific" in his remarks, whereupon a stone fence was described as a glass of cider with plenty of whisky added. Now, hard cider alone produces, according to that eminent authority, the New York Sun, "a pizen mean jag." The beer drunkard is lazy and inert, the whisky drunk uproarious, but the hard cider drunk has a mission to murder the population, and then blow up the terrestrial globe to complete the job. Turning to that invaluable work, "Jerry Thomas' Bar Tenders' Guide," no family should be without it—we find the following recipe for stone-fence. "Use a large bar-glass. Take one wine-glass of Bourbon or rye whisky; two or three small lumps of ice; fill up the glass with sweet cider."

We are surprised that "Fancy Drinks and Popular Beverages," by the only William (N. Y. 1891) makes no reference whatever to this famous drink.

Old Chinese—who has seen the people on the customs of many countries—asserts that in Wolfboro, N. H., a stone-fence is made of hard cider and whisky. "It is a fearful dose, and no man can drink 20 stone-fences and live. I remember that I was violently sick after my last."

OPERA AND CONCERT

"Lohengrin" With Gadski, Kraus and Bispham.

Melba's Cold Makes a Change in the Repertory Necessary.

Mr. Franz Rummel Gave His Second Piano Recital.

"Lohengrin" was performed last night at the Boston Theatre Ly the Damrosch and Ellis Company. Mr. Damrosch was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Elsa.....Gadski
Ortrud.....Bispham
Lohengrin.....Kraus
The King.....Fischer
Telramund.....Bispham
The Herald.....Staudigl

The performance last night was good in some respects, in other respects it was poor. The chorus was for the most part weak, ragged and untuneful. The prayer in the first act, so far as the unaccompanied measures were concerned, was so far from the true pitch as to be laughable instead of merely distressing. Justice compels me to say that neither Gadski, nor Kraus, nor Fischer were always true to the pitch throughout the opera. The stage management was clumsy, and the mounting was shabby. It was a wonder that Elsa and Lohengrin could make love or sing in such a bridal chamber.

On the other hand, although Gadski was not at her best, she still gave pleasure frequently by her vocal art and by the pathetic simplicity and genuine womanhood of her impersonation. Elsa is not an ideal heroine, but she is human, and very feminine, a true daughter of Eve, suspicious, curious, not satisfied until she has jiggled with her happiness and destroyed it in the juggling. Gadski comprehends the character and has the ability to put it before you in palpable shape. Last night many in the audience must have remembered her first appearance here as Elsa. It was the 24 of April, in 1895. Rethmuhl was unable to sing the part of Lohengrin. Alvary gave some excuse. Finally, Barron Berthold was persuaded to take the part, and he came from the Castle Square Theatre instead of Parsifal's palace, drawn by foaming hack horses instead of a practical swan, making, however, a late connection with the latter. Conrad Behrens, who died only a few weeks ago, was the King, and Emma Montford was the Queen. They were mounted and ranted and crawled and towered and did all sorts of extraordinary things as Ortrud. Under these trying circumstances, Gadski made her first appearance with credit to herself and with pleasure to the audience. She has grown physically and artistically during the last three years, but her Elsa is, to me at least, not as authoritative and pleasing as her Senta, her Elisabeth, or her Hester.

And when Kraus first sang Lohengrin in Boston—Feb. 5, 1897—he too had an experience; for his Elsa was Susan Strong, a victim of the press agency and injudicious friends. His Lohengrin is practically unchanged. It is a heroic figure, without suggestion of magnificence or the supernatural when he arrives in answer to the maiden's dream. Kraus seems to be a rather matter-of-fact person, of goodly stature and manly bearing, and of naturally excellent voice. When he impresses and he is often effective—he makes his points by beauty or strength of organ—not by vocal skill, and by his animal force. In repose, silent, he is merely a fine fellow. He cannot convince or suggest by a look or a gesture. When you compare him with a singer like Niemann, poor Niemann whose voice was never of generous range, was never flexible, you realize at once the difference between a terror with unusually good voice and limited histrionic power and a genius who happened to choose song as a more or less convenient medium of expression.

Mrs. Staudigl, with her hard, inflexible voice, and with an inclination to shriek, sang the difficult music of her part with considerable power and acted in approved routine fashion. I have seen more pretentious and less satisfactory Ortruds than that of Gisella Staudigl.

Mr. Fischer was not in good physical condition and his upper tones were insecure.

Mr. Bispham's Telramund is known to opera goers as an unusually strong impersonation, vocally and dramatically. His see in detail does not here impair the breadth and spirit of the conception.

Mr. Staudigl was a faithful, honest being. He would not have deceived his audience for the world, nor would he have yielded to the temptation of proclaiming a Sunday extra about a possible fight between Lohengrin and Telramund on the church steps.

Letters from Melba and Dr. Langmaid are published below, will explain the reason of the substitution of "Carmen" for "The Barber of Seville" this evening. Mr. Rimbold will conduct. The cast will be as follows:

Carmen.....Segard
Don Jose.....T. Santa
Escamillo.....Sullivan
Zerkow.....Campbell

LETTER FROM MELBA.

Boston, March 10, 1898.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:
Dear Sir—Will you allow me, through your columns, to express my deep regret at being compelled to disappoint the public tomorrow evening. It is impossible for me to sing, as I am suffering from temporary hoarseness, and my doctor forbids it. I cannot leave Boston without thanking the press and the public for their extreme courtesy and kindness to me during my visit here. And in saying "au revoir," I look forward with the greatest pleasure to another visit next year. Yours sincerely,

NELLIE MELBA.

DR. LANGMAID'S CARD.

Mme. Melba is suffering from severe temporary hoarseness. It will not be possible for her to sing Friday evening.

S. W. LANGMAID, M. D.

Mr. Franz Rummel gave his second piano recital in Association Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Air et Variations ("The Harmonious Blacksmith").....Hand
Sonata, Op. 101.....Beethoven
Variationen ueber ein Thema von Schumann, Op. 9.....Brahms
Charakterstueck, Op. 7, No. 1.....Mendels
Lied ohne Worte, Op. 53, No. 4.....Mendels
Près du Ruissseau, Miniatures, Op. 63.....Rubinstein
Serenade, Miniatures, Op. 93.....Rubinstein
Valse, "Man lebt nur einmal," Op. 167.....Strauss-Tausig
Percuise, Op. 51.....Chopin
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2.....Liszt

This was a disheartening program. Two sets of variations and two sonatas for the first hour! A program without a novelty! No attention paid to any living composer for the piano! We have a right to expect more reasonable and interesting programs from you, Mr. Rummel. Do you not know that a pianist may show his ability and give legitimate musical pleasure without playing one of the later sonatas of Beethoven? (He is not obliged to play any sonata). If you wish to respect openly the ancients there are pieces by Bach and Scarlatti—only let them be played in unaltered versions—Rameau, Couperin, Mozart. Even the familiar variations of Handel gave you some trouble yesterday, did they not? As a man you are a delightful conversationalist, with a lively sense of humor; but when you don your sacerdotal robes, your appreciation of humor deserts you, otherwise you would never put Brahms's Variations on a theme from Schumann's "Albumblätter" immediately after Beethoven's op. 101. The counterpart of Brahms in this work may be "naïve and unconscious"—to quote the adoring Heinrich Reimann—but the unconsciousness is that of a mole grubbing his way through a cemetery.

I regret to say that I was again disappointed in Mr. Rummel's performance. There was much analysis; there was lecturing on the anatomy of sonata and variations. There was the deliberateness of honorable and scholarly intention. The pianist was at times so deliberate that he suggested the reverence that is cater-cousin of fear; fear lest the composer might be misrepresented, lest the importance of his speech might be overlooked. Perhaps Mr. Rummel is inclined to set too high a value on what is vaguely known as intellectualism in music; at any rate, however brilliantly he

his brilliance is intermittent and flickering—his performance is at its best analytically interesting. Some years ago I knew a Rumel who as a virtuoso was broad and generous in thought, fiery when roused, irresistible in action, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. The Rummel whom I heard yesterday is a man anxious about detail, one inclined to look soberly on life, and of a rather leisurely habit. And when he talks fluently, when his sentences are clearly expressed, his conversation seems matter-of-fact, his style is comparatively colorless, and his opinions are without real authority.

Philip Hale.

A soldier is one of a lawful, necessary, commendable, and honorable profession; yea, God himself may seem to be one free of the company of soldiers, in that he styled himself "a man of war." Now, though many hate soldiers as the twigs of the rod of war, wherewith God scourgeth wanton countries into repentance, yet is their calling so needful, that were not some soldiers, we must be all soldiers, daily employed to defend our own, the world would grow so licentious.

The bombardment of Boston by the Spaniards would not be without genuine interest to the dwellers in the city and the philosophers in neighboring towns.

To begin with, the bombard or cannon, as Sir Henry Spelman wisely said, is designed for the stability of human power, and not the destruction of the human race; therefore any loss of life resulting from shells exploding in Temple Place or the South End would be incidental, as well as accidental, and would be deplored no doubt by Don Colorado Maduro and his men; for the Spaniards are a courteous nation.

A bombardment at night should be a glorious spectacle. A Boston public is not easily pleased. It has been educated slowly to discriminating enjoy-

ment by the Kralffy Brothers and a host of out-of-door entertainers. If the bombardment should not answer expectation, the Spanish would never recover from the adverse criticism. They might be justly likened unto the bombardier, or exploding beetle. "When it is touched," says Mr. Bingley, the naturalist, "we are surprised with a noise resembling the discharge of a musket in miniature, during which a blue smoke may be seen to proceed from its extremity." The Spanish would never be the same after jeering criticism. They are a proud people and fear ridicule.

None fitter to go to war than those who have made their peace with God in Christ; for such a man's soul is an impregnable fort: it cannot be scaled with ladders, for it reacheth up to heaven; nor be broken by batteries, for it is walled with brass; nor undermined by pioneers, for he is founded on a rock; nor betrayed by treason, for faith itself keeps it; nor be burnt by grenades, for he can quench the fiery darts of the devil; nor be forced by famine, for a good conscience is a continual feast.

A vigorous, well-directed bombardment would be of inestimable sanitary and esthetic advantage. We should be sorry to see the dome of the State House resembling a cocked hat, but think of the joy in the contemplation of hideous buildings serving as targets. There is at least one church-tower in the Back Bay whose impudent pride should be humbled. There are apartment houses in the upper lintels of which the commorant and the bitter should lodge, and desolation should be in the thresholds. Even the Museum of Coarse Arts might be improved by the successful calculation of the flight of a bomb, and the Public Library might welcome a cheap solution of the problem of ventilation.

Yes, Mrs. Wren, you think you have a pretty nest. The rooms of your genteel flat, which is situated in a "desirable" quarter, are crowded with furniture. A sofa—you call it divan—is close to the radiator; your husband's study is provided with lounging chairs, so that borses may bore in comfort the walls are covered with bargains at auction sales and purchases from suave Orientals. The parlor resembles a brick-a-brac shop. A shell from a Spanish man-of-war would be an admirable corrective of your taste. We quote from "The Decoration of Houses" by Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman Jr.: "It is surprising to note how removal of an accumulation of knickknacks will free the architectural line and restore the furniture to its rightful relation with the walls."

You may not wish to watch the bombardment from the roof of the house; you may prefer to go down to the basement, where coal and servants are kept. In this case you will gain lively knowledge of how servants are housed in this enlightened age. You need not fear the dampness, for the rooms will be a temporary refuge, and you will not be obliged to stay the long enough to contract rheumatism. Nor will the darkness incommode you; there will be light enough from the bursting bombs. After the firing over, you may have sympathy for the cave-dwellers; whereas at present they exist for you only while they are working in the regions of air and wind.

You have smiled at the pictures of bombardments in popular histories and old illustrated weeklies. You may have an opportunity to confirm your marks concerning bad drawing and absence of perspective.

In case of bombardment your eyes and ears will be trained. If you are constitutionally lazy you will be prompted to active exercise. If you are by birth or long acquaintance with a city conservative in your manners, confirmed and distant, you will find yourself speaking to persons without the preliminary introduction that you have always considered indispensable.

Our local poets, painters, composers may be stirred to mighty thought. A new national ode by a local poet, set to music by a local composer and sung in a tug in the harbor by the Handel Haydn would be a valuable addition to the scheme of coast defence. Miss Maggie Cline, whose patriotism is a fever heat, should be engaged as the solo soprano.

The procreation of peace, and not the slaying of men's lusts and liberties, is the end of war. Yet how many, having won their possession, desire a perpetuity thereof. Wiser men than King Henry the Eighth used to cry in fair weather, whose vest being only in storms, they themselves desire to raise them; wherefore fearing they will starve whom war hath fattened, they under themselves the more useful, and along discord to the utmost, and when swords are once drawn, the bards might be cut asunder.

MUSIC NOTES.

... was given last evening at Boston Theatre with S. Y. C. L. Tor-Sil in the Camarillo in the opera this afternoon will be "hauser" with Gaskil, Barna,

us, Stehmann and Bispham as the singers.

The whole business of the opera is to emotion in its birth, and to intercept feeling in its progress to the heart. Impression that, left to itself, might deep into the mind, and wake it to real pathy, is overtaken and baffled by means some other impression, plays round the face of the imagination, trembles into sound, or expires in an empty pageant, the grand carnival of the senses the of life is suspended, the link which is us to humanity is broken; the soul is sed by the sense of excessive softness a feverish hectic dream; truth becomes ble, good and evil manners of perfect in- nence, except as they can be made sub- ant to our selfish gratification; and there arily a vice for which the mind on com- out of the Opera is not prepared, no ue of which it is capable!

ou were no doubt disappointed yes- day when you learned that Melba the golden voice would not sing as sina for you. The tickets had been ight, although you could ill afford price, you had saved a dress shirt the occasion, your last shirt, for as the end of the week; you had red flowers and a carriage for Miss casta; and you had even played on r accordion hat, to see if it were in rking order. But there was no Ros- for you and Miss Lucasta; there s no Lucia with her hair down and h the bravura of madness.

ou have often said, and you have en heard it said, that the mad scene "the most important part of 'Lucia,' it is the most effective scene." d thus you and your friends show ur ignorance of the history of opera. en in the mutilated version that pre- ted today serves as the plaything a prima-donna, the sextet is the minating scene.

Originally and for many years after first production "Lucia" was a tenor era.

As "H. F. N." said in the Transcript March 10, "All the great tenors from ibini down to Campanini (last, but t least) have won their greatest mpms in Edgar of Ravenswood. * * On Saturday afternoon, Feb. 10, 5, Grist and Marlo gave their fare- ll performance at the Boston Thea- r, singing Rossini's "Semiramide," and quote the bill: 'The performance will elude with the last scene of onizetti's Tragic Opera of Lucia di immermoor: Edgardo Signor Marlo, almondo Signor Conti; chorus of ntleman."

The first Edgardo, however, was ppez, not Ruhlmi. The great act was e last; the great air was not Lucia's, t Edgardo's "O bell' alma innara- orata."

If "H. F. N." should turn to the ssip in the United States Magazine id Democratic Review of Feb. 20, 1847, ould find an interesting account the opera season in Chambers eel, New York. "Lucia was raptur- ly applauded," says the unknown rter; "rows of upright and indefatig- ble young men lined Palmo's walls, h h bristled with double-barreled ara glasses as the bastions of Vera uz with cannon. Nightly they ughed at Benetti's 'Dov' E Lucia' d shrieked bravo at Benedetti's 'Bel' lma innamorata.' Bouquets were rled by fair ladies at the fascinat- ing tenor, who did not know how y take them; au moral, we mean, r he generally stuck them in his belt e side the fatal dagger, and the Mas- r of Ravenswood died like a Roman oue, covered with flowers. Ravens- ood consulted Palmo's lawyer to ow what course to adopt; in Italy, e seems there is but one. The learned nleman explained that a projected ouquet was only a bravissimo in ac- on, and read extracts from Black- e on marriage and from Reeve on e domestic relations."

The opera season—for thus we all nify a visit of three weeks—is over e afternoon. Many have been eased, a few have been disappointed, d not one new work was produced.

The opera house is nothing but a public rdeous where people come together on rrain nights without knowing exactly why; a house to which everybody goes, al- ough everyone thinks poorly of the host d is generally bored.

Here is a clergyman in Boston "de- ending" Walt Whitman. Fifty years om now the thought that anybody felt

blinded to "defend" that great man will e laughter and incredulity.

There may be a new Music Hall. A asing dream! Is it possible that the

old, shabby, uncomfortable, and some- unsafe, disgraceful building will serve as the temple of the Muse only two years longer? We remember vaguely that there was talk some time ago about a suitable home for the Symph- ny Orchestra. It was to have the form of a horseshoe crab. It was to be pro- vided with racks for wet and pilorined umbrellas, with cloak-rooms, baignoirs, ambulatories and open plumbing. We believe there was a proposition to have the names of owners of seats fixed after the manner of a door-plate, so that no stranger would dare to sit among peo- ple who did not know the calling and habits of his forbears. And the dream may be a reality!

Mr. Kniesel is now able to speak of his opus 3. It's a girl.

The death of Salvati, the artist in Venetian glass, recalls a singular re- mark of Mr. James Howel in 1621. He had just visited Murano. "They say here that although one should trans- plant a Glass-Furnace from Murano to Venice herself, or to any of the little Assembly of Islands about her, or to any part of the Earth besides, and use the same Materials, the same Work- men, the same Fuel, the self-same In- gredients every way, yet they cannot make Crystal-Glass in that Perfection, for Beauty and Lustre, as in Murano; some impute it to the quality of the Circumambient Air that hangs over the place, which is purified and atten- uated by the concurrence of so many Fires that are in those Furnaces Night and Day perpetually, for they are like the Vestal Fire which never goes out." Weiss beer is only in perfection when it is made of Spree water and quaffed in Berlin; and beer of Munich must be drunk for full enjoyment in that city of wondrous thirst.

"During our absence from the office Wednesday evening last," relates a Georgia editor, "some evil-minded per- son, thinking that we were seated at our desk, fired a load of buckshot through our window. But as a kind, protecting Providence would have it, the entire load was received by a stranger who was waiting for us in our office. There is no trace of the assassin, and at this writing the stranger who so fortunately filled our place at the time is too weak to talk. Thus is another midnight assassin foiled. The Lord will provide."

March 13, 1898

TWO CONCERTS.

March 13, 1898

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" Per- formed by the Symphony Orches- tra—Mr. Alexandre Siloti Gave His Last Piano Recital.

The program of the 18th Symphony Concert, Mr. Emil Paur conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage".....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 2, "Antar,".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
(First time in Boston.)
Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini,".....Tschalkowsky
Prelude to "The Master Singers of Nu- remberg".....Wagner
Mendelssohn's overture "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" bears the same relation to music that "Barriers Burned Away" or "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr" does to literature. Why drag it in its dull length into the concert-room in this, the year of our Lord 1898.

The program book says that "Antar" was first publicly performed in Magde- burg in 1881. It was performed before that date—in St. Petersburg in 1868. The local critics did not like it; but we find von Bülow praising the work loudly in 1873, speaking of it as a "superb tone painting" and of the composer as "a true tone-poet." When the piece was performed at Magdeburg Mr. Nikisch was the conductor. It was played in New York in the season of '91-92.

In "Antar" the flight of imagination is not as high, the workmanship is not as secure and authoritative as in "Scheherazade." The themes are not sufficiently developed. The constant repetition in different keys, by various instruments, and with varying coun- terpoint soon becomes monotonous. There is interesting experimenting in tonal color, but there is little true musical thought in this strange sym- phony—at least so it seems to me after one hearing.

Tschalkowsky's "Francesca da Rimi- ni," which has been played before this at a Symphony concert, and was pro- duced here for the first time by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Mr. Listemann, Dec. 31, 1891, was composed in 1876. It was conceived originally as an opera, but the librettist, Zvantsev, imposed conditions. He insisted that his book should be treated according to Wagnerian theories. Tschalkowsky would not yield to him; the opera was abandoned; he felt obliged to treat Francesca in some musical manner, and

this symphonic poem was the result. He once told his friend Kashkin that Doré's illustrations to the Inferno influenced him considerably in his music-picture of Hell's Whirlwind.

And this music-picture of Hell's Whirlwind—"cruelest winds under a dark and gloomy sky"—is marvellously successful. It is the strongest feature of the fantasia. The music that is sup- posed to tell the story of Madonna Francesca's love for Polo—"a handsome man, very pleasant, and of a courteous breeding"—of the kiss upon her mouth, all quivering, this music is not irresist- ible in its delineation of consuming pas- sion and poignant woe. There is no love theme like the wondrous melody in the "Romeo and Juliet" by the same composer.

As purely pictorial music, if the phrase may be allowed, there is nothing in the literature of the orchestra that compares with this attempt to re- produce the fury of the wind. And, hearing it and remembering the wind- swept flight of the lovers in Doré's drawings, you realize the meaning of Tschalkowsky's remark.

The fantasia was read and played most dramatically, and the technic of the orchestra shone dazzlingly, even al- though "Hell is murky" might serve as a motto to the composition.

Mr. Alexandre Siloti gave his third and last piano recital yesterday after- noon in Stelbert Hall, which was full to overflowing. He was assisted by Mr. Kniesel and Mr. Schroeder. The program was as follows:

Trío, D minor, op. 32.....Arensky
"Islamey".....Balakireff
Etude, La Nuit.....Glazounoff
Prelude, op. 3.....Rachmaninoff
Etude, op. 31.....Arensky
"Esquisse," No. 1.....Arensky
"Complainte," nocturne, Tschalkowsky-Siloti
Paraphrase on themes from "Onegin".....Tschalkowsky-Pabst
Etude, D flat major.....Liszt

Consolation, No. 5.....Liszt
Fantaisie.....Chopin
Etude, No. 3, op. 10.....Chopin
Ballade, A flat.....Chopin
Nocturne, D flat.....Chopin
Scherzo, B flat.....Chopin

The trio by Arensky was written in memory of Charles Davidoff, the cele- brated cellist. It is a clearly made and tuncful work, which seldom rises above salon-elegance and salon-emotion. The first two movements are bet- ter than the elegy and the finale. The elegy is never a deep, heartfelt wall, and it is not firmly knit together; nor is the conversation between the violin and 'cello without monotony and the suggestion of chattering during the funeral exercises. The scherzo, piquant in rhythm and melody, is delightful. The trio of this scherzo reminds one of the trio of the scherzo in Saint-Saëns's G minor piano concerto, by the rhythm and the introduction of the theme rather than by the theme itself. The work, it is perhaps needless to say, was played in masterly fashion.

Mr. Siloti gave an astounding per- formance of Balakireff's "Islamey," playing the polyphonic passages with incredible clearness and brilliancy. His repetition of Glazounoff's "La Nuit" and Rachmaninoff's "Prelude" was a pleasure; but I could have spared easily the third hearing of Pabst's paraphrase on themes from Tschalkowsky's "Onegin." The paraphrase is, indeed, vulgar music. The Etude and Esquisse by Arensky are charming pieces as they are played by Mr. Siloti.

To me Mr. Siloti is at his best in music of the Russian school and in music by Handel, Beethoven, Liszt. By this I do not mean to say that his inter- pretation of Chopin is uninteresting. On the contrary; but in his performance of the more subtle and delicate pas- sages of this composer I sometimes miss finesse and vaporous charm. It is a pleasure to announce that Mr. Siloti will be heard once more—at the Kniesel Concert Monday evening—before he leaves this country. He will then play with Messrs. Kniesel and Schroeder Tschalkowsky's noble trio in mem- ory of Nicolas Rubinstein.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Theodore Thomas and the Chicago Orchestra.

A Few Words Concerning a Remarkable Career.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

The people of this city will welcome heartily Mr. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra. For the great conductor is no stranger to Boston, nor was he ever a man of one town.

It is not too much to say that Mr. Thomas has done more than any one man in this country in raising, encour- aging, broadening and maintaining the musical taste of the people of the United States.

It is easy to forget his labor. Today in orchestral concerts are in fashion. Here in Boston spectators delight in the an- nouncement of the sale of tickets for the Boston Symphony Concerts in

the Hall. The people of this city are to the heels of fashion. The cap- price of the rich man or the fashion- able woman increases the expense of the pleasure or the education of the student of music. There are good rea- sons for this orthodoxy in fashion. There are now respectable orchestras besides those led by Mr. Paur and Mr. Thomas. But so many orchestras might not now be in existence if Mr. Thomas had not prepared the way. He was the drudge, he was the pioneer. After his labors Messrs. Paur, Seidl, Damrosch, Van der Stucken, Herbert, Mollenhauer, reap the reward.

Many will recall the condition of mu- sical affairs when Mr. Thomas first began to travel with his New York or- chestra. The lighter symphonies of Beethoven were regarded by audiences as hard nuts to crack. The prelude to "Lohengrin" was considered radical music. The Strauss waltz or polka mazurka, in those days an indispens- able number, gave the genuine pleas- ure. Little by little the people became acquainted with modern works of all schools. The musical stomach grew stronger. The programs were of a higher standard. Mr. Thomas never wavered in his task of educating the public.

Let us glance for a moment at the career of this remarkable man.

He was born Oct. 11, 1850, at Esens in Hanover. He was first taught by his father, a violinist, and he made his first appearance as a violinist in public at the age of six. The family came to this country in 1845. Theodore appeared frequently as a solo violinist in New York. In 1851 he traveled through Southern States. When he came back to New York he was one of the first violinists in concert and opera orchestras. He was first violin

under Argitt; but in 1861 he left the theatre. In 1855, associating himself with William Mason, Mosenthal, Berg- mann, Matzka and Bergner, he gave chamber concerts, which were contin- ued until 1862.

In 1864 he began his first series of symphony concerts in Irving Hall. The orchestra numbered between 50 and 60 men. Here is the program of the first concert, Dec. 3, 1861.

Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven
"Non più di fiori".....Mozart
Fanny Raymond.
Concerto in F minor.....Chopin
S. B. Mills.
Suite, op. 113, in D.....F. Lachner
(First time in America.)
"Ah s'estinto".....Mendelssohn
Fanny Raymond.
Romeo and Juliet (2d part).....Berlioz
(First time in America.)

These concerts were continued for five years. In 1872 he resumed them at Steinway Hall with an orchestra of 80 and kept them up until he left New York in 1873. In 1866 he gave nightly concerts at the Terrace Garden, New York, removing in 1863 to the Central Park Garden.

It was in 1869 that he made his first concert tour through the Eastern and Western States.

This is the program of his first con- cert in Boston, in Music Hall, Oct. 29, 1869:

Overture, "Tannhäuser".....Wagner
Adagio from "Prometheus".....Beethoven
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Les Préludes.....Liszt
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
Oaumeire.....Strauss
Beautiful Blue Danube.....Strauss
Trumpet solo, "The Teer".....Stigelli
F. Leutsch.
Polka mazurka, "Lob der Frauen".....Strauss
Polka schnell, "Jocus".....Strauss
Fackeltanz No. 1.....Meyerbeer

Look over the programs presented by Thomas over the years that followed and you will be amazed at the number of novelties introduced. He was most catholic in selection; no nation was neg- lected or ignored; and the knowledge of Wagner was spread by him.

In 1878 he was appointed Director of the new College of Music at Cincin- nati; he resigned this position in 1880; but he is still conductor of the Cincin- nati Festivals.

He conducted the Philharmonic con- certs, New York, during the season of '77-'78, and he conducted them from '79-'80 until he went to Chicago in 1891. The programs of the Philharmonic dur- ing his rule are a monument to his taste, energy and catholicity. He was also conductor of Philharmonic of Brooklyn and the New York Chorus Society. His own orchestra was dis- banded in 1888.

In 1885 he was conductor of the Amer- ican Opera Company, which was dis- tinguished for "the brilliancy of the orchestra, the excellence of the chorus, and the sumptuousness of the stage at- tire." "Taming the Shrew," "Orphe- us," "Lohengrin," "Magic Flute," "Queen of Sheba," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Lakmé," "Flying Dutch- man," "Marriage of Jeannette," "The Huguenots," "Faust," "Nero," "Tann- häuser," "Galatea," "Aida," "Martha," and the ballets "Sylvia" and "Coppelia" were in the repertory.

And the world would fail me were I to fail of the various festivals that city. He was born in April and May. This here in Boston in April and May.

1884, he conducted a Wagner Festival of eight concerts.

The Chicago Orchestra was organized for the season of '91-92. Max Bendix was the concert-master, Milward Adams the manager, and Mr. Thomas the conductor. Here is the program of the first concert, Oct. 17, 1891:

A Faust overture Wagner
Symphony No. 1, for piano Tschalkowsky
Overture, "Husitska" Dvorak

Mr. Thomas was the Musical Director of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, May-October, 1893. The work that he then accomplished in the face of unworthy and merenary and ignorant opposition was to his imperishable glory.

The Chicago Orchestra, now playing for the seventh season, is made up of 15 first violins (Mr. L. Kramer, concert master), 15 second violins, 10 violas, 10 cellos, 2 double basses, 2 harps, 3 flutes, 1 piccolo, 3 oboes, 1 english horn, 3 clarinets, 1 bass clarinet, 3 bassoons, 1 double bassoon, 4 horns, 4 tubas, 2 cornets, 2 trumpets, 1 bass trumpet, 4 trombones, 1 bass tuba, 2 kettle drums, 1 small drum, 1 bass drum, 1 cymbals. Mr. B. Steindel is solo cellist; Mr. Schreurs, first clarinetist; Mr. Quensel, first flute; Mr. Starke, first oboe; Mr. de Mare, first horn, and Mr. E. Schuecker, first harp.

The orchestra will give three concerts in Boston. The first will be in Music Hall, Tuesday, the 22d, at 8.15 P. M. Mr. Ysaye will be the soloist. The program will be as follows:

Symphony G minor (Koechel 559).....Mozart
Concerto for violin, E flat (Koechel 265).....Mozart
(Cadenza by M. Ysaye.)
Overture, "Coriolanus," op. 62.....Beethoven
Symphony No. 2, D major.....Brahms
Symphonie Espagnole, op. 21.....Lalo
(For violin and orchestra.)
Vorspiel, "Lohengrin".....Wagner

The second concert will be Thursday, the 24th, at 8.15 P. M. Nordica will be the soloist. The program will be as follows:

Suite No. 3, D major.....Bach
Symphony No. 2, D major.....Brahms
Ahl perido.....Beethoven
Mrs. Nordica.
Bacchanale from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Introduction and closing scene "Isolden's Liebestod".....Wagner

The third and last will be Saturday afternoon, the 26th, at 2.15 o'clock. Mr. Josef Hofmann will be the pianist.

Symphony, No. 5, C minor, op. 67.....Beethoven
Concerto for piano, No. 4, D minor, op. 70.....Rubinstein
Mr. Hofmann.
Symphonic poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit".....César Franck
Piano solo.....César Franck
Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner

The sale of seats will begin Monday at the box office of Music Hall.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Leococq is writing a ballet. Mario Ancona, the well-known baritone, has received the Order of Christ from the King of Portugal.

Danbé, the celebrated conductor at the Opéra Comique, Paris, has resigned his position.

Leonevallo will have charge of the great concert in honor of Francis Joseph at Vienna, Aug. 18. He will also compose the jubilee hymn.

There will be a Norwegian festival at Bergen June 27-July 3, under the direction of Grieg. The programs will be made up solely of works by Norwegian composers. Five hundred singers and players will take part.

Leonevallo's "La Bohème" met with great success in Vienna in spite of the row between the composer and the conductor, before the performance.

Henri de Valori, passionate lover of old Italian operas, died at Nice Feb. 19. He wrote "La Musique, le bon sens," 1890, and "Vendredi son oeuvre," 1891.

Danbé is orchestrating his opera, "Ninfa," and is finishing "Luther," a musical drama in which the Pope, Tasso, Raphael, Faust, Dante and Savonarola take part.

There will be a general exhibition of autographs, publications, pedagogical works, instruments, historical objects at Berlin this summer, to be a monument to Wagner.

Arrangements have been made for the collection of Messrs. De Koven and "Fencing Master" in London, and a 1st Vienna next autumn. Like the 1st Vienna, it will probably appear as a 1st Vienna.

Adolphe Savit, founder of the Toulouse Conservatory of Music Library, the second in France, died Jan. 30 at that city. He was born in 1805. He was a double-bass player, as well as a librarian, and he played in the theatre orchestra for nearly 50 years.

The first violins of the Chicago Orchestra have been materially strengthened this year by the addition of Leopold Kramer as first concert-master, and Mr. Engle Bare as second concert-

master. They joined the Thomas forces last fall, coming directly from Europe. Mr. Kramer was born in Bohemia. He has been concert-master of the Maeder orchestra in Berlin, also of the Amsterdam orchestra, and the Cologne orchestra. He is a pupil of Himesberger, and also of Massart. He has held the position of concert-master with the Lamoureux orchestra of Paris, and has filled similar positions in the orchestras of Cologne and Mainz. Both Mr. Kramer and Mr. Bare made their debuts in Chicago during the present season, and their notices were not only encouraging, but even flattering.

They esteem Mr. Slivinski perhaps more highly than we did in Boston, where his playing seemed pale and rhythmless. Mr. Blackburn spoke as follows of a concert given by him Feb. 11: "Yesterday afternoon, at the St. James's Hall, M. Slivinski gave a recital entirely composed of a long and elaborate program of Chopin's works. In many ways Mr. Slivinski fulfills all the functions of an admirable player. He has sensitiveness, intelligence, and a delicate touch, all of extreme value where the interpretation of Chopin is concerned. Moreover, his technique is of quite a high order, so that he brings many fine qualifications to the execution of his task. We are bound to say, however, that a long recital of Chopin, and of Chopin only, tends finally to become a little tiresome. Never was there a musician who more than he betrayed at every turn the mannerisms of his peculiar style. Gifted as he was with an exquisite appreciation of the finest, most remote, and most unexpected possibilities of his instrument, he used the pianoforte in a highly specialized sense. Sound seems to have entered into the brain of this nervous musician in the fantastic guise of an Ariel, swift, surprising, now in flight, now upon the lightest possible step, but always fairy-like, new and strange. There is, in truth, something not quite human in the art of Chopin; yet its limitations are there, clear and defined. Ariel has not won his freedom. It is for such reasons as these that a long recital of his works shows almost intolerably the boundary lines within which his spirit fluttered, and although M. Slivinski made the most laudable efforts to be fresh, at every new turn in the music the rhythmic insistence of the same kind of mannerism, now here and now there, made his task singularly difficult. After a fantasia, three preludes, three mazourkas, three etudes, one ballade, and two impromptus, it could scarcely be possible for him to do other than show signs of weariness when he came to the interpretation of three nocturnes, probably among the most familiar selections of his program. He played them well—let it be said also that he played the preludes quite beautifully—but without that bloom of romance upon them which is their highest and most refined characteristic. And let it be remembered that after these he still purposed to play a barcarolle, two waltzes, a scherzo, the famous and lengthy sonata (Op. 35), a berceuse, and a polonaise, and some conception of the task which M. Slivinski had allotted to himself may be obtained. We say, then, that circumstances made it difficult for the critic to give more than a somewhat generalized view of this pianist's accomplishment. We have a genuine admiration for M. Slivinski's playing. In these days when so many virtuosi insist upon the value and importance of mere sound, and when so many players are quite content with themselves, even though they lack all the best qualities of clarity, neatness, and a certain essential trimness of execution, it is engrossing to meet a player who sets store rather by proportion than bulk in sound, and who is, before everything, an artist who everences the music and the musician of his selections more profoundly than himself. Such an artist is M. Slivinski. He is neat, trim, delicate, exquisite. But he, like everybody else, should avoid long recitals of any music that is peculiarly mannered.

Such recitals cannot fail in the end to pall both upon the audience and upon the interpreter himself.

Concerning Mr. Hambourg, a pianist as yet unknown in Boston, the reviewer of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote as follows, Feb. 23: "Mr. Mark Hambourg gave his first pianoforte recital, since his return from Australia, yesterday afternoon at the St. James Hall, and the attraction of his name drew a reasonably large audience to hear his playing. His program was extensive and various. He began with an arrangement by D'Albert for the pianoforte of a Bach Prelude and Fugue; he played Beethoven's 'Sonata Appassionata,' six works by Chopin and a sonata by Grieg; and for the third section of his concert he played more or less brief pieces by Clarence Lucas, Percy Pitt, Graham P. Moore, Schutt, Rubinstein, Leschetzky, and himself. Surely, if ever there was one, here was a concert calling for a pianist of most versatile capacity. And, moreover, if the phrase be not too flippant in such a connection, this pianist in every instance 'faced the music' with indomitable assurance and self-confidence. It is never very fair to accuse any artist of his youth—for that is the injustice which on all sides flutters around Mozart, and it is also the error, too often, of our onslaught upon work of which youthfulness is the first quality. But in Mr. Hambourg's case—though we have no knowledge of his exact age—it is impossible not to think that the faults of his playing

come not from the impulsiveness but from the indifference of youth. He has, in the first place, a marvelous technical accomplishment. He gives you the immediate impression, when you hear him at the beginning of a recital, of an absolute mastery over his instrument. He surprises at every turn; and the facility with which he dashes through complex and difficult passages is at first a matter of genuine astonishment. That is, of course, a wonderful feat to accomplish. But when you have listened for some time, when you begin to arrange your ideas afresh by the relation, as it were, of Mr. Hambourg's accomplishment to the works which he is treating in this magnificent manner, a certain monotony of effect, a stiffness of emotion, and a lack of versatility begin to make themselves apparent. In the Grieg Ballade, for example, his enormous impressiveness made the work seem, at the very beginning, to be bristling with difficulties and obstacles, which he overcame as if they were child's play; as one listened, however, it was possible to find that there was no intense or overpowering emotion hiding behind that impressiveness. He has a certain loudness of effect, a sort of slap-dash brilliance that belong to him as customary qualities. He continues, as it were, the more you listen, to lead out all the more decidedly an army of clear, cold tones that are wonderful in the production, but lack in the result a fullness and warmth of emotion. It was only when he played the more common and daily items of his programme that this point became particularly noticeable. One found in a word, that he with confidence that is perhaps inevitable, lacked consideration and thoughtfulness. He went headlong at a subject, and worried it to pieces with the utmost coolness and determination. He seemed so familiar with his medium—the pianoforte—that he did not give its capacity sufficient reverence or respect; and marvelous as was the sheer feats of manipulation which he succeeded in accomplishing, for indeed he has a rare power of manual flexibility, he seems to require just a little expansion of outlook upon the world of music, a little greater tenderness and depth of feeling, before he can be ranked among the greater pianists of his time. He played a pleasing conception of his own, with much brilliance, and, indeed, he seems to have everything upon his side. He has conquered the outposts most gallantly. He needs, as we say, but maturer and

mellow experiences to bring him definitely into the foremost line of interpretative artists."

A "new song" by Beethoven was published in the New York Tribune, March 6, and Mr. Krehbiel contributed the following interesting note:

"Readers of Nottebohm's 'Beethoveniana' (which is a classified study of a number of the sketch books left by Beethoven) were prepared for the publication a few weeks ago of a setting by Beethoven of Goethe's ballad 'The Erlking.' Nottebohm deciphered the melody many years ago and printed it, and Reinhold Becker, a German musician, had only to supply a few missing measures, the character of which was obvious, and write a pianoforte accompaniment on lines suggested by the composer in his sketch, to give the world Beethoven's conception of an appropriate musical integument for Goethe's familiar poem. The present work is in a different case. The Beethoven melody for Goethe's 'Haidenroslein,' which Mr. Henry Holden Huss has put together from a page of sketches found in the collection of autographs made by the late Alexander W. Thayer, is now made public for the first time. Herr Nottebohm and the readers of his 'Zweite Beethoveniana' knew, indeed, that Beethoven had contemplated a setting of the poem, for this fact is recorded in chapter LXIII. of that book where also may be found a portion of a melody which he sketched, and the mind of the composer for a considerable space of time. That melody, however, is not the one of which Mr. Huss made use, but a variant of the sketch printed in fac-simile in the Tribune of last Sunday. The sketch which lies at the foundation of the completed song is that which is reproduced herewith. The evidence of the autographs in the Thayer collection goes to show that the Nottebohm melody was originally conceived for another song, the title of which has thus far baffled me. It is interesting, however, not only because it was thought of for a time as appropriate to the 'Haidenroslein,' but also as giving a hint as to the manner in which Beethoven worked. It is a singular fact to which my attention was directed by a study of Beethoven's sketch books, that when once a rhythmic or melodic figure of marked character took possession of Beethoven's mind it left its traces upon a number of compositions in addition to that for which it was originally conceived. So strongly has this been impressed upon me that I believe it to be a helpful guide in the study of the chronology of Beethoven's works. A striking illustration is the use of the same characteristic rhythm in the principal movement of the first minor symphony, which is used not only in the third and fourth movements of the same work, but also in the pianoforte concerto in G, and the 'Appassionata' sonata. The sketches for the Goethe song, as was explained last week, were made upon the unused staves of an autograph score of the concert aria 'Ah! Perfidio,' which was written in 1796. A suggestion for the beginning of the 'Haidenroslein' melody, which Nottebohm knew obviously came from a figure in the orchestral accompaniment of the Italian scene on the page of the score utilized for the sketch. So long as Beethoven thought of it in connection with the song with the unapproachable title it remained unchanged; on the second page of the

"How very" which contains a copy of the melody which I have today, it is altered to fit the first word of the 'Haidenroslein' poem, as may be seen in the sketch in the lower right-hand corner, which Beethoven wrote with a lead pencil when it occurred to him that the first melody might also be adapted to Goethe's poem. It is a simple phrase, merely a half note on the fifth interval of the minor scale, followed by four sixteenth notes descending diatonically, but it seems to have had a fascination for Beethoven, for it figures extensively in the sketches for a work of magnitude which was in the mind of the composer while he was writing the Choral Symphony. The work was an overture on the notes which, transcribed in the German style, spell the name Bach. Only in mood and metre is there likeness between the melody known to Nottebohm and that used by Mr. Huss. The latter, as has been said, is now published for the first time, for the reason that it seems never to have come under the eyes of a student of Beethoven's sketches. Mr. Thayer must, of course, have been familiar with it, but was probably waiting to mention it at the time called for by chronology in his biography of the master. Mr. Huss's procedure in putting the song together was to follow the sketch, choose from the variant readings noted by Beethoven those which his taste and judgment preferred, and supply harmony and an accompaniment in the spirit of Beethoven's published songs. The new song has been printed by G. Schirmer of this city."

Melody

There is talk of great captains and their guns, of bombardments and breeches. Should the Marine Band play at the President's dinner after the fish is removed? War is cruel; let us listen to one of the cruellest stories that was ever told. Now there are cruel stories by Villiers de l'Isle-Adam and by Catulle Mendès and by Jean Richepin; but there is a delightful refinement of ironical cruelty in this tale, over which Mr. Jules Renard, the intelligent foreigner, chuckled yesterday, nearly strangling himself with his third stone-fence.

THE SHAKING HEAD.

The old man tried to look at his blacked shoes and the wrinkles of his light trousers over the knee—the trousers had been left too long in the wardrobe. He brought his calves together, straightened himself a little, saw that his waistcoat was tightly drawn, gave a twist to his best cravat, and said in a loud voice:

"I think I am ready to receive our French soldiers."

His white, trembling head shook quicker than usual—with joy. He lisped—as though on account of the movement of his head he had time only to touch words with the tip of his tongue.

"Are you not going fishing?" asked his wife.

"I wish to be here when they come."

"You'll be here in time."

"But if I should not meet them?"

No, he did not wish to miss them. Opening incessantly the blinds of the window, which was never open wide enough, he stared steadily down the main road. He felt like saying to houses that were not strictly in line:

"Get out of the way; you bother me."

His head moved like unto the tic-tac of a pendulum. This constant motion a first astonished. You would have gladly amused yourself by putting a finger on his forehead to stop it. Then, unless you were compassionate, you were irritated by it. You wished to put an end to it by a blow of your fist.

The harmless old man smiled at the thought of the coming regiment. He kept saying to his wife:

"We shall probably take in a dozen. You had better make a cream soup for twenty. Each one will eat for two."

"But," said his thrifty wife: "there are still some red beans."

"I tell you make a cream soup for twenty, and put on the plated spoon not the pewter ones."

He had put all the fishing poles against the wall. The lines were fresh, the hooks were new. The poles were all ready to show the guests the good places.

They did not send any soldiers to house.

Because he caught the biggest fish in the neighborhood, he attributed to insult to the jealousy of the Mayor, who was also a passionate angler. As a matter of fact, the Mayor, a kindly soul, thought the old man to inform.

The old fellow, sad at heart, wondered about the regiment. Timidly prevented him from giving hospitable invitations. The men observed curiously his head that obstinately said "No, no, no!" He loved these soldiers, at because they were warriors, but as poor people. He watched the pots in which the soup was making, and his head going quickly from right to left seemed to say:

"No, that isn't the way, that isn't the way."

He listened to the music, and with his heart full of noble thoughts would have fast him until he died, he would back to his house.

he drew near the garden. The soldiers preparing to wash their faces. In order to get to the brook, he had made a hole in the fence and passed between two pickets. They just filled their pockets with apples on the ground and ready to fall. "Good enough," said the old man to himself; "it is mighty kind of them to me."

opened the gate and walked forth with short steps, as one that carries a bowl of milk.

of the soldiers looked up and "Get on to the old chap! He isn't looking pleased. What's that? Is he saying? Do you make out?"

y listened, undecided what to do. wind did not carry a word. In the old man had not spoken. He more and more touched, and, walking toward them, he thought: "I am glad to see you, dear boys! Everything here belongs to you. You be surprised when I shall show you the rod in hand, that in this brook, the foot of the tall willow, which scarcely six years old, there are as big as my thigh. I put them myself. We'll cook one of them."

mind your wash. My wife will wash your clothes."

is was the old man thinking, but making head was treacherous to it sounded an alarm; and the soldiers, already ill-at-ease, thought he was saying:

ahead, my fine fellows, do as please, but I'll catch you; just a minute!"

comes nearer and nearer," said of them; "it looks like a bad job."

he'll make a complaint," said the soldiers; "he'll say we trespassed on his land. The Colonel is no joker. Let's

that's all right, old chap; you don't shake your head; we are going

snatched the wet wash and ran through they were thieves. "Have you the soap?" asked one.

o," the other answered; he stopped moment; but as the old man reached the brook, the soldier again took to his

hey hurried out of the garden. "What's the matter with them?" thought the old man.

head shook faster and faster. He checked out his arms—but the gesture was a menace—he wished to run, to the soldiers' back.

from his mouth only a poor, feeble little cry escaped—without any whatever—on the very end of his

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KNEISEL CONCERT.

Tchaikowsky's Trio in A Minor for Piano, Violin and 'Cello Played With Mr. Alexandre Siloti as the Pianist.

The seventh concert (13th season) of the Kneisel Quartet was given in Association Hall last evening. There was large and appreciative audience. The solo was assisted by Mr. Siloti, pianist, and Mr. Zach, second viola. The program was as follows:

For two violins, two violas and cello in G minor.....Mozart's Quartet, in A major, No. 5.....Beethoven for piano, Violin and 'cello, in A major, op. 10.....Tchaikowsky

Nicholas Rubinstein died in Paris in 1881. He had been the devoted friend of Tchaikowsky; and in no way did he, perhaps, more fully prove his friendship than by his severely just and impartial criticism of the latter's works.

Kashkin tells us that in 1882 Tchaikowsky appears to have written one piece—the piano duo in A major, dedicated "to the memory of a great artist" and inscribed "Roma Gen. 1882." "The name of Rubinstein" is quoted from Rosa Newmarch's summary was not mentioned in the inscription, because Tchaikowsky desired less honor from his friend than the great artist for whom he felt a boundless veneration. As Tchaikowsky had long cherished a prejudice against the combination of piano and stringed instruments, he was resting to hear his own reasons, given to Mr. Kashkin, for his choice of this occasion.

the first place he said that he did not dream of writing anything in memory of so great a pianist in which the piano did not take a prominent part. Then, again, a concerto or sonata seemed to him too extravagant to convey a firm in which to embody the piano alone seemed too common to us and thin for the purpose. He decided, therefore, in favor of the trio. In the second movement of this work appear the variations in

his musical character. It would be possible, says Mr. Kashkin, "to find in each of these variations with an appropriate title, but I prefer to do this elsewhere." I believe that the pianist who first played in this trio was Tchaikowsky. Ten years or so ago Mr. Siloti with Mr. Carl Heller and Mr. Schroeder played the trio at Leipzig for the first time in Germany. The work was played in Boston, April 8, 1882, by Messrs. Baermann, Loell and Schulz.

This is, indeed, a noble monument to the composer, as well as to the man whom he loved and honored. It is worthy to be placed by the side of the Romeo and Juliet fantasia, which is the one supremely great piece by Tchaikowsky. The first movement is of happy inspiration and most admirable workmanship. In the elaborate treatment of the poignant, haunting themes there is little or nothing that seems introduced merely for form's sake. There is a wealth of ingenious detail, but it never serves as hampering brushwork. The lamentation is never snivelling or mean or selfish. The composer does not squint at the audience, saying, "I am very sad; 'twas a great blow to me; see how I am moved; but just wait until I get to the grave." A man here mourns his fellow.

The theme for the variations is Handel rather than Russian. The variations—they were not all played last night—are extremely interesting without any knowledge of Tchaikowsky's attempt to thus portray sides of Rubinstein's character. They are strongly contrasted, and there is no suggestion of any task that must be contrapuntally perfunctory. The finale is a fitting end. There is the thought of the well-rendered, earnest life of the mourned friend; and then affection bursts into wailing despair; grief exhausts itself; the dead march sounds.

The performance was one long to be remembered. Perhaps in the first movement there were a few passages in which the pianist did not give sufficient support; but this was the only exception to be taken. Mr. Siloti, a pupil of both Nicholas Rubinstein and Tchaikowsky, played with reverence, as well as rare intelligence and unsurpassable technique. His playing of the theme before the variations was beautiful in its authoritative simplicity, singing quality and tonal coloring. And throughout the trio he showed himself the great pianist who had already given us so much genuine pleasure. Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder joined with all their artistry in a

performance that I do not believe could on the whole be equaled.

The immortal quintet of Mozart was played delightfully from the standpoint taken by the club. To me the first movement is passionately melancholy rather than elegantly elegiac; and I confess that I prefer the second theme when played with more intensity. But for years there has been dispute over the character of this allegro, and it is hardly worth while to renew it now. If you admit the reading of the Kneisels, nothing could be more finely proportioned and wonderfully colored than their performance. A striking rendering of the variations of Beethoven added to the rare pleasure of this concert, which will be memorable in the history of chamber music in Boston.

Philip Hale.

It is the duck that goes first, limping on two feet, to dabble in a hole that she knows.

The drake follows her. He also limps, with the points of his wings crossed on his back.

They walk, silent, as though to a business-meeting.

The duck is the first to slip into the muddy water in which feathers, filth, a grape leaf, and straw are floating. She is hardly visible.

She waits. She is ready.

Then the drake enters in his turn. He drowns his rich colors. Only his green head and the upright feathers of his rump are visible. The two are happy there. The water warms. It is never drawn off, and it is renewed only on stormy days.

The drake with his flattened bill nibbles and presses the neck of the duck. He shakes himself a moment and the water is so thick that it scarcely shivers; and quickly calmed, smooth, it even mirrors in black a patch of clear sky.

The duck and the drake do not budge. The sun cooks them and puts them to sleep. A passer-by would not notice them. They betray themselves only by the few air-bubbles that break on the stagnant surface.

The Sportsmen's Show in Mechanics' Building is one of lively interest. Some may mourn the absence of such true sports as the Hororable James J. Corbett and Judge John L. Sullivan, but the majority will be satisfied with the ducks, guns, water tournaments and fish hatchery. The Referee (London), by the way, does not admit that Mr. Corbett is a true sport; it calls him "champion bluffer"; and it makes this cruel observation: "It seems passing strange that prize fighters and boxers practising in the United States should so frequently discover (to themselves) possession of histrionic talent. Possibly this may in a measure be accounted for by the fact that so large a part of their boxing is theatrical."

To us the most interesting feature of the Sportsmen's Show is the padelnyng of ducks raised by Mr. Wilton Lockwood, the distinguished portrait painter. Do not start, reader; the word is not a misprint; you should say padelnyng of

ducks, just as you should speak of a gaggle of geese, a skeg of herons, a singular of boats, a charm of goldfinches.

Nor should you be surprised to learn that Mr. Lockwood, a painter whose fine and frezied imagination often glorifies his subject, is fond of ducks. William Cullen Bryant of Cummington and New York, an American poet who stands far above Longfellow and Lowell and only below Whitman and Poe, once sang the praise of a waterfowl, and Mr. Paur, the admirable conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is justly proud of his hens.

We do not know whether Mr. Lockwood delights in the Harlequin, the Mandarin, the Muscovy and the Squam, or whether he admits that the word, duck, includes in widest technical sense gadwells, garganeys, golden eyes, pintails, pochards, scaups, scoters, sheldrakes, shovellers, spoonbills, teal, whistling, and widgeon. But we do know that he is kind to the domestic or tame duck, and would never hunt one with spaniels as did the noble Englishmen of Shakspeare's period.

The duck should be a household pet, and we hope to see Bostonians following Mr. Lockwood's example. The duck is well fitted by nature for life in a flat. It will not stray like a cat; it will not suffer as does that noble animal the dogge. A pleasant, damp home can be made for it in the kitchen sink, and if it persists in wandering into the parlor at unseemly hours, "chasing the duck" will amuse the children and have a literal as well as a metaphorical meaning.

We learn from that invaluable work, Annals of Agriculture—it should be in every family library with the novels of d'Annunzio and Burton's Arabian Nights—that one Mr. Coke cleared a crop of turnips from the black canker by turning ducks in. They cleared a field of 35 acres completely in five days, marching at last through it on the hunt, and eyeing the leaves on both sides with great care, to devour everyone they could see. Why should not the duck clear a flat of cockroaches, moth-millars, carpet bugs and other little dwellers among men? Patient teaching will do wonders with an intelligent animal.

And then the duck is an excellent household remedy against certain diseases. To quote the learned Marcellus: "Tormina patientibus, multi ventrem vivitatis anatis adponunt ad firmantes, transire morbum ad anatem, eamque mori"; which may be thus translated: "To those suffering from a colic. Let them fasten a live duck to their belly, thus the disease will pass from the man to the duck, and the duck will die." Leland, quoting this passage, tells us that in Tuscany they use this cure and sing:

"Duck, duck, so may it be,
That thou shalt take this pain from me!
That the ill depart, and I
Shall get well, while thou must die;
And may I never feel the pain
Till thou shalt have thy life again."

Thus the necessity of hunting the verminiform appendix with a knife may be avoided, and at the same time the duck itself may be carved after the restoration of the patient to health.

It is true that the Almanach des Gourmands (2d edition, 1803) thinks lightly of the domestic duck, preferring in honor the wild duck, "to whom an independent, active, and far cleaner life teach higher principles"; nevertheless it allows it a place on the table, lying in a bed of turnips, or served with Spanish thistles, celery, chicoree, anchovies, cucumbers, oysters, olives, gravy soup of lentils, or a green purée—or, in fact, with almost any old thing. And thus—to use the noble language of the Almanach, "The base origin of this dirty dabbler is masked—that is to say, dress makes the man."

Just as the heron should be to every New England farmer as the apple of his eye—alas! would that our dear friend the Heron Editor were now alive to speak winged words!—so the domestic duck should be the favorite and trusted pet in every well-appointed flat.

LOVE OUTWORN.

I dreamed a hateful thing last night:
That while we lay together,
Where the sea shook along the cliffs,
And the wind shook the heather,
A dreadful sense of weariness
Fell on my heart, a devil
Captured each impulse of the will,
And turned all things to evil.

My head was pillowd on your breast,
Your heart-beats I could number;
The low, sweet voice I'd loved so well,
Whispered, and bade me slumber.
But as we lay I strangled you
And left you in the heather,
Well pleased, now it was sure, we two
Should walk no more together.

And I went onward, the sea
Until the dawn was broken,
Still onward when the fallen sun
Left of the day no token.
There was no rest, for still I heard
Faint footfalls following after:
Your voice that bade me sleep, then mocked
With memories of your laughter.

"Mother" writes to the Journal: "Do you really think a duck would make a good household pet? Might it not disturb the dear children in their naps by its loud quacking?"

Dear madam, how little you know us after all these years! We are sad and serious; we were born under the planet Saturn. The home is too sacred an institution to be treated flippantly, and we would not for Golconda or Peru abuse the confidence of a trusting mother.

Madam, it is true that the duck may quack even on your hearthstone. To quack is its métier, as our esteemed friend, the music-critic of the Transcript would say. But we do not therefore add, let it quack; for we are of a sympathetic nature, and little Thomas and sweet Henrietta must nap undisturbed. There is a simple remedy: muzzle the duck by slipping a rubber band over its bill.

We visited Uncle Amos last Saturday. The old gentleman's memory is unimpaired, and he was as chipper as a cricket. At dinner we inquired about his eyesight. "Well," said the sturdy veteran—how he did swear when he was drafted!—"I'm a little hard o' hearing, but my eyesight's as good as ever it was. I think I'll have another potato." And with that he speared a doughnut with his fork and began to peel it.

Mr. George Dwiggins, the eminent theosophist of Chicago, who excused himself to the magistrate for drunkenness on the ground that his astral body escaped his control, might have quoted a verse from "The Singer in Prison":

It was not I that sinn'd the sin,
The ruthless body dragg'd me in;
Though long I strove courageously,
The body was too much for me.

The New York Times thinks that the time is past when the Boston woman "loved to boast of her superiority in being the only woman in a New York theatre box that wore a high-neck dress." Yes, physical exercise has done much for her the last dozen years.

"It has always struck me as rather strange," says the Referee in London, "that more use has not been made by playwrights of real live sparrers. Often it would seem easy to run them in and make good capital out of them. But it is not in that way the U. S. big fellows wish to be considered. They want plays written round them."

It was Judah P. Benjamin who in a heavy Guildhall case thus replied to a long speech made against him: "Gentlemen of the jury, give us our money and be quick about"—and they were.

The following advertisement appeared in a late number of the Athenaeum: "Gentleman (twenty-four), possessing literary capability, proved by the publication of many short poems in the magazines, and by the rejection of two novels, one of which he has since burned, requires position as confidential secretary, or the like. Address, &c."

No, no, the publication of many short poems in the magazines does not prove the author's "literary capability." Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is a case in point.

A London paper, that often lays down the law about English, and is severe on Americans, has a musical critic, and he writes this: "Nellie Oldene has an artistry of method, technique," etc. Just as certain as can be, somebody on this side of the water will flutter that "artistry" before us. But then the critic throws in another word. He describes a singer as having "robustness of vocalization and energeticness of expression." Certainly the common run of musical critics may be occasionally hampered for words, but we can manage, at least for the present, without "artistry" and "energeticness."

New York Times.
We do not defend the word "energeticness," but there is something about "artistry" that is not wholly displeasing. The chief objection to the latter is that Browning seems to be responsible for its first appearance in literature. He used it as meaning both "the pursuit or occupation of an artist," and also "artistic ability."

Mr. Gelett Burgess enjoys Carnegie Hall, New York: "A few playwrights, fattening on royalties, give an air of luxury to the Bohemian frugality of the place, but besides the most recherché of all the studios, touching elbows with its splendid early English taste, lives a retired dentist who has turned patron of art and has equipped his apartment with bizarre souvenirs and trophies of his past employment.

Musicians compose mad music, frenzied by the eternal insistent jar of pianos in adjacent parlors carefully trained to bear upon the vibrant party wall. Such are the amenities of musical Carniggers. There are schools of Dramatic Art, there is a Women's Press Club, whose members appear in décolleté confections, in hats and furs, or in Colonial gowns and powdered hair—where they give you slabs of cake from enormous frosted cylinders carved out before your very eyes—where they read "papers" (as women will), and discuss them over tea-a-la-lemonade. Here it is very "sociable," thanks to the presence of men in by-gone collars and white satin embroidered ties—contributors, they, to the middle-western weeklies."

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She whom I adore is the wife of a fat marquis—a lop-eared, bear-eyed, greasy marquis. A man without soul. A man without sentiment, who cares naught for moonlight and music. A low, practical man, who pays his debts. I hate him.

That very morning at breakfast, he had cursed the fishballs and sneered at the pickled onions.

She is a good cook. The neighbors will tell you so. And to be told by the base marquis—a man who, previous to his marriage, had lived at the cheap eating-houses—to be told by him that her manner of frying fishballs was a failure—it was too much.

Her tears fell fast. I, too, wept. I mixed my sobs with her'n. "Fly with me!" I cried.

Ere she could reply—ere she could articulate her ecstasy, her husband, the marquis, crept snake-like upon me.

Shall I write it? He kicked me out of the garden—he kicked me into the street.

I did not return. How could I? I, so ethereal, so full of soul, of sentiment, of sparkling originality! He, so gross, so practical, so lop-eared!

Had I returned, the creature would have kicked me again.

We fall to see why anyone should have sent us a personally directed copy of the Proceedings of the Society (London) for the Study of Inebriety. It is true that we have friends and acquaintances who are at present taking the gold cure—and they were never silvers—but our own diet during this Spanish-Cuban-American discussion is low, very low, consisting chiefly of arrow-root and slippery-elm.

The little pamphlet is welcome, for it gives curious information. Thus in the period of Theophrastus great drinkers, when they drank for a wager, used to take the powder of pumice stone before settling to. Pliny observes concerning this that they must "quaffe lustily indeed, for unless they be filled with drink they are endangered by the aforesaid powder." And yet pumice stone might act agreeably on a hob-nail liver.

We knew a man in Albany—he was a gourmand, not a gourmet, and a brave toadspot—who, when he knew there was a wet evening in store for him, left his business, which at the best was spectral, at one o'clock, ate a small steak and drank a pint of claret at two, and then slept until five, when he took a hot bath and dressed leisurely. He died comparatively young.

"Wet evening" reminds us of Lord Coleridge's judicial remark: "Umbrellas, properly considered, are a part of the atmospheric or meteorological condition, and, as such, there can be no individual property right in them." If a man hold his umbrella in his hand it may be considered a personal belonging, but the moment it leaves his hand it returns to the great, general, indivisible, common stock of umbrellas, whither the law will not attempt to pursue it." This, by way of digression.

The use of gold as a medicine was known to the ancients. How simple the application! "Gold," says Pliny, "that was brought in a place to do a shrewd turn, wash it well and sprinkle those to be cured with the water." In the 17th century, "its use gave a great opportunity to mountebanks to cheat with impunity. This sort of cheat is what generally succeeds best, for patients are prepossessed in favor of such medicines as carry great names and have a specious appearance. It is cried up for a miracle, and the effect is attributed to the gold."

Yet there is no doubt that gold has a salutary effect on men disposed to melancholy.

If Zola goes to prison at all, he will go to Ste. Pélagie. Lezre's "Dictionnaire des Rues de Paris" tells us that this prison was formerly a religious community founded in 1665 by Madame Beauharnais de Miramon. Loose—and also tight women were shut up there.

When they became repentant, they were put in another building. The quarters of the former were known as "Refuge"; the quarters of the latter as Sainte Pélagie. Now this Saint Pélagie was a play-actress at Antioch in the 5th century, who, like Peg Woffington, ended her days in penitential works. The religious house was suppressed in about 1790, and some time after the buildings were made into a prison. The Empress Josephine, when she was Madame de Beauharnais was confined there, and Madame Itoland, Béranger, Rochefort, Léon Cladel, Floquet, Richepin, enjoyed its hospitality. "When a Parisian journalist goes to Ste. Pélagie, it is de rigueur for his best friends to present themselves daily at the prison with an offering, which by a tradition invariably consists of a pâté de foie gras and a bottle of brandy. If the prisoner has many friends he gets enough pâté de foie gras and brandy to damage his constitution permanently."

It is, indeed, distressing when a lion refuses to be lionized. There is always a crowd to see the carnivora fed even when the food is only tea and biscuits. No wonder that a true lion is shy, and sometimes disappoints guests invited to meet him.

According to an ancient report, this noble animal was timid in the presence of a virgin. Afternoon receptions in Boston draw maidens in shoals, and foreign lions are no doubt acquainted with this fact.

Dr. Nansen, for instance, like other healthy men, dreads standing in a hot and crowded room; dreads the hand shaking, the questions, the flattery, the spectacles, eyeglasses, monocles and lorgnettes leveled at him as though he were in a cage and about to perform a trick.

But why does he now complain of American indifference? As the New York Times well says: "His lectures were but a rehearsal of facts much better stated in his own book, and he was not willing to demonstrate on the stage his talents as a devourer of raw meat or to do any of the other Arctic 'stunts' which lecture-givers as a class would consider worth the price of admission. He had nothing new to tell serious hearers, and nothing at all for the amusement of freak hunters."

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It came with the threat of a waning moon,
And the wall of an ebbing tide,
But many a woman has lived for less,
And many a man has died;
For life upon life took hold and passed,
Strong in a fate set free,
Out of the deep into the dark
On for the years to be.

Between the gloom of a waning moon,
And the song of an ebbing tide,
Chance upon chance of love and death
Took wing for the world so wide;
Leaf out of leaf is the way of the land,
Wave out of wave of the sea,
And who shall reckon what lives may live
In the life that we bade to be!

"Dr. Everett closed by reciting the poem in Greek. He was loudly applauded."

This reminds us of a chaste passage from the complete works of Artemus Ward: "Signer Macceroni cum out and sung a hairey from some opry or other. He had on his store close and looked putty slick, I must say. Nobody didn't understand nothin about what he sed, and so they applawdd him versiferusly."

The English propose to place a window in Winchester Cathedral in memory of Jane Austen. They naturally look across the Atlantic for funds and have persuaded Mr. Oscar Fay Adams to pass the hat in Boston. But why should not money be begged in Boston, England, for some monument or trust fund in this city—for a new Music Hall, or for a statue to the late Daniel Pratt, the Ulysses of New England?

Do not think for a moment that we do not appreciate Jane Austen. She was a greater novelist than George Elliot or George Sand. And we agree with George Moore, contrasting her with the author of "Romola": "George Elliot is one in whom sex seems to have hesitated, and this unfortunate hesitation was afterwards intensified by unhappy circumstances. She was one of those women who so entirely mistook her vocation as to attempt to think, and really if she had assumed the dress and duties of a policeman, her failure could hardly have been more complete. Jane Austen, on the contrary, adventured in no such dismal masquerade; she was a nice maiden lady, gifted with a bright, clear intelligence, diversified with the charms of light, wit and fancy, and as she was content to be in art what she was in nature, her books live, while those of her ponderous rival are being very rapidly forgotten."

The purchase of the O'Higgins by the United States would have been a splendid observance of St. Patrick's Day.

The death of Aubrey Beardsley takes from art a supreme master of black and white. His monument will be his illustrations to "La Mort d'Arthur," "Salome," "The Rape of the Lock" and "Under the Hill."

The Era tells us that Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke of the Isle of Champaign will have a theatre built for him at the corner of Dover Street, Mayfair, London, to be devoted entirely to light pieces. Has he commissioned Mr. Barnett to write a play for him, or will he be able to persuade Mr. G. W. Chadwick to be his music director?

An unknown London correspondent writes mysteriously. "The literary world is at this moment agitated by a charge of plagiarism against a distinguished and popular novelist. For obvious reasons I withhold names, though the dispute will presently find its way into the law courts. Briefly, the allegation is that certain incidents and characters created by a comparatively obscure writer of fiction have been transferred to a well-known novel dealing with events in English history at the end of the seventeenth century."

This is indeed terrible. Whom do you suspect? The most unblushing plagiarist we know is the author of the Boston Directory. The bulk of his matter is taken from predecessors without a word of acknowledgment.

At the bull-fight in Monterey March 14, when Mr. Caro Chico, a renowned matador, was nearly gored to death, "the spectators numbered fully 8000; among them were many American women, some of whom fainted." The curious would do well to read the letter

of Sar Peladon to the Archbishop of Paris, protesting against the bull fights in the rue Pergolèse in 1891. Published at the end of his novel "Le Panthée," it gives singular reasons for the desire of women to see such cruel exhibitions.

"Mrs. Barnabee, wife of the leading comedian of 'The Bostonians,' has a tablecloth that is completely covered with the autographs of noteworthy persons. When any one whom she thinks worthy dines with her, she has him write his name on the cloth and afterward she etches it with red silk."

"Etches it." Then her tablecloth is of copper or some other metal plate, or glass, or stone. Gravy from the dish probably serves as a protective varnish.

So Liberia fears Germany and seeks aid from England and the United States. In the early fifties there were queer prophecies concerning Liberia; thus one Yankee skipper asserted that in the years to come baboons would be putting off to trade with Liberians' skins.

Here is another extract from the second-hand book catalogue of our old friend in New York:

A Gentleman (I use that word with caution) sends me a box containing some numbers of the Police Gazette, Missionary Herald, La Mode, Semi-Weekly Spittoon, etc., etc., and wishes me to accept same in payment for subscriptions to the Atlantic Mind and Psychological Review. I have divided the newspapers into three parcels, suiting the contents of each parcel somewhat to the supposed want of the editors and publishers of the three journals last named, and sent them on by express. If these go I am open for further trade of like character. I waive all remuneration, of course, as booksellers can get along without money, and pay cash for current purchases without straining a feather.

Civilization had reached a high point in the reign of Edward I. of England. Brewers had to swear on the Blessed Evangelists to "brew good ale and wholesome so far as ability and human frailty permits."

What chance has Spain against bicycle-brigades, umbrella divisions, and foot ball regiments, the Honorable John L. Sullivan and Maggie Cline?

An English authority assures us that the millinery of 1898 will be a great improvement upon that of 1897. "Hats will no longer be set at ridiculous right angles to the wearers' heads, and the jaunty toques, which were wont to repose literally upon one ear, will be no longer seen. A distinct touch of demureness distinguishes the newest millinery. The brims of the hats have a pronounced tendency to curve downward in front and at the sides, though at the back they still turn up, otherwise would these wonderful combs, with their wide bands of tortoise-shell, waste their sweetness altogether. The

newest trimmings, instead of being placed high at the side, in the mode to which our eyes have been so long accustomed, start now in the centre of the front, and arrange themselves discreetly, and with a similarity which verges on the formal, on either side. Spiky wings spread out, Valkyrie fashion, are seen on many hats, in conjunction with trimmings of tulle or chiffon, ruffled and gathered into all sorts of curious shapes. On others again the variegated leaves of crinkled muslin, in brilliant autumnal shades, form the sole trimming."

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Then in this threefold silence of words, of thoughts, and of desires, finding one's self in a spiritual sleep, in a mystical ebriety, or rather in a mystical death, all the suspended powers are recalled from the circumference to the centre. God, who is that centre, makes Himself felt to the soul by divine touches, by tastes, by illapses, by ineffable sweetnesses. Her affections being thus moved, she lets them gently rest . . . and finds a delicious repose, which sets her above delights and ecstasies, above the most glorious manifestations, notions, and divine speculations. One knows not what one feels, nor what one is.

We have received the following note: "To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

"In your column in the Journal, I lately read these three words, 'Molinos the Quietist.'"

"The Quietist!"
"The word haunted, obsessed me; and in that state, wandering on Boston Common, I did indeed meet and I hearkened unto the words of a quietist: Wearer Walker, the Quietist! His words accompany this note. Print them in Talk of the Day, as a warning—or a promise—to those who would follow Molinos."

THE QUIETIST ON THE COMMON.

It is with a feeling of home-coming that I enter the Common, and as one assentingly recognizes one's home-folk, I greet silently, in my heart, the figures on the benches.

It is, now let me see, two, three—yes, three weeks since I was here before; three weeks of work, regular hours—and regular food.

During those three weeks I passed through the Common twice a day, to and from work. I walked, I remember, briskly, firmly, erect, as a citizen should; and I looked with the eyes of disfavor upon those idle men who sat in negligent, insouciant attitudes upon the benches.

I was not of the unemployed.

Before those three weeks came and broke into my quiet I sat here; and now, the three weeks past, I sit here on a bench as of yore—once again one of the unemployed.

The foreman discharged me for laziness.

I make no complaint. He did not understand me.

And I do not think I care much. I shall go to work again by-and-by some time.

In the meantime—

It is quiet here, for all the noise of the streets outside, and quiet is desirable. I count it the chief possession of man. So I sit on a bench in the sunshine and say to myself, "How pleasant this hour is!"

The sun is reasonably warm. The mild blue of the sky is consoling. The pond yonder reflects its promise. The chatter of the sparrows induces special cheerfulness. An errant wind whispers from tree to tree, a trouble out of the South relating naïf little legends.

I say that it is an acceptable joy merely to sit still, hearing and seeing without reflecting.

Why should one be critic or chorus to a good play?

It proclaims itself.
Still less should one be critic to a bad play.

It damns itself.

If it lives, and yet is bad, it is good to those who witness it, and therefore concerns you not at all, reaching them by its ultimate damnation.

And why should you officiate at a descent into limbo?

Stay away—as I stay away from tumults, turmoil, labors.

So I sit upon a bench on Boston Common, calm and quiescent.

And for occupation (when I am inclined) I may scrutinize my companions here, the idle men upon the benches; a scrutiny suited to its objects—impersonal, negligent, conducted with equanimity.

Only—

I wish this man on the next bench would not disturb me with his haggard face, his wretched eyes, the gestures of his nervous hands!

Doubtless unemployment means misery to him; and a wife and family on the matter of a different temperament.

akes my formula of peace (valueless him. I pity him. But presently I must move away from m. Were it not for him and his wretched-

ess, it would be eminently quiet here and why should I suffer him to disturb le?

For, see how still we are here on the enches. We do not move about much; e shift our postures only at long intervals. We read wind-blown newspapers, unstirred by news, smoking our obacco calmly. What does an obtrusive, violent event, or the Bear raid n Wall Street matter to us? Our talk ve do not talk much—is soporific, ow-keyed, impassive. Many do not ead or talk at all; they sleep where hey sit in the sun. My friends ere, as I, come and go from time to time. O, they work at times and go out into the outer tumult, but when they die they come again to sit on the benches. Whoever has once tasted of quiet always and forever seeks it.

And, indeed, one finds it here—if only this neighbor of mine would still his nervous, trembling hands, would close his wretched morose eyes!

He is certainly miserable. The business men hurrying past, brisk, erect, as citizens should be, do not help him, and I cannot help him. I pity him—poor man!

But I think I'll sit on a bench farther off.

One, however, does not reach the higher stage of devotion till the soul ceases to struggle, till it has no further need of proofs or reflection; till it contemplates the truth in silence and repose. This is what is termed retirement of the soul and perfect contemplation, in which the soul does not reason or reflect, either about God or itself, but passively receives the impressions of celestial light, undisturbed by the world or its works. Whenever the soul can be lifted up to this state, it desires nothing, not even its own salvation, and fears nothing, not even hell.

in ca 20 SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Repetition of Mr. Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles" at the Nineteenth Concert—Mr. Ffrangcon-Davis the Singer of the Evening.

The program of the nineteenth Symphony concert, given last night in Music Hall, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch" Mendelssohn
Sir Brian's Song, "Woo Thou Thy Snowflake," from "Ivanhoe".....Sullivan
"The Death of Tintagiles" (suggested by the drama by Maurice Maeterlinck), Symphonic Poem for orchestra and two voices d'Amour obligate.....Loeffler
The voices d'Amour by Mr. Franz Kneisel and Mr. C. M. Loeffler.)

Wotan's Farewell and Fire-Charm, from "The Valkyrie".....Wagner
The Ride of the Valkyries, from "The Valkyrie".....Wagner

The program-book announced "The Ride of the Valkyrie." This was not a misprint. Mr. Apphorp on page 599 again refers to the "Valkyrie," which, following Bulfinch of "Age of Fable" fame, evidently regards as the plural of Valkyrie. He might as well use "Valkyrie," which, as he tells us in a footnote, is the plural-term "in the original Icelandic." He might as well use the modern Icelandic "Valkyrja" for Valkyrie.

This freak of Mr. Apphorp is unendurable. The plural of Valkyrie is Valkyrja—that is if you are writing or speaking English, and the program-book is supposed to be written in that language.

It was a pleasure, and, to me at least, it was education to hear Mr. Loeffler's highly imaginative work a strong after the first hearing seem still stronger after the second. The opening of this symphonic poem is that of a master, and the cantilena in the introduction is of truer thematic beauty and more sustained character than are as a rule the cantabile themes of this composer. There is a wealth of interesting orchestral detail as well as harmonic treatment throughout the work, which is in many ways remarkable. I think that the voices d'Amour are added at too great length. The peculiar bewitching of the tone of this instrument soon sours. And I am still inclined to think that the work as a whole is too much spun-out.

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davis first showed in this city his dramatic abilities as a singer when he gave a memorable performance of Elijah in a concert of the Handel and Haydn.

The aria from "Ivanhoe," which he sang last night, is chiefly interesting on account of the cheerful misinformation

concerning the amateur. He did not know to what Sir Brian's Song, Gilbert like him in Sullivan's opera. Zoologists will be pleased to learn that this noble animal refers to the lion, not Sir Brian, brings "his wild music docile to his side," and "in the desert leads his twiny bridle." The music is cheap, tawdry, pointless. It is Sullivan in his most genteel drawing room mood, when even in burning passion he remembers that he is in the presence of ladies. Mr. Davies sang with taste and skill. Any intensity that was noticeable was due to the individuality of the singer, not to the song.

Wotan's "Farewell" needs a heavier voice, and I fear that Mr. Davies sang this music too well. It was a pleasure to recognize his intelligence. It was also a pleasure to observe his mastery of song, when the song made its way through the orchestra, which was not always the case.

The symphony was finely read and admirably played. The first two movements are delightful music. It is a pity that Mendelssohn did not stop before the adagio and leave the symphony unfinished. The orchestra maintained its high reputation in the other numbers, with the exception of "The Ride of the Valkyries," in which the brass was rhythmically logy.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Josef Hofmann as an Infant Phenomenon.

How "La Geisha" Frightened Parisian Playgoers.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

It would be interesting to know how many will go to Music Hall next Saturday to hear Josef Hofmann, and how many will go chiefly to see whether they will recognize him easily. Will there be widespread, genuine interest in him, now that he is no longer an infant phenomenon?

There are always child wonders. When we are inclined to pooh-pooh at them, we should remember the boy Mozart.

There is today the 10-year-old pianist Polleri in Italy; there is the 11-year-old Bertha Balthasar, who has been astonishing even the people of Holland; there is Bruno Steindel, whose first concert in Paris (May 12, 1897) was given when he was only six years old; and there is Miss Muriel Mustard—"hot stuff." I hear you say—who, at the age of eight, gave her first concert in London Nov. 22, 1897.

Speaking of Miss Mustard, the Pall Mall Gazette said last November: "On the general subjects of such experiments as these one may be permitted to speak one word. We are inclined to think that in the case of young Steindel such occasional displays are permissible, since there is something here to show of exceptional interest. In the case, however, of an extremely clever child who has only her precocity to display, and no peculiar quality of which it is right that the world should be made aware, the exhibition becomes more or less unnecessary. After the first moment of wonder at the sheer actuality of the thing has been passed, there is nothing profitable in the ulterior development of the phenomenon." Sound words.

I recall also what Mr. John S. Dwight wrote about Teresa Carreno, when she made her first appearance here (Jan. 2, 1897). She was nine years old. "The child's face beams with intelligence and genius; these speak, too, in her touch, in a certain untaught life that there is in her playing. It is a precious gift. O treat it reverently and tenderly, educate it, save it, and not let the temptation of dazzling success or gain exhaust it ere its prime. * * * There can be no doubt of real talent here; may it only have wise training, and not be early wasted before public! It is too precious for continual exposure. Such gifts are of God, and ought not to be prostituted for 'mere gain.'" Teresa Carreno was here last season, and gloriously has she fulfilled the promise of her young years.

Hofmann was a natural, not a morbid child in spite of a certain effish, mysterious appearance. He was—at least at first—"neither nervous, self-conscious, nor conceited." He was fond of sports, and when a friend once expressed the fear that he would tire himself, he answered, "It is so easy to play the piano but so hard to play tennis." He was a boy in the true sense of the word. He could not endure the infatuation of silly women. He did not practice much. He spoke French and German as well as his native tongue;

and when it was asked why he did not speak English, he answered, "Three languages are enough for any man."

When young Hofmann first came to Boston, he was under the management of Messrs. Abley and Grau. The company included, besides Hofmann, Helene Hastreiter, contralto; Nettie Carpenter, violinist; Theodore Bjorkstein, tenor; Mr. de Anna, baritone; Mrs. Sacconi, harper. Mr. Neuberger was the conductor.

The concerts were in Music Hall, Dec. 23, 26, 1897, Jan. 4, 5, 6, 16, 23, 30, Feb. 10, 11.

Hofmann played these pieces with orchestral accompaniment: Beethoven's 1st and 3d concertos; his own Polonaise Americaine; Mendelssohn's G minor concerto and Rondo brillante; Mozart's concerto in D minor; Weber's Concertstück; and Liszt's version of Weber's Polacca.

And he played these solo pieces, Gigue, Bach; Beethoven's C sharp minor sonata, op. 27; Serenade, Chamblade; Etude, mazurkas in C and F sharp minor, nocturne in F sharp, Polonaise, waltzes in A flat and D flat by Chopin; Chant-Polonaise, Chopin-Liszt; variations, Handel; Barcarolle, Berceuse, Mazurka, Polonaise, Romance, "The Devil's Mill," Waltz ("Old and New") by himself; Mendelssohn's "Frühlingslied, Rondo capriccioso, Spinnerlied; Moscheles's Kinder-marchen; Moszkowski's serenade; Mozart's Rondo in A minor; Etude, Paganini-Schumann; Variations by Rameau; Etude, Ravina; Romance and Toccata by Rubinstein; Pastorale, Scarlatti; "Bird as Prophet," Schumann; Cracovienne, Wallace.

With his father Casimir, he played Saint-Saens's variations for two pianos on a theme by Beethoven, and Liszt's fantasia for two pianos on themes from "Don Giovanni."

The Daily Messenger of Paris gives this account of "La Geisha," as produced at the Athénée-Comique, March 8: "Unless we are very much mistaken, 'The Geisha' will not be easily acclimated on French soil. It is a piece written to suit the English taste, but containing very little that can appeal to a Paris audience. Nor can we say much in praise of the adaptation. The adaptors who undertook the well-nigh hopeless task of Frenchifying 'The Geisha' introduced therein—with a view of making it more palatable—a quantity of jokes strong enough to frighten the most case-hardened playgoer out of his stall. Why, for instance, dwell so much on the true nature of a Japanese tea house? These constant allusions are anything but pleasant. Then we have Zoé Panache, the lady-interpreter, who has been turned into a very funny character, but whose language is a trifle too full flavored. We might also add that a French audience does not quite appreciate the fun of a naval officer in uniform breaking out into a dance or indulging into a sentimental song for reasons only known to himself. Whatever may be the fate of 'La Geisha' in Paris, it is certain that the piece, in its present form, with the introduction of the lady dancers, from the Empire Palace, must give the unsophisticated Frenchman a queer notion of the English drama in general and of the jokes with which, according to his belief, English plays are flavored. 'The Geisha,' capably mounted, was fairly well interpreted by Mmes. Leriche, Jeanne Petit, Miriam Manuel, and MM. Guyons fils, Perrin, Jannin, and Baron fils."

Here are pleasant extracts from Prof. Max Müller's Memoirs from the Pall Mall Gazette:

He divides his recollections into three parts. First come the musical. He gives us a charming picture of his birth-place, Bessau, and its society, where, with Weber for his godfather, Mendelssohn taking him on his knee and asking him "to play a chorale while he played the pedal" and stormy Schneider "allowing him to play with accompaniment of the full orchestra some concertos of Mozart," his musical life began. At Leipzig, when he was at school, he met Liszt, "young, theatrical, and terribly attractive," to see him for the last time many years afterward at the Lyceum supper, where Miss Ellen Terry, suddenly discovering that she could speak German, said to the dear old man, with startling frankness, "Lieber Liszt ich liebe Dich." In these musical recollections the Professor tells an amusing story of Dean Stanley, who had about as much sense of music as Dr. Johnson or a cow. One evening, at the palace at Norwich, Jenny Lind had been singing "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Stanley admitted to her that though he was not usually affected by music, he had been by her singing. Something, he said, had come over him which he had only felt once before in his life, and that was at Vienna, where one evening there was a tattoo before the palace performed by four hundred drummers. "I felt shaken, and tonight, while listening to your singing, the same feeling came over me. I felt deeply moved." Professor Max Müller, by the way, does Shakespeare great injustice. Referring to the famous lines about music in "The Merchant of Venice," he says: "With all due deference to the immortal bard, he was wrong for once. Did not my dear friend Arthur Stanley hate music, and was he 'not to be trusted'? Were his affections 'dark as Erebus'? The Professor should have remembered

that Shakespeare's music was not the music of dramatic, but of the real world, and that he was right in his mark, exactly where we would expect to find it, in the mouth of a repentant and sentimental young fool. Shakespeare knew human nature too well not to know that it is to men "whose affections are dark as Erebus" that music has not infrequently particular attractions.

Sullivan's sacred drama, "The Martyr of Antioch," was produced for the first time on the stage at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, Feb. 25, 1898. The Libretto gives the following account: "The Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company have brought two novelties to Scotland this year, 'A Poet's Dream,' given at Glasgow on Feb. 18th, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, 'The Martyr of Antioch,' produced for the first time on any stage at the Lyceum Theatre here on the 25th of the same month. This sacred drama was originally written for the Leeds Festival and produced there as far back as 1880. It represents a period of most creative activity in the composer's career, when some of the most sparkling and successful of his comic operas were written. The enormous popularity attained by 'The Sign of the Cross' has no doubt suggested to Mr. Pienl the suitability of 'The Martyr of Antioch' for stage representation, and the consent of the composer having been obtained, the work was duly mounted, rehearsed, and produced. The first performance drew one of the largest audiences of the week, and the enthusiasm displayed during the evening was hearty to the extreme. The principal singers were repeatedly recalled, and at the conclusion Mr. Pienl, who was responsible for the stage arrangement, and Mr. Jaquinot, who conducted so ably, had also to come forward and bow their acknowledgments. The libretto has been adapted from the late Dean Milman's drama of the same name, the responsibility of the selection of the words resting solely with the composer. Mr. W. S. Gilbert put two of the numbers into lyrical shape, and otherwise assisted Sir Arthur in arranging the book. The action of the piece is laid in Antioch, in Syria, during the latter part of the third century, and its brief and simple story is as follows: Olybius, the Roman Prefect, loves Margarita, who, in the days while she was still a heathen, returned his love. But she is now a Christian, and with her conversion, of which both her lover and father are ignorant, rejects all idea of marriage with a heathen.

The first act opens in the Temple of Apollo, where the solemn rites of the worshippers of the Sun god are being celebrated. A chorus of youths who apostrophise the Lord of Day is heard, and during this picturesque ballet of action takes place. A procession of people bearing offerings of fruits, flowers, corn, and oil follows, the chorus of youths and maidens, and the action of the dancers continuing. Callias, the High Priest, standing at the altar, holds aloft a golden vessel containing the sacred fleece, which the sun's rays ignite, thereby completing the sacrifice. Olybius arrives, attended by his guards, banner bearers, and officers of state, and singing the praises of Margarita's beauty, calls her to take her appointed place at the altar, and lead the worship. In her absence Callias reproves the Prefect for his lukewarmness in the cause of Apollo, and reminds him of the Emperor's edict against the Christians. Olybius hears him with impatience, but promises to take more drastic measures in the future, and carry out the edict faithfully. The multitude receive this resolve with loud acclaims, and an effective chorus closes the scene. The next scene shows the Christians' burial place, where a company of the elect are seen gathered round a newly made grave. Here the anthem "Vreaths for our Graves," which Sir Arthur composed by command of Her Majesty for the memorial service at Frogmore last December, is successfully substituted for the hymn in the original work, and at the end of the burial, the song, "Thou'rt passing hence, my brother," is given by the Bishop of Antioch with notable effect. The Christians embrace and depart, and we reach the third scene, representing the Gardens attached to the Palace of the Prefect. Here Margarita thrills with the joy of her new faith, and Callias, rejoicing to see his daughter so exalted in spirit, tells her the altar waits him. But she refuses to take any part in the sacrifice, and at last confesses her conversion to Christianity. Her father parts from her in horror and anger, and as she goes out the maidens of Apollo enter in various groups and sing their evening hymn. Margarita returns, followed by Olybius, who, with all his old endearments, pictures the pleasures that will be hers when they are united. She then tells him she is a Christian, and with the curses of the Prefect ringing in her ears she goes to prison. The second act shows the Exterior of the Temple of Apollo and the Outside of the Prison of the Christians. The heathen maidens are chanting the flaming glories of the Sun god, while from the prison is heard the more solemn and heartfelt singing of the Christians. A procession of idols passes, and Margarita is brought out and required to make her choice. Amid the threatening cries of the mob she proclaims her steadfast faith in Christ, and her lover and father having urged her in vain to retract, she is dragged away to death.

The performance is said to have been excellent. The cast was as follows:

Olybius.....Mr. Robert Cunningham
Callias.....Mr. G. A. Fox
Margarita.....Miss Kirby
Julia.....Miss Kirby
Margarita.....Miss Jessie MacDonald

Philip Hale.

The Royal Academy of Music of Sweden has conferred the honor of a membership upon Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir Alexander Mackenzie.

Lehitzky may leave Vienna and establish himself in Berlin. The reason given is that Vienna no longer compares with Berlin as a musical centre.

Zelli de Lussan sang the part of Zerline in "Don Juan" at the Opera-Comique, Paris, March 2. On Friday, in "Carmen" she was supported by Engel, who is remarkable in the part of Don Jose.

Verli's latest composition, a Stabat Mater for chorus and orchestra, a Prayer to the Virgin for four female voices, and a Te Deum for chorus and orchestra, will be performed for the first time during Holy Week at the Paris Grand Opera.

Mr. Danhe has resigned the post of conductor at the Opera-Comique, which he filled for many years with conspicuous success. His withdrawal has caused no surprise, for the appointment of André Messager to be "director of music" placed Danhe in a subordinate position and lessened his authority. It is supposed that Messager will be his successor. The composer began his career as conductor at the Brussels Eden some eighteen years ago.

Mrs. Inez Sprague, who sang once in Boston, made her first appearance with an orchestra in Paris at a concert given by the young pianist Gaston Lhérier, March 9. She sang two arias, one from "Giacinta," and one from "Hérodiade." An appreciative audience, mostly Americans, repeatedly applauded her. H-m-m-m!

The Jean de Reszke Opera Company has begun its St. Petersburg season at the Imperial Marion Theatre. Jean de Reszke will be heard during this engagement as the chief Siegfried for the first time, and Edouard as Hagen. Their engagement will last four weeks.

Miss Suzanne Adams of Cambridge, who has been singing in the opera house at Nice this winter (Juliet, Marguerite, and Queen of Navarre), has been engaged by Mr. Grau for the opera at Covent Garden this spring and for his next season at the Metropolitan, New York.

Moritz Rosenthal, who was to have played with the London Philharmonics for the first time this year, has had to postpone his engagement indefinitely on account of an injured hand. What the nature of the injury is has not been stated, but it evidently is not serious.

Mr. John E. Pinkham gave a pleasing concert in Association Hall last Friday night. Mrs. Shepard, Miss Decker, and Messrs. Bartlett, T. E. Johnson, Hyland, Morawski, Tucker, Alden and Fisher took part in it. The program was made up of popular selections, closing with the sextet from "Lucia."

It is reported in foreign papers that S. Léza, who will be the third tenor of the Grau Company next year, will get \$20,000 a year for two years for his services, which call for six months' work, four in New York and two in London. This is more profitable if not so full of honor as singing in the Paris Opera.

Under the title of "The Schulz Curtis Musical Club" an important enterprise will be started in London next year. Steinway Hall has been engaged for every Wednesday night from Oct. 23 to April for a series of musical evenings of the highest class. Each concert will be under the artistic direction of some musician or combination of musicians, who will be responsible for the entire program. Several quartet clubs and singers and pianists have already been engaged, and the subscription for the first 20 members is to be three guineas for the eighteen or twenty concerts.

Mr. Lowenfeld has secured the British rights in Heinrich Berté's "Schnee-Weich," which has recently been performed with the greatest success in nearly all the principal opera houses throughout Germany and Austria. The adaptation of the work has been entrusted to Mrs. R. H. Elkin, whose name will be easily recognized by musical amateurs for its association with some very beautiful English versions of celebrated songs by Chamade and "A. L." This is the first instance of a woman figuring as the adapter of an operatic work of any importance at the request of a London West-end theatre.

Dr. Parry's Symphonies Variations do not particularly attract us. There are many even of them, and there seems to be no reason in the world why there should not be a dozen and a half more. But after you have heard half a dozen or so of the variations, you do not want any more. Variations, if they are to be anything of genuine value, must really contain a new idea in each variation; and one regrets to think that Dr. Parry, although he follows a new line of intention, does not as a rule of fact fulfil it in practice.

"Le Stütz der Frau," a musical comedy in three acts, by Engelbert Kaal, was played at the Lützen, Berlin, Feb. 10, and was very heartily received. There is nothing worth describing in the plot; the "lady help" is a piece of joint person familiar to every one. Every body is in love with every body, and the under-standings are as good as made up. One arrives at the factory conclusion, Mr. Möl-der, in the title-role, sang and danced in the vivacious way that has made his songs so popular, and the song "The potpourri of well-known

songs of the day." On March 11, "A deservely conspicuous feature of the concert was the production of a composition by Charles H. Bennett of Boston, a former member of the Trov Choral Club. Mr. Bennett, who is a son of E. D. Bennett of Boston, Superintendent of the Bennington and Rutland Railway, is not yet 21 years of age, but he produces musical harmonies with the power of a master. His "Veni Creator," sung last night, is full of movement well fitted to express the grandeur of the theme. Added interest was given to the piece, the tenor solo was sung by E. C. Bennett of Bennington, a brother of the composer and whose voice is high, distinct and sweet. Charles H. Bennett was born in Bennington in September, 1876. He early showed decided musical ability, and at the age of 14 years was organist and choirmaster of St. Francis de Sales Church at Bennington, holding the position until he went to Boston to take a thorough musical training under Geo. W. Chadwick and Charles R. Adams. The "Veni Creator" will be sung at the Tremont Temple in Boston in June by the Conservatory chorus of 200 or more voices with an orchestra and directed by the composer. The other solo parts in the work were well sung last night by Miss Vallance, Miss Elma Herrick and Mr. Lindsay. Further productions by the young and talented composer will be awaited with interested anticipation.

Last night (Feb. 25) at his residence, 7 Bayley Street, Bedford Square, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch gave one of his most delightful concerts, consisting of music that stretched from the year 1500 to 1700, and of course with the aid of the old instruments. Mr. Dolmetsch is the apostle of old music, but not only does he play the notes—the Philharmonic Society did that the other month with its array of modern pianos and the rest of it—but he uses the exact medium which pleased our ancestors and filled their hearts with rejoicing. In these days our modern ears are attuned to an orchestral sound that by dint of much practice pleases us and appeals to us as precisely the right kind of musical expression, and in our modernity we are inclined to forget that after all there may be other points of view. Moreover, Mr. Dolmetsch is there to look backwards, and to explain that the art of music has many lovely mansions, and that it were well if now and then the present generation wandered thither and pleased itself with all that disused beauty. He gave us, for example, a composition by Richard Deeringe (dated about 1600) for Six Viols, which was exquisitely delightful. The impression it left upon the mind was one of peace and ecstatic gratitude. This musician led you into a dimly-lit cathedral, where it was possible to consider at leisure all the beauties of his composition. It is this leisure, this long thoughtfulness, which makes up the curiously attractive quality of the music of that period. It was a period which perhaps reached its culmination in Henry Purcell, whose song, "Ye Gentle Spirits of the Air," was given last night by Miss Carr Shaw. We had never heard this particular piece before, but in it one was able to perceive the easy mastery which Purcell assumed over his great art. It possesses that extraordinary quality which marks the greatest masters of music, and only then on very special occasions, of a strength and capacity lying far outside the limit of their actual achievement. In this song, for example, Purcell seemed to stand away from his work, and to command it as he would command a slave; you hear the loveliness of the phrases pass by, and you feel that, had he chosen, he could have selected from his limitless resources many another exquisite passage to accomplish that which he desired. Mr. Dolmetsch also played five "short pieces for the lute" from the Straloch MS., showing very conclusively the genuine origins of modern Scottish music. Of these little compositions, the second, entitled, "Wo Belyd Thy Waerie Bodie," was the most attractive. It was perfectly expressive in its little tragedy. Take it all in all, Mr. Dolmetsch's concert—the first of a series of three—the others to be given on March 11 and March 25—was as attractive and, be it said, as instructive as could be desired. —Fall Mail Gazette.

March 21, 1898

MARCH.

The air is stirring with a trouble sweet,
The brown earth feels her seeds grow burdensome;
New grass strains upwards dreaming of the heat
Of April rain and crowslip-gatherers feet:
The air is stirring with a trouble sweet,
The brown earth feels her seeds grow burdensome.
She breathes the breath of roses and the fleet
Vague scent of lilies that have yet to come;
The air is stirring with a trouble sweet,
And the birds think of songs though they are dumb.

To E. C. B.: The best squash pie to be had in this city is at the Union Club. This is an indisputable fact.

The statesmen of this country should bear in mind Disraeli's answer to a woman who asked him at dinner during a critical phase of the Eastern question, when Russia's action looked menacing, "Lord Beaconsfield, what are you waiting for?" He replied, "For mutton and potatoes."

This is the sassafras season. The small boy diggeth up the root, and behold! his mother bringeth it to town and selleth it, and straightway purchasest a supply of tobacco for the old man, who cheweth and smoketh with serene content. Sassafras is not only great medicine, but it is pleasant unto the taste. After the blood has been

thickened by a winter's consumption of buckwheat cakes, copious draughts of sassafras tea will restore it to its normal condition. One of our talented readers, growing enthusiastic over the virtues of sassafras, has undertaken to glorify it in immortal verse. The following is the first canto and chorus of his symphony, which is entitled "Sassafras."

In the spring of the year,
When the blood is too thick,
There is nothing so rare
As the sassafras stick.
It cleans up the liver,
It strengthens the heart,
And to the whole system
New life doth impart.

Chorus.
Sassafras, oh, sassafras!
Thou art the stuff for me!
And in the spring I love to sing,
Sweet sassafras, of thee.
—Punksutawney Spirit.

Looking over old magazines, we came across this "literary note," which reads curiously today:

"A Sermon of Old Age. By Theodore Parker.—This is the most beautiful effort of this eloquent pulpit orator that we have read. Those persons who object to his writings on account of their peculiar theological bias will find nothing objectionable in this. It is affecting at times to tears, and exhibits its author in a different light than he usually appears to the public. It is but 32½ cents a copy, and is having an immense sale."

Gratitude has not fled the earth. Witness the last will and testament of William Olmstead of Cassopolis, who, after providing for his wife, left \$10,000 to Barnum's circus.

There is a new Parisian fashion in pledges of betrothal. The correct emblem is the exchange of eyes. "The engagement eye is framed in gold and painted on ivory, and is set round about with precious stones. It must be an exact reproduction of the human and individual window, not enlarged or beautified, but painted as it is. Every model must give his or her artist at least three sittings before the right shade, and the perfect expression, can be transferred to the little ivory convex. And perhaps not even then. The ox-eyed Here will suffer injustice and refuse to become an emblem for a watchguard. Moreover, the custom will lead to misunderstandings, as, for instance, when the betrothed may say with a spiritual meaning, 'Eugène, I have got my eye upon you,' and he, being material as well as absent-minded, may answer, 'not upon me, bien aimée, but somewhere in one of my pockets.'"

Do you remember the time when a man that parted his hair in the middle was regarded as effeminate and looked on with suspicion? He might be conspicuous with a cow-lick and a shawl and yet be a leading citizen. And now Professor Nikolaus Müller, a dome-headed deep thinker of Berlin, claims that parting of the hair in the middle is an evidence of philo-Judaism. He says that the equal parting of the hair belongs to Jews and Christian Jews of the fourth and fifth centuries, that such patriarchs and prophets as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Jeremiah and John the Baptist had their hair parted in the middle. "But the gods of antiquity have generally got their hair in a tuzle. If, therefore, patriarchs and prophets have their hair duly parted, and gods and demi-gods, fauns and cupids, Comus and Momus, and all the company run about passis capillis, then the parting of the waves must be regarded as a Jewish invention."

Unfortunately we have little real knowledge concerning the mode of dressing the hair among the ancient Hebrews. They were forbidden to "round the corners of their heads" (Lev., xix., 27), meaning the locks along the forehead and temples and behind the ears. They probably wore their hair somewhat longer than is usual with us, and more after the fashion of Liszt, Mr. Seidl and Mr. Reiter, the horn player. Absalom, for example, was much admired. The chief beauty consisted in curls, natural or artificial. Samson's hair was plaited. The Hebrews slushed their hair profusely with aromatic ointments.

They paid much attention to the hair in the England of the dying 16th century. Thus we find this passage in Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier": "Then comes he out with his fustian eloquence, and making a low conge, saith, 'Sir, will you have your worship's hair cut after the Italian manner, short and round; and then froust with the curling yrons, to make it look like to a halfe rcone in a mist? or like a Spenyard, long at the eeres, and curled, like to the two endes of an oldo east periwig? Or will you be

Frenchmen with a love-lock, down to your shoulder, wherein you may wear your mistress favour?"

Kaiser Wilhelm has applied through his Ambassador to the English Censor of Plays to stop a song that is sung in the London music halls. The lyric that offends him is entitled the "Mailed Fist of Germany." It begins:

Fitzsimmons met the Kaiser,
And they warmly hugged and kissed.
Old Fitz he had his gloves on,
Bill had a mailed fist.
The Kaiser he grew nasty;
They had a blooming row;
The Kaiser hit Fitzsimmons—
Where is the Kaiser now?

We clip this from Mr. Bertram Dobell's last second-hand book catalogue:

ON MR. TREE'S PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CAESAR."
"Twas 'Julius Caesar' that I went to see;
The play I witnessed was 'Mark Anthony.'"

THE LOVERS OF THE SEA.

Twain are the lovers of the sea,
And hard the burden of their life,
Who wage for that which may not be
Wars unproclaimed and secret strife,
While the gold wanion feeds their hate
And triumphs in their sad estate.

Sometimes about the earth she flings
Her foam-white arms and clips his waist,
And with low, purring laughter sings
Her love song to him so enlaced;
Sometimes she casts one lazy kiss
To heaven that stoops and smiles for this.

And presently, in wilder mood,
She leaps to meet the lowering skies,
With sparkling lips to taste love's food
Full tenderly from starry eyes;
Then frets and sighs to be caressed
Awhile upon earth's envious breast.

Yet fears she wholly to declare
For one or other of these twain,
Lest the love, destined to despair,
Forget its worship in its pain;
Lest the high heaven should crack and fall,
Or earth divide and swallow all.

You are crossing a track, and the motorman of the approaching street car sounds his bell. He sounds it aggressively, viciously you think. Your impulse is to stay on the track, to show your independence as a citizen, even to walk deliberately and with dignity toward the car that you may reason with authority in uniform. The fact that he thus warned you of danger does not appeal to you. Why should you be in danger in a peaceful street? Has a pedestrian no rights? Why should a corporation be allowed to make you skip and jump grotesquely? For you are stout—it was only yesterday that a rude boy said to his mother, "Get on to Fatty!" referring evidently to you, for he pointed directly at you—and you do not like to run. The motorman again sounds the bell. You leave the track, and just in time. A passenger says: "The idiot must be deaf." Another answers, "Yes or jagged." You do not take that car although you had intended to do so. You wait 10 minutes for another. And you take care to stand clear of the track; yes, your attitude is one even of supplication. When you finally moun you call the conductor "Sir."

What this country really needs is an abundance of grape-fruit instead of grape and canister. We should be a more moral people if each man, woman and child began the day with at least half a grape-fruit. Say not, O scoffers that you might as well eat quinin with a spoon! You should be condemned to sausage and buckwheat cakes 365 days in the year.

Here is a queer story which comes from Germany. A play-actress in Munich is suing the owner of the Deutsche Theatre, who is not a director, on these grounds. In her contract there was a paragraph stipulating that: "A member of the theatre who marries without permission of the director forfeits all claim to salary. When the proprietor refused to pay her salary on the strength of that marriage-detering paragraph, the actress wrote to him that she had not married without the director's consent, inasmuch as it was the director whom she had married, and it could scarcely be maintained that he would have married a lady without having given her permission. The proprietor nevertheless declined to pay, and so the Munich courts must now decide whether she married with or without consent.

Listen to these sayings of Ant. Rubinstein. We translate from J. Ménestrel, Feb. 27, Mch 6.
Smells from the kitchen are undurable; but the most unendurable smell in a house is that of money.
Have you observed that monarchs never find their subjects ripe enough for liberty?
Men marry beneath them more frequently than women do, because the

as how to be sure of a good live
ave, while women, on the contrary,
ar to give themselves to a cheap
ister.
Absolute monarchy for a nation in its
ldhood, a constitutional government
r its youth, the republic for its
aturity.
To insure a happy marriage the be-
thothed, they say, should have studied
ach other for a long time. What a
mistake! You may be betrothed for
ears and know each other only after
ne honeymoon. And then!!!
I find it extremely good that the son
f a great artist should not earn his
vling by adopting the specialty that
ade his father famous. Here is the
ifference between pure art and com-
mercial art.
We know too many autobiographies
and confessions of celebrated men, and
very few such books written by women,
who evidently do not like to lift the
veil of their past.
They always speak of a death with-
out fine speeches as an heroic act. But
what do you say about a life without
fine speeches? I know few who are
capable of such a life. They are the
true heroes.
I was once in London at a Charity
Children's Festival in St. Paul's. Thou-
sands of children sang hymns with
organ accompaniment. I was so affect-
ed that I could not keep back tears.
The most hardened atheist would have
been moved. The ceremony ended with
a sermon, and I then had the impres-
sion that the preacher wished to pre-
vent God himself from speaking.
It was Mr. Frederick Sherlock, who
once at a meeting in East London, was
one of seven speakers assembled to ad-
dress an audience of five persons. And
what did the vicar do, according to Mr.
Sherlock? He adjusted his spectacles
and gave out the opening hymn, "What
are these in countless numbers?"

LECTURE AND CONCERT.
Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump's
Illustrated Lecture on Wagner
—Song Recital Given by Mrs.
Ernestine Fish.

Scinert Hall saw and heard a singu-
lar entertainment last night. Mrs.
Leighton Cleather and Mr. Basil
Crump of the London Wagner Society
brought, "With musical illustrations
and stereopticon views" on Richard
Wagner. The program informed us
that these lectures are given in Europe
and America under the auspices of the
London Wagner Society and Universal
Brotherhood, and that one of the ob-
jects of Universal Brotherhood is "to
study ancient and modern religion,
science, philosophy, and art; to investi-
gate the laws of nature and the divine
powers in man." Surely a praiseworthy
object, the pursuit of which will take
at least an hour or two a day, even
if the investigator is in robust
health.
The hall was darkened. A portrait of
Wagner with the inscription, "Der
Meister" was thrown upon the screen.
While the small and attentive audience
sat at this, the Preislid was played
in deep feeling behind the screen on
organ and piano. The program
told us that the instruments were
arranged in accordance with the con-
ditions laid down by Wagner, "in fact
the respect was paid Wagner
throughout the entertainment.
Then extracts from the polemical
works of Wagner appeared on the
screen. Some of the letters, and occa-
sionally a short word, fell on Mrs.
Cleather's face, preventing the audience
from obtaining an impartial view of her
personal appearance. She spoke with a
pleasant voice, but with the conviction
of a martyr going to the stake. Her ar-
gument was somewhat as follows:
Wagner was a great poet, as great as
Homer, or Aeschylus. He never wrote
without the accompaniment of
music, so that writing out
the music was merely a mechanical de-
tail. He reformed the opera. He went
back to the Greeks, whose plays were,
in fact, a combination of color and music.
He can be between color and music."
Mrs. Cleather, and so did Newton,
and Goethe, and Hoffmann, and Pere
Gautier, and so on. "He found that
just could affect objects." And then
Mrs. Cleather told a story of a singu-
lar blind tenor, who, whenever he
went to a dinner party in London, sung
to his tumbler until the glass was
empty and to himself just the man for a
great part in any Wagnerian opera.
History is ephemeral and full of sur-
prises. The myth is everlasting
and without detail. Therefore Wagner
created myths for his subjects." Such
I say only, for instance, as the in-
fidelity of Sigmund and
Brangäne. And so on. And so on.
Finally to Act III. of "Die Meister-
singer" behind the screen.
Then Mr. Crump took his turn. He
showed to all reasonably intelligent per-
sons, pointed out a device on an altar
stone, in the theatre of Dionysius,
which, with mystic meaning,
also a badge of the Rosicrucians,
is worn by Parsifal. He then prom-
ised to discuss "the thread-soul" of the
opera later and eulogized Wagner as

they are expected to do, they do it,
and they could not do it otherwise.
Hence there is no frantic appeal, wild
beckoning, excited glare from the leader
when all are before the audience. Mr.
Thomas reminds them; he is there; the
army is eager to follow the general.
Now I do not propose to talk in detail
today about an orchestra that I have
heard only once. There are two more
concerts, and we can all judge more
clearly of merits after another hearing.
I am enough at present to make a few
observations concerning the perform-
ance of last night.
I have never heard in this country
or in Europe so admirably balanced, so
beautifully phrased, so discreetly col-
ored, so thoroughly musical a perform-
ance of Mozart's immortal symphony
as that led by Mr. Thomas last night.
There was an unerring sense of pro-
portion; there was the subordination
of wind to strings, and strings to
wind whenever such subordination was
in the mind of the composer; there was
the fitting, the inevitable, the only pace,
not a matter of experiment, but as
predestinated and sure as the move-
ment of the stars. Nor was there merely
a cold, anatomical, impeccable, peda-
gogic spirit that set a machine a-going
and then stopped it. The spirit that
acted as interpreter was a lover of Mo-
zart, as well as a student of that much-
abused composer; an intelligent, mas-
terly, virile lover, whose strength was
shown in delicacy, whose affection never
descended to sugared compliments, and
airs, and graces.
Equally admirable was the strength
of the reading and the performance of
the "Coriolanus" overture. The au-
stereity of the opening was Roman. The
entrance of the second theme was again
Roman, dignified, not hysterical.
And I confess that the performance
of Strauss's "Don Juan," which was
first played here under Mr. Nikisch in
the fall of 1891, shook mightily the
prejudice I had entertained against
this tone-picture of the career and
meditations of the hero whose life
was spent in search of the ideal woman.
The opening pages of the allegro molto
con brio were taken with great spirit,
with brilliance of sonority and at the
same time with solidity of volume, so
that the effect was electric. And there
were details in this same performance
that should call forth purple praise,
but the night editor is inexorable, and
space is limited.
Mr. Ysaye played a concerto by
Mozart that Jahn does not mention,
and some have doubted—why, it is hard
to say—its genuineness. He first played
it in Brussels, Oct. 24, 1897, just before
he started for this country. The first
movement is the best. In melodic
character, in the ingenuity of develop-
ment, in the richness of polyphony it
is Mozartian in the best sense. Mr.
Ysaye played it superbly. His per-
formance of the greater part of Lalo's
piece was also of a haunting nature.
Recalled imperatively after the latter,
he added to a program, already too
long, by playing portions of a sonata
by Bach for violin alone.
Philip Hale.

A short primer, "When to Lie and How,"
if brought out in an attractive and not too
expensive a form, would no doubt command
a large sale, and would prove of real prac-
tical service to many earnest and deep-
thinking people. Lying for the sake of the
improvement of the young, which is the
basis of home education, still lingers amongst
us, and its advantages are so admirably set
forth in the early books of Plato's Republic
that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them
here. It is a mode of lying for which all
good mothers have peculiar capabilities, but
it is capable of still further development,
and has been sadly overlooked by the School
Board.
We invite the attention of the New
York Sun to this announcement of a
tobacconist in Boston: "The ———
cigar appears in our midst." The said
tobacconist appears to be in robust
health, and if he suffers from this dis-
tressing apparition of nicotine, he suf-
fers heroically, for he makes no out-
ward sign.
To R. E. C. "Pogonotomy" is the sci-
ence of shaving oneself. Mr. Perrot—
Mr. J. J. Perrot—wrote a treatise on
this subject in 1779, and with a fine
sense of humor he added a chapter on
bleeding.
Teeth, Miss Eustacia, are, after all,
a matter of fashion. They are worn
today in this country and in Europe
for the same reason that Moses gave
Aaron when the latter proposed that
they should cut off their noses.
We are reminded of this by the fol-
lowing excerpt from the Daily Messen-
ger, Paris:
Mrs. K—, a once noted Russian beauty,
was lavish of her smiles. One evening, at
some reception in Paris, an English lady
was gazing at her when the late Dr. Evans
came up. "What do you think of her
teeth?" "It was I who provided them,"
said the doctor; "no, I'm not joking." "But
surely they are too transparent to be of
composition?" "They are not of artificial
stuff. I chose teeth from the mouths of 12
Britanny girls to make the set." "Why from
12?" "Because the 12 had the proper num-
ber of faultless teeth. Besides Mrs. K—
is superstitiously orthodox. She wanted her
teeth to be a reminder of the 12 Apostles.
To please her, I inserted a bit of the true
cross in the gold setting."
But why did not Mrs. K. have the
holy relic set boldly in a front tooth?
Some time ago a play actress, who ap-

peared here in one of the Gaiety firms,
that it is the fashion to applaud on ac-
count of their cecily, favor, and
incessantly, displaying two thumbs
firmly set, each in a tooth. The women
of Java were still more highly civilized
when they had their natural teeth pulled
out and replaced by golden imitation,
esteeming the substitutes as more con-
venient and more acquitish.
It is true that teeth are of occasional
advantage, as when the Brazilian
sailor at Gravesend brought down the
flag of our new warship in his teeth,
and, as every healthy schoolboy knows,
a toothless pirate, however honorable
his intentions, would not know how to
carry a knife. On the other hand, what
a detriment are teeth! They encourage
us to eat meat, whereas if we were
obliged to live exclusively on spoon-
food we should be less excitable, less
feverish, more susceptible to spiritual
impressions. Teeth have hindered mar-
riage, not because the male feared a
natural weapon of primeval woman,
but on account of some real or ficti-
tious deformity—as when an Emperor
of the Abyssinians refused, in spite of
his promise, to marry a Princess of
Aden because her teeth were so large
and long; and the Duke of Anjou, ac-
cording to Lardor, was shocked at the
appearance of Queen Elizabeth: "Then
(merry upon us!) those long, narrow,
ferret's teeth, intersecting a face of
such proportions that it is like a pavel
cucumber set on end." But such an
ornamented mouth was not counted dis-
figurement in Thibet or the East Indies,
where women had tusks that would
have delighted a boar.
Let us turn for a moment to a more
pressing matter. We said last Monday
—and we said it boldly—that the best
squash pie to be had in this city is at
the Union Club. Dr. Pangloss in the
Traveler of Tuesday disputed the state-
ment. "Away," he said in a fine burst,
"away with your aristocratic chefs'
dabbling in such provender. The best
squash pie in this or any other town
is to be found at the Press Club, and
it is made by an old-fashioned Yankee
cook, Mrs. Marsh."
We deplore the tone of his answer. We
deplore his arraying classes against each
other. The Union Club is excellent in
that it serves its purpose; the Press
Club is, no doubt, equally excellent and
for the same reason. We object to the
phrase "aristocratic chef," which is ap-
plied in a spirit of invidious discrim-
ination. In the first place, there is no
greater aristocrat than an old-fashioned
Yankee cook, and we bow to Mrs.
Marsh. In the second place, the name
of the maker of squash pies at the
Union Club is not Alcide Mirobolant
with his "Nid de tourteraux à la Rou-
coule" or his "Ambroisie de Calypso à
la la Souveraine de mon Cœur." The
squash-pie maker at the Union Club
was imported at great expense two
years ago from Putney, Vt.; she is of
distinguished ancestry. Col. Ethan Al-
len first used his famous oath when he
tasted a squash pie made by her great-
grandmother. We do not mention her
name from motives of delicacy.
We have received several letters re-
ferring to the question of squash pie.
Here is one from Miss Mehetabel Alvira
Pease: "I will bake squash pies for
\$25 a side and the squash pie cham-
pionship of New England with any
cook the Union Club or any other club
in Boston can put up against me. Con-
ditions, good squash, sensible judges
and a fair show."
Here is another letter: "The best
squash pie to be had in this city is not
at the Union Club. There is good pie
to be had there, no doubt, just as
there is in Pie Alley and at the Hole-in-
the-Wall; but the most satisfying and
most palatable squash pie to be had
in Boston is served at the midnight
socials of the Young Ladies' and Gents'
Amusement Club, which meets in a
small West End club every other Tues-
day. The pie that is eaten there is
made by a colored woman, and is every
bit as good as mother's. Admission
a dime." This note is signed "Syncopated
Sandy." We are inclined to think that
someone is guying us.
mch 24.

THE LAST BETRAYAL.
And I shall lie alone at last,
Clear of the stream that ran so fast,
And feel the flower roots in my hair,
And in my hair— the roots of trees;
Myself wrap in the ungrudging peace
That leaves no pain uncovered anywhere,
What—this hope left? this way not barred?
This last best treasure without guard,
This Heaven free—no prayer to pray?
Fool—are the Rulers of men asleep?
Thou knowest what tears they bade thee
weep.
But when peace comes, 'tis thou wilt sleep,
not they.
How sad the last days of Mr. Peter-
sen Jackson. San Francisco saw Mr.
Jim Jeffries land right and left on Mr.
Jackson's jaw; saw Mr. Jackson
groggly; saw Mr. Jeffries knock Mr.
Jackson against the ropes; saw the said
Mr. Jackson falling helplessly against
the ropes.

As for the lectures, I have been
informed that the program was
informed us that these lectures are
given in Europe and America under
the auspices of the London Wagner
Society and Universal Brotherhood,
and that one of the objects of
Universal Brotherhood is "to study
ancient and modern religion, science,
philosophy, and art; to investigate
the laws of nature and the divine
powers in man." Surely a praiseworthy
object, the pursuit of which will take
at least an hour or two a day, even
if the investigator is in robust
health.
The hall was darkened. A portrait
of Wagner with the inscription, "Der
Meister" was thrown upon the screen.
While the small and attentive audi-
ence sat at this, the Preislid was
played in deep feeling behind the
screen on organ and piano. The pro-
gram told us that the instruments
were arranged in accordance with the
conditions laid down by Wagner, "in
fact the respect was paid Wagner
throughout the entertainment.
Then extracts from the polemical
works of Wagner appeared on the
screen. Some of the letters, and occa-
sionally a short word, fell on Mrs.
Cleather's face, preventing the audi-
ence from obtaining an impartial view
of her personal appearance. She spoke
with a pleasant voice, but with the
conviction of a martyr going to the
stake. Her argument was somewhat
as follows:
Wagner was a great poet, as great as
Homer, or Aeschylus. He never wrote
without the accompaniment of music,
so that writing out the music was
merely a mechanical detail. He re-
formed the opera. He went back to
the Greeks, whose plays were, in fact,
a combination of color and music."
Mrs. Cleather, and so did Newton,
and Goethe, and Hoffmann, and Pere
Gautier, and so on. "He found that
just could affect objects." And then
Mrs. Cleather told a story of a singu-
lar blind tenor, who, whenever he
went to a dinner party in London, sung
to his tumbler until the glass was
empty and to himself just the man for
a great part in any Wagnerian opera.
History is ephemeral and full of sur-
prises. The myth is everlasting and
without detail. Therefore Wagner cre-
ated myths for his subjects." Such
I say only, for instance, as the in-
fidelity of Sigmund and Brangäne.
And so on. And so on. Finally to
Act III. of "Die Meistersinger" be-
hind the screen.
Then Mr. Crump took his turn. He
showed to all reasonably intelligent
persons, pointed out a device on an
altar stone, in the theatre of Dionysius,
which, with mystic meaning, also a
badge of the Rosicrucians, is worn by
Parsifal. He then promised to discuss
"the thread-soul" of the opera later
and eulogized Wagner as

MRS. FISH'S RECITAL.
Mrs. Ernestine Fish gave a song
recital in Association Hall last evening.
Miss Jessie Downer was the pianist.
Mrs. Fish sang songs by Caldara,
Yononochi, Massé von Flietz, Chaminade,
Chadwick, Hastings, Hopkirk, Arne
and Haynes. Miss Downer played two
piano solos.
We presume Caldara was born in
1671, and Yononochi in 1690, but ac-
cording to the program the former
wrote the song sung last evening
when he was 1 year old. The Von
Flietz songs are stupid things,
tresome from any point of view.
Add to this Mrs. Fish's decidedly
poor German, and they were indeed
dull pieces.
Mrs. Fish has a contralto voice of
considerable volume, little resonance
and some beauty. She may please in
a drawing-room among her friends,
but she is not yet prepared to give a
public recital. Her tone production
cannot be justly praised, her enuncia-
tion, especially of German and French,
is indistinct and often meaningless,
her phrasing is not always good, and
she as yet has no control of her upper
tones. She sings at times understand-
ingly, but never with any authority,
although her singing of Haynes's first
ballad was not without style. This
song, and also Hopkirk's ballad, were
marred by a too free use of the portamento.
Miss Downer played the accompani-
ment with considerable taste and
understanding. Her solos do not call
for special mention. They pleased
somewhat, despite some glaring faults.
There was a large audience present,
which applauded everything.
mch 23, 1898

THEODORE THOMAS.
First Concert of the Chicago Or-
chestra Under His Direction in
Music Hall Last Night—Mr.
Ysaye the Soloist.
The program of the first of three
concerts by the Chicago Orchestra,
Theodore Thomas, conductor, given in
Music Hall last evening was as follows:
Symphony, G minor (Koechel 550).....Mozart
Concerto for violin, E-flat (Koechel 268).....Mozart
Cadenza by M. Ysaye.
Overture, "Coriolanus," op. 62.....Beethoven
Poem, "Don Juan," op. 20.....Richard Strauss
Symphonie Espagnole, op. 21.....Lalo
(For violin and orchestra.)
Vorspiel, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Mr. Thomas may well be proud of his
orchestra, and the Chicago Orchestra
may well be proud of its leader.
The hearty and prolonged applause
that greeted him when he appeared on
the stage was only a slight evidence
of the deep affection and respect in
which he is held by the musical public
of this city. Interest in him was not
abated when he gave up visiting Bos-
ton as a conductor. His career has
been watched, his success applauded
by those who recognize what he made
and what he is still making for musical
righteousness in this country. It may
be many years before the history of
music in the United States will be
written. When it is written, the most
prominent, the dominating figure of the
19th century, so far as this country is
concerned will be Theodore Thomas.
The years have frosted his hair, but
his figure is as erect, his bearing as
graceful, his quiet authority as supreme
as when he first visited us. I know of
no conductor who has such despotic
control over his men and at the same
time commands so imperceptibly. His
repose is so absolute that to the care-
less observer the conductor seems al-
most indifferent, but a look at his men
brings forth a nuance when another
would indulge in semaphoric gesture.
The secret of all this is simple: The
men are thoroughly rehearsed before
they appear in public. They know what

What a contrast to the glorious ending of Mr. John Jackson (1739-1845), Gentleman Jackson, "Sole Prop and Ornament of Pugilism," as Tommy Moore called him. For over 30 years, "the most picturesque and commanding figure in the sporting world." In 1786 he beat the terrible Mendoza in 10 and a half minutes. It was he that started the practice of making a purse for the beaten. He commanded the glorious army of pugilists that kept order at the coronation of George IV. In 1830 he was given "a service of plate of the most magnificent description to which all ranks contributed, from the Prince to the prize-fighter." He occupied toward the end of his life a house in Grosvenor Street West, "enjoying the unabated confidence of his old friends." A monument—a couchant lion and a naked athlete (weeping)—shows his resting place in Brompton Cemetery. "A man of character and integrity—polite, agreeable, reputable, a capital talker, a person of tact, energy and charm." Byron wrote to him, loved him, said that his manners were infinitely superior to those of the fellows of his college. (See Henley's elaborate note in the first volume of his edition of Byron's letters). And only last month a cast of his arm exhibited in an auction room in London excited admiration and longing for a return of those glorious days.

We understand—for we have never had the pleasure of meeting him in society—that Mr. Peterson Jackson is a man of strict integrity and easy manners. Alas, that he should have met Mr. Jim Jeffries! Alas, that he

should now be called an "old-timer!" Ichabod! Ichabod! The glory is departed!

The real name of Carolus-Duran, the French portrait-painter who arrived in New York March 21 and was delighted with America and Americans the moment he stepped on the pier, is Charles Auguste Emile Durand.

Oratory is not dead. Mr. Cousins of Iowa in a debate in Congress almost succeeded in getting the words "eagle" and "bugle" in the same sentence.

"Plococosmos," young ladies and gentlemen, is "the whole art of hair dressing" and you can buy Mr. J. Stewart's treatise on the art (1782) for £5.5 shillings, a mere song.

A correspondent asks, "What has become of your friend Dooley?"

Mr. Dooley, the eminent philosopher, is now on the staff of the Chicago Journal. He had time on St. Patrick's Day to watch his friend, Mr. Hennessy, who wore a stove-pipe hat "built on the plans and specifications that appear in the picture of the celebrated Heenan-Sayers fight," a long coat, full in the skirt, "and over his shoulders hung the scarf of the 'Ah-ho-hatch,' that valiant society that has walked as far as from the earth to the sun to prove its devotion to Ireland."

"I'd iv been down with ye," said Mr. Dooley, "if 'twas not for me poor feet. Their marchin' days is over. I've seen th' time whin I cud stand in th' snow at Displainses Shreet an' Adams with me r-right flank r-restin' again Jawn Conley's saloon for hours while th' marshals'd be racin' up an' down givin' orders jus' for th' sake iv givin' thim. 'Close up there, mon! Casey, throw out yer chest. McInerney, put on yer gloves. Dorsey, what's th' matter with ye, that ye have ye'er hat on like a coal scuttle? Hey—hoomph. Wo-a Bili!—this to his hor-rse—'wo-a, petty. Wo-o, dam ye, or I'll get off an' kick ye to death.' Did ye ever see a Patrick's day marshal that didn't have th' devil's own time with his hor-rse? They're something about th' animiles that's out on St. Patrick's Day, that's different from th' others. They don't seem to be anny way iv makin' th' man's movements agree with th' hor-rse's. Whin wan is comin' down th' other is goin' up, an' whin wan is goin' up th' other is comin' down, an' ridin' like holdin' a reserved seat on th' piston-rod iv an engine. But they atk. That's wan thing for thim. They atk. Ye nivir knowed a marshal to be thrown by th' mox' savage hor-rse that ever drew a dump-cart. They stick, an' r-ril it out, though r-ridin' is th' same as sittin' on a roarin' volcano, an' they're sheddin' teeth an' pocket-pieces, an' mislinder buttons in plain view iv th' grace an' th' faculty iv th' collidge. An' that's what makes thim a g-great people."

TWO CONCERTS.

Miss Villa Whitney White's Singing of Brahms's "Beautiful Magelone."—Third of the Vocal Chamber Concerts.

Miss Villa Whitney White, assisted by Miss Mary B. Dillingham, pianist, sang last night in Steinert Hall 13 of

the 15 songs from Ludwig Tieck's cycilus, "The Beautiful Magelone."

These songs of Brahms appeared originally in five parts. The first two are dated 1865, the other three are dated 1868. They were sung in Boston, Dec. 11, 1891, by Mr. Heinrich Meyn in the old Steinert Hall. Mr. Johns was then the pianist, and Mr. Howard Malcolm Ticknor relieved the monotony of the occasion by reading in a delightful manner the story of Peter and his sweetheart.

I say "relieved the monotony," because I then found these songs for the most part characterless and dull. Miss White's performance has not changed this opinion. The quality of her tones was pure and sympathetic. She phrased well her use of the legato was charming in these evil days of spasmodic delivery, and her general musical intelligence was constantly in evidence. I might quarrel with the tempo that she chose for "Wie Schnell verschwindet"—I think the tempo was too slow; and I also think that the beautiful page "Ach, wie bald bin ich der Wonne"—a page that is full of haunting melancholy—was taken at too slow a pace, but she sang it with such genuine expression that the criticism seems almost irrelevant.

The songs are among the weakest ever written by Brahms. Take the very first one; how free it is from any suggestion of youthful yearning for adventure, how absolutely without romantic spirit! The "Ruhe Süßliebchen" that has been highly praised arrests attention simply because there is a more pronounced melody than in the great majority of the songs. If it were found in a collection of tunes by Schubert, or Schumann, or Franz there would be no such cry of wonder and delight. Nor can I easily imagine more utterly incongruous and insufficient music than that put into the mouth of Sullima wooing the stupid, unappreciative Peterkin. No, there is little true musical emotion in this cycilus, there is little true dramatic feeling, there is little spontaneous musical thought. The music came from above the collar-bone of Brahms.

Miss White prefaced her performance by an extravagant eulogy of Brahms as a song-writer. She told the story of the lovers' adventures in simple, effective, and pleasing manner. Would that she had devoted her talents to a more thankful task!

Philip Hale.

VOCAL CHAMBER CONCERT.

The third of the series of Boston-Vocal Chamber concerts was given last evening in Association Hall. The singers were Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich, Miss Julia Heinrich and Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich. Mrs. Isabel Munn-White and Mr. Max Heinrich played the accompaniments. Songs by Schubert, Franz, Schumann, Brahms, Jensen and Brahms's "Ziegenmelde" were sung. There was nothing new on the program. These pieces have been sung time and again. And there is nothing new to say concerning the singers. Miss Heinrich's pure tones were an oasis in a desert of heaving tone production. A simpler, unaffected manner added a little to the pleasure of her singing. Of the other singers it would be a very easy task to find fault, but it would only be a reiteration of past comments. Mr. Max Heinrich's superb, artistic conception of his songs does not always forgive his coarse, untuned tone production, and the same may be said of the other singers, with the exception of Miss Heinrich. There was a good-sized audience and the singers responded graciously to persistent recalls.

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There is an exciting scene at the store occasionally. Yesterday an athletic peasant, in a state of beer, smashed in a counter and emptied two tubs of butter on the floor. His father—a white-haired old man, who was a little boy when the Revolutionary War closed, but who doesn't remember Washington much, came round in the evening and settled for the damages. "My son," he said, "has considerable originality."

A woman died the other day in New York. She was 63 years old. She had worked hard. Her husband died 24 years ago leaving her a little boy. Unable, in spite of all endeavor, to support him, she put him in an asylum. When he was old enough to look out for himself, he went West, and succeeded by his own efforts in getting an education. He is now about to be graduated from a theological seminary, for he proposes to preach the gospel. About a year ago the mother broke down, and she was obliged to go to a poorhouse. Again she tried to earn her living; again she broke down, and she died in the house of a friend.

This is a common story, you say. Yes, but you have not heard the whole of the story. Early this month she applied to her son for aid. He answered that he was unable to send her money. He wrote that he was thinking of marriage. "It may be two or three years, or perhaps longer, before I get married. In the meantime I must provide a home for one who will be my companion in life." And he also wrote this paragraph, which we quote in full:

"You must remember that I had a hard struggle to get my education, and that it has been a hand to mouth struggle with me. I have been many, many times without a dollar in my pocket and did not know where the next was coming from. You must also remember that you never gave me a dollar to secure my course in any college, and I

cannot see how I can owe you much. Of course, I am your son, but a mother that has only been with her child eight years out of twenty-six can have very little claim on that child's support. You left me in homes and asylums till I was determined to dig out for myself, and now, when you have lost me, who is to blame? The only way to keep a child is to have a home and keep him in that home."

Let us pay no attention to the fact that this son is a theological student. Suppose that he is a lawyer, a plumber, or a bunco-steerer. Is there justice in his reasoning? Let us grant that his statement is true. Was he bound by filial duty and respect to sacrifice everything to the support of a mother, who from force of circumstances had seen little of him, had been of no comfort to him in his tender years when he needed advice and sympathy, had not aided him in his ambition? Was he bound by filial duty and respect to prefer an actual mother to a visionary future wife?

Of course there is the immediate answer of the French melodrama: "Ma mère! Ma mère!" And there are shouts of approval from the gallery, and there is sobbing of women, and there is a display of white and soiled handkerchiefs.

Or you may answer as follows: "It was his duty to go to work as soon as he was able to work, and thus support the mother that bore him. A good son is worth more than an unfillal preacher."

Now birth is in many cases an accident. The future of the son, who did not ask to be born, is also largely an accident. If the father had lived, this boy might have had a home, and happiness at home might have centered his affection and interest on his mother. But in this particular case, the boy, to all intents and purposes, was motherless. An asylum was his step-mother, his poverty and loneliness were not comforted by the greatest comfort known to man, his ambition no doubt became selfish, and it grew to mania. He would show the world that he was somebody, after all. He would prove to his mother that he could succeed without her assistance. Meanwhile did he think of her grief—the grief of separation, the keener grief springing from her inability to do for her son what other mothers did for their sons?

Perhaps we are old-fashioned in our beliefs and convictions; we cannot help thinking that it was the duty of this young man to leave all—even the prospect of a parsonage—for the sake of his mother. Perhaps this episode in his life will make him more sympathetic when as a pastor he is called to a house of mourning. Perhaps his future wife will be loved with the greater intensity because there is not even the recollection of a mother as a rival. And yet we envy neither the

fleck nor the wife of this young man. We are inclined to sit in the gallery and applaud the melodramatic son in the French theatre.

It is true that a bad son does not necessarily make a bad husband, that a good husband was not necessarily a good son. There are aggressively good sons who, working in combination with flagrantly estimable mothers, make the lives of wives unendurable. If a man was cold and selfish toward the first woman whom he knew intimately, does not a woman throw dice for happiness when she accepts him as her life companion? And yet how often a wife of coarse physical attractions and plotting mind turns a weak, good natured husband against his mother, poisons his disposition, strangles his better nature in a cunningly contrived caress.

The young man still insists: "I had no mother. She was not able to give me a home. She could support only herself. I was an object of charity as a little boy. Day by day she was farther away from me, I did not know how she looked. It would have seemed an impertinence for me to kiss her, even if I had felt that desire."

A homely tragedy, you may call it a squalid tragedy, but it is played in many houses today. Not long ago a woman deliberately and anxiously contracted pneumonia in this city, that her sons might enjoy the life insurance money that would come to them by her death; for although there was a roof to shelter them all, and enough of simple food, the sons crazed her by the voice of their complaint. They did not like to work. They could not have what other youths of their age enjoyed. They taunted her. At last she gave them all she had.

"If my father is dissolute, wasteful, improvident, or if he is openly dishonorable in the common relations of life, am I bound to respect him or support him because I happen to be his son?

Or if my brother is lazy and a good-for-nothing, should I not resent his leaning on me for support?"

These are general questions that can be answered only with knowledge of the particular instance. Surely they do not bear on this case of the unfortunate mother and her son, the theological student. By the way, what will be the text of his first sermon? The fifth commandment? or "A foolish man despiseth his mother?"

THEODORE THOMAS,

With His Chicago Orchestra, Gave the Second of Three Concerts Last Night in Music Hall—Nordica Sang Arias by Beethoven and Wagner.

The second concert of the Chicago Orchestra, Theodore Thomas, conductor, was given in Music Hall last night. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Suite, No. 3, D major.....Bach
Symphony, No. 2, D major.....Brahms
Scene and Aria, "Ah! Perido".....Beethoven
Bacchanale, "Tannhäuser".....Wagner
Introduction and Closing scene, Isolde's Liebestod.....Wagner

The second concert only strengthened the impression made by the first: Here is an orchestra of which Boston itself might be proud, and here is a conductor that must be ranked among the very first now known to the world.

The Bach suite was nobly played. The reading was eminently sane; it was free from any affectation of prettiness, from any experiment in surprise. The walk of each part was clearly defined, without undue prominence of one with expense to the others. The choice of tempo was always felicitous, and the music made its way irresistibly and naturally.

The feature of the evening was the marvelous performance of the symphony by Brahms. Beautiful as many pages of this work have seemed on former occasions, the composite, total strength, the deep thoughtfulness, the skillfully contrived scheme to which each detail gives beauty and meaning were never realized and appreciated here as they were last night. Such was the apparent spontaneity of the performance that you did not realize at the time the untiring labor in rehearsal that brought about such a glorious result. To present such a work in such a manner to an audience without any show of dry, pedantic explanation (as though the conductor had a body on the dissecting table) proves beyond doubt and peradventure—if all proof were needed—the rare musical intelligence, the firm grasp of Mr. Thomas. And bravely did his men cry out his wishes, of which he reminds them so quietly and gracefully. The players were a part of him; his individuality controlled them; and his individuality seemed that of Brahms. French critics have complained of the "brushwood" in this symphony; it hinders a clear view of the musical background. There was no brushwood in the symphony as it was played last night. Passages that had formerly seemed idle padding or perplexing station in the flow of musical thought are now known to be additional beauties and a part of the support of a great structure.

The Bacchanale, written for the performance of "Tannhäuser," was played with brilliance that was new—flash, hit-or-miss, and with softness that never descended to brutal noise. There was the same sure phrase tempo as in the pieces of Mozart. Beethoven and Brahms that have been played here under Mr. Thomas's direction. In the Prelude to "Tristan" there was one great climax, and the effect it was not frittered away in anticipation. And in the fiercest fortissimo Isolde's scene the mighty tone of the orchestra was still musical and beautiful in its strength.

I propose to speak more in detail of the character of the orchestra Sunday morning; and then not to compare the orchestra with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for such comparisons are to me unnecessary and futile, but to inquire a little into the character of the strings, the wood-wind, and brass, and the manner in which they are used by Mr. Thomas.

Mrs. Nordica declared the recitation "Ah! Perido" with unusual height and dramatic feeling. I have seen, if ever, heard her to such advantage. Later, in the aria that follows the upper tones of her voice sounded comparatively worn and hollow; but her performance as a whole was an eminently creditable one. Recalled by hearty prolonged applause, she sang the trance aria of Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser" with spirit. Her performance of the scene from "Tristan" was splendidly muscular and stentorian. The orchestral accompaniments were of light.

The third and last concert was Saturday afternoon at 2.30. The orchestral numbers will be Beethoven's 5th symphony, César Franck's 3rd symphony, "Le Chasseur maudit" (first time in Boston), and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Nordica will play with the orchestra Rubinstein's D minor piano concerto and solo piano pieces.

Philip Hale.

Pragmatism will annihilate race prejudices, insisting upon the unity of the human mind in the variety of its forms. If we are tempted to make war upon another nation, shall remember that we are seeking to destroy an element of our own culture, and satisfy its most important element. As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular. The chance will, of course, be low, and people will not be conscious of it. They will not say: "We will not war against France because her prose is perfect," it is because the prose of France is perfect they will not hate the land.

Old Chimes was discoursing at the orphrey about the prospect of war. I see that some are alarmed at the approach of the Spanish flotilla; they read torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers. I am more in fear," he said, "of an invasion of Spanish flies this summer. I know that they are a beautiful golden-green, and I remember that Mr. Dowden admired them 'vibrating in the transparent air'; but I am peculiarly sensitive to flies, and I am told that the bite of a Spanish fly is hot and poisonous."

"My niece, Miss Eustacia, took her little cousin to dancing-school the other day," added Old Chimes, "and Professor des Jambes told her that he proposes to start a special class in Spanish dances. He had made out a list: he fandango, and the tango, the vito and the jota—I believe those are the names—oh, yes, and the bolero, the seguidilla, the malagueña, the zarzuela, and the cachucha—Lord, how I wish Fanny Elssler were alive! But my niece, Miss Eustacia, said that Emily should not learn any Spanish dances, that American dances were good enough. The dear girl is patriotic—but the only distinctive American dance I know is the clog. I wonder if anybody has seen a statue-clog dance his year." And then Old Chimes called for a glass of New England rum—the sturdy patriot.

To the Wars I must alas,
Though I do not like the game,
For I hold him to be an Ass,
That will lose his life for Fame;
For these Guns are such pestilent things,
To pat a Pellet in ones Brow;
Four vurlongs off ch've heard some say,
Ch! I kill a Man he knows not how.

Refreshed, Old Chimes suggested a plan to insure pacific legislation. "Senators and Congressmen, President and Cabinet, and all editors of newspapers should be obliged to live for a week on a hopelessly exposed portion of the coast, say at the end of Cape Cod. Here, without a gun, large or small, without man-of-war or cruiser or torpedo boat, they should be obliged to read telegrams announcing hourly the steady approach of the Spanish."

Mr. Kainz, a prominent Hamlet in Germany, eulogizes the performance of Shakespeare's tragedy in Berlin by Mr. Forbes-Robertson's company. "All of us can learn a great deal. . . . Their principal merit is that they make us forget each individual part, and that we only afterwards realize how each has contributed towards the whole. I have a deep impression which no German performance has yet produced upon me, that this is Hamlet as Shakespeare really imagined him. . . . The English have shown us that on the stage the greatest effects are produced by simplicity." Kainz says that all German play-actors misrepresent Polonius, and that Osric is treated on the German stage with punishable ignorance.

Women astonish us as much by their want of originality as they do by their extraordinary powers of assimilation. I am thinking now of the ladies who marry painters, and who, after a few years of married life, exhibit work identical in execution with that of their illustrious husbands—Mrs. D. M. Ward, Madame Fantin-Latour, Mrs. Swan, Mrs. Alma-Tadema. How interesting these households must be! Immediately after breakfast husband and wife sit down at their easels. "Let me mix a tone for you, dear." "I think I should put that up a little higher," etc. In a word, what Manet used to call "la peinture à quatre mains."

The largest sum ever received at a benefit at the Comédie-Française was 41,000 francs. This sum was received at Miss Reichenburg's benefit March 7.

To S. E. B.: Yes, Miss Braddon, the novelist, was once a play-actress. She made her debut when she was 20 years old at Brighton, England, as the Fairy Pine Apple in Planché's burlesque, "The Prince of Happy Land." That season she impersonated 58 characters in five months. "An Old Player," writing to the Era (London) says, "Miss Braddon, when I knew her as Miss Seyton, had a wealth of black hair, and was very statuesque in figure and face."

ABOUT MUSIC.

Characteristics of the Chicago Orchestra.

\$250 Offered for the Best a Capella Composition.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

The full force of the Chicago orchestra is 99 men, or, if you choose to add the organist, Mr. Middelschulte, 100 men.

And they are thus arranged: Fifteen first violins, 15 second violins, 9 violas, 10 cellos, 9 double basses, 2 harps, 3 flutes, 1 piccolo, 3 oboes, 1 English horn, 3 clarinets, 1 bass clarinet, 3 bassoons, 1 double bassoon, 4 horns, 4 tuben, 2 cornets, 2 trumpets, 1 bass trumpet, 3 tenor trombones, 1 bass trombone, 1 bass tuba, 2 kettle drums, 1 small drum, 1 bass drum, 1 cymbals.

The concertmaster is Mr. Leopold Kramer, a Bohemian by birth, who has been concertmaster in Berlin, Amsterdam, Cologne. He, as well as Mr. Bare, the second concertmaster, joined the Chicago orchestra last fall. Mr. Bare is Viennese, a pupil of Hellmesberger and also of Massart. He has been concertmaster, I am told, with Lamoureux and in orchestras at Cologne and Mayence. The other principals are Mr. Kühn, second violin; Mr. Keller, viola; Mr. Stendel, cello; Mr. Beckel, double bass; Mr. Quensel, flute; Mr. Starke, oboe; Mr. Schreurs, clarinet; Mr. Bachmann, bassoon; Mr. de Maré, horn; Mr. Ulrich, trumpet; Mr. Gerhardt, trombone. Mr. Loewe is the first kettle drum. Mr. Edmund Schuecker, brother of Mr. Schuecker of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is the first harp, and Mrs. Wunderle the second.

The strings are of a bling tone rather than sensuous. The cellos are perhaps a little dry. The violins themselves are probably not as fine instruments as the best in the Boston orchestra, and indeed there are few orchestras where so many violins are of fine quality. But the string band in the Chicago orchestra has been so carefully trained that the results in performance are admirable. The uniformity in bowing is a delight to the eye. The attack is a model, and the phrasing of each division is as though it were the work of one thoroughly equipped and temperamental musician.

I confess that Tuesday night I was disappointed in the first flute, but he afterward showed himself competent for the position. The orchestra did not know the hall at first, and it could hardly judge of requisite degrees of force after one rehearsal in an empty chamber. Tuesday night it seemed at times as though the orchestra was feeling its way. Thursday night it played with no greater precision or beauty of phrasing, but with more ease and confidence, as though it were at home.

Now, precision in attacking and releasing chords is often not as marked in brass and wood-wind instruments as it is in strings. This cannot be said of the Chicago orchestra, in which precision is universal. The individual tone of the first clarinet, horn, bassoon and first trumpet is a joy, and the ensemble of wood-wind and brass is as satisfactory as it was in that wonderfully drilled Meiningen orchestra under von Bülow. The brass speaks promptly and chords are sustained as though they were played by a master on organ diapasons. There is a surprising solidity to this rock-bed of brass.

And here I may be pardoned for breaking the rule of not indulging in comparisons; but I cannot refrain from mentioning the excellent playing of the kettle drums and at the same time wondering why Mr. Paur allows the drums in the Symphony Orchestra to be such thoroughly unmusical instruments. There is no orchestra that visits us which does not show that the drummer under Mr. Paur abuses his drums. There are drummers here in town that obtain a more musical tone and have keener ears.

The exceeding merit of Mr. Thomas as a drill master is so indisputable that I shall not waste time in praising the precision of his orchestra. But his drill is not that merely of a military martinet. He is a master of the phrase, as well as a master of rhythm. Take any melodic passage for violins or wood-wind. If the phrase is piano, it is played piano without unmeaning ex-

pression. The beauty of the phrase makes its way without the aid of rhetorical extravagance. And with what Polish and subtlety is the phrase ended! How carefully are crescendos and diminuendos made, and yet with what apparent spontaneity! How clear is the dialogue between instruments! The answer to the question proposed is always in keeping. In the stormiest passages there is the feeling of reserve strength. The repose of this orchestra is never soporific; nor is it ever feverish; it is the repose of intelligence and confidence.

It seems to me that in the accompaniment to Mr. Ysaye's performance of the violin concerto by Mozart the discipline, strength and beauty of this orchestra was shown as clearly as in any purely orchestral selection. And yet this praise is invidious when I recall other accompaniments played here, as that to Beethoven's "Ah! perfido!"

The visit of the Chicago orchestra under Mr. Thomas was an education, as well as a pleasure, to us all. Personally, I could well have spared the presence of any soloist. Admirable as was the performance of Mr. Ysaye, he was too much in evidence at the first concert, although the audience was as greedy as was the violinist. The visit of this orchestra was beneficial to the cause of music. It proved to us that Bach and Mozart are not hopelessly old-fashioned, that Richard Strauss is not merely an extravagant young man. And Mr. Thomas gave an object lesson in the art of conducting that should not be disregarded or speedily forgotten.

When Mr. Ysaye played Mozart's violin concerto in E flat No. 6, at Brussels, Oct. 24, 1897, for the first time in that city and just before his departure for the United States, Mr. Kufferath wrote as follows about the piece:

"Mozart, as everybody knows, wrote in 1775 at the age of 19 a series of five concertos for the violin with accompaniment of strings, flute and oboe." No, Mr. Kufferath, they were written for strings, oboes and two horns. "There are other pieces by him, written by him at this period, 'concertante' for the violin, which he composed at the wish of his father who had taught him the violin and desired earnestly that he would not wholly abandon it. The concerto in E flat is of a much later date and should be assigned probably to the last years of Mozart's life. Otto Jahn does not mention it among the authentic works, and Köchel's catalogue declares it to be a doubtful posthumous work. It is certain that the concerto was not published during the lifetime of Mozart, but it bears his hall-mark, and is indisputably his. Such is the opinion of Gevaert and also that of the editors of the complete edition of Mozart's works published by Breitkopf and Härtel. It is possible that Mozart left it unfinished; some measures of the finale appear to reveal touching-up."

It is true that Jahn speaks only of the five concertos that were written in 1775. These were bound together in a small

gray volume, and Leopold Mozart had written a comprehensive title on the wrapper.

Wolfgang wrote them undoubtedly at Salzburg for his own use. For he was an accomplished violin virtuoso, as well as pianist. The father, a severe judge, wrote to him in 1777: "You yourself do not know how well you play the violin."

.. You might be the first violinist in Europe." This was in answer to a letter from Wolfgang in Munich, in which he said: "I played as though I were the greatest fiddler in Europe." Brunetti, young Mozart's rival as a violinist in Salzburg, praised him to the skies and played his concertos. We find Mozart writing in 1777 about his own playing of a concerto in Augsburg: "It went like oil. All praised the beautiful, pure tone."

But where did Kufferath learn that Köchel regarded the concerto in E flat, No. 6, as a doubtful posthumous work?

Köchel in his Catalogue numbers this work 268, and puts it among the authentic compositions. He gives the probable date as 1775. There is no autographic copy of the concerto known.

There are few choirs that do not know Kotschmar's Te Deum. A correspondent writes:

"Mr. Hermann Kotschmar, after 47 consecutive years of service as organist and director of music at the First Unitarian Church, Portland, Me., has resigned his position and accepted a similar position at the State Street Congregational Church in Portland. He will begin his work the first Sunday in April. He still holds his position as conductor of the Haydn Choral Society which he has filled for 25 years, to the great satisfaction of the members and to the advantage of choral music in the town."

Forty-seven years of service as organist of one church is indeed a noteworthy term. Edward John Hopkins who a short time ago resigned his position as organist to the "Honorable Societies of the Temple," London, served nearly 55 consecutive years, for he was appointed in October, 1813.

Philip Hale.

ATTENTION, COMPOSERS

The Musical Art Society of New York in pursuance of its aim to foster a taste for what is purest and best in "opera-pella," choral music, desires not only to give adequate performance of the masterpieces of this character already extant, but also to encourage further development of this field.

The society therefore offers a prize, given by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Luther McCagg, and which it is proposed to make an annual one, of \$250 for the best composition for mixed voices, unaccompanied. The first competition is offered on the following conditions:

1—Any one may compete who has been for the past five years or longer a resident of the United States or Canada.

2—The work shall be set to sacred words, Latin or English, for a chorus of about 50 voices.

3—The time of performance should not exceed 15 minutes.

4—The compositions offered will be submitted to the three following judges, and should be addressed to the President of the society, Dr. Fred B. Hyde, 30 West Fifty-third Street, New York: George W. Chadwick, Asger Hamerik, The conductor of the Musical Art Society.

5—The name of the composer is not to appear, and the composition must bear a suitable motto. A sealed envelope containing the composer's name and address, and bearing on the outside the same motto and a return address, must accompany the manuscript. Only the envelope bearing the motto of the successful composition will be opened.

6—The composition receiving the prize will be performed by the Musical Art Society during the season in which the award is made.

7—The composer is to retain all rights, of whatsoever description, in his work, except that the Musical Art Society reserves to itself the right of first production.

8—The strictest anonymity will be observed as regards all competitors, and only the name of the successful composer will be made public.

9—The jury reserves to itself the right to reject all compositions offered, if none came up to the standard set by the aims of the society. A partial list of the works already performed by the society will be found in this circular.

10—All competing compositions must be in the hands of the President before Sept. 1, 1898.

11—All manuscripts will be held at the disposal of the composer after the award has been made.

It is proposed to offer this prize, with the same restrictions as to residence, for a work set to secular words, English or German, in 1899; and to offer it without any restrictions as to nationality or language in 1900.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The review of the concert of yesterday is in the news-section.

Van Dyck, the tenor, said good-by to the Vienna opera in "Manon."

Rubinstein's "Demon," revived at Dresden, has drawn large audiences this season.

Eugène Ritt, once director of the Paris Opéra in company with Mr. Gailhard, died in Paris March 11.

Miss Marguerite Hall will sing next

season in the choir of the South Reformed Church, New York.

Mr. W. F. Appthorp will lecture on "Musical Criticism" in Steinert Hall Thursday afternoon, April 14.

Saturday evening in Music Hall, at 8 o'clock, the twentieth Symphony concert. Program as on Friday afternoon.

Pupils of Mrs. Maas-Tapper will give a recital in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon, April 5. Mr. Mahr and Mr. Schulz will assist.

César Franck's symphonic poem "Les Éolides" was played for the first time in New York March 16 by Thomas's Orchestra.

A symphony in A minor by Ratz director of the Conservatory and Popular Concerts at Lille, was warmly applauded there.

"The Gondoliers" is now in rehearsal at the Savoy, London. Rosina Brandam will take her original part, the Duchess of Plaza Toro.

A string quartet by Julius Klengel was performed for the first time in this country at New York March 9 by the Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hané Club.

Henry Huss's dramatic aria, "Cleopatra," with orchestra, will be sung by Clementine de Vere at a Philharmonic concert (N. Y.) April 1.

The Imperial Court has decided in favor of Alvary, who, injured at a rehearsal of "Die Walküre" at Mannheim, sued the Intendant of the theatre for \$7493.

"Little Miss Nobody," a two-act comedy by H. Graham, with music by Arthur E. Godfrey, had a copyright production at Cheltenham, England, March 5.

A suite for strings by Victor Herbert was played at a Royal Academy concert in London Feb. 28, and one critic observed that it "had really fresh and ingenious ideas."

Wednesday evening in Association Hall, at 8.15, the fourth of the Vocal Chamber Concerts will be given. The Fidelio Society, led by Dr. Kelterborn, will sing ecclesiastical music.

Friday afternoon in Music Hall, at 2.30, twentieth public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra. Haydn's symphony No. 2 in D major, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Beethoven's eighth symphony.

It is said that Mr. Evan Williams, tenor, will leave the Marble Collegiate Church May 1, in spite of the offer of \$2100 a year, three months' vacation and one Sunday off each of the other nine months.

A musical comedietta, "The Wrangler," words by Seymour M. Elwell, music by Ellaline Terriss, was presented at the Duke of York's Theatre, 4, Ebel Sydney, James R. Rely, were the comedians. The first act at Oxford, dressed in military uniforms, singing to call on

Christian bibliography; and when you go back to the period of the men who really felt its meaning, understood its significance, feared its prophecy, and trembled before its awfulness, you find that they did actually evolve a musical setting which is of the highest musical value, but because it is the exact expression of their emotions that it is not in the temple that the ultra-rational musician turns from it in disgust because it is too little complex, too unmanipulated, too untouched by

I heard Mr. Hofmann yesterday for the first time, and therefore I am debarred from the pleasure of comparing the infant phenomenon with the young man, or of indulging in reminiscences.

Since Mr. Hofmann will give Monday afternoon a concert that will test fully his abilities, I prefer to postpone de-

And through all this his fat, gro
o'd father and his thin, acrid-vo
Step-mother snore in unity!

A BOY PRODIGY GROWN UP.

JOSEF HOFMANN.

By M. de Blois. P. H. MCH 27

Many remember the sensation which often accompanies early development of the brain. He was in looks a bright, healthy, strong, normal boy, with sturdy legs and arms. When he conducted the Beethoven concerto a thunder of applause swept through the house. Many people leaped to their feet. Men shouted 'Bravo!' and women waved their handkerchiefs. Pianists of repute were moved almost to tears. Some wiped the moisture



JOSEF HOFMANN.

As he was when he first played in this country, ten years ago (Photograph by Sarony Photo-Publishing Co., New York.)

man said to Mr. Gerry, "It is sad to see Hofmann thus hurried to physical and mental ruin. You get him off the stage, arrange with his parents to have him returned to his home, where he can regain his health, and put under the care of Rubinstein, who taught him until death put an end to his instruction. Hofmann reappeared in May, 1891, when he was "called" an artist, and no longer a prodigy. His first re-



JOSEF HOFMANN OF TODAY.

health; then give him the best musical instruction that can be obtained, New York with Theodore Thomas's orchestra March 1, when his playing of Rubinstein's D minor concerto recalled the great pianist-composer carried out. He was nursed back to himself to the audience.

hopin. Mr. Henderson thus described him:

"Josef Hofmann is a little over ten years of age. He appeared on the stage last evening in a blue and gray striped sailor shirt, knee breeches, and stockings, and looked, if anything, younger than he is. The audience was plainly surprised at his appearance, and a general exclamation resulted. The little fellow surprised many in another way. He had none of the attenuated physical ap-

pearance which often accompanies early development of the brain. He was in looks a bright, healthy, strong, normal boy, with sturdy legs and arms. When he conducted the Beethoven concerto a thunder of applause swept through the house. Many people leaped to their feet. Men shouted 'Bravo!' and women waved their handkerchiefs. Pianists of repute were moved almost to tears. Some wiped the moisture

from their eyes. The child had astonished the assembly. He was a marvel." Hofmann, it will be remembered, was born at Cracow, June 20, 1877. Mr. Gerry, representing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children finally insisted on the withdrawal of the boy from the stage. There was a wild outcry, but the Mayor supported Mr. Gerry, and the performances, public and private, were stopped in this country. A rich

"Dorothy" at the Grand Opera House.

Enthusiastic Reception of Clara Lane and Mr. Murray.

Josef Hofmann's Recital—Boston String Quartet.

The Boston Lyric Company under the management of Col. W. A. Thompson began last night an engagement of eight weeks at the Grand Opera House, with a performance of Celler's tuneful operetta "Dorothy." Mr. W. F. Glover was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Dorothy Bantam.....Clara Lane
Lydia Hawthorne.....Hattie Ladd
Mrs. Privett.....Hattie Arnold
Phyllis.....Margaret Sayre
Lady Betty.....Gertrude Clarke
Geoffrey Wilder.....Ritchie Lang
Harry Sherwood.....J. K. Murray
Lurcher.....Milton Aborn
Squire Bantam.....W. H. Clarke
Farmer Tuppit.....Richard Jones
Tom Strutt.....J. S. Murray

It will be seen by a glance at the cast that the prominent members of this company were favorites at the Castle Square Theatre when opera and operetta were given there. These singers have been missed sadly by many music lovers, and the welcome given them by an audience that crowded the Grand Opera House was remarkable for its spontaneity, honesty, and heartiness. Each member of the old company was applauded loudly when he or she made the first entrance, and after the first act there were flowers and curtain calls. Nor did the enthusiasm subside until Miss Lane and Mr. Murray had separately acknowledged calls. Miss Lane looked her prettiest and said nothing. Mr. Murray made a short speech. He said that they were all delighted to be back in Boston; that they had often thought of their home when they were singing in Western cities; he even dropped into poetry, after the fashion of Mr. Wegg:

"In Omaha, or Denver, or wherever we may roam,
There's no place like home."

and he closed with the expression of the wish that another season, the company might be here in "permanent opera," for which he was again cheered. All in all the reception of these favorite singers was the feature of the evening; and the reception was not only a proof of the affection in which the members of the old Castle Square Company are held by the Boston public; it was significant of the earnest desire of many to have established opera at reasonable prices.

Miss Lane was in good voice, and after she had subdued the natural emotion provoked by the heartiness of her reception she acted with her familiar spirit and pert coquetry. It may be said of all the members of the company that they did all that was within their power to make the pretty operetta pleasing to their friends. Unfortunately the performance was not a smooth one. The orchestra more than once made a sad mess of its task and hampered thereby the singers. The curtain was late in rising, and the waits were interminably long. These were the misfortunes, no doubt, of a first night, and they will not probably be repeated. The chorus was large and the volume of tone was sonorous.

"Dorothy" will be given the remaining evenings of the week and at the Thursday and Saturday matinees. The repertory will be as follows: Next week: "Il Trovatore"; week of April 11, "Erminie"; week of April 18, "Chimes of Normandy"; week of April 25, "Faust"; week of May 2, "Bohemian Girl"; week of May 9, "Carmen"; week of May 16, "Fra Diavolo" and "Maritana."

Philip Hale.

JOSEF HOFMANN.

The program of Mr. Hofmann's first piano recital yesterday afternoon in Music Hall was as follows:

Prelude and fugue.....Bach
Soprano, op. 10.....Beethoven
Three songs without words.....Mendelssohn
A minor, A-flat major, C major.
Variations and fugue (on original theme) J. Hofmann
(a) Nocturne, E major.....Chopin
(b) Three preludes.....Chopin
(c) G major, B major, E-flat major.
(d) Polonaise, A-flat major.....Chopin
(e) Margaret at the Spinning Wheel.....Schubert-Liszt
(f) Erl King.....Schubert-Liszt
(g) Barcarole, A minor.....Rubinstein
(h) Zigeunerweisen.....Tausig

The prelude and fugue by Bach were the organ prelude and fugue in D major, which show the great influence exercised over Bach by Buxtehude. They are not to be ranked among the masterpieces of this composer, and the advisability of such transcriptions in gen-

eral may well be questioned. Bach wrote many piano pieces, and it would be a pleasure to hear some of them.

Mr. Hofmann, as a pianist, played with greater freedom and spirit than on last Saturday at the Thomas concert. His technical display was brilliant, and in such pieces as the third of the chosen Songs Without Words by Mendelssohn, the third of the chosen preludes of Chopin, and the arrangement of the Erl King his right to be ranked as a leading pianist was at once cheerfully acknowledged. So, too, his performance of Bach's Prelude and Fugue and his own Variations and Fugue—which show respectable workmanship rather than any marked individuality of thought or expression—was admirable. The piece by Bach was played without affectation of nuance, and in solid, virile, truly rhythmic fashion.

And now arises a perplexing problem. This young man, who justly commands respect and admiration as a pianist, often disappoints as an interpreter. Not that he is dry and rigid, purely mechanical; for he is at times a colorist, and he knows how to make tonal gradations effective. But when he should sing a melody, he does not sing it. There is the effort; there is the thought of mighty preparation and serious attempt; but there is no melodic spontaneity. This was seen clearly in his endeavor to sing on the piano Schubert's Margaret at the Spinning Wheel. You would not tolerate a singer who played such havoc with this pathetic and romantic tune. And in the Nocturne of Chopin as well as in the Prelude in B major, there was the same absence of imaginative, poetic spirit. When Mr. Hofmann tries hard to play with sentiment, he either becomes sentimental, or his melody sticks, falters, or it is stiff and formal. His delivery of the Polonaise of Chopin was labored; you at once remembered the peculiar and trying difficulties of the piece. To me it was a matter of indifference whether he played the Sonata by Beethoven well or poorly, for there is no reason why this Sonata should be played in public. At times he succeeded in making certain passages interesting, but for the most part the attention of the hearer wandered.

Mr. Hofmann is happiest and most at his ease when he plays pieces that demand chiefly grace, delicacy, elegance. He has devoted years to technique. It might be well for him now to consider interpretation—and first of all to study the art of singing, to cultivate a moving legato. We are no longer staggered or dazzled by mere brute strength or brilliance. Song is indispensable; it is to be coveted greedily; it is to be toiled after, as some men toil after virtue.

There was a good-sized and enthusiastic audience. And there were many

...they were not content with the...
Mr. Hahn will give two recitals in Music Hall, Thursday, April 21, at 2 P. M. and Saturday, April 23, at 2 P. M. Reserved seats are now on sale.

Philip Hale.

BOSTON STRING QUARTET.

The Boston String Quartet gave its third concert last evening in Association Hall. The quartet was assisted by Mrs. Edward B. Hill, pianist. The program was as follows: Quartet, A major; opus 8, Kahn; sonata for cello and piano, A major, opus 36, Grieg; quartet, No. 1, B flat, Cherubini.

Kahn's music has been heard here before, so extended comment on the composer and his works is uncalled for at this time. Whatever may be said of the remainder of his chamber music,

is a major quartet, heard last evening, cannot be justly praised from any point of view. It is impossible to singulate any particular movement as being of more interest than another. The work, in any way you may take it, is a varied, dull, uninteresting piece of writing as may be found in the whole catalogue of tiresome compositions. Fault may easily be found with the manner in which it was played. The Cherubini quartet was played much better, and the beauties of the scherzo and the latter part of the larghetto were clearly brought out, and, with the finale, were delightfully played. The first movement still remains decidedly uninteresting.

Mr. Hill is a young man with a commendable touch, and fluent technique, who plays in a most academic, mechanical fashion, and labors under the disadvantage of a poor stage presence. The Grieg sonata calls for more from the pianist than this young man was able to give, both in style and finish, as well as from a purely technical standpoint, and the excellent playing of Mr. Barth did not by any means lift the rendering of the sonata above the grade of mediocrity.

There was a very small audience.

Do you think that Greek art ever tells us what the Greek people were like? Do you believe that the Athenian women were like the stately, dignified figures of the Parthenon frieze, or like those marvelous goddesses who sat in the triangular pediments of the same building? If you judge from the art, they certainly were so. But read an authority, like Aristophanes, for instance. You will find that the Athenian ladies faced lightly, wore high-heeled shoes, dyed their hair yellow, painted and rouged their faces, and were exactly like any silly, fashionable or fallen creature of our own day. The fact is that we look back on the ages entirely through the medium of Art, and Art, very fortunately, has never once told us the truth.

Lady Isabel Burton once said of Sir Richard that a man as known to his friends is not the husband known to the wife. We shall not attempt to determine which of these phases of the same man may be the finer or the more profitable to the world. We were reminded of Lady Burton's trite remark by the statement that Léon Daudet is writing an analytical account of his father, "which will give to posterity a truer idea of the real man than any number of biographical portraits could do." "Because," says Mr. Daudet, "my father was my best friend, my most trusted counselor."

There is no doubt of the tender relations that existed between Daudet and his son, but do such relations necessarily fit a biographer for his task? There are few fathers who do not wish to be heroes in the sight of their sons, however indifferent they may be to the scrupulous of the traditional valet. When young Whackabout tells tales of college life to the adoring mother and the doting sisters, does not his sire throw out his chest and interrupt the sprig with "Henny, my son, in my time"—and what an accent is thrown on "my"—you would suppose it had been the one period in the world when life was brave and desirable—a period that would have been marked by Pericles, or Elizabeth of England, or The Grand Monarch, or Goethe, or The Magnificent Medici. For old Whackabout fears lest he be regarded as a back-number. Many a father in the presence of his son is a pompous liar.

Is it possible for a son to write a scintillatingly honest life of his father? Suppose the latter, a man of many admirable qualities, was at times peevish, irritable, fretful, over the mutton and potatoes, selfish in allowing his wife to play the slave? The son may have been blind to all this. If he saw the disagreeable side, is it probable that he will coolly chronicle the petty faults? And yet these faults often make the more disagreeable than if they were not.

Young Daudet represents his father as a writer, on the subject of the disappearance of 1476 the book of which only an unimpaired would be capable. "Souls are elevated by such a tale. A war-

like country like ours requires to listen to the clarion of victory." Now, is this the rhetoric of Alphonse de Leon? Did his father never speak by the hearth unless he were dressed in his writing robes?

There's a keen and grim old huntsman
On a horse as white as snow;
Sometimes he is very swift
And sometimes he is slow.
But he never is at fault,
For he always hunts at view,
And he rides without a halt
After you.

The huntsman's name is Death,
His horse's name is Time;
He is coming, he is coming
As I sit and write this rhyme;
He is coming, he is coming
As you read the rhyme I write,
You can hear his hoof's low drumming
Day and night.

"Sig. Perugini, finding his name in smaller type on the posters, threatened to resign his post." This statement alone will assure the antiquarian of 1933 that the said Perugini was a tenor.

We call the attention of advertisers to the chaste circular of a man in a little town of New York State:

The Liberty Bell
Rings
North & South.

Come & see the low cut rates offered.
All Work Done With
Push Vim & Enterprise.

"If I rest I rust," says the Key.
A Married Dude is most generally subdued. Not so with me. Give me a trial for I will never be subdued until you give me your Jobbing. You will probably think it the same old game but you will be

Silenced.....With.....Conviction.
The homes of business men made happy if they have their work done here.

A London second-hand book dealer offers the first edition of Whitman's Leaves of Grass for a little over \$75. The author's signature is on the title page. A copy in sound condition, without autograph, was sold lately in Boston for \$22.

Today is a thought, a fear is tomorrow,
And yesterday is our sin and our sorrow;
And life is a death,
Where the body's the tomb,
And the pale sweet breath
Is buried alive in its hideous gloom.
Then waste no tear,
For we are the dead; the living are here,
In the stealing earth, and the heavy bier.
Death lives but an instant, and is but a sigh,
And his son is unnamed immortality,
Whose being is thine. Dear ghost, so to die
Is to live,—and life is a worthless lie.—
Then we weep for ourselves, and wish thee
good-bye.

The death of Anton Seidl may be called tragic by some on account of its suddenness—for the petition of the Litany, praying delivery from battle and murder, and from sudden death, is still in the mouths of many who do not know the historical significance of the prayer or that "sudden" may here mean "violent." And yet how few deaths there are that are not tragic!

The death of Mr. Seidl is tragic in the irony of the attending circumstances. He was named for the position of conductor of a long-proposed permanent orchestra. He was to lead opera on a grand scale in London and New York. He ate his luncheon Monday in peace; he was in the prime of life; he was not distracted by thought of penury or lack of appreciation. But, as in the Hebrew story, there was death in the pot.

Mr. Seidl, during his career in this country, suffered from the extravagant eulogues of frenzied friends rather than from adverse criticism. He was an admirable conductor of the operas of Wagner. His friends were not content with this statement. They insisted that he was the one great conductor of these works. They raised the cry, "There is but one god, Wagner, and Seidl is his prophet." When Mr. Seidl conducted other operas he was often careless or hopelessly wrong. As in his leading of purely orchestral works, so in opera—his success depended wholly on whether he was interested in his task; and it must be confessed that he was often apparently bored. When he was thoroughly sympathetic, he was great in his interpretation and his magnetism. He was a conductor of brilliant occasions rather than of a steady, highly respectable average.

It must not be forgotten that the orchestral material with which he was concerned in New York was not equal to that in the hands of Mr. Paur or Mr. Thomas. The conditions that govern an orchestra in New York no doubt hampered and vexed him. No wonder that he was provoked into taking a gloomy view of the state of music in the metropolis. No wonder that, discouraged, he was sometimes perfunctory or indifferent in the discharge of his duty.

Mr. Seidl was a picturesque figure, a man of liberal reading, strong views, entertaining conversation—that is, when he would talk. His death will be a serious loss to music in New York, and the choice of a successor may have a direct bearing on the future of orchestral music in this city; for Mr. Paur, whose contract expires next month, does not know whether he will be the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season. If Mr. Felix Weingartner should be invited to New York, the future conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would have a dangerous rival; for wherever Mr. Weingartner conducts, enthusiasm is high—witness his great success in Paris within the last 30 days.

It deserves to be remarked that it wouldn't be a genuine Boston statue unless fault was found with the inscription thereon. We always do that when a statue is erected in Boston. It's a part of our religion.—Boston Herald.

The kicking is not aimed solely at the inscriptions. The statues of Boston remind us of Mr. George Moore's remarks concerning the statues of London: "And this disgraceful thing will remain,"—Mr. Moore is speaking of Boehm's Duke of Wellington—"disfiguring the finest site in London, until, perhaps, some dynamiter blows the thing up, ostensibly to serve the cause of Ireland, but really in the interests of art." * * * The question is not so much how to get good statues, but how to protect London against bad statues. If for the next twenty-five years we might celebrate the memory of each great man by the destruction of a statue we might undo a great part of the mischief for which Royalty is mainly responsible."

Will the warmest Anglo-American friendliness include the acceptance of Mr. Alfred Austin, as a poet—not a common poet—like the young idiot described by Artemus Ward, who wrote verses, "about the Roses as growases, and the Breezes as blowases"—but a "Boss Poit."

Wednesday morning at the Tulleries, at 11 o'clock, Miss Ethel Kendall Grimston, assisted by Stephen Townsend, T. Handasyd Cabot, Edward B. Hill and Miss Downer, will give a recital. Miss Grimston will sing an aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," songs by Meyer-Helmund, Massenet, and de Lara, and with Mr. Townsend a duet from "Cavalleria Rusticana." The program will include songs by Messrs. Atherton and Hill, which will be accompanied by the composers.

As a rule, the larger the Simiad, the less sprightly it becomes; and those most approaching man are usually the tamest and the most melancholy—perhaps, their spirits are permanently affected by their narrow escape.

The elevator stops suddenly: The negro is for a moment sickly gray. A voice is heard below: "Don't try to get out!" How can you get out? The car is between two landings. You are behind a grill. The rumor of an accident runs through the building. Clerks and customers hasten to look at you in your cage. They laugh; they ask you if you are in a hurry; if you should like to order your dinner; you are surprised that they do not poke you with a stick, and then you remember that you are fortunately out of reach. You feel tempted to scratch yourself, to jump up and down in impotent rage, to make faces at the amused observers. Somebody below keeps saying, "Don't be afraid; there's no danger," and you resent this suspicion of timidity. The minutes go by, and you are still caged, helpless. Where now are your high thoughts and brave ambitions? What advantage have you over your despised brother, the ape? At last there is an effort to free you. The car is raised slowly, inch by inch. The landing is just above you; but the door is opened and you are hauled into freedom by those who are inclined strongly to let you drop back into the cage. Then you go home and play the hero. Yes, you say at table, "I shall never forget the first sensation. If the car had dropped it would have finished me. But I was cool, I never lost my nerve," and you throw out your chest and breathe hard. Your wife chokes, and begs you never to trust an elevator again. Little Amy bursts into a wall. But Henry, who is a forward boy, laughs coarsely, and says, "I wish I had been there. Dad must have been a sight."

Have you any just conception of the number of female smokers in England? Miss Vance, "the enterprising originator of the idea of railway carriages for women smokers," declares that she has received one hundred and fifty letters from fellow sufferers. A girl writes, "We will bring all our girl friends forward to help you, as they, as well as

ourselves, are forced to go out to smoke anywhere out of sight." Another writes, "We women are bound to have it acknowledged sooner or later that we smoke." A man says, "Will you kindly do what you can to get your sex to take their hats off at the theatre, and they can smoke or do anything else they like." And here is a letter from a "typical worker": "All women workers will thank you for your letter. During three years of late night work I found smoking invaluable, and now I would not think of doing without it. Could we not start a women smoker's club? I am too busy myself to undertake much, but if another woman will be Secretary, I think a league might be formed to write to the railway companies, and to pledge themselves to smoke out of doors."

And as a sign of the times, mark the speech of Isabel Strange, one of the two women in La Gallienne's new novel, "The Romance of Zion Chapel"; "It is very sweet of you,—Jenny, I had almost said—* * * I wonder if Mr. Londonderry is modern enough to allow ladies to smoke in his study." And thus it comes out that Jenny often smoked there!

This is no new thing in England. Tobacco was smoked by women of education and good breeding in the time of Charles II. Prynne (1633) says that it was usual to offer tobacco-pipes to ladies at the theatres. Joëvin de Rochefort whose travels in England were published in 1672, says, "The supper being finished, they set on the table half a dozen pipes and a packet of tobacco for smoking, which is a general custom, as well among women as men." Moll Cutpurse, whom Mr. Whibley calls "the most illustrious woman of an illustrious age,"—she was born four years after the defeat of the Armada—was the first of English women to smoke tobacco. "Many was the pound of best Virginian that she bought of Mistress Gallipot, and the pipe, with monkey, dog and eagle, is her constant emblem."

It is a common belief that Spanish women are constant smokers. Mr. Beatty Kingston says that this is not so. "Cuban creoles, and women of Spanish extraction in South America, blow, or rather inhale, their 'baecy' as freely as may be; but the home-bred daughter of Iberia is as abstinent in the matter of smoke as she is ravenous in that of garlic." Mr. Sala was amused in Havana by a woman at an oriel window who pulled all day at an ambascadores, "a kind of cigar which you hesitate about consuming habitually unless your income exceeds £15,000 a year." In each of these cigars there is steady smoking for at least 45 minutes.

Our esteemed friend, Mrs. Chant, once declared that the coming woman will not smoke "because she will think too much of her appearance." The argument does not stand the test of history. Look over the plates of fashions for two centuries; or look about you today: you will find women willing, eager to be guys, in obedience to decrees of fashion. If women must smoke, let them return to the practice of godly old ladies who died long ago in New England. If they must smoke, let them choose pipes or cigars. A church-warden in the mouth of a wife may prevent idle chattering in the privacy of home or discourage connubial squabbling.

Are you surprised because there is "a delicate hint of a romance" in Frances Willard's book? There are few women, even among the vinegar-faced, or the blue-eyed and bleary, who have not at least one romantic episode to muse over.

Why don't women publish volumes of their letters, as men collect their scattered essays? There is no writing in the world more immediately, conqueringly personal than a really clever woman's letters; and they are not always compromising.

VOCAL CHAMBER CONCERT.

The fourth of the Vocal Chamber Concerts was given in Association Hall last evening by the German Choral Society, the Fidele, conducted by Dr. Louis Kelterborn. The chorus, which is now in its twelfth year, sang a Christmas song by Michael Praetorius, Palestrina's "Tu es Petrus," Michael Haydn's "Tenebrae factae sunt," Joseph Haydn's "Du bist, dem Ruhm," Schubert's 23d Psalm, Beethoven's "Die Ehre Gottes," Hauptmann's "Salve Regina," Huber's Ave Maria for female voices and tenor solo, three of Brahms's Marienlieder, and a choral from Bach's Passion Music, according to St. Matthew, "Befehl du deine Wege." Mr. William Heinrich sang the solo in Huber's piece and a Recitative and Aria from Méhul's "Joseph in Egypt." There was a good sized and appreciative audience. The fifth concert will be given April 6th by Miss Marguerite Hall, assisted by Mr. Victor Harris.

1st Concert of the Ondricek-Schulz String Quartet in Steinert Hall Last Night—Mr. Baermann, Pianist, Assisted.

The program was as follows:
1st. 1st flat major.....Dittersdorf
2nd. 1st flat major.....Beethoven
3rd. 1st flat major.....Dvorak
Of these pieces the Quintet by Dvorak is probably the least familiar. It was performed here by Mr. Howard F. and the Kniesel Quartet, April 1891. It is plausible music, with melody—I use the word in the old-fashioned sense—themes and alluring rhythms; but I doubt if it will be ranked among the best of the Bohemian's chamber works. It sounds as though it were made easily, and each movement might have been lengthened without apparent injury to any determined plan. Yet there are easy strains, especially in the first movement. The Quintet was played con amore.
The feature of the Trio is a wonderful passage in the third movement. Long ago Reichardt wrote about this in a letter from Vienna. The last day of December, 1808, he wrote of music at a house of the fascinating Countess Adolph, to whom Beethoven dedicated op. 70 Nos. 1 and 2, as follows: "Beethoven played in masterly fashion, though he was inspired, new trios which he has just finished. In one of them is the most heavenly cantabile in my four times. A flat major, that I have heard, the loveliest, most graceful I ever heard, and as often as I think of it my soul is moved and melted." Nearly ninety years ago were these words written, and the effect of his music is still the same. If it were not for this allegretto, the trio would be hardly worth the playing.
The Quartet by Dittersdorf is well known to frequenters of the Kniesel Quartet. It is a charming work, frank, spontaneous, with gipsy feeling in the middle. It was played with finesse as well as abandon.
The Quartet, which is now made up of Messrs. Ondricek, Flumara, Zahn and Schulz may well be congratulated on its success last night. Such a performance in the youth of a Quartet is well for the future; for a string quartet is, like unto confidence, a plant of slow growth. The proficiency already attained is surprising. Mr. Baermann played in solid, substantial fashion, and the ensemble was generally good. There was an applause audience.

Philip Hale.

Even the dying have to go on living, and must be treated like living folks—for a little while longer. You read to them, talk to them, gossip about neighbors—they are going to die, and yet they are interested in Mrs. Smith's new baby—you laugh together over the jokes in the newspapers, and then suddenly the heel of your thoughts goes tolling: They are going to die—have you forgotten they are going to die? Think! there is so much to say before they go—O, think of it! Miss nothing, watch their faces every moment of the day—for soon you shall torture yourself in vain to remember just that curve of the mouth, that droop of the chin. Ask them everything now—tell them all—say not—take farewell of that voice, that laugh, those living eyes—for they are going to die.

The wildly bellicose of this great and glorious Republic should turn their attention for a moment to the pitiable case of Miss Lona Barrison—she has sisters—who, it appears, is in danger of expulsion from Germany. This is the crowning insult! Germany has scoffed at our pork; she has laughed to scorn our dried apples; and now she points out to Miss Barrison the nearest frontier. Great Scott! And shall all this go unavenged? What does the Tireless Bicycle Club of Bloody Creek say to this? Do we not hear the patriotic voice of Col. Zenas S. T. Pratt of "Hattsville shouting "To arms!"?

This is not the first time that there has been international dispute over a dancer. Remember the story of Frederick the Great, and the Barbarina, the peerless dancer, who, as some say, was the only woman the King ever loved. And the incredible story preserved to us in letters kept in royal archives. Either England nor Italy was spared obedience to the monarch's wish.

And yet Frederick did not care for the ordinary dancer. When the ingenious scoundrel and blackguard Jacques Garanova de Seingalt was in Berlin, seeking whom and what he might devour, he asked his landlady why the

Windows of the first story of the house opposite her Inn were all closed tightly with shutters. "The King commanded," she answered; several years ago Majesty, going along the street,

saw at one of the windows, the Italian, a strikingly handsome dancer, in extravagant undress. Frederick immediately ordered the windows to be closed. The owner does not dare to take down the shutters until the King dies." This "Reggina" must have been Signora Reggiani who was brought to Berlin from Vienna in 1752.

As for the Barbarina, she died in the odor of sanctity, Countess of Campagna, at the age of 75, at Barschau, leaving three fine estates, as well as over \$300,000 in personal property, with which she endowed a trust for the support of 18 young women of noble birth. It is not likely that Miss Barrison, whether she remain in Germany or be exiled, will have such luck.

By the way, it is Olga, not Lona Barrison, who is just now acting at Berlin. According to one report Lona and her husband are managing a restaurant at Ostend.

Truly the Honorable Rowland Blennerhasset Mahany is a man of uncommon versatility. Not long ago the New York Sun, that organ of sweetness and light, editorially described him as a liar; and now he appears as a literary critic. Reviewing "Sermons from a Phyllis Pulpit," by "Doctor Phil" (Mr. Wm. McIntosh, the editor of the Buffalo Evening News), the Honorable Mr. Mahany is moved to say, "In these essays Mr. McIntosh has proven himself to possess a literary genius which approaches nearer than any other in our memory the nervous force, the flashing phrase and the keen philosophy of Thomas Carlyle." As a gentleman in a stage-box at a famous political convention at Buffalo once remarked, "Wow! Hot stuff!"

When Robinson and George Fielding, in Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," were in Australia. "They dug and scraped, and fought tooth and

spade, and nail, and trowel, and tona-hawk for gold. Their shirts were wet through with sweat, yet they felt no fatigue. Their trousers were sheets of clay, yet they suffered no sense of dirt. They dug, they scraped, they bowed their backs, and wrought with fury and inspiration unparalleled, and when the sun began to decline behind the hills, they felt injured. "Are you really going to set this afternoon the same as usual?" When Capt. Moore and Messrs. Watson and Page sailed from San Francisco Wednesday to find gold in Alaska, their boat was fitted with bathrooms, stocked with delicacies and good wines and a chef went along to prepare the meals. "They do not propose to endure any hardships."

The late Lord Clarina, an Irish peer, did not wish to lie in a burial vault; the churchyard of his parish was overcrowded, the lying there was indeed "snug; and he therefore directed that his body should be interred in a field in his estate. Now this is a thing of frequent occurrence on Southern plantations in this country, and on Northern farms similar burials are by no means unknown. But in Great Britain the action of Lord Clarina was considered at first illegal. The Pall Mall Gazette alluding to this remarks:

"Mr. Little, in his work on 'Burials,' remarks that 'in many cases . . . expressions have been used which imply that no method of disposing of the dead other than by Christian burial (with certain ecclesiastical exceptions) is lawful in this country,' but in the famous case of Dr. Price, the Druid who cremated his dead infant on the top of a mountain. Mr. Justice Stephen, in the great judgment which established the legality of cremation in England, expressed his opinion 'that these expressions must not be taken as deciding that no other method of disposing of the dead is lawful, and that the courts never intended to lay down any such rule.' All they meant was that 'a duty rested upon somebody of decently disposing of the dead body in question, but that such duty might be discharged either by burying it or disposing of it in some other lawful manner, such as by burning.' Of course an essential point to be secured in decent disposition is that no nuisance should be created."

April 2, 98
To the Editor of Talk of the Day:
Yesterday my friend, the Quilist, and I sat upon a bench on the Common. My friend was calm and quiet (his usual manner), but I was in fine conversational trim. I held forth on art and music and literature—Professor Barrett Wendell and Professor Brandt Matthews and the musical glasses. The word "Professor" stirred my friend. In a dreany voice he began to speak of a professor he knows.
Have you ever met him?
Yours truly,

THE PROFESSOR.

"Well, here's a go, Professor," says one. "Here's a go, Professor," echo the others. They drink. The Professor bows—and drinks last—talent has been acknowledged. He picks up the fiddle. "What'll I play, boys?"
His voice is rich and husky; rich from drinking of beer, husky from calling of figures at dances—"Swing your partners!" "Balance and turn!"
"What'll I play?"
"Oh, any old thing! Give us 'All Coons Look Alike to Me.'"
He plays the tune, he does not play it badly, he hints back to study and knowledge of music; but the Professor does not hint intentionally; his eyes are fixed on his empty glass. The tune ends with a flourish. Applause. His glass is filled. He drinks, he plays again. More applause. More beer.
Pipes and cigars are burning now. Their blue-gray smoke blurs the single gas-jet. When the fiddle is still, there is talk. There are Rabelaisian jests about the Professor's latest jag, latest amour, latest scrap, nor are their own like diversions forgotten. Rabelaisian jests and Rabelaisian laughter. And more beer, always more beer. One by one, they rush the can—all save the Professor; talent is acknowledged.
They are bachelors, lodging house dwellers; car conductor, motorman, butcher, gas fitter. The Professor is—the Professor, leader of the Climax quartet, which is heard at many dances—dances to which the admission for a couple, "lady and gent," is a quarter—the gent has "something on the hip"—dances where there are frequent exhibitions of improvised pugilism—glorious affairs, as the drinkers now agree.

The more the Professor drinks the letter he plays. And now something happens which annoys him, as he has been annoyed before. Something snaps in his drink-mozed brain; dulled impressions of other things intrude in the scordid drink-riot in his brain. As though he looked at twilight through a blurred window on a misty landscape, he now remembers himself as he was years ago, sees gropingly the company he kept years ago, hears dully the music he played years ago, when he, even he, the beer-fattened Professor, set out to conquer the world.

And he tries hard to remember that music, he tries hard to play it. The tones are sad, little, momentary improvisation—two or three sad small voices wail, idle, futile voices, which soon stop crying.
Like unto his hands, his neck, his whole body, the soul of the Professor is fat. Movement fatigues it. His soul cannot attain even to sorrow.
But he weeps foolishly and gently. "Why, the Professor's crying!"
"What's the matter, Professor?"
"Have a drink!"
His head sinks lower and lower; it sways to one side.
"Professor's loaded." "Went off quick tonight."
They pick him up and lay him on the bed.

"But I tell you, the Professor's all right!"
Talent has been acknowledged. The Professor snores stertorously on the bed.
I saw the face of the most smear'd and slobbering idiot they had at the asylum, and I knew for my consolation what they knew not.
I knew of the agents that emptied and broke my brother.
The same wait to clear the rubbish from the fallen temerity.
And I shall look again in a score or two of ages.
And I shall meet the real landlord perfect and unarm'd, every inch as good as myself.

The Lord advances, and yet advances. Always the shadow in front, always the reach'd hand bringing up the laggards.

April 3, 1898
TICKNOR'S LECTURE.
He Considered Shakspeare In the Light of Playwright and Stage Craftsman.
The audience assembled in Steinert Hall, on Saturday afternoon, enjoyed an hour of memorable and delicate pleasure in listening to the lecture talk by

Mr. Howard Malcolm Ticknor on "Shakspeare as Playwright and Stage Craftsman." Mr. Ticknor's long experience in elocution insured the delivery of his lecture being of a fashion rare indeed among public speakers; each word, spoken easily, elegantly and without apparent effort, and audible to the boundaries of the hall.

The matter of the lecture was no less delightful than its manner; dealing with the methods, aims and achievements of the master dramatist, from an unconventional standpoint; showing, by an exhaustive and masterly analysis of "Much Ado About Nothing," in apposite illustration, in what practical fashion Shakspeare set himself to meet and master the problems of working stagecraft. Mr. Ticknor's style is pungent, graphic and graceful; his reading marked by entire intelligence, easy humor and uncommon dramatic force. The talk was altogether a novel and delightful one.

It was preceded by the charmingly artistically singing of the group of Shakspearian songs, in the exquisite setting of Mrs. H. A. A. Beach's music, by a quartet of young ladies: Mrs. Rice, Mrs. Barnes, Miss Richardson and Miss Austin.

Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland.

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

A Program Made Up Exclusively of Symphonies Which Were for the Most Part Coarsely Played.

The program of the 20th Symphony concert, given last night in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in G major (B. & H. No. 13) Haydn
Symphony, "Jupiter".....Mozart
Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven

Let us not waste space in reasoning together concerning the character of the program, which to me was a senseless, intolerable freak. Let us consider for a moment the performance.

It was unfortunate for the orchestra that it made its reappearance after a trip on which, as I am told, it covered itself with glory, with a program of this nature. For in the present condition of the orchestra such symphonies show as in clear noon its weaknesses, and do not bring out its indisputable strength. Mr. Paur is far more successful in his treatment of works of the romantic school than in his treatment of such works as the symphonies chosen last night.

In each of these symphonies, and especially in the eighth of Beethoven, there were frequent instances of a lack of finesse, and more than once there was utter disregard of the composer's indicated intentions. Take, for instance, the last dozen measures of the first movement of the eighth symphony: There was no attempt to make a diminuendo in the wood wind, there was no pianissimo at the end, there were no dynamic gradations between strings and wind, there were no effects of color. The whole of the allegretto was coarse and heavy. There was not the slightest pretence of a steady staccato pianissimo of the oboes, clarinets, bassoons and horns that furnish the accompaniment, nor were expression marks regarded at all in measures that are most carefully marked. In the trio of the menuetto the horns and the first clarinet afforded a delightful relief to the stolidity of the performance as a whole. Again in the finale (page 40 of Peters's edition) what an Olympian contempt for the indication "sempre pianissimo!"

And in the symphonies that preceded there was constant exaggeration in accentuation, there was apparent inability to carry out a phrase with sustained softness, there was a constant confounding of forte with fortissimo. Mr. Paur is too inclined to leap from piano to fortissimo; he does not appear to be fond of intermediate gradations; he frequently anticipates a climax, and the result is unmeaning explosiveness.

Even in moments of the exhibition of strength there should be the suggestion of reserve force.

Just as the symphony by Haydn—and are there not others by him that well deserve a hearing?—was without real elegance or distinction, so the fugue in the symphony by Mozart was often without sense of proportion, and where there should have been clear polyphony there was a noisy blur.

Far be it from me to disparage the merits of the individual players or the splendor of the ensemble in works of the romantic school. The virtuosity of this orchestra is at times dazzling. But there is also a virtuosity in performance of the classics, and in the present condition of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the virtuosity that we have a right to expect does not always appear when the symphony is by Mozart or Haydn; it does not always appear when the symphony is by Beethoven. Surely the great masters of the past demand as much intelligence in the reading and as much intelligence and pains in the rehearsing as do the interesting or extravagant composers of the present day.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Sketch of Anton Seidl's Work in Boston.

Notes and Comments on Pieces,
Players and Singers.

... the same hall

Herbert Bedford's symphonic Prelude to the opera "Kit Marlowe" was performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace March 9. The Pall Mall Gazette says of it: "Frankly, we have little patience with the kind of musical accomplishment therein revealed. If Wagner had never lived and written Mr. Bedford's talent amounts to something like genius; as it is, we prefer Wagner to the music of later Wagnerians. The Symphonic Prelude in question is a work in which you seek vainly for any deeply personal emotion. When you hear the "Tristan" prelude you are

"The Highway Knight," a new musical comedy, from the German of Hansel and Moller, music by Gustave Meyer, adapted and arranged by E. C. Hedmond and Francis Neilson, was first performed in England at Liverpool March 14. "The new work is full of ingenuity and spontaneous fun, the latter element being somewhat weakened by the long-spun conversation

eat and drinking—costly in costume as its purse can buy; and all through its best average of houses, streets, people, that subtle something (generally thought to be climate, but it is not—it is something indefinable in the race, the turn of its development) which effuses behind the whirl of animation, study, business, a happy and joyous public spirit, as distinguish'd from a sluggish and saturnine one."

This last description was written in May, 1881, when Whitman was a-visiting here. He called on Longfellow—"I am not one of the calling kind, but as the author of 'Evangeline' kindly took the trouble to come and see me three years ago in Camden where I was ill, I felt not only the impulse of my own pleasure on that occasion, but a duty." He saw Miller's pictures at the house of Quincy Shaw; he read, "In silence and half light," the mural tablets in Memorial Hall. He had a good time—hence no doubt the sunshine of his description.

But is Boston "magnificently tolerant?" How about the Bacchantes? Has it never been fooled by alleged social lion, wandering Brahmin, or hero of 1812? Do the citizens and the citizenesses know what good eating is?—How about the restaurants?—Does not the slickest Bostonian feel countrified as to his dress the moment he steps on a sidewalk in New York, and does not the prettiest woman of this city know too well that she is a season behind in her costume? Is the public spirit of Boston distinctively "joyous"? We fear the sour description by Walt is nearer the truth.

A diary kept in 1542 by the representative in Canada of the republic of Venice has just been discovered in a Venetian convent. It is stated that the document contains the whole history of Othello, and completely contradicts the version given by Shakspeare. The writer describes Othello's arrival in Venice, his marriage and subsequent career and death, the latter event occurring while Desdemona was still alive. It may be, therefore, that the palace in Venice pointed out to the tourist as that occupied by Desdemona is actually the one. Yes, and Desdemona possibly disputed Othello's last will and testament and finally was married to Iago who had gained his divorce suit. Cassio died in an asylum for inebriates.

Grand Opera House: "The Troubadour"

The Boston Lyric Company gave Verdi's "The Troubadour" at the Grand Opera House last evening, with a cast the principal features of which were:

Leonora.....Miss Clara Lane
Azucena.....Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
Manno.....Mr. Elsie Linn
Count di Luna.....Mr. J. S. Murray
Ferrando.....Mr. W. H. Clarke

After the fourth act Mr. Murray came before the curtain and announced that Miss Lane had been taken with a sudden fit of coughing—"nothing serious, only a fit of coughing"—and would not be able to go on with her part; so Miss Adelaide Norwood would take it in the fifth act.

April 6, 1898

Were I the sun, why then I'd kiss your cheek,
Were I the breeze, I'd murmur in your ear;
Were I the rain, why then I'd weep for you,
Lest grief should dim the radiance of those eyes so dear.

For the sun, you'd have no answering kiss,
No whisper from your lips the breeze would know,
The rain might weep, yet you'd remain unmoved,
None could the meaning of its tender kindly flow.

So while I live, I'll silent wait your love,
Nor sigh to change with sun, or breeze, or rain,
Some day, perhaps, you'll smile on me, and then
I'll forget these years I've seemed to live in vain.

The New York Times speaks of "a queer Boston person named Gamaliel Bradford." Oh, no—Mr. Bradford is not queer when you are used to him. Queer is his trade.

The original Gamaliel, we are told by the author of the Acts of the Apostles, was a pharisee.

"During a recent general election in Victoria, a candidate for a Melbourne constituency asked, 'What is it that has made Langlar what she is—mighty, covered, feared, and respected?' 'Orelia,' was the ready reply from the 'ball' of the hall." What a globe-trotter the story is! And it keeps moving in the of its age.

We do not admire the conduct of Mr. ... of Texas; nevertheless, we regret that Mr. ... of Indiana alluded to him in a ... and on the floor as a

"gent." No doubt there are "gents" in Congress, but they should not be officially recognized.

The following is an extract from an Indian paper: "Mr. and Mrs. Thambayagampillai are now on a visit to Kovilkundiruppu. Mr. Thambayagampillai is the son of Judge G. S. Ariyanayagampillai, and son-in-law of Mr. A. Jambullugammudelliar."

There are estimable persons in Boston who with staring eyes in the night-watches see all American warships blown sky-high by Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers. They remind us of the Frenchmen who are uneasy in consequence of a tale told by Mr. Octave Mirbeau in the Journal of Paris. Mr. Mirbeau has a friend, "an officer Anglals," who told him the following blood-curdling account of the operation of the Dum-Dum bullet. Pleading a dozen Hindus (alive, of course,) before him, one behind another, he fired one of these bullets at the front man. "The effect was charming." "Not a single Hindu survived the shot. The bodies of the whole dozen were reduced to little heaps of mangled flesh and smashed bones."

The last annual meeting of the N. Y. Mycological Club was held prudently at the College of Pharmacy.

Mr. John E. Miller of Altoona is a true hero of the Civil War. Now that he is amply able to gain his living, he has sent his pension certificate to the Pension Bureau for cancellation.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree may well complain of the unkindness of the Paris press. He bought a seat for the benefit of poor Alice Lavigne, who is fast becoming blind, and he asked Figaro to resell the seat and give the amount to the fund. And what did Figaro say? Praising him, it spoke of him as "a great comic opera." Perhaps, after all, Figaro's man had seen Mr. Tree as Hamlet.

Alice Lavigne's real name is Bourgoigne. She first appeared at the Athénée. She joined the Palais Royal Company in 1879. You hear, so often of the "greed," the "tyranny," the "hard-heartedness" of theatrical managers that it is a pleasure to tell you of the managers of the Palais Royal. They not only paid Miss Lavigne her salary during six months of enforced absence from the stage, but renewed her engagement last January, "although they were well aware—which she was not—that there was no hope of her recovery."

There are people that believe in the theatre as an education for the young—witness the town authorities of Hamburg, who lately arranged for 12 performances of classical dramas ("Minna von Barnheim," "William Tell," "The Maid of Orleans"), which were given for the benefit of the school children in the town theatre. More than 10,000 boys and girls saw for the sum of six cents each, standard German plays performed by first-class artists. Similar performances will be given in other German cities; in Berlin at the Schiller Theatre, where the most expensive seats do not cost over 25 cents, and the cheapest are six cents; but in this particular instance the city will grant a contribution, since the expenses of production could not be covered by a uniform entrance price of six cents.

We cannot think of any better scheme of implanting in the breast of children a dislike of the drama than by compelling them to sit through performances of classic German plays. Did you ever see "Nathan the Wise"?

In like manner a severe parent might discipline his child and fill him with dread of theatrical performances by taking him for one season to all first productions here of "American comedies."

Her precept and example in the treatment of the animal creation might be of infinite use in mitigating the hideous tyranny of humanity over them, but she does little or nothing to this effect. She wears dead birds and the skins of dead creatures; she hunts the hare and shoots the pheasant; she drives and rides with more brutal recklessness than men; she watches with delight the struggles of the dying salmon and of the wounded deer; she keeps her horses standing in fog and snow for hours under the torture of the bearing rein.

PUPILS OF MRS. TAPPER.

Pupils of Mrs. Maas-Tapper, assisted by Mr. Emil Mahr, violinist, and Mr. Leo Schulz, cellist, gave a pleasant concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Beethoven's trio op. 97, B flat major, was played by Miss Ida Hunneman and Messrs. Mahr and Schulz. Miss Edith Coriell played the first movement of Mozart's C minor concerto, with Mrs. Tapper as second pianist. Mr. Newton E. Swift played his own suite for piano, consisting of a gigue, courante, gavotte. Mrs. Gardner Anthony and Mr. Schulz followed with the second and third movements of

Rubinstein's D major concerto for piano and cello. Miss Hunneman was heard again in two pieces by Sgambati, and Miss Lucy Dean played the second and third movements of Handel's concerto in F minor, with Mrs. Tapper as second pianist. The concert was much enjoyed and it reflected credit on all the performers.

April 7, 1898 MISS MARGUERITE HALL

Gave a Song Recital Last Evening in Association Hall.

Miss Marguerite Hall, assisted by Mr. Victor Harris of New York, pianist, gave a song recital last evening in Association Hall. The concert was the fifth of the series of vocal chamber concerts. She sang Bach's "Vergissmelnicht," Jommelli's "Bella Calandrina," "The Little Red Lark," three Bergettes of the 18th century, Brahms's "Von Ewiger Liebe," "Vergebliches Staunen" and "So Willst du des Armen"; Henschel's "Malgré l'Eclat," and Morning Hymn; two excerpts from Liza Lehmann's "Persian Garden"; two songs by Victor Harris ("Music When Soft Voices Die" and "The Blackbird"); Farwell's "Strow Poppy Buds" and "O Ships That Sail"; and these three songs, "Sonnet d'Amour," "Chevalier Belle-Etoile" and Bolero.

This was a pleasant concert. The program was well contrasted, the songs were not too familiar, there were not too many of them, and some of them were truly delightful in themselves, and by the manner in which they were sung. Especially pleasing were the old Irish song and the old French songs, in which pure, simple melody and equal purity and simplicity of art were happily combined. I confess that even Miss Hall did not persuade me into liking the songs by Henschel or Farwell, and the singer hardly rose to the height of Brahms's "Von Ewiger Liebe." Mr. Harris's setting of "Music when soft voices die" is more successful than his music to Henley's verses. There were times—at the end of a phrase—when Miss Hall fell below the true pitch, but there were many instances of artistic sincerity, intelligence, and skill. The frequent applause was but her just due. Mr. Harris added to the pleasure of the evening by his tasteful, sympathetic accompaniments.

The last concert of the series will be given by Miss Edmonds and Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich April 13, when Mr. Chadwick's Flower-cycle and songs by other local composers will be sung.

Philip Hale.

On Maundy Thursday hath bene the maner from the beginning of the Church to have a general drinkings, as appeareth by S. Paule's writing to the Corinthians, and Tertulliane to his wyfe. The Kynges and Quenes of England on that day washe the feete of so many poore meene and women as they be yeres olde, and geve to every of them so many pence, with a gowne, and another ordinary aires of meate, and kyssed their feete; and afterward geve their gownes of their backes to them that they so most neddy of al the number.

T. C. writes to the Journal: "You spoke in Talk of the Day Tuesday of a diary kept in 1542 by the representative in Canada of the republic of Venice!"

Fair sir, we wrote "Candia," but the linotype machine knew no such country. And yet Candia, or Crete, was a pleasant land, one interesting to the sociologist and the ethnologist, and the anthropologist and all the other big and little ologists, for according to Jeremy Collier's "Great Historical, Geographical, Genealogical and Poetical Dictionary" (1701)—no family should be without it—"its inhabitants have always had the repute of being Vicious, Lysars and Pyrates, and are thought to be the first inventors of Musick."

To F. C. E.: No, Ferdinand, Isabella and Cortes streets are not inhabited exclusively by Spaniards. You run no danger there—that is if you walk quickly.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Bookman, publishes the glad news that Prof. Brander Matthews is about to enrich the world with a novel called "Confident Tomorrows," and that the name of the book was inspired by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who has announced himself as "a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows." Col. Higginson has published his reminiscences under the title of "Cheerful Yesterdays," and Prof. Matthews has borrowed the rest of the phrase. All this is of breathless interest to the student of contemporary literature. In the seventh book of a work called "The Excursion" are found the following lines:

"A man he seemed of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

We are informed that Mr. Wordsworth, doubtless with prophetic vision of Prof. Matthews, borrowed these lines prophetically of Col. Higginson.

—N. Y. Sun.

And here is a letter from a corre-

spondent who asks the origin of the term "jingo," as it is used today.

A jingo was originally one of the party that advocated the Turkish cause against Russia in the war of 1877-78. Hence, one clamorous for war; one who advocates a war-like policy. (In this sense taken directly from the refrain of a popular music hall song—about 1874—"We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too.")

Now, when you ask us, "Who was Jingo, by whom men swear," you have his. Halliwell claims that jingo is a corruption of St. Ginguolph or Ginguolphus. Some say that it is a form of

Jenco, which is Basque for the devil; and in the Basque Provinces there were of old Manichaeans, who worshipped the Evil Spirit and naturally swore by him, hence we think the phrase (By Jingo) may find a much more likely explanation (than St. Ginguolph).

But Francisque-Michel in "Le Pays Basque" says that "Jaincoa", ordinarily interpreted "Lord on high," the good master on high presents, as well as "jainco", "jinco", "jingo", a true indefinite future of the verb "to come" and again, "jlico ona" signifies at the same time "The good God" and "Good goodness". We do not find in this entertaining work any allusion to "Jenco" or "jinco" or "jingo" as a name for the devil.

Is "Jingo" a Gipsy term? George Borrow gives "Jinco" in Spanish Gipsy but it means simply "deep". In Basque Gipsy the word for God is "Amadou belle", and for devil, "Guebarobeng".

Whatever the origin of the oath may be, it is of respectable age. The literature of the 17th century knew it, and one of the women "of very great distinction and fashion from town" at the ball given by Mr. Thornhill—the ball at which Miss Livy's feet seemed as pale to the music as its echo—"expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in very coarse manner, when she observed, that 'by the living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat'."

F. E. C. writes: "I understand that these books are now read eagerly by several of our most bellicose Congressmen. I inclose the titles clipped lately from a second hand catalogue:"

616 SPAIN.—Vox Coeli, or News from Heaven Consultation with Henry 8th, Queene Mar wherein Spain's Ambition and Treachery are unmasked and truly represented mo to the pretended Match of Prince Charles and the Infanta Dona Maria, sm. 4to, fir copy, half red mor. nt., rare, 10s 6d. Printed in Elitium, 1624.

617 SPAIN.—Certain Reasons Why the King of England should enter into Warre wth Spain, sm. 4to, fine copy, half mor. near rare, 8s 6d. Printed 1624.

The Era (London) of March 26 published this pathetic note:

Sir,—You can understand the shock experienced today when I read your paragraph announcing the suicide my poor brother Harry M. Pitt, more especially as it was the first and only intimation I had received of the terrible event. I am writing this in the hope that some friend of poor Harry's in the U. S. A. may see it and send me the sad details, as neither my late brother's wife nor children seem to have thought that his surviving brothers and sisters would be interested in the matter. I last saw my brother Harry the day before I sailed for New York some twelve years ago. Since then I have never heard from him, neither, I believe, has any member of his family, his own lately deceased mother included. Harry Pitt was born Sept. 16, 1850; consequently, he was in his forty-ninth year, his sixty-first, as stated.

Yours faithfully,

FELIX PITT

30, Solon-road, Brixton, S. W., March 19th, 1898.

"It was talking of Huysman made me think of my new friend Mr. S. He is an impressionist artist. He makes the weird pictures. You can't tell in the least what you are looking at them upside down or not. He had an exhibition in his room. I went. And there were all his scribbles and pictures scattered about the room, on the tables and chairs, some of the dabbled on little bits of newspaper. Every one looking so serious."

"But I don't know anything about pictures or Art," I protested.

"That doesn't matter. You can pretend I am not sure that he is not pretending that his attitude about Art is not a pose, whether his painting is not a joke at all his admirers' expense. That's what I want you to find out—whether he is a maniac or a cynic." She got up and looked at the clock.

Thamous th n gettin' up on the top of the
ship's foremast, and casting his eyes on the
shore said that he had been commanded to
proclaim that the great god Pan was dead.
The words were hardly out of his mouth,
when deep groans, great lamentations, and
cathartic shrieks, not of one person, but of
many were heard from the land. For my
part, I understand it of that great Saviour
of the faithful, who was shamefully put to
death at Jerusalem, by the envy and wicked-
ness of the doctors, priests, and monks of
the Mesale law. And methinks my interpre-
tation is not improper, for He may lawfully
be said in the Greek tongue to be Pan, since
He is our all. For all that we are, all that
we live, all that we have, all that we hope,
is Him, by Him, from Him and in Him. He
is the god Pan, the great shepherd, who, as
the loving shepherd Corydon affirms, hath
not only a tender love and affection for His
sheep, but also for their shepherds. At His
death, complaints, sighs, fears, and lamenta-
tions were spread through the whole fabric
of the universe, whether heavens, land, sea
or hell.

That superstitions connected with this
day have in great measure disappeared
is not perhaps to be deplored. Few in-
surance agents would consider seriously
the preservation of eggs laid on Good
Friday for the purpose of extinguish-
ing fires into which they might be
thrown. Anyone born on Good Friday
may possibly cure without any medical
knowledge those suffering from a fever,
and yet you would prefer to call in a
physician without regard to his birth-
day. There are few farmers who be-
lieve in this sceptical age that three
leaves baked today and put into a heap
of corn will prevent its being devoured
by rats, mice, weevils or worms.

And yet such superstitious observa-
nces are better than utter thoughtless-
ness. The day should not be as any
ordinary Friday. There is a mysticism
that should not be denied or ignored.
That I could forget the mockers and insults!
That I could forget the trickling tears and
the blows of the bludgeons and ham-
mers!

That I could look with a separate look on
my own crucifixion and bloody crowning.

Nor speak lightly of fasting. Swe-
denborg saw no celestial vision until he
obeyed the voice that told him he ate
too much, and he himself says that
the angels do not like butter. Fasting
predisposes the imagination to see mir-
acles. Peter "became very hungry and
would have eaten;" it was then that he
fell into a trance and saw heaven
opened and the great sheet wherein
were all manner of four-footed beasts
of the earth, and wild beasts, and creep-
ing things, and fowls of the air. Even
the Korlacs of Kamtschatka know the
efficacy of abstinence. How can a gross
eater receive spiritual impressions? To
him the partition between the spirit
land and this world of trial and proba-
tion must be as a brick wall. To him
must Paradise be a material and
earthly thing, like unto that dear to
the Saracens; "Dlsshes for the mouthe,
of all deinties. All manner of Silkes,
Veluettes, Purples, Skarletttes and other
precious apparell. Goodly younge
kamoselles, with graie rowlyng eyes,
and skinne as white as Whales bone,
softe as the Silke, and breathed like the
Rose, and all at their becke. Ves-
selles of siluer and golde. Angelles
for their Butlers that shall bryng them
Milke in Gobiettes of golde, and redde
wine in siluer."

Am I a stone and not a sheep
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy
Cross,
To number drop by drop Thy Blood's slow
loss,
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;

Not so the Sun and Moon
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon—
I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,
But seek thy sheep, true Shepherd of the
flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once
more
And smite a rock.

And wretched is he that has not been
crucified, that goes to the earth, which
has been looking for him, without a
thwarted ambition, without a Carcas-
sone unseen, without a death-blow to
vanity or greed, without a sorrow that
has eaten his heart. No smug-person is
fit to see the celestial vision.

G. N. writes to the Journal: "The
note of Major Ulysses concerning the
words of the English national anthem
brings to my mind the card that was
transcribed for Madame Catalani when
she had to sing in England 'God Save
the King.'"

"Oh Lord avar God
Arais schaeter
Is enemis and
Mece them fol

Coron's tea
Pie tekse fraetise
Thear neivse tix
On George avar hopes
We fix God save the
Kin.

If war is declared newspaper corre-
spondents should imitate as closely as
possible the style of the Newgate Cal-
endar, which was so admired by George
Borrow: "What struck me most with
respect to these lives was the art which
the writers, whoever they were, pos-
sessed of telling a plain story. It is no
easy thing to tell a story plainly and
distinctly by mouth; but to tell one on
paper is difficult indeed, so many snares
lie in the way. People are afraid to put
down what is common on paper; they
seek to embellish their narratives, as
they think, by philosophic speculations
and reflections; they are anxious to
shine, and people who are anxious to
shine can never tell a plain story. 'So
I went with them to a music booth,
where they made me almost drunk with
gin, and began to talk their flash lan-
guage, which I did not understand.' I
have always looked upon this sen-
tence as a masterpiece of the narrative
style; it is so concise, and yet so very
clear."

The Referee (London) wisely says, "I
decline to believe that any honorable
man in the theatrical profession has
the arrogance to imagine that a critic
goes to the theatre like an Ambassador
to a foreign State, and that only a per-
sona grata to the sovereign power can
be nominated to the post. A newspaper
is not in any way concerned with the
quarrels of actors. It is not the busi-
ness of a critic to please the actors;
that is no part of his duty; the critic's
obligations are only to the newspaper
he serves, and to the public for whom
he writes."

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He, in delight
Both of her hearty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregn's the clouds
That shed may flowers * * * *
Aside the devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus
plain'd.
'Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these
two
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to hell am thrust."

A few days ago a middle aged man
was arraigned in the Yorkville Court.
He was charged with looking through
opera glasses at a pair of lovers that
sat on a bench in Central Park some
distance from him. The Magistrate
discharged the prisoner, saying judi-
cially, "If young people want to make
love in public, I know of no law pro-
hibiting old people from looking at them
and recalling their own youthful fan-
cies." For this opinion Magistrate
Mott has been called a Solomon, yea, a
very Daniel.

Much depends on the manner in
which open-air courtship is conducted.
There is a paraded joy that is offensive.
Thus in Germany the girl flaunts her
victim in the sight of the public as a
Squaw glories in a scalp. The poor
wretch sits at a table in a beer-garden,
mother-in-law-to-be on one side, the
betrothed on the other. He holds the
left hand of the girl. The other hands
of the lovers hold alternatively huge
pieces of bread and ham and beer
glasses. The mother knits, she purrs
complacently. The young man munches
while an immense silverbracelet, locked
with a padlock, plays up and down his
wrist. There is embracing, there is
kissing. The frequency of this sight
soon murders the zest of observation.

There should be painstaking, private
rehearsal of public courtship, so that
the spectator may have no cause of
complaint.

Do you remember the closing sen-
tences of "The Green Carnation?"
"Look out of this window, dear boy,
and you will see two elderly gentlemen
missing the train. They are doing it
rather nicely. I think they must have
practiced in private. There is an art
even in missing a train, Reggie. But
one of them is not quite perfect in it
yet. He has begun to swear a little
too soon!"

An excellent place for watching pub-
lic courtship is the Boston Public
Library. You will not find wooing or
the signs of the zodiac which are tram-
pled daily under foot. There is no hold-
ing of hands near the mural decorations
of Puvis de Chavannes, for the fig-
ures are gray and discouraging. There
is little or no sparking in Bates Hall or
the Delivery Room, for the air is too
foul even for absorbed lovers. But
climb to another story and in the corri-

der frequented by admirers of Mr. Sur-
gent—especially between five and six
in the afternoon—you will find admi-
rable examples of love-making. Some-
times the face of the young man will
be too sheepish, or the girl's laugh
will be too staccato, or an arm will be
curved awkwardly, or it will be tim-
orously withdrawn—but there is always
sure to be something that warms the
heart of the middle-aged and leads the
old to pleasant reminiscences. At the
same time we must insist on more care-
ful rehearsal. Young lovers should
never be ridiculous in public. Boldness,
a wild defiance of envious conven-
tionality, the passion that mocks time
and space and laughs in the face of a
policeman—these are the results of
faithful, secluded practice.

To F. F.: No; we do not know what
sort of a looking man Mr. Sagasta
is. When we were in Madrid, he did
not send his card, and we did not see
him on the Plaza. Perhaps he has the
Madrid creep—as Mr. Beatty-Kingston
calls it—"as melancholy a gait as that
of a three-legged dog—a loose-kneed
stuffle, which may be said to express
the various evils from which the Ma-
drilenos suffer—bad, scanty food, want
of muscular development, over-polson-
ing by bad tobacco consumed excessively,
indigestion, laziness, and a climate
which, like Jerrold's historical baby, is
'better conceived than described.'"

But Mr. Dooly—Philosopher Dooly
of the Chicago Journal—has been study-
ing Sagasta, as under a microscope.
"I'll explain it to ye," said Mr. Dooly.
"Tis tnis way. Ye see, this Here Sa-
gasta is a boonco steerer like Canada
Bill, an' th' likes iv him. A smart man
is this Sagasta, an' wan that can put
a crimp in th' ca-arads that ye cudden't
take out with a washerwoman's wring-
er. Me's been through manny a ha-ard
game. Talk about th' County Dimoc-
racy picnic, where a ca-arad man
goes in debt iv'ry time he huris th'
boards, 'tis nawthin' to what this here
Spanish onion has been again an' beat.
F'r years an' years he's played on'y
professionals. Th' la-ads he's tackled
have more marked ca-arads in their
pockets thin a preacher fr'm Mchigan
an' more bad money thin ye cud shake
out iv th' coattall poeketts iv a pros-
perous banker fr'm Injanny. He's been
up again Gladstun an' Bisma-arek an'
ol' whats-ye-call-im, th' Eyetalian—his
name's got away from me—an' he's
done thim all. Weil, business is bad.
No wan will play with him. No mon-
ey's conin' in. Th' circus has moved
on to th' nex' town an' left him without
a customer. Th' Jew man that loaned
him th' bank roll threatens to selze th'
ca-arads on th' table. Whin, lo an' be-
hold, down th' shreet comes a ma-an
fr'm th' country—a lawyer fr'm Ohio,
with a gripsack in his hand. Oh, but
he's a proud man. He's been in town
long enough fr' to get out iv th' way
iv th' throlley ca-ar whin th' bell rings.
He's larned not to thry an' light his
see-gaar at th' illectric light. He doesn't
offer to pay th' elevator ma-an fr' carry-
in' him upstairs. He's got so he can
pass a tall buildin' without thryin' fr'
to turn a back summersault. An' he's
as haughty about it as a new man on
an ice wagon. They're nawthin' ye can
tell him"

"One of the few remaining survivors
of the Balaclava charge" died lately at
Lichfield, England. He sounded the
charge on the famous day and narrow-
ly escaped a fatal wound: "his coat-
tail was cut off by a Cossack lance."

april 10.

SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Mrs. Josephine Jacoby, Contralto
Made Her First Appearance in
Music Hall.

The program of the 21st Symphony
concert, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor, was
as follows:

Unfinished Symphony in B minor.....Schubert
"I Have Lost My Eurydice".....Gluck
Suite No. 2, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
I. Ingrid's Lament.
II. Arabian Dance.
IV. Solvejg's Song.
V. Dance of the Mountain King's
Daughter.
"Traume".....Wagner
"Schmerzen".....Wagner
Overture "Carnival".....Dvorak

There was no orchestral novelty. The
first movement of the symphony was
taken at too slow a pace—especially was
this true of the second theme and its
development—and for once the music
seemed long drawn out. The overture
by Dvorak was played brilliantly, but
the music is decorative; it is plausible,
and without any true authority. Nor
is this second suite from Grieg's music
to Ibsen's play as interesting or of as
much intrinsic worth as are the pieces
in the more familiar suite. When Suite

No. 2 was first performed here, under
Mr. Nikisch five years or so ago, "Peer
Gynt's Return" was played, and it then
became apparent that the hero took
passage on the good ship, the *Flotte
Dutchman Solvejg's* boat, which has
been sung here often, is beautiful in
its white and passionless lamentation.
With this exception the music in a
concert-hall excites chiefly surprise and
an unholy interest in percussion instru-
ments. General Booth is in town per-
haps the Arabian Dance was performed
in his honor.

Mrs. Jacoby is a strikingly handsome
woman—and with a singer this is half
the battle. She suggests the sombre,
mysterious charm of the Queen of
Night in Mozart's opera, but the Crea-
tor was wiser than Mozart and he gave
her a contralto voice. This voice is a
wondrous organ. The tones are vel-
vety, warm; they remind you of pur-
ples and softly radiant precious stones.
And this voice is used with much tech-
nical skill.

Mrs. Jacoby sang the familiar aria
from "Orpheus," which, as an ingeni-
ous Frenchman, pointed out long ago,
might as well be "I have found my
Eurydice," as far as the character of the
music is concerned. She sang it in
Italian—although Mr. Aphorop had
carefully provided the readers of the
program-book with the German text.
She sang it admirably in respect to
technic and tonal quality. I wish that
she were acquainted with Pauline
Viardot's interpretation, which is pre-
served in the Ecole classique du Chant,
edited by that great singer. The first
exposition of the theme is with Viardot,
mezzo forte, without nuance of any
kind. The first repetition is piano
throughout, until the end of that rep-
etition, when the pianissimo is employed.
Beginning with the final repetition, the
air is given forth with full voice, "tout
l'élan possible," and the tempo is quick-
ened until the final measure. I do not
say that this is the only interpreta-
tion—but it surely gives variety and an
irresistible climax. The songs, so-
called, of Wagner are better suited to
the drawing-room than the concert-
hall. Mrs. Jacoby was applauded heart-
ily.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Courteous Answer to a
Chicago Snee.

New Works and Singers Under
Mr. Zerrahn's Long Rule.

Notes and Comments on Pieces,
Singers and Players.

Music, the magazine edited by Mr. W.
S. B. Mathews and published in Chica-
go, remarks this month:

"In this connection mention may be
made of the program books of the Bos-
ton Orchestra, the annotations in which
are made by Mr. William F. Aphorop.
While the writing is often interesting
and instructive, the typographical ap-
pearance of the book is extremely cheap
and common. The reading pages are
sandwiched between advertising pages,
and the lower half or third of the
reading page is cut off and occupied by
advertisements, in order to afford as
much advertising space as possible in
connection with the reading matter.
This peculiarity and the absence of
musical examples in the annotations
taken together, show that the principle
of noblesse oblige has not struck the
program department of the Boston
Symphony Concerts as yet. It is really
a shame that the program books of
high class orchestral concerts, dis-
tinctly devoted to art, should be defaced by
advertising material of any kind, except
that appertaining to the business of the
orchestra. If, however, the revenue
from the advertising is too precious to
forego, then at least decency would re-
quire that it be made as unobtrusive
as possible, and the literary character
of the matter and a certain air of ele-
gance be given the whole, in keeping
with the artistic character of the con-
certs. In the Boston books the adver-
tising is profuse, the paper thin, and
the printing mean-looking; and about
the only mitigating circumstance we
mention concerning it is that the
copies of the program book are not
sold to the subscribers to the concerts.
This enormity, fortunately, we do not
practice in America."

How about the appearance of the pro-
gram books of the Chicago Orchestra—
the program books, which edited by Mr.
Arthus Mees, are truly instructive as
well as entertaining reading?

Let us look for instance at the
program book of the 17th concert April
1-2. Opposite the first page of Mr.
Mees's account of Goldmark's "Country
Wedding" symphony are advertise-
ments of a piano firm and a music pub-
lisher, and at the bottom of the page
of reading matter is this line "Soda,
Mineral Waters and Candies in Audi-
torium Pharmacy. Entrance from
lobby."

Opposite the next page if Mr. Mees's
account is the advertisement of "The
Auditorium Cold Cream," which "might
be called the emblem of purity—it is
white, so smooth, so fragrant and so

ture." And at the bottom of the same page—page 7—right under the march theme in notation we learn that "the 'Palm Garden' may be reached by passing through the tunnel from the Auditorium to the Annex." These words hardly fit the tune.

"The Erinyes" by Massenet is a stern subject. The Erinyes "held in their coils the threads of destiny"; and the next line is "The correct place for after-opera and concert lunches is The 'Palm Garden' of the Auditorium Annex." If you are depressed by the insinuation about the Erinyes, look at the opposite page: "A telephone is one of the greatest conveniences in a modern household. * * * SIXTEEN CENTS PER DAY pays for residence party-line service."

Every question is answered. The address of a sanitarium is given for the benefit of those whose nerves are shattered by the music.

Under the themes of the Ride of the Valkyries, the printers of the program book assert that "program printing is a study in comparative art * * * we print to fit."

This boast is not unfounded. Opposite the announcement of "Three Scottish Pieces" by MacKenzie is a full page advertisement of White Oats.

Tu quoque—Brother Mathews—to use the language of the ancient Romans.

Mr. Carl Zerrahn conducts tonight the Handel and Haydn Society for the last time. He is now in his 72d year. After a long, honorable, most useful musical career he proposes to enjoy the peace and rest that he so richly deserves.

It is impossible for the middle-aged, or even the young, music lovers of this town to think of the Handel and Haydn Society without at the same time seeing the commanding figure of this celebrated leader.

Think for a moment of his labor in the interests of this society alone.

Mr. Zerrahn was made conductor of the Handel and Haydn Sept. 5, 1854. He received at first \$25 for each public performance during the season. "The first rehearsal under him was at Bumstead Hall Sept. 24, when the members sang 'The Horse and His Rider,' from 'Israel,' and the 'Hallelujah,' from 'The Mount of Olives.'" The first oratorio led by him was "Elijah"—Dec. 3, 1854—when Miss Hazeltine, Miss Hill, Miss Twichell, Messrs. Arthurson and Aiken were the solo singers.

And these works were produced here for the first time under his direction, or rehearsed by him, for in certain instances the composer led: Handel's "Solomon," "Dettingen Te Deum," (first time as a whole), "Israel in Egypt," St. Cecilia Ode, "Jephtha," "Joshua," Coste's "Eli" and "Naaman"; Mendelssohn's "42d Psalm," "55th Psalm," "Christus" and "Hymns of Praise"; Bach's "Passion Music According to Matthew," "Christmas Oratorio," "Eln feste Burg," and large portions of the B minor Mass; Bennett's "Woman of Samaria"; Paine's "St. Peter" and "Nativity"; J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn," "St. John" and "Life of Mar," H. W. Parker's "Hora Novissima"; Saint-Saëns's "Noël" and "Dréluge"; Verdi's Requiem; Sullivan's "Prodigal Son"; Graun's "Tud Jesu"; Gounod's "Redemption" (first time with orchestra) and "Mors et Vita"; Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel"; Cherubini's Mass in D minor; Bruch's "Arminius"; Dvorak's "Svatb Mater"; Berlioz's "Te Deum"; Mrs. Beach's Mass; Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans"; Hiller's "Song of Victory." Nor is this a complete list.

Recall the list of singers that assisted during the last 44 years.

Grati. Donovani, Adelaide Philipps, Lagrange, Nantier-Lidide, Elsie Hensler, D'Angri, Caradori, Pauline Colson, Paul Strakosch, Anna Bishop, Charlotte Patti, Clara Louise Kellogg, Isabelle Hinclev, Genevieve Ward, Teresa Parodi, Annie Cary, Van Zandt (the elder), Parepa, Nilsson, Rudersdorff, Edith Wynne, Patry, Tietjens, Nordica, Pappenheim, Albani, Fursch-Madi, Lehmann, de Vere, Mrs. Joachim, were among the women.

Mario, Badiali, Brignoli, Amodio, Silviani, Morelli, Carl Formes, Junca, Labocca, Barilli, Stigelli, Castle, Herard, Cummings, Santley, Karl, Campani, Campanari, Henschel, Carlotta, Stoddard, Lloyd, Ludwig, Barrington Foece, Greene, Fischer, Watkin Mills, Ben Davis were among the men.

There were perhaps the most prominent visitors, and time would fail me to tell of the mighty deeds of John V. Whitney, Charles R. Ad-

W. Ham and John Winch under Zerrahn's lead.

June 1, 1866, Mr. Zerrahn's salary was \$250 a year. For the Festival he received \$200. After the Festival

a purse of \$200 was presented by subscribers.

In the early years of the Civil War there was need of economy. Mr. Zerrahn "agreed to retain office without fixed salary, and be content with whatever small balance might remain in the treasury after the expenses were paid." At the end of the year, July 1, 1862, he received \$41.63.

June 14, 1866, Mr. Zerrahn received a silver ice pitcher and salver, and gold-lined goblets.

May 1, 1867, it was voted to pay Mr. Zerrahn \$500 for his year's services.

May 18, 1868, a yearly salary of \$300 was voted Mr. Zerrahn, besides \$500 for his share in the success of the First Triennial Festival. May 25 of the same year he was also offered a gratuity of \$200.

May 31, 1869, Mr. Zerrahn received a fac-simile of Handel's autograph score of the Messiah, and an engraving, representing the Apotheosis of Handel.

Sept. 6, 1870, Mr. Zerrahn was reappointed at a salary of \$500.

May 27, 1871, Mr. Zerrahn's salary for the Second Triennial Festival was fixed at \$1000, and for his services until Christmas at \$200.

In the spring of 1874 it was voted to pay Mr. Zerrahn \$1000 for his services during the Third Triennial Festival (May, 1874).

May 12, 1875, Mr. Zerrahn's salary for the past year was fixed at \$500.

July 6, 1877, the sum of \$1000 was voted to Mr. Zerrahn for services during the Fourth Triennial Festival (May, 1877).

May 2, 1879, Mr. Zerrahn was presented with bound orchestral scores of "Elijah," "St. Paul," and the "Hymn of Praise," and a solid gold medallion bearing on one side the seal of the society, and on the other an inscription setting forth the character of the occasion (the completion of his 25th season). Furthermore \$2433.50 of the proceeds (\$3331) were given to Mr. Zerrahn.

May 27, 1880, it was voted to give Mr. Zerrahn \$1000 for services during the Fifth Triennial Festival (May, 1880).

Sept. 20, 1882, "Mr. Zerrahn's salary was raised to \$1000."

May 14, 1883, it was voted to pay Mr. Zerrahn \$1000 for services during the Sixth Triennial Festival (May, 1883).

June 15, 1885, Mr. Zerrahn was reappointed at a salary of \$750, "the reduction being due to the financial condition of the society."

May 7, 1886, it was voted to pay Mr. Zerrahn \$250 in addition to the \$750 voted him before.

June 14, 1886, it was voted to pay Mr. Zerrahn a salary of \$750, "besides such sum (not exceeding \$250) as may be warranted by the current receipts of the season, exclusive of gifts, legacies and income of the fund."

April 29, 1887, Mr. Zerrahn was voted the additional \$250.

June 10, 1889, it was voted that Mr. Zerrahn should be conductor at \$1250 for the season, and the Festival celebration of the completion of the 75th year of "choral life and work" of the society (April, 1890).

April 13, 1890, Mr. Zerrahn received a book, "Musical Instruments, Etc.," and a basket of flowers.

April 18, 1894, Mr. Zerrahn was given a most substantial testimonial in honor of his 40th anniversary. The solo singers and orchestra contributed their services in the performance of "Elijah." In addition to the receipts from an audience that crowded Music Hall, Mr. Zerrahn was presented with a gold medal set in diamonds and suitably inscribed.

I do not propose to speak of the political dissensions in the ranks of the Handel and Haydn that resulted in the choice of Mr. B. J. Lang as conductor for the seasons of '95-'96 and '96-'97, and the return of Mr. Zerrahn as conductor for the season of '97-'98. These are already matters of ancient history.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The review of the Symphony concert is in the news section of the Journal.

Mr. Marteau played Dutois's violin concerto April 7 for the first time in New York.

Josef Hofmann will give two piano recitals in Music Hall, April 21 and 30, at 2.30 o'clock.

A son was born to Mrs. H. R. Rose—known on the English concert stage as Clara Samuel—March 21.

Edith Byford was awarded the Sauret prize at the Royal Academy of Music, London, March 21.

Lucille Hill went down the Peel Hall Colliery in Lancashire and sang "Old Folks at Home" to the miners.

Martucci's Symphony in D minor was a novelty at the concert of the Royal College students, London, March 18.

A new ballet, "Le Rêve d'Elas," by Armand Silvestre, music by Lacomme, was produced at the Fomes-Bergère, Paris, March 23.

Pupils of Mr. Chas. R. Adams will appear in scenes from "Martha," "Aida," "Lucia" and "Lohengrin" at the Bijou Opera House April 21.

Auguste Van Hone appeared as Gustave Morell in "A Musician's

Romance" for the first time in England at Halifax, March 21, with great success.

The Cecilia will sing "The Golden Legend" April 27. The solo singers will be Antoinette Trebeill, Gertrude Edmands, Evan Williams, Max Heinrich, Sullivan Sargent.

A concertino for violin and piano by Alfred Mistowski was played for the first time at an orchestral concert of the students of Trinity College at Queen's Hall, London, March 17.

Mr. W. Stansfield, P. R. C. O., will give the third of his series of five organ recitals in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Bowdoin Street, Wednesday evening at 8. Admission free. No tickets are required.

Hollman, the cellist, about to play at a Colonne rehearsal in Paris a fantasia written for him by Massenet, sulked after a few measures, and left the hall because Mr. Colonne said something to him about his technic. Hollman's answer was, "I didn't come to take a lesson."

"La Petite-Tache," a three-act vaudeville opéra by Fabrice Carrière, music by Victor Roger, was produced at the Bouffes, Paris, March 26. The story revolves about a matrimonial agency whose custom consists of women who have suffered—slightly or more—in the matter of reputation. "Of the music, the least said the better."

Miss Gertrude Miller, assisted by Mrs. L. Woods, Mr. Van Heate and Miss L. Low, will give a song recital in Chickering Hall Tuesday afternoon, the 24th, at 3 o'clock. The program will include songs by Mozart, Von Flitz, Hahn, Thomas, Henschel, Tschakowsky, MacDowell, Schlesinger, Delibes, Hawley, Coquard, Saint-Saëns.

Miss Coe, who expected to sing the part of Helen in the course of a revival of Offenbach's opérettas at the Gaité, Paris, put herself in the hands of a trainer until she lost over 15 pounds. And now "La Belle Hélène" is deferred, and a new opéra "Le Maréchal Chaudron," by Lacomme will be produced with Miss Favre in the leading part.

Johanna Galski will sing at three concerts of the Worcester festival next September. Miss Stein, Evan Williams and Ffrangcon-Davies have also been engaged. Among the works to be performed under Mr. Chadwick's direction are "Elijah," "Hora Novissima," Grieg's "Olaf Trygvasson" (which was sung here in Boston by the Boston Singers' Society, Feb. 18, 1891) and Chadwick's "Lily Nymph."

At St. James's Church, Harrison Avenue, this morning, beginning at 10.15, the choir will sing Augusto Rotoli's "Roman Festival Mass." Mr. Rotoli will direct the performance. At the offertory the choir will sing his Easter hymn, "Terra Tremuit." Mr. Kugler, the organist, will be assisted by players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The choir is made up of a quartet and chorists numbering 60.

"Cleopatra," a dramatic scene for orchestra and soprano, by Henry H. Huss of New York, was performed for the first time in New York at a Philharmonic concert April 1. The New York Times said of it: "Mr. Huss's dramatic scene is not one of the composer's happiest efforts. It lacks thematic ideas, and the words of Shakespeare are not always kindly treated in the setting. The orchestral part is rich and musicianly. Mrs. Clementine de Vere sang the number with a hard voice and labored style."

The Whitinsville Musical Association of one hundred and fifty voices, Mr. Arthur Curry of Boston, conductor, gave the last concert of its season March 31. The principal work given was Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," which was followed by a miscellaneous program, consisting of orchestral and solo numbers, and a chorus from Bruch's "Arminius." The association was assisted by Mrs. Caroline T. Shepherd, Mrs. G. Ernest Blanchard, and Mr. J. C. Bartlett. The orchestra was composed of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The chief works which will be performed at the 13th Cincinnati Musical Festival May 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, will be Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," scenes from "Olaf Trygvasson," by Grieg, Beethoven's Missa Solennis, Schumann's "Paradise and Peri," scenes from "Parsifal" and "The Flying Dutchman." The chief orchestral works will be by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Wagner, César Franck, Rimsky-Korsakoff. The chief singers will be Margaret MacIntyre, Josephine S. Jacoby, Gertrude May, Selin, Corinne Moore Davies, Helen Wright, of Boston, Ben Davis, Joseph Baernstein, George Hamlin, Joseph Baernstein. The auction sale of reserved seats will begin May 3; single seats will be sold May 12. Tickets may be obtained of the John Church Company, Elm and Fourth Streets, Cincinnati.

Felix Weingartner's symphonic poem, "The Fields of the Blessed," was played for the first time in New York April 7 by the Symphony Society. The New York Times says of it: "The Weingartner symphonic poem, 'The Fields of the Blessed,' is hardly a 'tochter aus Elysium.' It is one great smear of orchestral color, a piece of instrumentation which uses all the resources of the modern score-juggler—divided and solo violins, divided double basses, tambourine, cymbals, glockenspiel, English horn, muted French horns, muted trumpets, and he even only knows what other fallals. All of these methods of expression are good when a man has something to express; but if you have nothing to say, the vocabulary of the Century and the Standard is of no use. M. Marteau played for an encore a piece for one violin without any accompaniment. It was by an old man named Isach, and it had more music in its first six bars than there was in the whole score of Mr. Weingartner's assault on antiquity."

The New York Times of April 5 spoke as follows of "The Lady and the Red Grass," a musical romance in one act presented at Koster & Blais: "After

the athletic exhibition of the India Rubber persons who call themselves 'sisters,' and Picchiani at that, and some time before Charmion disrobed herself and chucked her garters at the folks in the orchestra, came 'Au Bain,' book by Alexander Deroles, music by Maurice Lechamps. It was hoped, because of the excess of acrobaticism in the bill of Koster & Blais this week, that the new 'turn' would not be acrobatic; but the swimming of Adele Ritchie was found to be a wonderful feat in its way as any other feat of physical prowess in the long program. Miss Ritchie appeared as Suzanne, betrothed by the testament of an elderly female relative to her cousin Anatole. She had made Anatole believe that she was old and ugly, and he had refused to marry her, thus losing his share of the old woman's fortune. Then Suzanne, it being night, undressed herself and went in swimming, while the man in the moon looked on and wept. But presently came Anatole again, singing joyfully to himself, as Anatoles will, and naughty Suzanne was impelled (like another Eve) to make a small but serviceable garment for herself out of the

eel grass. Whereupon Anatole, accounted as he was, jumped into the water, too, and they both sang and swam and swam and sang. Finally Anatole was prevailed upon to go home, and call next day, whereupon Suzanne emerged from the wave, like Apollodite, and the calceus spluttered and the curtain fell. The parents of many of the men and women who saw this thing last night used to go to church and reverently say their prayers every night."

Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" did not please Americans either when it was first produced here or at later revivals, and the pathetic pun of the late John Stetson, who alluded to the piece as "The Gone Dollars," will always be associated with the title. But in England they like the opéra; witness the review of the Pall Mall Gazette on the revival of March 22: "Last night, at the Savoy Theatre, an old triumph was renewed in the revival of 'The Gondoliers,' which, although perhaps not the most uniformly exquisite of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, undoubtedly ranks among the funniest, the most melodious, and the prettiest of the series. The musician in it made a deliberate effort to succeed in the lighter, more southern, and more tuneful airs of Italy. From start to finish there is not a moment in which dullness or want of vivacity is permitted to interpose. The work bubbles over with humor in music of the best kind, and wit in music of the frankly undress order. In it, moreover, Sullivan assumed the garment of Italian opera upon a diminished scale, and a rather, how it, but wore it with an air of elegance that are quite irresistible. It was not as though he imitated, but as if he were part of the school, a little master of its best arts, its most delicate persuasiveness, and its most fluent melody. He has dared here and there even to recall a hint, a touch, a sentiment of Mozart, and never with failure. In Giannetta's song, 'Kind sir, you can not have the heart,' and in the delightful quintet of the second act, 'I am courtier grave and serious,' he calls up the reminiscence—to take these for examples—and passes off the situation with a rare and charming good taste. Perhaps it was inevitable—and this is on reason for describing 'The Gondoliers' as not the most uniformly exquisite of these comic operas—that a certain, however delicately accomplished, and in fashion of an art that had now run somewhat to seed, should be accompanied here and there by faults of obviousness and even commonplace. Such a trait is noticeable in Tessa's song, 'When a Merry Maiden Marries'; but the fault is exceedingly infrequent, for it is very seldom that Sullivan forgets his peculiar and personal distinction. Well, after all this time—it is over eight years since it was first produced at the Savoy—the music wears wonderfully well. It is as fresh now, as full of novelty and untainted sweetness, as it was when it was first produced. Here is the best test of the best music. The which in 'The Gondoliers' was somewhat uninteresting at a first hearing, was a little stale last night; but that while was beautiful at a first hearing was less beautiful, had even improved, of this occasion. It has been the reproach of those who decline to accept the music of Sullivan as anything but the expression of a mere moment, a passing whim of the public, that he play with music in the fashion of a man of the world. Never was there a conclusion so ridiculous. Among English musicians, Sir Arthur Sullivan stands supreme as one who has had the right inspiration, the true instinct for living and fascinating music which distinguishes the composer who is delightful not only for a mere passing phase of public taste, but also for anyone who at any time may come forward to enjoy it. And this is the proof. Though years may have passed, you return to the Savoy Theatre and listen to music that has been long hushed with even an increased pleasure, and a further insight into the subtler details of intention and of fulfilled purpose which first might have escaped the unwary ear. In many respects the performance of last night was excellent. Out the whole cast that in December, 1881, came forward with joy and humor and gaiety to uphold the traditions of the Savoy, it is sad to think that only a remnant to bring the proper fragrance the right distinction which belong peculiarly to this theatre. Miss Edith Brändam, who was in better voice even than ever, took her old part of the Duchess of Plaza-Toro with all her famously endearing mannerisms."

Mr. Blackburn discourses as follows on Mr. Jacques's lecture on Medley Music, delivered March 24: "Mr. Edg. B. Jacques last night delivered a lecture upon melody and harmony in medley music at the Conduit-Street Gallery which drew together, despite the blizz weather, a numerous and appreciative audience. Mr. Jacques was bold enough at the outset to make the declaration that 'there never was a time when'

A CAMBRIDGE GIRL'S TRIUMPHS.

SUZANNE ADAMS.

By Francis Whitman.

April 13. 96

MISS SUZANNE ADAMS, the talented soprano, was born at Cambridge, Mass. She first studied singing in Boston under Madame Pégou, and she remained under her instruction about two years. In 1880 she went to Paris and studied singing under Marchesi and Jacques Bouhy, and dramatic action under Mr. Koepig and Mr. Pluque. In July, 1894, she signed a contract for three years with the managers of the Paris Opéra, where she made her first appearance on any stage Jan. 9, 1895, as Juliet in Gounod's opera.

La Vie Parisienne of Jan. 12, 1895, said jestingly of the newcomer: "These Americans are terrible fellows! They inundate us with inventions which complicate life under the pretext of simplifying it—they spoil, under the pretence of utilitarianism, our good rottenness of civilization—and even then they are not satisfied! They bombard us with sopranos, who all make their début as Juliet. This is too much! Old Europe asks for mercy."

Mr. Heugel said of her in Le Ménestrel: "A début under favorable auspices. Miss Adams has natural qualities that assure a future. She has studied a long time under Marchesi; hence, her voice, which is not of large volume, is well placed and intelligently controlled. * * * She delivered the bravura passages with rare aplomb and amusing ease. Such passages best suit her. She was obliged to repeat the waltz, and the applause was just. As is the case with all the Americans, her manner is cold. There is neither in-

tense artistic fire, nor poetry that charms. No doubt these will be developed later."

Marchesi, in her Memoirs (pp. 280-81) speaks of Miss Adams: "The 14th of March (1892) I gave my first pupils 'audition' of the season, at which Madame Frances Saville and Mademoiselle Suzanne Adams were heard for the first time. Both made a remarkable impression upon the audience." Miss Adams sang at similar concerts May 28 and June 25 of the same year.

Miss Adams, soon after her début at the Opéra, appeared there again as Gilda. Feb. 24, 1896, she appeared as Marguerite under peculiar circumstances. Caron, Bosman, Carrière and Berthal were all indisposed. Miss Adams sang at two hours' notice, although she had not studied the part for 15 months, and had never rehearsed the part on a stage or with an orchestra.

Last year she made a contract with Carvalho, the late director of the Opéra-Comique, but she has lately been fulfilling an engagement at Nice, where she appeared as Juliet, Marguerite and the Queen of Navarre.

She has just been engaged by Mr. Grau for the coming season at Covent Garden, London, and the Metropolitan, New York.

Miss Adams is warmly remembered by those who knew her when she was in the public schools and without thought of a future operatic career.

Like nearly all American girls who have gone into opera, she appears to have suffered at first from self-con-

sciousness, or a species of primness and confidence have given her by that is mistaken easily by foreigners this time greater ease and freedom as coldness. No doubt experience in action.

chase, acquire, get. At three centuries ago, "to cough," also meant, to utter, to disclose, as in this sentence, "to make her confess the things testified against her, and also to cough out the rest."

We do not find anywhere allusion to this modern slang. We ourselves regard "cough up" as the proper expression, and we use it when we are moving in the first and gilded circles.

What an admirable description of a public officer of high station is that given by Daudet in his last novel, "Soutien de Famille":

"He will succeed where others have failed, because, having nothing superior about him, with the eloquence of a commercial traveler and the ideas of a good chairman of a provincial club, he offends nobody, and at the same time represents extremely well."

Mr. John Whiteley of Shirley, Mass., manufacturer of Shaker brooms, dealer in pressed and sweet herbs, apple sauce, hops, rose water, dish and floor mops, writes to the Journal as follows:

"I have noticed recently that the question has been raised—whether 'vest' or 'waistcoat' is more proper. An old man of my size, or thereabouts, thinks that 'vest' is good enough for the 'Divestment' worn at the present day—with its small pieces of broadcloth in front only. But the grand old garment the Fathers wore—cloth all around—and coming down well over the hips, for comfort and warmth—especially in our climate—is worthy a more substantial name—and waistcoat is as good as any. So thinks one who wears a waistcoat."

We had a comfortable wedding at the home of one of our oldest families last Thursday. George Alley married Katie, the daughter of Col. "Andy" Frew. The wedding was held early in the morning, as the happy couple wished to take a wedding tour over the N. and S. V. Railroad to Newport. The marriage was performed at 6.30 A. M. by Squire Brown. After a sumptuous breakfast of sausage, buckwheat cakes, and bananas, the bridal couple departed on the early train for Newport, returning on the noon train the same day. The bridegroom looked happy and the bride handsome. She is so handsome that it is said she can mash potatoes by just looking at them. The next day after the wedding George was in the store, and, after sitting behind the stove for about two hours, evidently in deep thought, he rose, stretched himself, and remarked: "Travin's tire-some."—Perry County Freeman.

The Patrie (Paris) speaks thus intelligently and sympathetically of the military forces of the United States in the event of a war with Spain: "The natives would be left to defend the littoral, and these negro and Red Indian troops would be able to lend good services to their masters."

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

I saw by the Journal of March 19 that an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, proposed by Senator Hoar, changing the time for the expiration of the terms of the President, Vice President, Senators and Representatives of Congress from the 4th of March to the last Wednesday in April had been favorably reported by the Senate Committee.

Desirable as that change may be, would it not be well to make it to the last Thursday in April?

Gen. Washington was first inaugurated President April 30, 1789, on Thursday, as can readily be seen in Encyclopedia Britanica, vol. iv., under Calendar, page 670, where are two tables, one giving the dominical letters for the years, and the other one the days of the week for the days of each month, so long as time shall be reckoned as it now is.

Inauguration year comes next after the century years and next after all other leap years. In the first column of the first table we find D was the dominical letter for the years 1705, 1733, 1761 and 1789. Then by referring to the second table and looking at the dominical letters opposite the months of April and July, D will be found in the fifth column and below it will be found the days of the week for the days of the month of April for the year 1789. We find April came in on Wednesday, and the next day, Thursday, was April 30, 1789.

In the first column of the first table we found Thursday fell on the 30th of April four times in the 18th century; by looking to the second column we find Thursday fell on the 30th of April in 1801, 1829, 1857 and 1885, four times in the 19th century. In the third column we find Thursday will fall on the 30th of April in 1925, 1953 and 1981, three times in the 20th century. In the fourth column we find Thursday will fall on the 30th of April in 2009, 2037, 2065 and 2093, four times in the 21st century, or



MISS SUZANNE ADAMS,
The Cambridge girl who has won high honors abroad as a singer.
(Photograph by Mendelssohn, London.)

consciousness, or a species of primness and confidence have given her by that is mistaken easily by foreigners this time greater ease and freedom as coldness. No doubt experience in action.

which was not to be. I want of melody. It was a gratuitous assertion, and for our part we should not be to have to prove, under penalties and pains, its truth. But it sufficed for the lecturer's point, which was to emphasize the beauty of pre-modern melody, as exemplified in the body of "classical" music known generally under the style and title of plain-song, upon that subject Mr. Jacques had one or two rather curious things to say. He antiphon, if we followed him aright, as the old popular form of melody, and the antiphon was founded upon a certain limited number of musical phrases, which formed, as it were, the most common multiple that was desirable by all the antiphons in turn. He absolved Mr. Jacques entirely from responsibility in these particular phrases. Well, that may be. But when the lecturer drew the conclusion that therefore the musicians of that period neither desired nor cared for melody, we entirely refuse to follow him. They might have deliberately, for want of enterprise and venturesomeness, confined themselves within the limits of a somewhat narrow set of laws, but within those boundaries they assuredly displayed a most remarkable inventiveness. As a matter of fact, however, the antiphons are the merest stuff of plain-song, lovely as many of them are. They do not belong to the radicle—which, of course, consists entirely of the music of the Mass—but to the Vespérale, which is concerned with the music of the Breviary, of which the hymnology forms by far the most important section, the antiphons being really nothing more or less than the texts, so to speak, dealing with the occasion of each festal-day, which are placed before and after the psalms of that is known as the Divine Office. Mr. Jacques, however, lumped up the antiphons together as the general representative of plain-song, and thereby created a convenient, if not quite accurate, means of reference. He raised with right emphasis the work which the monks of Solesmes have accomplished in restoring the purest versions of the old plain-song, but he went a little too far in claiming that "was Dom Pothier and his associates though he did not mention the name of this real leader of the movement—"he taught us to read what had hitherto been an indecipherable notation." Dom Pothier's version is assuredly the purest, but there is much of genuine research, and fine tradition both in the Mechlin and in the Ratisbon versions. It was, however, when Mr. Jacques came to give us specimens of plain-song from Dom Pothier's radicle—not the Vespérale, which for sheer beauty beats the other hollow—that we drifted entirely and indefinitely, though we say it in all friendliness, from the views of the lecturer. He insisted, to begin with, and to our great astonishment, upon the old and operatic character of the plain-song, and rather exalted it on the grounds that these southern people have a different view of religion from Protestant England. And he proceeded to play what he called an antiphon, but what we suppose was either the Introit or the Gradual of a Mass in honor of the Virgin, and certainly you never heard so gay and jiggling a tune in your life. We now our plain-song pretty thoroughly, in the Solesmes version as well as in theirs; but this was unlike anything in the world; it was neither sacred nor secular, neither distinctive nor commonplace; it was simply an appalling hybrid. Mr. Jacques had fallen into a natural error. He had taken note for note with admirable precision, and had fixed them all up with a modern rhythm of his own conception, just as you or I might turn the Vorspiel to 'Tristan' taking note for note of the melody, into a set of quadrilles with a new rhythm or our own invention. In certain monasteries of today, here and here scattered over Europe, there wells an unbroken tradition upon the manner of plain-song interpretation. In it there is not the remotest connection with 'time,' as it is used in the modern sense of music; by applying that modern convenience to such music, you steal from it all its profound, its ineffable emotionalism; you destroy its purpose, its foundation, its essence. We applaud Mr. Jacques for his enthusiasm and for his scholastic accomplishment, so far as theory goes. But he must really learn the practical traditions of plain-song from sources other than those which involve modern ideas from musical rhythm."

April 11 1898

Come back to me, enchanted days,
Waned moons of unforgotten Mays,
When Spring ran laughing through the wood,
Tempting the ardour of my blood
To follow in forbidden ways.

For now, it seems, even summer lays
No fire that life can bring to blaze;
How dare I dream that Springtime could
Come back to me?

Yet, in your presence, Age betrays
The trust Time had in him—displays
Youth's likeness and similitude;
Oh love, you bring me all things good—
Youth and the old, the magic maze,
Come back to me!

G. M. writes to the Journal: "Should you say, 'I made him cough \$5, or 'I made him cough up \$5'?"

This is a ticklish question. Unfortunately the slang dictionaries, even Farmer and Henley's, do not know the slang phrase. Nor is there any allusion to it in the great Oxford dictionary. Three centuries ago there was a phrase "to cough (any one) a daw, fool, mome," meaning to make a fool of, also to prove oneself a fool—but this "cough" may have been the obsolete verb, "cough or coff," to pur-

fifteen times in every consecutive 100 years.

In like manner we find Wednesday will fall on the 30th of April but thirteen times in each 400 years.

For the purpose then of always hereafter having the President inaugurated on the same day of the week that Washington was first inaugurated, and also twice more every 400 years on the same day of the month with the first inauguration, would it not be well to change "the last Wednesday" to the last Thursday? Respectfully submitted,

T. W. HALE.

Barrington, N. H., April 7, 1898.

GOUNOD'S "REDEMPTION"

As Sung by the Handel and Haydn
Last Night in Music Hall—Mr.
Zerrahn's Last Appearance as
Conductor of the Society.

Gounod's "Redemption" was performed last night at the 713th concert of the 33rd season of the Handel and Haydn Music Hall was crowded. The solo singers were Mrs. Johanna Gadsch, Miss Marguerite Dietrick, Mrs. Adele Lacie Baldwin, Messrs. George Hamlin, Elliot Hubbard, Pfrangon-Davies, S. S. Townsend, Mr. Tucker was organist. The orchestra was made up of Symphony players with Mr. Schnitzler as concertmaster.

The occasion was one of peculiar interest to many because Mr. Zerrahn conducted for the last time a concert of the society with which he has been identified for many years. I wrote yesterday in the Journal of certain features of Mr. Zerrahn's long, honorable, and useful career. It is sufficient now to reprint this announcement made in the program of last night.

"At the close of the concert tonight, our beloved friend and conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, retires from the position he has so gloriously filled for nearly half a century. We feel assured his many friends in the audience will join with the society in wishing him the utmost peace and felicity during the remainder of a life which has been so successfully devoted to the interests of a most noble and inspiring art."

Another page of the program announced that a performance of "Elijah" complimentary to Mr. Zerrahn will be given in Mechanics' Building, Monday evening, May 2. There will be a combined chorus of 1500, including the Handel and Haydn, Worcester County Musical Association, Salem Oratorio Society and many of the smaller societies in this State.

When "The Redemption" was given at the Worcester Festival of 1897 I gave at considerable length the reasons why I believe this oratorio to be an essentially weak and meretricious work. With few exceptions its religious feeling is cheap sentimentalism, its grandeur is tawdry. It is musical stucco-work. I take great pleasure in quoting now from a review by Mr. Vernon Blackham, which was published in the Pall Mall Gazette, of a performance of "The Redemption" in Albert Hall, Feb. 23:

"As one hears this most popular work time by time, one continues to wonder what the real reason is which makes for its popularity. In the first place, it has scarcely an ordinary popular quality, save that of assumption and a most resolute show of learning. It has, however, a curious occasional lapse into the sweetest sort of commonplace, which may—and probably

—endear it to the enormous audiences that gather to the Albert Hall. Thackeray somewhere describes the Prince Regent as an affair of 'silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then nothing.' Such it seems to us, might pass for a pretty accurate description of this oratorio. It is musically, it is carefully thought out, its orchestration is consistent with every fullness, it has a show of fervor, but, at the same time, it has little vitality, little sentiment of growth and expansion, little that seems belated to last out more than the period of its own modernity. . . . It is a pity; for Gounod undoubtedly thought that in composing "The Redemption" he was accomplishing something worthy of his genius, something that would repay his care, his anxiety and his resolutions to do something generally serious. . . . But as Gounod seems to take himself seriously in these works, the British public also chooses to take him seriously; and therewith we have grave audiences year by year coming to and applauding work with the same kind of enthusiasm as they would grant to such a masterpiece as "The Messiah."

On the other hand we find Saint-Saëns in a late study of Gounod's career, as gravely that "The Redemption" is "more of a Vita" and the Cecilia Chorus will live long after "Faust" and "Parsifal" are forgotten. But Saint-Saëns is a paradox, and he is not in the irony that was loved by the French.

The performance by the chorus was admirable. There was an unusual amount of time, the attack

was for the most part brilliant, there was a brave attempt to regard dynamic indications, which often led to brave results.

I have sounded often in the Journal the praise of Mrs. Gadsch in no uncertain language. I may therefore take the liberty of saying that her performance last night was unsatisfactory. No doubt she was hampered by the necessity of singing in English, whereas at the Worcester Festival she sang in German and in Latin. Last night she sang without breadth and without authority. Her tones were thin; her delivery was labored and mechanical. It is true that the tempo taken in "Over the barren wastes" was too fast—as it generally is—but she had the remedy in her own hands.

Mr. Hamlin had a most thankless and trying task. He did not make the dreary part of the Narrator interesting; in fact I know of no one who could make us forget the inherent monotony of these passages; but he showed vocal skill and physical endurance.

Mr. Davies had a more sympathetic part. He declaimed and sang with marked intelligence and true dramatic feeling. It was a pity that his noble delivery of the words of Jesus, beginning "Arise and hear" was marred toward the close by a false entrance of the orchestra in response to Mr. Zerrahn's beat.

Mrs. Baldwin has an agreeable voice, and she and the other members of the assisting quartet sang together with better effect than is usually gained on such occasions. The orchestra as a rule was under fair control.

The program requested the audience to "kindly stand" during the singing of the chorus, "Unfold, ye portals everlasting." The request was a mistake, if not an impertinence. In the first place the blatant music does not deserve such respect. In accordance with tradition, and because the music is truly sublime, it is still the custom to stand during the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus in "The Messiah." Such homage should not be cheapened.

Philip Hale.

MUSIC.

Opera-in-English Season
Opens at Boston.

"Erminie" Given at the Grand
Opera House.

Kneisel Quartet's Concert at
Association Hall.

Johann Strauss's "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" was performed last night at the Boston Theatre. With this performance began a season of five weeks of English Opera. There was a very large audience. Mr. John McChie was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

The King.....Miss Maenichol
The Queen.....Miss Claire
Donna Irene.....Miss Mason
Marquise of Villareal.....Miss Reiffarth
Cervantes.....T. H. Persse
Villalobos Y. Roderiguez.....Wm. Wolf
Don Sancho.....A. Woolley

Miss Reiffarth created the part of the Marquise when the operetta was first produced in this country at the Casino, New York, in the fall of 1882. She is no stranger to Boston; neither is Miss Maenichol, nor Miss Claire. Miss Mason, Mr. Persse, Mr. Wolf and Mr. Woolley were great favorites at the Castle Square when that theatre was the home of opera and operetta. It is not surprising then that they were greeted last night most enthusiastically by their many admirers. Each one in turn was welcomed as a long lost friend; there was hearty applause whenever opportunity was offered, and there were many curtain calls. And it may be said justly that a generous welcome was given to all the members of the present company.

The operetta itself is not a strong work, and yet it was enjoyed unmissably by many of the audience. The first act is dramatically weak, even in the original, which is far better than the translation made for Mr. McCaul's company, which produced the work here for the first time at the Globe in September, 1883. The story is told laboriously, lamely, and unintelligibly. I doubt whether even the comedians can give a clear account of the plot in which they are engaged. But Strauss wrote some delightful music for this libretto, and, hearing it, you forget the complications, and you are no longer vexed by the absurd liberties taken with that noble figure, Cervantes. The finale of the second act alone is worth waiting for; it recompenses the pain of listening to pointless dialogue, and the annoyance of groping blindly in the librettist's maze.

Undoubtedly the company will appear to still greater advantage in a more pleasing work. Even in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" Miss

Mason and Miss Maenichol gave much pleasure. They sang with spirit and intelligence, and they acted directly whenever the librettist relented from his determination to be dull. Miss Mason was a charming apparition in her disguise as a physician, and it is worth your while to see this operetta simply for the pleasure of admiring her graceful figure and unaffected ease. Miss Claire sang effectively, and Mr. Persse was a manly Cervantes. Our old and esteemed friend, Mr. William Wolff, was in a congenial part. Exposure to the night air of Philadelphia and the temptations of New York has not chastened the virility of his voice or the vigor of his action. He played the Count with blood-curdling passion. Mr. Woolley is still—Mr. Woolley.

The chorus was unusually good; in fact, its excellent work was one of the chief features of the evening. It is large numerically, and it is large in sonorous volume. Furthermore it shows the results of painstaking drill. The finale of the second act was given with great effect, and there were repetitions of the more exciting portions.

"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" will be performed Wednesday and Friday evenings, and at the souvenir matinee, Wednesday.

Tonight "Il Trovatore" will be given with Miss Mason, Miss Maenichol, Mr. Persse, Mr. Max Eugene and Mr. Wolff in the cast. It will be repeated Thursday and Saturday evenings, and at the Saturday matinee.

The operas next week will be "The Gypsy Baron" and "Carmen."

Philip Hale.

"Erminie."

"Erminie" was the opera given by the Boston Lyric Opera Company at the Grand Opera House last evening. The house was large and applause. The performance at times showed first night roughness; at other times it was exceedingly good. Miss Adelaide Norwood was the Erminie and Miss Clara Lane was Javotte. The two thieves were J. K. Murray, Ravennes, and Milton Aborn, Cadeux. These bore the brunt of the evening's work, though the singing of Richie Ling as Eugene Marcel and of Miss Hattie Belle Ladd as Delauney must not be forgotten. In the second act Miss Ladd, by the way, looked exceedingly dainty in her officer's rig.

Harry Paulton, the librettist of "Erminie," can take no credit for the popular success of the opera. The book is certainly the thinnest of thin things, thin of plot and thin of wit. Barring the thieves there is not a character that is in any degree actable. Jakobowski's music, however, does all that Paulton failed to do. The absolute supremacy of the music was driven home with especial force last evening, for, while the acting—largely through lack of preparation—was unfinished, the singing was good. Consequently the poor acting and the occasional lapses of memory did not to any great extent mar the performance. The music carried it through.

Miss Lane should always play soubrette parts. She is at her best in them. They fit her. There is sauciness, pertness, grace and attractiveness in the ideal soubrette, and Miss Lane has them all. Those that wish to see their favorite in one of her best roles should see her Javotte. The part is of little consequence, but Miss Lane makes it charming.

Miss Norwood's solos were enthusiastically received. The "lullaby" was, of course, many times encored. It was very well sung, too.

Mr. Aborn's humor dances much like a trained bear. He is ludicrous, but he is also heavy. He does not play the clown with grace and refinement. The audience liked him much, however.

Mr. Murray was excellent as the bogus Vilcomte.

Kneisel Quartet.

The program of the final Kneisel Quartet concert this season, given in Association Hall last night, with the assistance of Mrs. Szumowska-Adamowski, was as follows:

Quartet in A minor, op. 132.....Beethoven
Piano quartet in B flat, op. 41.....Saint-Saëns
Quartet in D major, No. 2.....Borodine

The quartet by Borodine was first played here by the Kneisels, Jan. 21, 1895. The composer was extremely fond of chamber music, and he was much pleased at the success of his first string quartet, which, as he wrote to an old friend in 1886, had been played not only at Leipzig, Brussels, Carlsruhe, Antwerp, etc., but even in Buffalo, N. Y. The second quartet is one of Borodine's posthumous works. It is dedicated to his wife, who died in July, 1887, five months after the departure of her husband.

The piano quartet by Saint-Saëns is more familiar to us all. It is dated 1875, when it was played for the first time (March 6) by Saint-Saëns, Sarasate, Jacquard, and Turban. It was first performed here Feb. 9, 1882, when Mr. Lang was the pianist. Other pianists who have played it were Messrs. Bendix, Maas, Baermann and Nikisch.

The A minor quartet of Beethoven was composed in 1825. The composer boasted to the publisher, Peters, that it was one of the works most worthy of his name. Writing of the "Thanks-giving song in the Lydian mode offered to the Divinity by a Convalescent," Lenz made the blunder of translating "in modo lidico" by "in lyric style." It was performed for the first time in Boston Dec. 12, 1865, at a concert of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club.

The Borodine Quartet reveals new charms at every new hearing. It is not deep, but neither is it superficial.

Though not bizarre, it is free from conventionality. As a whole, it is exceedingly poetic in conception and treatment, and has no small claim to originality. It was beautifully played. In the great Beethoven quartet, the club surpassed themselves. Such perfection in attack, finish and ensemble are rarely to be heard. Such a performance would give fame to any similar organization.

The St. Saëns Quartet, though ingeniously constructed and brilliantly effective, is uninteresting from a musical point of view. The andante is stupid, and even the scherzo displays the composer's fancy at low ebb. The finale opens well, but the interest is not sustained, and the movement comes to a rather abrupt ending. The performance was capital. Mme. Szumowska was at her best, and played with much brilliancy and decision. She is a thoroughly fine ensemble player.

The concert made a fitting close to a season, the best, artistically considered, in the history of the club.

T. P. Currier.

My days appear before me. Each night they come in long procession, in the vague hours when the lamp is dying, when candle-flames flicker in the candlesticks.

I see them all, I see them all! They are gray, pale shadows, or stately women in mourning, or sick persons, or the wounded whose feet bleed, whose mouths are tortured into grimaces.

Among them I search for one with shining armour, with a glorious sword, with heroic gestures; not one is there, not one is there! And yet all my days are before me. It seems to me that in the midst of these sad children to whom I have not given beauty, in the midst of these days that I wished fruitful, splendid and full of love, it seems to me that already night is coming upon me, the huge night of cold and yellow fog.

And a voice cries, solemn, terrifying, "Where are the days that you have made?" Ah! how I should like to put myself in front of them, to hide them, that I might not see them; but they constantly appear before me—these days—in long, sombre monotonous procession, to drive me mad, to murder me.

We are delighted to learn from his circulars that Mr. J. Francis Ruggles of Bronson, Mich., is thriving. ("Sees thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings.") Here is his own description of his new shop:

"White brick front, (with joints painted blue,) artistic, emblematic and brimful of sentiment from the foundation granite to the last stroke of the painter's brush!!! The Reception Parlor and Business Sanctum is decorated with 15 different wall paper patterns; each floor is covered with blocks of Moquet, Wilton, Axminster, Kidminster, Westminster, Brussels, Ingrain, Velvet and Tapestry Carpets; the Curio Emporium, Shipping and Mailing Departments, Salesroom, Stock Depository, Recuperatorium, Kleiderkammer, Lavatory, White House, Aerio, Omniumgatherum, Storagecellar and Toronado Cavern possess an individuality all their own, each being in different wood nearly all hard oil finished showing the natural grain of the various kinds of timber used, every ceiling and door knob different, altogether forming verily an apotheosis of variety, grandeur and magnificence."

Perhaps you have never been in Bronson, beautiful Bronson. "The booming, 'Cement City' of paradisiacal Branch County is a bizarre town of 1000 population. It possesses"—besides other things—"architecturally refined business blocks, weird forests in propinquity for hunting, a free public library of 1000 carefully selected and eagerly perused tomes"—a volume for each inhabitant—"Congregational, Baptist, Methodist and Catholic churches and allied societies, Masonic, Odd Fellows, Maccabee, A. C. U. W., and G. A. R. lodges, the richest deposit in the U. S. of inexhaustible beds of marl (assaying 97 per cent. pure carbonate of lime), a natty creamery, also a caravansary, a salubrious climate, fine quality of potable aqua, husling clitzers and hay homes."

O Bronson, Mich., O Bronson, Mich., Would God that I were there!

Mr. J. Francis Ruggles, young lawyer and gentleman, is a dealer in half calf, full calf, tree calf, moose paper, sheep and hog. Listen to his clarion call: "Wouldst thou sag thy brain, then pad out thy skull knowledge by perusing beneficial literature, for there can be but slight information gained or polished language without a thorough acquaintance with uplifting books. So you worship at the shrine of educational literature is our fetish. Rejoice you too, interested in profiting, matter and if so do you combine the pleasing sentiment of bookloving the amiable practice of book buying. "Reader, are you not liable to be seized with a desire to add to present fund of knowledge? Then less you are a victim of megalomania constantly devoured with the insatiable cancer of piddling selfconceit need books. They are links that

generations in our time. In our
and electric light, houses reflecting
coming generations the experience
ges alone. They lead the moving
ocosmi into new realms of advance-
t."

Mr. Ruggles is in close com-
with the deep thinkers of this
try. Here is a faithful copy of a
r addressed to him by Mr. W. C.
erson (Travelingeducationalist and
viewerextraordinary). Iowa.

ou speak of farming; Are you rais-
plug or fine cut tobacco? What
of chewing gum do you grow? I've
for you a piece of wood from the
Gen. Lafayette camped under in
ginia. Write and tell me part of
it you know."

Is it possible that Mr. Anderson
s took a rise out of Mr. J. Francis
egles, without the personal knowl-
e of the latter?

In the interest of truth," says the
inkville Bugle, "we wish to say that
meant to say that the burlesque
ow at the opera house was given by
lot of women with 'long pasts,' in-
ad of 'pants,' as the erratic types
t it."

lovers of the domestic cat will be glad
learn that the cat is a competent
dge of beer. Mr. Schidrowitz has ex-
ained to the Earl of Pembroke and
e Beer Materials Company, London,
e peculiar fitness of this animal to
cupy a judicial position. There is
er, and there is a substitute, which,
fortunately, for two legged malt-
orms is sold as beer. Mr. Schidrowitz
oke to a cat about it, because the
it is carnivorous, and at the same
me "possesses an interior economy of
a 'extremely resistant' character. Into
at economy, he, as a medical
ractioner, proceeded to introduce, first,
e residue of the substitute. There
as no mistaking the way the cat
umped, though 'some slight atoxia was
bservable." But when, after a twenty
ours' fast, beer residue was admin-
stered to the patient, the result was
perfectly satisfactory to all concerned,
and can scarcely fail to be consid-
ered conclusive by the Committee."

April 13, 1898

In a house with wooden galleries, with rows
of slate which the years ennoble, the hearth
is always cheered by the song of a grand-
mother at her wheel; the window garlanded
with nasturtiums opens on the rosy and
smiling face of a young girl, and children
rattle before the door, while Mr. Tristram
arises and repasses, peering with curious,
blind eyes.

Now every half century, Time makes his
all "Good morning, old age; good day
outh; how are you, you little brats?"

Each one is astonished, for nobody knows
him, while he is intimate with everyone.

"Oh—yes—from the beginning of the
world," and he smiles a tired smile. He
hakes hands with the old woman; he kisses
he cheeks of the young girl and they are
uddenly purple; he taps the golden heads
of the kids; and then he goes to another
use.

And every time he calls, every half cen-
tury, he finds dreamy faces, eyes toward the
street, and near the hearth old dames who
lead their past in the red ashes or sing to
he joyous sun that gilds playful locks.

This is the feast-day of Saint Her-
menigilde, a Spanish prince who abur-
ished Arianism. His father made war
upon him, took him prisoner, and, be-
cause his son would not take the com-
munion from an Arian bishop, he or-
dered him to be murdered in a dun-
geon.

This tale has no connection with the
Cuban question. We do not repeat it
with symbolical or sinister intent. It
is only a starter, and we are short of
copy.

But Miss S. Maria Elliott comes to
our assistance with a lecture on "The
Laundry." We learn of the inestima-
ble value of borax, our old friend the
acid borate of sodium, or boraborate of
soda, known to the Arabians and pro-
nounced by them bauraq, buraq, bo-
raq. "Javelle water should be in every
house." You are right; we prefer it to
Apollinaris, or Lithia, or even Hun-
yard Janos for steady use.

Some time we propose to try
James Clarence Mangan's recipe to
make tar-water: "Pour a gallon of
cold water on a quart of tar. Stir both
up with a stick for five or six min-
utes. Let the mixture (which should
be covered) lie for three days; then
pour it off. Nothing more need be
done, except perhaps to skim the oil
from the surface. If rightly made it
will appear of a light amber color,
somewhat like that of sherry. With
respect to quantity to be taken, this
will depend on the nature of the dis-
ease. In most cases half a pint in the
morning and another in the evening are
sufficient. Bishop Berkeley cured an
old soldier, who had been turned out
of hospital as incurable of the dropsy,
by administering to him two quarts per
diem of this Western Balm of Gilead."

Still we are inclined to prefer javelle
water.

We wish that Miss Elliott had paid
some attention to the Armenian ques-
tion—the question of Armenian laun-
dries. Are American shirts safe in the
hands of long-suffering and outraged
foreigners?

Another question. Where did Nessus
have his poisoned shirt done up?

And one more. Was not the clope-
ment of Helen merely an excuse? Was
not the famous war a revolt of the
Greeks against the monopoly known as
the Troy Laundry?

We admit that the ancients were too
civilized to wear the starched armour
of shirt and collar and wristbands. No
woman of antiquity was silly enough
to ruin her neck by using a stiff collar
of any kind. Or imagine Pericles diving
his head into a shirt, the tag of which
had been embroidered by Aspasia or
one of her interesting young ladies.

There is not sufficient attention paid
by lecturers to human washing and
ironing. It is a mistaken idea that the
people of American cities are scrupu-
lously clean. Stick your head into any
street car of the Back Bay. Sniff in a
theatre after the curtain falls. Javelle
water may be a remedy, and it is at
least worth trying.

Or there might be a return to the
fashion of the Scythians: "The women
use to powre water upon their own bod-
ies, and to rubbe themselves against
some rough stone; and then with a
piece of a cypresse, Ceadre, or Encence
tree, to grate their whole bodie, untill
it be some what bollen or swollen. And
then enoyn thei bothe that and their
face, with certeine medicines for the
nones; whereby thei become the nexte
dale of a very good smell, and (when
the medicine is washed awale) slicke
and smothe."

A mother leaves her child with a nurse,
whom she has perhaps hardly had over night,
while she goes to some club or society to be
instructed, perhaps by some unmarried
woman, in the theories of child culture, and
then she goes home too tired to let the
children come near her, even to try the new
theories upon them.

In America crime is increasing; in
England it is diminishing. In America
the prisons contain 1 in every 759 of the
population; in England 1 in every 1764.
This must be so, because he is an Eng-
lishman that says it.

Is it true that a town in Oklahoma
has been named Zangwill in honor of
the novelist, the Ghettoist? (The latest
gazetteer at hand is dated 1850, and we
have been told that it is out-of-date).
Is there a Howells Junction anywhere,
or a Garland Station, or a Harding-
Davis Forks? Why should there be
this odious discrimination? Or are names
allotted to applicants—authors or the
publishers of authors—at advertisement
rates?

IN SPRING.

The almond tree arrayed her limbs of brown
In the soft pinkness of her silky gown:
"Today the sun, my lover, comes," said she,
"And I desire that he be glad of me!"
But the sun slept, and let the North wind
blow,
And the pink gown was covered up with
snow.

My heart, too, wore a wedding garment fair,
Fit for the chosen of your heart to wear:
"My sun, my lover, comes today," said she,
"And clothed herself in gladness beautifully;
But, ah! you never came, and cold snow lies
Upon the poor heart's festal brawlies."

"IL TROVATORE" AT THE BOSTON.

Whenever Verdi's "Il Trovatore" is
announced, it does not matter so much
about the strength of the company if
there be a semblance of merit, there
is sure to be a warmly appreciative
audience. One is apt to judge largely
by comparison, and at all times this
is not favorable, but last night's pro-
duction at the Boston Theatre was in
many respects vulnerable, even beyond
the pretensions of the management.
There were many weak spots that were
glaring, but with the admirable orches-
tra, the capable conductor, John Mc-
Ghie, was able to produce an effect that
would have been lost if left to the
strength of the cast. Then, again, the
chorus was manifestly strong with the
evidence of training and a volume that
controlled.

Miss Edith Mason was accorded a
reception that only anticipated what
she justly deserved. Her Leonora was
admirable. Miss Lizzie Macnicol, as
Azucena, renewed her former success,
which is so well remembered. Mr.
Pérez's Mauricio was spirited and
forceful, but lost all charm by the false-
ness and hesitancy. It was marred
beyond measure by repeated flatness
and the tower scene suffered sadly
through his ambition to be done with
it all.

Max Eugene appeared as Count
di Lura. His voice is not unpleasant,
but of a range that hardly suits the
role. His lower register is strong,
but other than that there is little to
say.

The popularity of the company is un-
questioned, and certain calls were
numerous. This afternoon the "Queen's
Lace Handkerchief" will be given. A
dainty souvenir in the form of a lace
handkerchief will be given to each lady
attending. In the centre of the hand-
kerchief the cast of the opera is printed.

April 14, 1898

We returned to the city and I saw that
man ate man as in the early, barbarous
days; but with more formality, for there
has been marked progress in cookery.

We visited the poor, the wretched. Anar-
kas cried out to them "Anise, for the
time is at hand." They arose, one by one,
and followed. The procession kept growing.

At the voice of Anarkas the marks of sor-
row and weariness grew faint and bestial
instincts appeared on the masks of wrath
and hate.

And the crowd marched silently toward
the palace of the Rich. The palace dazzled
with the blaze of chandeliers. Tables bent
under the burden of Abundance with hands
heavy with the treasures of joy and life.
Bitter and rude faces were close to the win-
dow panes. Queen Indolence, with her white,
soft flesh, clothed in gold and silk and pur-
ple, odorous with luxury, was fanning her
face; loling on a sumptuous divan she hap-
pened to turn her head; she saw the masks
glued to the window panes; she started up,
she yelled a yell of terror, a yell so terrible
that the palace was alive with fear and
shook on its foundations. The tramps and the
beggars swarmed in the chambers. The
Queen was the first whose throat was cut.
And this was the signal for carnage, horri-
ble carnage, I tell you in truth most horrible
carnage.

Then the city was razed to the ground and
salt was spread over the ground where it
once exulted.

And Anarkas cried with a loud voice:
"Brethren, dear, here is happiness."

Mr. Carolus Duran, the portrait
painter, declares that Miss Nannie Lei-
ter of Chicago is the typical American
beauty. Mr. Leiter is not an apprecia-
tive father if he does not at once give
Mr. Duran a commission.

Old Chimes was tired of the war
talk at the Porphyry. He called the
attention of the group to Johnny Soak,
who was passing by the house. "Poor
Johnny! Not many years ago I en-
vied him his buoyancy, his good looks,
his youth—ah, his youth. Now he is
older than I am. He can't work, he
hangs about hotel corridors and bar-
rooms, his face is soddan, he avoids his
old friends. Worst of all, he is wear-
ing the souvenir-waistcoat. You know
the soiled, disreputable garment. There
is a trace of duck eaten in happier
days; there are wine stains contracted
when Johnny was an opener; there is a
smear left by misdirected mayonnaise;
the waistcoat is a chart of epicu-
rean voyages sailed long ago. Johnny
used to be fussy about his dress.
Doesn't he see that his waistcoat is
filthy and disgraceful? Or does he
wear it to remind him of past joys?
Or is it his only waistcoat, and there
is no one to clean it for him? Or
doesn't he care?

"But Johnny used to be a civil fellow
wherever you met him. How different
from Sprigstoun! Do you fellows like
Spriggy? He's a man who has a special
code of behavior for each club. Here,
for instance, he treats me with great
deference—he's almost obsequious—I
suppose because I am a charter mem-
ber and am at home. When I meet
him in the Union Club, he's distinctly
patronizing; he doesn't recognize me at
first, and when he does, he draws out,
'Ah-h-h-h; How-dy-do, Mr. Chimes.'
You see, he's a lawyer and I am not,
and he feels that he's on his own dung-
hill—hence his exasperating crow. If
I happen to meet him at the University
Club, he is neither obsequious nor pa-
tronizing. He remembers that we are
in the same boat—that neither of us
was at Dartmouth. I wonder what sort
of a fellow Sprigstoun is at home. His
wife has a set jaw, and, as I am told
by Miss Eustacia, she generally speaks
in italics. Sh-s-h! here he comes now."

And Sprigstoun, inquiring after Old
Chimes' health with the solicitude of
an insurance agent, pressed him to join
him in a cock-tail.

In many of the lunatic asylums of
England magazines are published, with
articles by the inmates. One of these
magazines used to include a few pages
entitled "Scintillations." The writer
one month described the literature of
the period as "literally lies; important
volumes to outward appearance, but
they contain nothing but lies. They are
quack advertisements—in the name of
God put a stop to this!" He must have
been a reviewer, who recovered sudden-
ly his reason.

"Iv coorse he's Irish," said Mr. Doo-
ley. "Th' Fitz Hughs an' th' McHughs,
an' th' McGoughs is not far apart. I
have a cousin be th' name Iv Mc-
Keough, an' like as not th' Gin'ral is a
relation iv mine."

"If I was you, I'd write him an' see,"
said Mr. Hennessy. "He's a gr-reat
ma-an."

"He is so," said Mr. Dooley. "He is
that. Wan iv th' gr-reatest. An' why
shudden't he be with thim two names?
They're pothry in both iv thim. Fitz
Hugh Lee! Did ye ivcr see a pitcher iv
him? A fat ma-an with a head like a

foot ball an' a neck big enough to pump
blood into his brain as soon as he
starvin'. White-haired and r-r-r-r-r-r-r-
Th' kind iv ma-an that can get mad in
ivry vein in his body. Whin he's hot, I
bet ye his face looks like a fire in a fur-
niture factory. Whin a ma-an goes
pale with r-rage, lok out f'r a knife in
th' hack. But when he flames up so
that th' perspiration sizzles on his
brow lok out f'r hand an' feet an' head
an' couplin' pins an' rapid firin' gun.
Fitz can be ca'm whin theyse anny-
thing to be ca'm about, but he can't
wait. If he was a waiter he'd be wur-
rukin' at th' thrade. Lok at th' jaw
iv him! It's like a paving block. He's
ca-m an' he waits part iv th' time.
That's whin he's asleep. But as soon
as his eyes opins his face begins to flare
up like wan iv thim r-round stoves in
a woodman's shanty whin rosin wool
is thrun in. An' f'r'm that time on tll
he's r-ready to tur-rn in an' sleep peace-
ful an' quite—not like a lamb full iv vig-
eable food, but like a line that's
wur-rked ha-ard an' et meat—he niver
stops rampin' an' ragin'. Ye don't hear
iv Fitz lookin' worn with th' struggle.
Ye don't r-read iv him missin' anny
meals. No wan fears that Fitz will
break down under th' suspinse. That
ain't in th' breed. He's another kind
iv a ma-an. He hasn't got th' time to be
tired an' worrid. He needs food an'
he has it an' he needs sleep an' he takes
it an' he needs fighin' an' he gets it.
That's Fitz."—Chicago Journal.

TWO CONCERTS.

Song Recitals by Mrs. Brooks in
Steinert Hall, and by Miss Ed-
mands and Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich
in Association Hall.

Mrs. Louise Bruce Brooks, assisted
by Mr. H. G. Tucker, pianist, and Miss
Lida J. Low, accompanist, gave a con-
cert last night in Steinert Hall. Mrs.
Brooks sang songs by Chaminade, Maud
White, Hawley, Gluck, Handel, Cor-
nellus, Tschalkowsky and five songs
from Von Flitz's "Cycle of Fair
Jessie." She has a voice of rich and
pleasing quality and good compass. Her
lower tones are peculiarly beautiful, and
she refrains from forcing them. Her
upper tones last evening were not al-
ways pure, and in sustained phrases of
the upper register she occasionally
fell below the true pitch. Although
there was much in her performance that
gave pleasure, and although it was a
joy simply to listen to the quality of
her lower tones, truth compels me to
say that I have heard her sing with
greater freedom and breadth than she
did last night. Her management of
breath was such that she occasionally
gave to the end of a phrase an un-
meaning accentuation, and at times
the rhythm was not sharply defined.
On the other hand her enunciation was
unusually distinct, and she showed sin-
cerity of purpose as well as indis-
putable musical feeling.

Mr. Tucker consumed valuable time
by playing pieces by Liszt, Schubert,
Schumann, Brassin, Scarlatti, Bach,
Saint-Saëus, and Chopin. He is an in-
dustrious man and for this is entitled
to respect, but industry is not the only
essential element of a pianist's equip-
ment. Mr. Tucker has no well-grounded
technic, and therefore his interpreta-
tion of even simple pieces suffers.

Philip Hale.

MISS EDMANDS AND MR. HEINRICH.

The sixth and last of the series of
Vocal Chamber Concerts was given
last evening in Association Hall. Miss
Edmands and Mr. Heinrich were the
singers. Songs by Chadwick, Beach,
Dresel, Nevin, Lang and Foote were
sung. Some of the songs of the
"Flower Cycle," by Chadwick, illus-
trate very plainly the impossibility of
writing music that will adequately ex-
press two entirely different ideas often
contained in the different verses of a
song.

Nor were Chadwick's songs the
only example of this, on last night's
program. We do not find in Mr.
Foote's "A Song of the Four Sea-
sons" those contrasts which the
verses so clearly picture. Both the
singers were in good voice. Miss
Edmands is not free from the pre-
vailing sin of all contraltos—that of
dragging the tempo. Although over-
done at times, she gave an exhibition
of legato singing that should prove a
worthy example to all young singers.

Mr. Heinrich's tone production was
no better than it ever is, but his in-
terpretations call for special mention.
There was a good-sized audience.

April 15, 1898

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Mr. Aphorpe's Lecture in Steinert
Hall on "Musical Criticism"—"A
Fashionable Lyric and Thespian
Entertainment" by Dr. Landis
and Miss Tucker.

Mr. William F. Aphorpe gave a lect-

...you may not know in Steinert
...of a musical criticism. This
...was full of thought and sug-
...and it should be printed in full.
...the honor of the lecturer and the
...fit of all those interested in music.
...A brief synopsis, however carefully
...would, must necessarily do injustice
...to Mr. Apthorp, and give only the
...faintest idea of his line of thought,
...of the research that was not ostentatious,
...of the epigrams that clinched as well as
...of the argument. In ancient days,
...when the formula ruled in art, the critic
...was a judge, and his review was a
...judicial decision, following precedents,
...and delivered as from the Bench. But
...such criticisms are now hopelessly old-
...fashioned. Music is in a large measure
...the rejection of its period, and as the
...of an art, so criticism should now
...be individual in conception and expression.
...The critic should keep aloof from
...dogmatism, from saving pontifically,
...“This is good,” and “This is bad.” He
...should bear in mind constantly the
...meaning of the word evolution, for the
...evolution of music is steady, and that
...which may surprise or shock modern
...judges may be conservatism of the
...future. Nor should the critic say light-
...ly, “This subject is disagreeable, or un-
...pleasant, or hysterical,” for nothing is
...foreign as material to art, and only by
...regarding and experimenting with
...everything can art finally reject that
...which is not worth while. Music con-
...tains that which is knowable and un-
...knowable. The critic of imagination
...peers into the latter and tries to dis-
...cover the secret. He should never try
...to do missionary work; he should him-
...self be always learning. The greater
...his receptivity, the greater his power
...in the community. He should not be
...modest; he should say to his readers,
...“You heard the piece in this way, and
...you thought of it thus; now listen to
...me, and hear what I think of it. For I
...am more learned than you, my recep-
...tivity is greater. I am a virtuoso in
...listening. And this is what I think of
...the symphony you liked carelessly.”
...The critic should not take himself too
...seriously; he has no mission; but if he
...is worthy of his position he is in turn
...an interpreter, yes, a creator. He should
...write an entertaining article; he should
...not be a bore. He should try to present
...a clear idea of what he finds in the mu-
...sic; but let him be careful how he
...jumps into the unknowable; the greater
...leap, the surer should be the ground
...from which he leaps. There are dan-
...gers and pitfalls. His worst enemy is
...the bore, who is often the great com-
...poser, or player, or singer. And why?
...Because this same great standard
...raises to so high a plane the standard
...by which the critic judges that the
...critic is bored if he musician himself
...falls short of it. Let him shake off in
...judging art the hereditary influence of
...Puritanism, of which the blossom is
...the Boston Face. This face shows ap-
...proval only of the ethical or the intel-
...lectual in music, whereas the value of
...sensuality in music cannot be estimated
...at too high a price. A criticism should
...be a work of art. The critic has a
...right to say to himself, “This sympho-
...ny, this string quartet was made for
...me to write an article about it.” The
...article should be as artistic as the work
...that called it forth. It should have the
...flavor of individuality, it should be the
...revelation of a work of art through
...the temperament of the reviewer.
...I hope that I have not done Mr. Ap-
...thorp any serious injury by thus stating
...in a few words and imperfectly the
...ideas that struck me most forcibly
...while I listened to him with pleasure
...and profit.

Philip Hale.

DR. LANDIS AND MISS TUCKER.

Dr. Simon M. Landis, supported by a
“Society Lady” debutante, Miss Lillian
E. Tucker, prima donna soprano, and
Miss Mae Medcalf, accompanist, gave a
“Fashonable Lyric and thespian Euro-
pean drawing room entertainment” last
evening in Steinert Hall. As the pro-
gram informed the audience, Dr. Landis
during the centennial year instituted
the playing of “Hamlet” and “Richard
III” with an Imaginary Company, play-
ing alone. On this occasion there were
several imaginary characters, for he
was supported only by the aforesaid
“Society Lady” as the Queen in “Ham-
let,” and as Lady Anne in “Richard
III.” Dr. Landis gave scenes from
these two plays, as well as poetic re-
citals, with unparalleled ingenuity in
costume and with a Goldenrod wealth
of gesture. He played Hamlet in a
black Albert coat and with a beard,
as Richard he wore in addition a
piece of cash. His passionate elocu-
tion and his blood-curdling activity were
quite loudly. The debutante never

...Tucker sang several pieces with
...confidence—among them airs
...“La Sonnambula,” “The Last
...of Summer” and “Some Day.”
...All in all it was an entertainment that
...did not do it to any European draw-
...ing room.

The sun threw gold with rain rain.
The sky was a hard blue, and the plain
was fuselously yellow.

The air was visible, so intense and rapid
were its vibrations.
Not a living thing.

An unusual sensation revealed to me the
firmness, all-pervading motion that pene-
trated the seeming torpor of rocks and all
matter.

What then?
I heard a noise—mysterious, formidable,
undoubted.

I stepped my ball steps, I listened to sil-

ence.

And the drum of my ear, unaccustomed

to such vibrations, was aching.

And the mighty clamor, bursting forth

from the heavy envelope of the rocks, cried:

I am to you the intangible; I am that
which reveals the inexpressible to you.”

Under the incredibly novel vastness and
swiftness of billows in a storm, all of a
tremble I fell crushed to the earth.

And the King's fool (Why was he there, if
I had not seen him?) sneered this sneer:
“You should not listen at shut doors.”

You flaunt your wooden toothpick.
Mr. Johnson, in the face of the world.
You hold chewers of tobacco in abhor-
rence. You punished your little Mary
last week because you caught her chew-
ing gum. And yet you hold a toothpick
in your teeth at home, in street car,
walking, or at your office. We saw you
sucking one in church until your wife's
glare frightened you at last. A man of
reading, you were delighted to find that
Admiral Colligny always carried one,
either in his mouth or over an ear or in
his beard, and that an old French prover-
b runs “God deliver me from the amia-
bility of Condé and the toothpick of
the Admiral.” But what happened to
Colligny in consequence of his favor-
ite trick? He was assassinated by in-
furiated citizens—yes, butchered, Mr.
Johnson.

The Intelligent Foreigner is much in-
terested, studying the dust of Boston.
“No wonder that you are proud of it!
I have never seen its equal. No wonder
that your city authorities cannot bear
the idea of watering the streets.”

Mr. Smiggs has been very loud for
war. He has laid aside the Newgate
Calendar, which was his favorite read-
ing, and has bent of late over accounts
of campaigns by land and by sea. Bran-
tome's old French has not de-
terred him from tackling “Rodomon-
tades Espagnolles,” and he has gone so
far as to investigate the origin of the
phrase, “to walk Spanish.” Mrs.
Smiggs and the little Smiggesses have
wondered why the Master of the
Household did not wear epaulets and a
sword. Tuesday night—so we are in-
formed by Mrs. Smiggs—a charming
woman—we knew her before she was
married—they were all sitting at dinner
in their luxurious flat near the Charles-
gate. Mr. Smiggs was explaining the
fortifications of Boston. “My dear,”
he shouted—and he banged the table
with his fist—“you need not have the
slightest uneasiness; there is no possi-
ble danger of bombardment.” There
was a strange, disturbing, sinister
whistle. It came from the Charles.
Nothing like it had been heard before.
Mr. Smiggs's face was a death-mask.
“Pa,” said young Augustus, “Ma, do
you suppose that is a Spanish torpedo
destroyer boat?” “Maria,” whispered
Mr. Smiggs, “I think I'll go down a
minute to the cellar to see if your bicy-
cle is safe.”

The Newgate Calendar! Would that
our grandfather had dealt wisely in
rum, molasses, and negroes, and that
we were thus able to give our nights
and days to such pleasant reading with-
out thought of the morrow! Take, for
instance, the account of the adventures
of Mr. John Williams, who, after he
had murdered Mr. and Mrs. Marr, their
baby and the shop-boy, and after he
had murdered Mr. and Mrs. Williamson
and their servant woman, disappointed
justice and the London crowd by hang-
ing himself from a beam in his cell
in Coldbath Fields. He was buried in
the nearest cross-roads, and a stake
was driven through the body. But first
there was a procession through the
neighborhood which had been the scene
of the monster's crimes. There were
hundreds of constables, there were pa-
rish officers, and then came the body of
Williams.

“Extended at full length on an in-
clined platform, erected on the cart,
about four feet high at the head, and
gradually sloping toward the horse,
giving a full view of the body, which
was dressed in blue trousers and a
white and blue striped waistcoat, but
without a coat, as when found in the
cell. On the left side of the head the
fatal maul, and on the right the rip-
pling-chisel, with which the murders
were perpetrated, were exposed to view.
The countenance of Williams was
ghastly in the extreme, and the whole
had an appearance too horrible for
description.”

A Minnesota marriage is thus de-
scribed by the Jackson Republic: “The
other evening, at 8.03 sharp, Jack
Puncher and Hallelujah Sal were tied
together with the strong arm of the
law and a lasso. The rope was used
to prevent Sal from tearing herself
away, for she is as timid as a jack-
rabbit, as this is the first time she
has been married. She'll get tamed,
though, after she has been married a
few times. The bride wore a wine-
colored Fourth of July dress and a
new sunbunnet, while the bridegroom
did not. A grand ball and a free-for-all
fight ended the happy couple's wedding
day, and every one went home unhap-
py.”

Mr. J. A. L. Waddell, C. E. B. A. Sc.,
Ma. E., etc., etc., is the author of “De
Pontibus, a Pocket Book for Bridge En-
gineers.” In the preface he says: “The
captious reader will reply, ‘Why re-
vert to the Latin language? Is not
English good enough?’ Certainly it is;
but the author had a sound reason for
using Latin, which he will proceed to
explain. For five consecutive years of
his early life the author devoted more
than half of his working time to the
study of the Latin language; and this
is the first opportunity which has oc-
curred during the 22 years of his pro-
fessional career to put the knowledge
(?) so obtained to any practical use.
Moreover, he fears that, even if he be
so fortunate as to be able to practise
his profession another 22 years, no other
occasion will occur to use it, so he
feels the necessity for grasping this
unique opportunity of a lifetime.”

To B. G.: Klondyke has already been
used by London playwrights and sketch-
builders. The latest harrowing play
founded on the craze is “Klondyke, or
a Story of Blackmail,” by Brien Mc-
Cullough, played at Gatti's in the
Westminster Bridge-road. There is
also Gustavus Elen's acting-song,
“The Klondyke Dustman,” and the
sketch “Klondyke Emma.”

April 16, 1898

THE ROMANCE OF ZION CHAPEL. By
Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane, New York.

We have never understood why Mr.
Le Gallienne's “Quest of a Golden
Girl” was attacked so savagely by pro-
fessional moralists in the seats of book-
reviewers. It was a fantastic sketch.
The actors lived in No-Man's-Land,
and to overlook the beauty of style
and the felicity of phrase for the pur-
pose of digging below the surface and
bringing to light alleged and hidden
“immorality” seemed to us a feat of
opera-bouffe.

We say this that we may not be mis-
understood in the attitude we take to-
ward this author's latest work. The
story opens admirably; the sketches of
the humble and simple chapel-people—
the pious, honest Moggridge, “the huge,
good-natured, guffawing pillar of New
Zion”—Mrs. Talbot, “remembering
great occasions and startling events
by the food of the day”—old Talbot,
fond of his kitchen, and sitting there
“like White-haired Saturn, quiet as a
stone”—are admirable in their kindly
humor, keen observation, and pictur-
esque detail. The endeavor of Theo-
philus, the parson, to preach the doc-
trines of Whitman, Ibsen, Tolstoy, the
publication of “The Dawn,” the intro-
duction of Morris wall-paper, which led
Mrs. Talbot to say, “I suppose it's all
right, boy, and it sounds silly to say
about a lot of harmless lines and
flowers, but it seems to your old mother
that there's something wrong about
that paper—something almost wicked
in it”—all this is delightful reading.

There is hardly a page that does not
tempt one to quotation. Dear to all
lovers is the courting of Jenny and
Theophilus, but with Isabel Strange of
magnetic eyes, and cold closed lids
and interesting wrinkles—Isabel “vivid,
passionate and exquisite”—and addicted
to cigarettes—there enters doubt with
the suspicion of insincerity. Of course
it was inevitable that Theophilus and
Isabel should recognize at a glance
their soul-affinity, and of course poor
Jenny caught these superior things
hugging and kissing just as though
they were kitchen maid and butcher
boy. Jenny dies and is buried in Mr.
Le Gallienne's most beautiful and war-
ranted prose. And then Theophilus is
subject to violent emotions, thinking
of the dead one. She haunts him per-
sistently and so one fine night he rests
his head on the “kind shoulder” of a
play actress who resembles her, and
he does all sorts of queer things until
he finally telegraphs Isabel, who had
never written to him nor seen him,
“Jenny is dead and I am dying.” Isa-
bel comes to his bedside. They drink
poison together. Theophilus remarking,
“How wonderful life has been!” an ob-
servation worthy of the late Mr. Tupper.

The book leaves a bad taste in the
mouth—not because of the tragedy—
not because of any depressing morbidity
in situation—but because there is
the suspicion of insincerity in state-
ment and in expression of statement.
If Theophilus had run off with Isabel
in true buccaneer fashion and sinned
melodramatically, passionately, even
though Jenny had died the sooner, the
story would not be as repulsive. It is
the sickly, whining sentimentalism of
inaction that here offends.

A sea captain when he stands upon the
bridge, or looks out from his deck-house,
thinks much about God and about the world.
Away in the valley yonder among the corn
and the popples men may well forget all
things except the warmth of the sun upon
the face, and the kind shadow under the
ledge; but he who journeys through storm
and darkness must needs think and think.
One July a couple of years ago I took my
supper with a Captain Moran on board the
S. S. Margaret, then put into a Western
river from I know not where. I found him
a man of many notions all flavored with
personality, as is the way with sailors. He
talked in his queer sea manner of God and
the world, and up through all his words
broke the hard energy of the man of action.

“Sur,” said he, “did you ever hear tell
of the sea captain's prayer?”

“No,” said I, “what is it?”

“It is,” he replied, “O Lord, give me a
stiff upper lip.”

“And what does that mean?”

“It means,” he said, “that when they
come to me some night and wake me up,
and say, ‘Captain, we're going down,’ that
I won't make a fool of myself. Why, sur,
we war in mid Atlantic, and I stand in
on the bridge, when the third mate comes up
to me lookin' mortal bad. Says he, ‘Captain,

all's up with us,’ says I, ‘Did't you know
when you joined that a certain percentag
go down every year?’ ‘Yea, sur,’ says he
and, says I, ‘Ar'n't you paid to go down?’
‘Yea, sur,’ says he; and says I, ‘Then go
down like a man, and be damned to you!’”

He told this tale of himself quietly, sim-
ply, as if he talked of the bubbling of the
tar between the deck planks in the hot sun
the gathering of tarraclaea along the keel
or of any other part of the daily circum-
stance of his calling. Let us look upon him
with wonder, for his mind has not fallen
into a net of complexity, nor has will melle-
lito thought and dream. Our journey is
through other storms and other darkness.

They call Mr. Bradford now “the
footless Gamallel.”

There is an elocutionist in town who
proclaims that by his method of voice
building he can make “speedily grace-
ful and gigantically Magnetic Conver-
sationalists, and Competent Trades-
men (removing all Diffidence).” Is
this right? Is this human?

“The Yellow Book is dead.” We do
not mourn its departure, for our inter-
est in it ceased after Aubrey Beards-
ley stopped drawing for it on account
of the timidity of the publisher.

Mr. Alden, in his last letter from
London to the New York Times Satur-
day Review of Books and Art, says
that there is much curiosity as to the
name of the author of the “Ballad of
Reading Gaol,” which has passed into
its fourth edition. “I should not be
surprised,” says Mr. Alden, “if the
author should prove to be Mr. John
Davidson.” The author of this remark-
able ballad is Oscar Wilde.

Mr. S. C. Solssons in the same issue
of the Times says, “Whoever return
to life and nature his work become
vulgar, common, and uninteresting, a
it is the literature of Brewery.” The
“literature of Brewery” uninteresting
Mr. de Solssons, you have evident-
ly never read Chancellor Walworth's fa-
mous opinion in which he told the his-
tory of brewing from the days of the
ancient Egyptians, with an enthusiasm
that suggests a foam-crowned tankard.
Dr. Johnson's imagination was fired
by the sight of a brewery. He visited
in Paris the establishment of Santerre
and who does not know his speech at
the sale of Thrale's brewery: “We are
not here to sell a parcel of boilers and
rats, but the potentiality of growin-
rich, beyond the dreams of avarice.
Have you ever read George Arnold's
poem, Mr. de Solssons, beginning
‘Here, with my beer, I sit’? Or read
the praises of ale in ‘Pills to Purg
Melancholy.’”

It was in 1860 that Vanity Fair pub-
lished a poem in eleven verses entitled
“The Fine Young Cuban Gentleman.”
Here is the last verse:

Now what becomes of Cutans I really do not
know,

For no matter when you see them, the
always look just so,

Their hair is just as black, their whisker
just as nicely curled,

And they never seem to grow any older, but
always have the same appearance the
they had when I first saw them, and
I believe they have always looked the
same, ever since they first entered the
unfortunate world.

These fine young Cuban gentlemen
All of the modern time.

Dagonet of the Referee (London) is
excited over the question of the prop-
er form of capital punishment: Hangin-
was originally chosen as the form of
death most degrading to the victim
and, therefore, most exemplary to the
spectators. ‘To die a dog's death’ was
to be hanged. Now that we are no
longer publicly executed as an ex-
ample, the only reason for making
capital punishment a process of insult
to the subject of the experiment has
disappeared. The logical end is, of
course, the merciful completion of the
work which has been mercifully com-
menced, and that means the substitu-
tion of the lethal chamber for the gal-
lows. If the death punishment is to be
a punishment of pain murderers ought
to be roasted alive or vivisected. If
is not to be a punishment of pain, but
merely a punishment of perpetual ban-
ishment from here below, then why have
any pain or any degradation or any
vulgarity about the proceedings? The
abolition of hanging and the substitu-
tion of the lethal chamber would, I as-
sure, be a step in the right direction
and one which would do much to re-
lieve the world of that hysterical sym-
pathy which is now so freely lavished
on murderers condemned to be hanged.

PHILIP HALE
TONIGHT.

Memorial Hall, Y. W. C. A.

35c, 50c.

Worcester Telegram April 16
THE NEW RUSSIAN MUSIC.
An Entertaining Lecture by Philip Hale
Before the Allen Club.

Philip Hale, the accomplished critic of the Boston Journal, lectured under the auspices of the Allen Club in Memorial Hall, Friday night, on Russian music. He said he had been asked to say something about the program of the next music festival, but he thought it would be indecorous for him to do so, and accordingly he made only a passing reference to the principal choral works and to the local interests concerned. The heavy rain seriously interfered with the attendance here as elsewhere, but those who braved the storm were attentive listeners, comprising some of the foremost musical people of the city, and all were enthusiastic over the scholarly and lucid discourse. What was inevitably a serious talk was punctuated with sides of a somewhat pungent nature.

No adequate abstract of the lecture is possible within ordinary newspaper space, but some of the points may be indicated. Mr. Hale began with a quotation from Pushkin, to show that a good acquaintance with Russian life, literature and feeling was essential to a complete understanding of Russian music. Then he soon entered the marvelously rich field of Russian folk-song, which Tchaikovsky and Cui assert is the greatest which any nation can boast. In order that a people may have folk-music, it must have had a childhood, with the line of demarcation between savagery and civilization but faintly traced. The American nation was born of full growth. It had no childhood, and hence is unreasonable to suppose that it can have folk-music. Mr. Hale had other arguments with which to support his well known contention against Dvorak and Henry E. Krehbiel.

The lecturer traced the growth of music in Russia, described the peculiar ethnic variety of the Russian folk-music, its narrow compass (seldom covering an octave), and its aesthetic content and sentiment. In due course Mr. Hale came to speak of the individual Russian composers, and he was able to compass them all, for formal Russian music is scarcely sixty years old. A peculiarity of these men is that nearly all are wealthy and had other means of support than music teaching or composition. Glinka, the father of Russian music, was born as late as 1804; Rimsky-Korsakoff was a naval officer who visited this country as an officer of marines during our civil war; Cesar Cui is a professor of the art of fortification; Borodin was a professor in a medical college, and so the list might be prolonged. Down to Glassoumow and Stcherbatcheff. Though the Russians themselves delight to consider their opera the most characteristic and important department of their national music, it is by their orchestral and piano compositions that they are best known beyond the frontier. This is logical, for the Russians say that by the nature of things Russian opera should be interesting only to Russians. Mr. Hale took pains to point out that Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky were not considered typical Russians at home, but cosmopolites. In a sense they had been Germanized. The newer Russian composers set themselves proudly to the task of developing a national "school" of music. They laid down precepts and principles to govern before they began to compose. This was phenomenal. They argued that orchestral music had reached the acme of development and the only field left was opera. Yet in this department they had a decided best when they had not clung so slavishly to their self-imposed fetters but had shown a rather cosmopolitan tendency. Mr. Hale confessed that for himself he did not consider opera the highest form of music. He designated it as the plaything of the rich and luxurious, and believed it would always remain so.

The strength and imagination of the Russian music was what made the most impression, and there was much to be said of the Slav melancholy that permeates it. That it is the greatest of all music, could not be asserted, but there was a newness, a daring, a contempt for conventionality, fetishism and the commonplace about it that commanded attention, and it is making its way around the world. It has opened a new realm in music. As we cannot reckon about Russia either in politics or in literature, so in music, the thought and progress of the people of the czar are compelling more and more the respectful consideration of the world, in this stirring and nervous age. Mr. Hale dismissed some of the Russian compositions or orchestra, which, he said, were models of coherence and perspicuousness compared with music of the neo-German school, like Richard Strauss. "Thus like Zarathustra." He also cited numerous piano pieces that were worth studying, if one desires to learn the character of Russian music.

RUSSIA FREE FROM WAGNER.

Philip Hale Says It's the Only Land Whose Music Is Unaffected
WHOLE SYSTEM IS BASED ON MASS OF FOLK SONG.

Destined to Make Itself Felt in the West.

Russian music, which is causing as much stir in the musical world as Russian novels have in the literary world, was treated last evening by Philip Hale of Boston in a lecture under arrangement of the Allen Club in Memorial Hall. Mr. Hale found an audience of musicians and amateurs attracted by his name as a musical critic, and his reputation as a thoughtful and original writer. His manner on the lecture platform has the same interesting quality shown in his writings.

Mr. Hale surveyed the field of Russian music from the earliest folklore and advanced the opinion that the Slav school of composition, with its intense striving for novel effect, and its Oriental character is destined to create more than a ripple on the musical form and taste of the world.

Inasmuch as modern Russian music is founded deliberately, persistently and uncompromisingly on the folk songs of the nation, any consideration of the subject without examining that body of folklore will not give the student an insight into the genius of Russian music. First, the apotheosis of the warrior, then the only object of respect, the Slav folk songs

Gave Rise to the Ballad

or epic chant. With the introduction of Christianity a change came over Russian music. Still pagan customs remained in Russia, and do to this day, as they do in England, and the songs of the ancient Slavs have been preserved. The love songs are the most interesting as showing the position of woman, "free as a girl, slave as a wife."

The Russian is superstitious and to this day the educated men are not free from the influences of the unseen. The Slav is peculiarly musical. He sings in the thick of the battle charge and the troopers of Szwarrow found inspiration in their chants.

The old Russian songs do not conform to the ideas of western Europe. Different measures appear in the same song, with bewildering changes between five, four and three time. Often they do not employ the scale as we know it, but use the Greek modes, both the Lydian and the Dorian. The songs are difficult to harmonize. Sometimes one harmony runs through a whole piece, with a monotonous, sad effect, not unpleasant and expressive of the melancholy that is one of the most deep

Seated National Characteristics.

A song of Rubinstein written on this plan will be remembered. It is Slav, with little of Rubinstein.

The whole body of Russian native song is tinged with the underlying melancholy of the people, and one recognizes in them the spirit to be seen in the eyes of the Russian woman, bred of crushing conditions and soul destroying labor, from which there is desire to escape, but no hope.

Already these songs are disappearing from the towns, displaced by modern music of the foreign opera. They are disappearing before modern musical civilization. The Russians for a long time imported their music along with their other refined pleasures. The ballet was early brought into Russia and reached an extraordinary development, its history full of extravagance and crime, and therefore deeply interesting. In the middle of the 16th century, Russians wrote weak operas without merit, modeled on the Italian.

But the modern school of Russian composers has sprung up in this century. Almost without exception the modern school is composed of wealthy Russians, and Michael Glinka, the father of the modern school, was in most comfortable circumstances. He studied in Italy and wrote

After the Manner of the Italians,

but in Milan in 1830 he felt the necessity of expressing the truly national genius in music. He hunted after new harmonies, new modes and new effects never attempted, and studiously avoided the conventional forms of expression. So the Russian composers invented an opera of their own, to which they turned naturally, though opera was and is and always will be nothing but an aristocratic plaything.

It is to be remembered that the noted Russian composers of the new school were distinguished in other walks of life before taking up music. They were physicians and engineers and scientists and worked at music along with their professions. There is a cause for this, as until recently even a musical genius in Russia would starve if he had to depend entirely on his pen. Lately a strange thing has happened—a publisher has arisen who is willing to publish the music of authors whom he considers deserving at his own expense. Betteff is deserving of mention if only for this peculiarity.

The Russians are theorists on music before they write it. They are the only people of this stamp, except the Italians of the 16th century and Richard Wagner. But bear in mind the

Russians Do Not Believe in Wagner,

and Russia is the only country where the music of Wagner has not affected composers. The Russian school wages uncompromising war on conventionality in music. Their operas are not heard in this country, for the operatic repertory we are treated to by the Damrosches and the others is confined to four or five German works, or Carmen sung by a naive New England woman with a temper.

Borodin stands out as the greatest of Russian composers. His great uncompleted work has been finished by Korchakoff, another solecism in music.

Although the radicals of Russian music hold that all the limit has been attained in originality of composition in orchestral forms, their works are full of novel effects and it is by these works that they are best known beyond their borders. It is nervous music, music first for the musician, without regard for the approval of an audience.

But this ultra expression may be a

Step in the Evolution of Music.

for there is no such thing as fixity, no standing still, in art, and the very wildness of today may be the highest art of tomorrow.

Of the Russian musicians still living, Glasinoff, though suspected at one time as a nihilist, wrote the coronation ode for the present czar, and also the music for the opening of the Columbian exposition in 1893.

Russians do not feel the same motives to write music as inspired Beethoven. Their ideas spring from their Oriental nature, not to be understood by an American armed with a Cook ticket. He that does not feel the overmastering influence of the Arabian nights; he that will not see the air full of spirits, cannot hope to understand the best of Russian music.

Much of modern piano music and song literature of Russian composers may be studied by the amateur, and although some of it is difficult there are charming bits within the reach of the average pocketbook and the average musical understanding.

april 17. 98 TWO CONCERTS.

Messrs Ysaye, Marteau, Gerardy, and Lachaume in Music Hall—
Mr. Joseffy the Soloist at the 22d Symphony Concert.

A delightful chamber concert was given in Music Hall yesterday afternoon by Messrs. Ysaye, Marteau, Gerardy and Lachaume. The program was as follows:

Serenade for violin, viola and cello.... Beethoven
Concerto in D minor for two violins.... Bach
Piano quartet, op. 7..... D'Indy

As an enthusiastic musician remarked to me after the concert, Messrs. Ysaye, Marteau and Gerardy squeezed out all the juice there was in the old Serenade. I should like mightily to speak at length concerning the many beauties of the ensemble, but these are not the piping times of peace, and war now is greedy for space. The concerto by Bach, which is familiar here—I believe the last to play it were Messrs. Kneisel and Loeffler in the fall of 1890, a Symphony Concert—was gloriously played, and the largo is long to be remembered. In the quartet by D'Indy, which was performed here for the first time, although the piece is about 20 years old, the pianist was the brilliant Lachaume who first appeared here as company. The work shows the influence of Cesar Franck—naturally, as the composer was his pupil—and that of Wagner, of whom D'Indy is an intense admirer. To me the second movement—Ballade—was beautiful, original, impressive. The first movement is ingenious and should be heard again. I could make little of the finale after a first hearing. A large audience was enthusiastic.

The program of the Symphony concert last night was as follows

Symphony No. 1..... Tchaikovsky
Concerto No. 1, for piano..... Liszt
Overture "Egmont"..... Beethoven

The feature of the concert was the extraordinary performance of Tchaikovsky's exciting concerto. It is true that at the first Mr. Joseffy occasionally showed signs of nervousness, but he played the majestic opening with unusual breadth and strength. It is not easy to speak of either his performance or of the accompaniment of the orchestra under Mr. Paur without indulging in phrases that would seem extravagant to those that were not present. For brilliance, beauty of tone, incredible ease, appreciation of rhythm, dazzling exhibition of all that which is most to be desired in supreme technical proficiency, and also for musical and aesthetic quality, this performance has seldom, if ever, been equaled here during the last ten years. Pianists come and pianists go; they charm; they startle; they amaze. But the star Joseffy shines brightest when the musical sky is ablaze with constellations.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Mr. Blackburn's Opinion of Three Pianists.

Additional Instruments for the Use of Composers.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

Here are interesting and acute criticisms of three pianists, who appeared lately in London. They are worthy of the careful attention of all those addicted to the use of the piano or hardened to piano-recitals:

"Yesterday afternoon (March 25), at the St. James's Hall, Herr Rosenthal gave his long-expected and sometimes postponed pianoforte recital in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. Indeed, he deserved all the enthusiasm, or most of it, that was measured out to him, for his place is assuredly among the two or three consummate pianists now living. Supreme among the many gifts which go to make up this most interesting musical personality is the gift of imagination. Of course, when one speaks of such a characteristic, there is always taken for granted a basis of technique without which no interpretative achievement can ever be revealed; and Rosenthal's technique belongs to an astonishing order of achievement; it is so overwhelming and brilliant that the critic has reason on his side when he chooses to ignore its marvels altogether, and to discuss the intellectual and emotional riches of the artists that are displayed by him beyond the line of a perfect technical accomplishment. As we have said, his chief glory in this respect seems to lie in a wonderful imaginative power. This he proved with satisfactory completeness by his playing of Schumann's famous 'Carnaval' pieces. In that composition, as everybody knows, Schumann with infinite ingenuity described through a series of delicate and fantastic scenes a sort of masked ball in allegory. It was the sort of work that was exactly suited to Schumann's genius, which loved to express itself in sudden, fragmentary flights of intense beauty, and it is so popular among pianists that we have heard it played by we should not care to recall how many interpreters. But with his golden imagination, Rosenthal played it yesterday as we have never heard it played before. He had before him, it seemed, Schumann's whole conception from start to finish. Each separate scene of Pierrot, Arlequin, Pantalon et Columbine, Coquette, Reconnaisance, Aven, Promenade and the rest has been realized as gay and brilliant episodes that went to make one exquisite whole. The pianist, then, having by an exercise of pure imagination called up the whole pictorial aspect of Schumann's wonderful musical translation, proceeded to unroll that musical setting as if it were a glowing and splendid tapestry. Without any exaggeration of statement, we say that Rosenthal did in fact fill the musical scenario with living and fantastic figures passing through their paces of humor, love, sentiment, farewell, and defiance, just as the magical artist had conceived them. It would be impossible to imagine anything more artistically fantastic than this interpretation. You might say here or there that the player did not phrase this or that passage exactly according to your pleasure, but it was impossible to deny that he made this music live from beginning to end, not only as a series of separate little compositions, but as a complete and marvelous work of dramatic imaginativeness. He re-created the atmosphere; he replaced the puppets; and he whirled you through scene after scene of delicious fantasy, while never failing to preserve the same atmosphere, the same sentiment, the same fragrance from start to finish. You were ever, through all changes, at that particular masked ball. Herr Rosenthal did not reach just this kind of success in the other pieces which he played, but chiefly because he had not this kind of material to work upon. His playing of Chopin was certainly very beautiful. He has that curious, fluttering touch, when he chooses to use it, which is the only medium through which Chopin, at his most difficult moments, can

don't be rightly interpreted. Those lights of notes—like the darting of little birds—which fill up pauses and touch the music with a kind of aerial embroidery were played by Herr Rosenthal with consummate skill, and throughout he discovered the most refined sympathy with all that is best in that composer's music. His playing of Anatole Liadoff's Prelude in E flat, on the other hand, was something in the nature of a tour de force, for the music was nothing more than the opportunity which it gave the player of exhibiting some of his most wonderful technical accomplishments—particularly his power of sweeping multitudinous notes in single passages with the lightest and airiest of touches, so that the sound seems little more than a tinkle, and also his amazing certainty, his unerring accuracy. The last two pieces which he gave, for the setting of which he himself was responsible, created an immense sensation, and he was certainly justified in showing every side of his fine accomplishments; but to us this was a less interesting aspect than those others upon which we have dwelt at greater length.

Surely they that have read Mr. Vernon Blackburn's reviews in the Pall Mall Gazette cannot mistake the authorship of this article on Rosenthal. And now listen to his opinion of the performance of Mr. Borwick:

"Yesterday afternoon Mr. Leonard Borwick and Mr. Plunket Greene gave their third and last recital at the St. James's Hall, and provided that in which at all events they seldom fail, a charming and fascinating program. Mr. Leonard Borwick began with a Beethoven, 'Fifteen Variations and Fugue on an Original Tune.' Later he gave a series of solos, by Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, and—we cannot think why—Mr. Arthur Somervell. Mr. Borwick, upon every new hearing, always continues to impress one with the evenness of his playing, his perfect restraint, his infinite delicacy, his tender formalism, and his pointedly brilliant style; and the occasion of yesterday was of course no exception. After all, players fit in as it were with different moods, and there are certainly musical moods possible when it seems as though Mr. Borwick is as exquisite a poet in interpretation as you would wish to find. Man is not always out upon the hunt for enormous passion and, apart from that fact, Mr. Borwick is assuredly not the man to provide them for him. His playing of Schubert's Impromptu in F minor yesterday was a perfect example of his art. He gave you the romance, the refined inspiration of the thing in combination with all its clearness and decisiveness. Yet he made no extraordinary demand upon your powers of attention. In Chopin, again, we acknowledge this pianist to be an artist of singularly great powers. He played the Nocturne in D flat, and without any seeming effort he persuaded one of its long-drawn sweetness, its suffering, its pathos. Many other pianists play it with the obvious intention of doing everything in their power to encompass the composer's meanings. But they too often draw your attention from the work and the musician to the fine temperament with which they are interpreting their Chopin. Mr. Borwick attempts no such method of engrossing one's critical senses. He makes you aware of Chopin quietly, but definitely, and it is only by a conscious act upon his hearer's part that his own share in the matter is made clear and unmistakable. He has, in a word, a rare and charming art in his control, and he is among the most delightful of pianists. We praise him for what he is, rather than blame him for what he has not. He is neither a Paderewski nor a d'Albora. But he has a gift of fancy which is extraordinarily attractive, and within his own limits of existence he is incomparable. Mr. Plunket Greene sang many charming songs finely, but with that little extra touch of sentiment of which we have before complained, thrown in here and there whenever it was possible. Tears of sensibility are good on occasion; but shed too lavishly they are apt to be tiresome."

And this is what Mr. Blackburn wrote about Mr. Ossif Gabrilowitch:

"The second Philharmonic concert of the present season was given last night (March 31) at the Queen's Hall, under the customary direction of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. This time—it will be remembered that on the occasion of the

first concert Mr. Rosenthal had wounded one of the many fingers he is now then engaged in hurting (Mr. Hicham, even suggests that Rosenthal plays cricket in his leisure moments)—the lion of the evening was duly captured and presented in the person of Ossif Gabrilowitch, who played the piano part in Liszt's fantastic Concerto in E flat. He is certainly a marvellous player, with an extremely fine and solid style, and he feels that while it is so comforting to him to feel with regard to any player that he has left nothing to chance, his deliberate, all is carefully planned, and the result of long forethought, and he does not leave you cold or add to your critical. He moves deeply, by that breadth, that sweep, that instant transition of passion with deliberation, which operate unmistakably and completely the artist from the careful player of artistic effect. So far as technique he displays this temperance, his last concert, and his first with a display so prolonged, that it was his aim to give, there, a quiet and touching piece, which was played, which obviously did not mean, and once on the tip of the tongue for fireworks. Fortunately, he did not know, or cleverly pretended not to know, that that was the object of the concert."

The Musical Times (London) of April

contains a valuable article on "Additional Instruments." We quote from it in part:

"It is really rather pathetic to look back on the early efforts of pioneers in the direction of enhanced sonority. Hauptmann in his letters gives an amusing account of Raimond's now forgotten triple oratorio of 'Polphar, Saul, and Joseph.' The score, he tells us, was five feet high and five feet broad. The three orchestras had their full complement of wind instruments, trombones, and ophicleides; so there were nine trombones, three ophicleides, 12 horns, and so on, all going at once. It will thus be seen that Raimond's sole idea of producing the desired effect was to multiply instruments, instead of introducing new ones. It is, we feel sure, in the latter direction that the true advance is to be made, and the wonder is that so little has been done even in our own enlightened age, when the resources of science have furnished the composer with the means of impressing even the most apathetic tympanum. We propose, therefore, in the simplest possible manner, to indicate some of the neglected aids to orchestral sonority which lie ready to the hand of the enterprising composer."

"(1) The steam whistle. Persons who have attended the concerts given in the Shoreditch Town Hall cannot have failed to be struck by the remarkable effect occasionally produced by the shrieks of locomotives at the adjacent railway station. Now and again, when they have happened to chime in with the key of the music being performed in the hall, the result has been most exhilarating. If the steam whistle were formally admitted to the orchestra, we feel sure that it would be simply irresistible in those descriptive symphonic poems so much in vogue at the present day. Think, again, how splendidly it would tell in an overture to, say, 'The Flying Scotchman.'"

"(2) Closely allied in mechanism to the steam whistle, but richer and more full-bodied in tone, is the Siren, which would lend a beautiful touch of corroborative detail to any piece of a marine character. There is something peculiarly weird in the note of the Siren, which should commend it to those composers who are preoccupied with bizarre or unearthly themes for musical illustration."

"(3) The leg of a table abruptly moved on an oilcloth flooring will produce a sound singularly suggestive of the roar of an esuriant lion. The great merit of this instrument is its simplicity and cheapness. A small deal table can be procured for a few shillings, and a square of oilcloth of the requisite dimensions only costs about 9d."

"(4) As a glorified substitute for the futile and ineffectual tinkling of a tambourine, we would suggest the employment of about a hundred long steel or iron rods. Our readers must have often been charmed by the superb jangling caused by these implements as they are conveyed on a cart through the streets. In the confined space of a concert room they would produce an even more momentous din."

"(5) Although in most respects we have bettered the devices of the ancients for creating loud and horrible noises, some of their primitive instruments answered the purpose so well as to warrant the honor of a revival. In particular, we would instance the conch, or marine shell—generally that of the strombus gigas—which is still used by some of the savage tribes of Africa as a means of signaling in war. The most redoubtable performers on the war conch, however, were probably the aborigines of South America, who, according to the account given by some travelers, were able to emit a sound by means of this natural tromba marina capable of being heard at a distance of five miles. The conch, it may also be mentioned, was the favored instrument of the Tritons, that race of subordinate sea deities of whom Pausanias gives such an engaging description. For the Tritons, he tells us, had sea-green hair and eyes, gills below the ears, human noses, broad mouths with the teeth of animals, scales on their bodies, and instead of feet a tail like that of a dolphin. Some carried their taste for fancy physiology so far as to include in the fore feet of a horse as well. These details may possibly seem somewhat out of place in a serious musical article, but in our opinion they are of the utmost importance as emphasizing the congruity which ought to prevail between a player and his instrument, but which is totally neglected by modern instrumental performers. Players of stringed instruments ought always to wear Court dress; players of strange and uncouth instruments, like the bass clarinet and double bassoon, ought to wear fancy dress; while, finally, players of certain instruments like the tam-tam, the tuba, and the bass drum ought to wear masks. The player of the tam-tam, we are convinced, ought to be dressed as a headman, while performers on the celesta and the harp should be equipped with angelic plumage."

"(6) Wagner has done wonders in exploring the abyssal sonorities of wind instruments, but his achievements have by no means exhausted the possibilities of effect on the side of profundity. The deepest and most superb note that we have ever heard was given out by a steam threshing machine, and we have little doubt that the much-sought-for note to evoke this stentorophonic sound could be adapted to the exigencies of the orchestra in such a way as to eliminate the accompanying process of cereal defalcation."

"(7) Miscellaneous Suggestions.—Under this head we would briefly advert to a few hitherto unexploited methods of enriching and re-enforcing the volume of instrumental sound. There is the peculiar moan of the motor car, the plaintive timbre of which could be singularly effective in elegies, laments and other pieces of a sad or sombre nature. On the other hand, when exuberant vitality is indicated, the rich tenor-color of a circular saw—or 'buzz saw,' as the Americans beautifully call it—would be invaluable. Thirdly, where, as so frequently happens nowadays, the simple aim of the composer

is to suggest the domination of the why not strengthen the percussion department with a riveter from a boiler-maker's, with carte blanche to ply his hammer on a boiler of suitable dimensions as frequently and vigorously as his strength would permit? Lastly we would suggest as a suitable variant and improvement upon the ordinary method, the occasional employment of a chorus of wild beasts—lions, tigers, gorillas, elephants and asses. There might be some difficulty in getting them to come in on the beat, we admit, but we have little doubt that a patient conductor, assisted by an intelligent keeper armed with a long pole, would after a very few rehearsals be in a position to electrify even the most blasé auditor."

And thus is history made! The Musical Times (London) April 1, says: "Mr. Franz Rummel has been giving pianoforte recitals in various cities in the United States—New York, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, etc.—with unvarying success. The American musical critics are unanimous in their tributes of appreciation of Mr. Rummel's remarkable performances, in which technical facility is happily combined with high artistic attainments."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The review of the concerts of yesterday is in the news-section of the Journal.

Glazounoff's "Quatuor Slave" pleased in London where it was performed at a Royal College of Music concert March 2.

Mr. Felix Fox will play the C minor Piano Concerto op. 12, of Gabriel Pierné, with orchestra (first hearing in this country), at the Brockton Musical Festival, Monday, April 25.

A new concert-overture "Tartarin" by A. Davidson Arnott was performed by the Westminster Society, London, March 9. At the same concert the overture to "La Nuit de Mai," by Rimsky-Korsakoff, was performed.

The annual musical festival of the lower Rhine, taking place as usual in Whitsuntide, will be held this year at Cologne. Amongst the solo performers will be Mr. Paderewski, who will play Mackenzie's "Scottish" fantasia.

Franchetti's symphony in E, written at Dresden in 1884, was played March 9 by the amateur orchestra at the Imperial Institute, London. It was first performed in England at one of Newman's Promenade Concerts, Nov. 10, 1896.

Joachim says that when he expostulated with J. W. Davison upon his earliest criticisms of Brahms—that Brahms was "one of the dimmest lights in Germany," and so on—"J. W. D." replied: "My dear boy, would you have liked me to come round all at once to something new?"

Anna Hegner, a sister of the well-known pianist, Otto Hegner, has just made her debut as a violinist in concert rooms at Basle and at Karlsruhe, with great success, the critics being unanimous in acknowledging her exceptional gifts. She is only 15 years of age and a native of Basle.

Augusto Rotoli's Roman Festival Mass will be sung again by the choir of St. James's Church, Harrison Avenue, near Kneeland Street, this (Sunday) morning, April 17, at 10.15. The choir will also sing Mr. Rotoli's Easter hymn, "Terra Tremuit." Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will assist.

Lortzing's opera, "Die Beiden Schütz-ten," was performed for the first time in England March 31, by students of the London Academy of Music. This opera was first performed in 1837 at Leipzig, under the title, "Die Beiden Tornister." The libretto is founded on an old French vaudeville, "Les deux Grenadiers."

The "Passion Play" is to be revived at Selzach, in Switzerland, this summer, and representations are to be given from June 19 to Sept. 11. As in 1896, 250 people, consisting of actors, singers and musicians, will take part in the play, the character of which has been improved by the addition of several dramatic scenes.

An international competition of choral societies is to be included in the various musical attractions in connection with the Grand Exhibition which will be opened in July next at Turin. A considerable reduction of fares in favor of the foreign societies participating in the contest will be made by the Italian railway companies.

The following remarks recently appeared in an English journal of some importance: "Mme. — made her first appearance in —, and met with most appreciative demonstrations. Her superb vocal organ was cast upon the audience with marvelous effect. She is an artist to boot. She may paradoxically (sic) be described as a bass-contralto, but she has not less the power to soar far into the reaches of the soprano register."

At the Mozart Society's concert, on the 12th of March, at the Portland Rooms, London, first appearance in England of a boy violinist named Raimund Peckotsch. He is 11 years of age and was born in Australia, his mother being a native of that colony and his father a Viennese. Master Raimund's playing was remarkable for its truth of intonation, grip, and breadth of phrasing, qualities which were advantageously shown in his renderings of Leonard's exacting variations on the Austrian National Hymn—and a piece by Wieniawski.

Mr. Joseph Bennett of London says "Rossini's 'Barbiere' was performed in Boston lately, and I gather from the American Art Journal that many of the audience went in the expectation of tragedy, not comedy. The missing tragedy may be found in their own ignorance. Here, in London, the work is not performed at all, and our people will soon be in the condition of the Bostonians. I cry, O for another

draught of Rossini's exhilarating champagne, Barbiere brand, and am offered a heavy feast of 'raw head and bloody bones' instead!"

Percy Pitt's overture to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" was performed for the first time at a Queen's Hall Saturday symphony concert (London), March 12. "Mr. Pitt was born in 1869. This overture is not only a very musically work, full of sound and often masterly workmanship and elaboration, but it proves him capable of inventing strong and characteristic themes, without which mere workmanship would avail nothing. It opens with great spirit (not altogether unlike in that respect to Alstana's brilliant 'Lustspiel' Overture), so as to suggest at once Katharina's 'loud alarms,' and the interest is not allowed to flag. The music may become intricate and even a maze of contrapuntal writing yet it sounds the reverse of labored. Themes, some of them of distinct beauty (as witness the Petruchio theme first played by the muted horns in three-part harmony, while the violins sustain a high G, as if Katharina were listening, almost against her will, to her wooer's whispered yet passionate declarations of love), devices harmonic, contrapuntal, and orchestral in their turn, interest and charm. It is a work written in the most advanced modern

polyphonic style, richly and even brilliantly scored, full of life and bustle and energy, and yet surcharged with real poetic feeling withal."

The Musical Times speaks thus of Martucci's Symphony in D minor produced for the first time in England March 18 at a concert of the Royal Academy of Music: "Martucci's work is an elaborate, serious, and ambitious effort that challenges the application of the highest standard, wherefore we should prefer to reserve an expression of opinion on its merits till after a further hearing. We admire the composer's cleverness and seriousness of aim. He has drunk deeply at the fount of Wagnerian 'endless melody' and chromatic harmony, but the draught does not seem to have strengthened him for his task. His music shows little individuality, and whether he is in the 'Erebus' vein (as he generally is) or 'soars as gently as any sucking dove,' he fails to impress or charm. There is some beauty toward the end of the slow movement, where the composer's Southern temperament finds an outlet in a passionate and all too short strain. The Scherzo is quaint and rather original and an interesting rhythmic study, though neither inspiring nor captivating."

The Pall Mall Gazette of March 31 published this letter from a Genoan correspondent: "The alarming news concerning Verdi's health, spread by a notice in our Cuffaro, has brought to Genoa quite an army of reporters. No access is, however, to be gained to the Palazzo Doria, where the great master resides; that is to say, none but the privileged and the discreet is admitted to the master's presence. At no time has Verdi proved a docile subject. In the hands of an interviewer, and one can imagine how anybody would be received now if they asked why he does not go to Paris and whether it is true he has heart disease. So that it is not, of course, from Verdi himself that I am enabled to give the details that follow. From personal experience I can only say that the master looks wonderfully well, and is angry because of his doctor's orders forbidding the proposed journey to Paris. I am happy to say that the alarming news respecting the heart disease was greatly exaggerated. There is a weakness of the heart, and, as my informant says, 'I was bound to come, for nobody undergoes such sorrows as Verdi experiences after the recent death of his wife without paying for it a coloproctore.' I seem that for a whole month after his bereavement the master hardly took any food and rarely slept, and that were it not for the incessant care of those around him he would have gone on like this. He took a great dislike to Genoa and went to Milan, where between his two great favorites, Arrigo and Camillo Boito, Giulio Ricordi and a few friends he somewhat recovered his spirits. Having given some of his latest compositions to M. Gaillard for production at the Good Friday concert in Paris, the master promised to attend the rehearsals and was to have spent the whole of April in France. The prospect of this journey delighted him beyond words. It was to have been his last displacement, for afterward his intention was to leave Genoa for good, dividing his time between Milan and Busseto. He left Milan but a few days ago to put his things in order at Genoa. The excitement of the journey and the tedium of the empty palace have brought on a weakness in the pulsations of the heart, and the doctor very wisely forbade the contemplated excursion. Verdi is certainly superle plus jeune des vieillards as Boito calls him, but it is not prudent at 85 to undertake a journey from Genoa to Paris, there to face ovations, festivities, and a certain amount of labor with care and quiet the unique constitution of Verdi will yet get the better of the indisposition and there is every reason to suppose that it will not long before every trace of his ailment will disappear."

April 19

Boston, April 14, 1898

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

Yesterday my friend the Quetist and I discussed the present exciting affair with Spain. The subject made my friend bloodthirsty. He would talk of nothing but tie, murder and sudden death. Let me retell one of his tales of murder, that pleasant and profitable topic. Yours truly,

THE RETURNING PRISONER.

When the cook at last came on board—they had waited fully an hour for him—he was splendidly drunk. He said

as a ruddy down the wharf
it was a militant swag. The
ers envied him.
nt. Kirke, swollen-faced with
th. kicked him with six kicks into
galley.
le there, you yellow nigger." His
the second mate, went into the
ey and hit the cook under the ear.
ky dropped and went to sleep.
en they hauled the brigantine North
out from dock; a fat little tug-boat
ed away; the voyage to the West
les was begun.
hen the tug-boat cast off outside
first lighthouse, the cook awoke.
head whirled, but he remembered
kicks and the blow. He was fiercely
sty. His shaking right hand felt
his hip. Fate had been kind: the
tain's boot had not broken the bot-
om. He took a long drink, which left
gasping. The bad whisky danced
his blood. His mouth opened and
t spasmodically. His yellow skin-
t was a half-blood—glistered with sud-
sweat. He rose to his feet, lurch-
a little. He snatched a butcher
fe from the rack. Then he stepped
upon deck, with a liquor-fred rage.
mad eyes fell on a sailor near by.
Where's yo' Captin? Show me yo'
th. O yas, yo' Captin! I'll rip his
y open."
he sailor jumped for the rail, ran
the rigging, and staid there, mak-
exalted comments, like unto an ob-
tent ape.
he cook, brandishing the hatcher
fe, advanced toward the poop. The
t mate, a burly Dutchman, trid in
a to stop him. A slash across the
e discouraged the mate. The cap-
t's son appeared on the poop. He
t all. Agile, swift, strong, cruel,
as as a wildcat, he jumped to
deck, and, with a belaying pin in
hand, he sprang upon the half-
od. His left hand grasped the cook's
t wrist and held it; the cook, no
t swift, grasped the mate's right
st. They struggled, they swayed.
r faces were near together. The
f-blood's teeth met in the mate's
n and worried it. Young Kirke
eked and cursed.
apt. Kirke came out of the cabin,
ning mad. A bucket of ice stood
r. He broke it on the half-blood's
d. Then the North Star put back
port.
hen the cook came to, he was in
hospital; when he was convales-
t, they clapped him into jail to
alt the return of Capt. Kirke. For
this little northern seaport the sea-
ers managed things to suit them-
selves. The half-blood found out in a
t that he was not watched, and that
was visited only at meal times.
nd he made a more important dis-
ery; he found that the bars of his
dow were easily moved. The window
ned on the yard, and the gate was
er closed.
ate that same night he escaped—
e early next morning he went back;
preferred the warmth of cell-blank-
t to the cold liberty of the streets.
ere was plenty of time for escape;
would wait for warm weather, for
w could he walk, even to liberty,
ough snow. He went at night into
outer world. By day he slept, and
dreamed of many delightful ways of
ing Capt. Kirke.
n a ramble, he met a young woman
his own color. Her eyes said "Yes"
his. She gave him small sums of
ney, and they visited boozing-kens
ing the water-side. Nobody knew him
re. He bought a knife. Months
ssed by. And happy were his days
d nights.
e was hurrying home, going through
ater Street, when he saw a scrapping,
l-headed man puffing at a cigar and
king to a younger man; they were
der the dull light of a gas-lamp in
a black-mouthed entrance to a wharf.
ike unto a wild beast in scent of
y, the half-blood stiffened all over;
shoulders rounded; he crouched in
a shadow of a doorway.
o other animals were in sight.
So you are not coming home with
?" said Capt. Kirke.
No," answered his son, "I'm going
sleep tonight at Jack Donovan's. I
omised him I would when we came
today."
That be damned for a yarn! I know
w much sleep you and Jack will see
right! Well, go along, but don't for-
t about the trial of that nigger to-
orrow."
The young man hurried off. The half-
ood crouching in the shadow grinned
en he saw the red scar on the young
an's chin.
Capt. Kirke puffed his cigar for a
alle; then he walked slowly toward
e half-blood, who crouched in the
adow. He thought enviously on the
tous night that awaited his son. He
called the riotous nights he himself
d known.
And he chuckled aloud.

The half-blood leaped. A bony, yel-
low hand clutched the Captain's thick,
bearded throat. Eyes flared into the
Captain's eyes. There were six stabs
with a knife.

The murder of Captain Kirke is still
the mystery of that town.

The cook was discharged, for the son
of the Captain did not feel inclined to
bring against him the charge of as-
sault for which the half-blood had been
jailed.

April 19, 1888

"The Gypsy Baron."

The operetta given last night at the
Boston Theatre was Strauss's "Gypsy
Baron." Mr. McGhie conducted. The
cast was as follows:

Barinkay.....Thos. H. Persse
Homony.....Fred Urban
Zsupan.....Arthur Wooley
Saul.....Wm. Wolff
Sadi.....Edith Mason
Cyrra.....Lizzie Macnichol
Arsena.....Attalie Claire
Mirabella.....Jennie Relfarth
Ottokar.....Bernice Holmes

It must be confessed that the first
act of this operetta drags painfully its
slow length, however excellent the com-
pany may be. The libretto is clearer
than that of "The Queen's Lace Hand-
kerchief," but it is almost as dull.
Nor is the music of Strauss a relief. In
the whole of the first act there is only
one number that rises above the com-
monplace; and that is the beautiful and
characteristic gypsy chorus at the be-
ginning of the finale. The chorus is
one of the chief features of this com-
pany. It is admirable in song as well as
in stage business. No wonder that
this number was imperatively encored.

With the beginning of the second act
the operetta-atmosphere began to
brighten. The act was played with
spirit and the music itself gave greater
opportunity. The third act awakened
enthusiasm chiefly by means of the
capital marching of shapely young
women, armed incongruously with the
American flag. And, to suit the humor
of the time, the Star Spangled Banner
was introduced as a musical number
as well as a decoration.

The performance was in many ways
excellent. Miss Mason and Mr. Persse
were conscientious and pleasing and
Miss Macnichol played and sang the
gypsy old woman with the care and
finish that she would give to Azucena.
Miss Attalie Claire sang delightfully in
a part that requires only conventional
action. Mr. Urban was an admirable
Homony and he gave local color,
which was indeed needed, by his Hun-
garian action. Mr. Wolff's methods are
well known, and it is idle to quarrel
about them. He is a robustious com-
edian, and although you may prefer
more subtle methods you must confess
that the audience applauds him. Miss
Holmes made much of a small part.
Even if she had no notes to sing or lines
to speak, she would ornament the stage;
for Nature was kind to her. The
chorus, as I have said, was exceedingly
good throughout the piece. A good-
sized audience applauded warmly.

"The Gypsy Baron" will be sung
Wednesday and Friday evenings, and
at the matinees of Patriots' Day and
Wednesday. Tonight, Thursday and
Saturday evenings and at the Satur-
day matinee the opera will be "Carmen."
Miss Macnichol, Miss Mason,
Miss Holmes, Miss Quinlan and Messrs.
Persse, Eugene, Wolff, Wooley, Ma-
delra, Handshue, and Rannay will be
the singers.

The operas next week will be "Billie
Taylor" and "Cavalleria Rusticana"—
a double bill.

Philip Hale.

"Chimes of Normandy."

Planquette's opera, "The Chimes of
Normandy," was sung by the Boston
Lyric Company at the Grand Opera
House last evening. Miss Clara Lane
was Serpolette, Miss Hattie Belle Ladd
was Germaine, Milton Aborn was Gas-
para, J. K. Murray was the Marquis,
and Henry Hallam, a new comer, was
Grencheux. The audience was large
and in its customary appreciative mood.
There were encores; always there were
encores.

That is all, really, that there is to say
regarding the performance. The opera
is so well known that to write anything
about it would be absurd. Its tuneful
music and simple histrionic demands
were well within the resources of the
Grand Opera House company. The
principals seemed thoroughly familiar
with the work cut out for them, and
the chorus sang tunefully and with
zeal. There were no hitches and the
evening was an enjoyable one. The
new tenor, Mr. Hallam, has a good
voice and the audience received him
graciously.

Miss Lane was again a soubrette.
This alone is well worth the price of
admission. There are many things that
we like very, very much. We will for-
swear them all if Miss Lane will prom-
ise always to be a soubrette when we
go to see her.

Suppose a human life we fix
At years in number ninety-six.....56

Say in sleep a third goes by,
Away thus thirty-two years fly.....32

In bouts of sickness, law's delays,
Accidents on travelling ways,
A fourth of life's consumed, let's say.
So twenty-four years pass away.....24

Two hours each day in labor's mill,
Or study passed, eight years fulfill.....8

So all that is added between
One and ninety-six—there's fifteen.....15

Half an hour his dreaming head
Is bent on schemes, see two years fled.....2

One hour and quarter it appears
The toilet claims, so go five years.....5

To food and drink each day two hours,
A total of eight years devour.....8

Let a man one year survive
This total sum of ninety-five.....95

He's just left with, his whole life through,
One year for what birds each spring do,
That is, each day the Fates him bless
With fifteen minutes' happiness!

But 15 minutes of happiness in a life-
time is as long as a Russian winter.
Prince Felix, in Richard Henry Stod-
dard's fine poem, rang the Happy Bell
in his palace only once—it was the mo-
ment before his death.

If you are fond of such statistics, read
this table, drawn up by Gabriel Pelnot.
A man of 50 years, of ordinary health,
of active life, of regular habit, comfort-
able in all circumstances of money,
should give out of 18,250 days, 6082 days
to sleep, 550 to sickness, 3522 to his
meals, 5532 to work, 761 to exercise, to
sports, the hunt, travel 3803 days. And
he should have consumed 27,080 pounds
of bread, 6080 of meat, 4675 of vegetables,
eggs and fruit, 31,180 litres of wine,
spirits and water.

Think of the time lost in shaving.
Campbell, the poet, calculated that a
man who shaves himself every day, and
lives to the age of 70, expends during
his life as much time in the act of shav-
ing as would have sufficed for learning
seven languages. Southey, commenting
on this, minuted himself, May 15, 1830,
during the act of shaving, and he found
the time employed, nine minutes. He
neither hurried the operation nor lin-
gered about it.

Listen now to William Corbett con-
cerning shaving. "As it may cost only
about five minutes of time, and may be,
and frequently is, made to cost 30, or
even 50 minutes; and as only 15 minutes
make about a 58th part of the hours of
our average daylight, this being the
case, this is a matter of real import-
ance. I once heard Sir John Sinclair
ask Mr. Cochrane Johnstone whether he
meant to have a son of his (then a lit-
tle boy) taught Latin. 'No,' said Mr.
Johnstone, 'but I mean to do something
a great deal better for him.' 'What is
that?' said Sir John. 'Why,' said the
other, 'teach him to shave with cold
water and without a glass.'"

And why should you spend your life
in chasing the hands of a clock.

Mr. J. L. Ford, a most ingenious hum-
orist, considers, in the last Criterion, the
requisites of war correspondents. He is
moved to this by the receipt of this
letter:

"My dear sir:
"Will you kindly tell me how to obtain a
position as war correspondent? I would like
very much to try my hand at that sort of
work, but do not know how to go about it.
Would the fact that I am always frightened
when I hear guns go off, and that I hide
under the bed whenever there is a thunder
storm, interfere with my success? I am try-
ing to accustom myself to the roar of battle
by frequenting those sections of the annexed
district in which blasting is carried on.
"An early reply to this letter will be re-
garded as a favor by
"Yours very respectfully,
"WILLIE."

"P. S.—I cannot bear the sight of blood."

The New York Times of last Sunday
printed an "alleged portrait of Americo
Vespucci recently discovered in Flor-
ence." He has a startled look, as
though he saw for the first time Pitts-
burg in winter, or a Boston statue.

"A nephew of the Nawab of Dir in the
Swat district has attempted to take
the Nawab's life." What else could you
expect in the Swat district? And
where was the Akond?

One little story told by Mr. Payn has
always lingered in my mind, writes Dr.
Andrew Wilson, as one of his happiest.
A certain Dean, famous as a gourmet,
in his dinings out was, of course, asked
to say grace. The worthy dignitary
first scanned the menu. If it was an
ordinary repast, the grace began.
"Lord, we thank Thee," "but," added
Payn, "if there was turtle soup, the
invocation commenced: 'Bountiful Cre-
ator!'"

What's in a name? Nothing—but we
are pleased to learn that Mr. G. E.
Pellett is a prescription druggist in
Paterson, N. J.

A correspondent of the Daily Mes-
senger, Paris, has discovered that Mrs.
Minnie Madden Fiske looks like Tback-
cray's pictures of Becky Sharp.

The Referee went to St. James Hall,
London, the other night to hear Mrs.

Beaumont. He was invited by her ap-
parently. "She has a fine platform
presence, and wears a wonderful white
silk robe cunningly anecdotal in cut.
After all no movement, religious or
otherwise, can be conducted without a
certain amount of mis-en-scene. If the
high priestess of the Theosophists ap-
peared in the ordinary evening dress of
a woman of her age, something would
undoubtedly be lost to the cause. It is
difficult to say what, but something—
just as a certain proportion of the vir-
tue of the Archbishop of Canterbury
would pass out of him if he donned a
tweed suit and a hard felt hat. Next
to her strong self-reliance, her mani-
fest sincerity, her clear ringing voice,
her well-chosen language, her semi-
Greek attire, what attracted me most
in Mrs. Besant was her eye. It is the
eye of a prophetess, a mystic, a seer
of visions. There is a far-away look in
it that warns the sceptic how vain it
would be to attempt argument with its
owner. She would not hear an adverse
argument, or hearing would not under-
stand. She lives in a mental world of
her own. The one feature of the high
priestess of Theosophy that I do not
like is her smile. It is lacking in gen-
iality, in sincerity—or so it seems to me.
It is a platform smile, which having
served its purpose fades out of the face
as suddenly as the light of a candle is
extinguished. Yet there is a patronis-
ing, a condescending expression in it
that invests it with character. It is
the appropriate smile of an occultist—
a word which Mrs. Besant is fond of,
and which she pronounces with a sharp
accent on the first syllable. Among
weak or impressionable folk a born
leader like Mrs. Besant is bound to
make converts."

April 20

A shivering wail from a lonely sky,
A sweeping rush and a long-drawn cry,
And a shudder of stars, as it passes by.

Ah, faster, faster, thou hunted thing,
Strain, madder yet, on each weary wing,
Shake off the clouds, as they catch and cling.

Ah, quick; linger not, for thou must begone;
Though safety comes with the breaking dawn,
Thou may'st not wait for the whit'ning
morn.

Ah, where shalt thou find a resting place?
Thy moaning, lost in the scorn of space,
Sounds faintly back; no resting place.

Contemporaries, speaking of Mr.
Bryan's oratory, use the phrase "But
it's a far cry to the next election." In
Mr. Bryan's case it's a far shriek.

"Miss Daniell will give a demon-
stration next Monday on salads." Lobster
salad has caused demonstrations, but
seldom does any mortal advertise an
exact date for indigestion.

We fear that Mr. Smiggs is weaken-
ing. Ever since he heard that strange
whistle on the Charles, he has been
pale and nervous. Mrs. Smiggs tells us
that the explosion at Charlestown early
Sunday morning frightened him into
hysteria, and that he already saw her
in the arms of an Andalusian drummer.

Courage, Mr. Smiggs, courage. Bos-
ton is known the world over as a
defiant stronghold. In Collier's "Great
Historical, Geographical, Genealogical
and Poetical Dictionary—Revised,
Corrected and Enlarged to the Year
1688," we find the pious compiler
declaring that Boston, the metropo-
lis of New England, "is like-
wise a Place of good strength,
having fortifications on two or three
adjoining Hills, with great Pieces of
Cannon mounted thereon, and a suit-
able Garrison."

How hard it is to persuade a for-
eigner that the United States does not
wish to annex Cuba. Over 50 years ago
George Borrow, who was by no means
uncharitable or unduly suspicious,
speaking of the spell worked upon him
by Madrid, said "Here are no colonies
of Germans, as at Saint Petersburg; no
English factories, as at Lisbon; no
multitudes of insolent Yankees loung-
ing through the streets, as at the
Havannah, with an air which seems to
say, the land is our own whenever we
choose to take it."

Why should the United States wish
to own any Central American country
or West Indian Island? Artemus Ward,
a keen observer, knew these people.

"And yet I am told they are a kindly
people in the main. I never met but one
of them—a Costa Rican, on board the
Ariel. He lay sick with fever, and I
went to him and took his hot hand
gently in mine. I shall never forget his
look of gratitude. And the next day he
borrowed five dollars of me, shedding
tears as he put it in his pocket."

To C. R.: You wish us to start an
anagram department. We publish your
specimens, which show conclusively
that you do not know what an anagram
is.

"The anagram of 'open ear' is 'pneu-
monia'."

The program of Boston Street is "Easy does it."

"The program of 'Art' is 'cash.'"

I have often thought that to be a brewer of the art at Burton-on-Trent must be the aim of human felicity.

We are naturally of a scientific turn of mind. One of our favorite books is "Learning about Common Things" by Jacob Abbott. We are never weary of reading, for instance, the chapters on "Protection of Animals" and "The House." We still answer in various ways the questions "Can the cow escape easily by running or flying away? Why not?" and "Is the cellar a pleasant or unpleasant place?" and "What things are kept in it in Summer?"

And so we are delighted to be told by Mr. Calmette that the blood-serum of eels has an extraordinary toxic power when injected under the skin, and that the toxicity of an eel's blood is much reduced by inoculating it with "antivenin," the serum prepared from an animal rendered proof against snake venom and the eel-serum thus modified may be used in certain cases to confer immunity from snake-bite. The Sea-Serpent Club of Marblehead should investigate this discovery. Nevertheless we hold fast to the opinion that each one should skin his own eels, Calmette of Calmette to the contrary notwithstanding.

A scientific friend—and is not friendship itself a science?—tells us about Dr. Luigi Sambon, who has been investigating the etiology of sunstroke, and propounds the surprising theory that it is not due to heat or exposure to the sun, but is an infectious disease due to a microbe. Dr. Sambon argues his case most ingeniously, but it would be rash to say convincingly. He points out first that stokers and engineers are exposed to far greater heat than that of any climate, without ever getting "sunstroke," that native teaplanter and close-cropped Chinese live in the sun, and yet never suffer from it; finally, that "sunstroke" is a specific ailment limited to certain geographical areas, among which may be mentioned the low-lying districts of the eastern United States, the Nile Valley, Red Sea and Persian Gulf, and the alluvial plain of the Indus and Ganges, but not the Highlands adjacent. It is unknown in Europe. Dr. Sambon has not succeeded in isolating his germ yet, but among other facts which he adduces in evidence of its existence is the occurrence of epidemics of sunstroke in hospitals, &c., when men who are exposed to far greater heat out of doors remain comparatively free from it.

But if you wish to avoid sunstroke, wear a genuine Panama hat, which the Spaniards say is an infallible protection against the sun, as well as shot-proof. \$50 or \$75 is not too much for a hat of such virtue. We have been in the habit of buying our summer hats at Haver Street for a half-dollar a piece; but we are now persuaded that this economy recommended to us by a philosopher is false.

"CARMEN" GIVEN.

Large Audience Saw the Opera at the Boston Theatre Last Night.

Bizet's "Carmen" was the opera last night at the Boston Theatre. Mr. McGhee was the conductor. The cast follows:

Don José.....Thomas H. Persse
Escamillo.....Max Eugene
Dancairo.....William Wolff
Reunado.....Arthur Wooley
Zampa.....D. Madella
Mercedes.....J. F. Hunshe
Lina Pastia.....Frank Rannay
Carmen.....Lizzie Macnehol
Micaela.....Edith Mason
Mirella.....Bernice Holmes
Fruquita.....Gertrude Quinlan

It was not a good performance despite the many curtain calls, but let us hasten to add that the many mishaps, which, musically as well as dramatically, will doubtless be remedied with another performance or so, and Mr. McGhee must be the gentleman to do the work. This gentleman is an excellent conductor of lighter works, but in conducting last evening was at a moralizing, justice demands it. The orchestra seemed too small for the size of the theatre, especially in an opera of this character.

There has been many Carmens, but the first one Boston saw and liked was at the Boston Theatre. Miss Macnehol's Carmen is different from all. Nevertheless, it was a very little one, in fact, too respectable. Having a tendency to sing sharp, her first numbers were given with a few notes. Mr. Persse's Don José is familiar to Boston's opera-goers. One of the best characters he gives, and he delivered his one with taste and spirit. His action was good. Miss Mason was charming as Micaela. An ideal Micaela in any way. The remainder of the cast was already for its good work. There was a good sized audience. Appreciation frequent, spontaneous and sincere.

I desire to die when I have nobody left to laugh with me. I have never yet seen, or heard, anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesus, Methodists, Philosophers, Politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scuffer Voltaire, the Encyclopedists, the Titans, the Littletons the Granvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history. Mr. Pitt, are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest are their objects; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being; and I am sure an honest man than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems, that shove one another aside, and come over again, like the figures in a moving picture.

And yet the man that wrote this was a kindly creature. He liked good eating and drinking; he wrote charming letters; whether he were sincere at the time of writing with one eye on posterity; he doted on china, pictures, books, and thought the Alps were ugly, monstrous, a fit subject for special legislation. Before you condemn him for flippancy, examine yourself. You are, say 50 years of age, and you have led an active life. Have you never written a letter that you afterward regretted? Or did you follow the advice of Martin Van Buren and always walk five miles instead of writing?

We were reminded of this by Mr. Lucy's article in the Strand Magazine for April, in which he considers the question of Gladstone's future biographer: "Mr. John Morley's name is sometimes mentioned in connection with the work. But I have the best reason to know that he has never contemplated undertaking it. It seems too big a thing to be approached single-handed. Fairly to grapple with the task would require the combined effort of a syndicate of skilled writers. The amount of material is even greater than may be surmised from outside contemplation of Mr. Gladstone's long and always busy life. I have heard on high authority that he has preserved for more than 60 years all papers and correspondence that might properly serve the purposes of a memoir. They are stored in a fire-proof room at Haverdun—in what precise order was indicated by an incident that happened a few years ago. Reference was made in Mr. Gladstone's presence to an episode in the life of Cardinal Newman. He remembered that his old friend had, half a century earlier, written him a letter bearing on the very point. He undertook to find it, and did so, apparently, without any trouble. It was dated 1842."

And do you applaud such system, order, prudence, memory? Think of it. Poor old Newman wrote Mr. Gladstone in 1843. The years rolled by. No doubt the good Cardinal forgot all about that letter. He may have changed diametrically the opinions expressed therein. He died without a pang at the thought of the correspondence. He can no longer contradict or explain. And now in 1898 there is that letter so that it can be found and read, as in the twinkling of an eye. We have the utmost sympathy for Mr. Gladstone's present physical condition. There is much in his career that we admire, although we deplore his postal-card enthusiasm for so many weak novels; but this revelation convinces us that he is a dangerous man. When Isabel Burton burned the manuscript of her husband's notes to his translation of "The Perfumed Garden" she committed a cruel and wanton crime. We could forgive more easily any incendiary who should apply lighted kerosene to any large collection of private letters.

The Duc de Sagan was full of anecdotes. Here is one of King Frederick William III, who was not much of a talker. The King was at Toplitz, drinking the waters. He happened to meet a Hungarian magnate who was also rather taciturn. The conversation was as follows, with the lead by the King: "Bathing?" "Drinking?" "Solacing?" "Mingling?" "Good." "Polishing?" "Killing?" "Compliments."

Old Chimes was talking of modern carship. "I was surprised the other day by learning that young men in America occasionally ask the consent of a parent for their daughter's hand. Colonel de Ramon—you know him, the father of that beautiful girl Louisa—told me that young Rashler actually asked permission of him to marry Louisa. De Ramon said to him, 'But I don't know anything about you. I'll have to ask your guardian for a certificate of character.' And what do you suppose Rashler said. 'How foolish! He's my guardian, of course, he'll give me a good character. If he doesn't, I'll

force him.' Now, Colonel, what are the four requisites of a desirable carship-in-law? An affectionate disposition, sound health, knowledge of the world, and money enough to support a wife comfortably. I have got all these. What more do you want? And, do you know, his impudence staggered me so that I never thought of doubting him and said, 'Well, go and talk it over with Louisa; if she's willing, I have nothing to say against you.'"

Occasionally you find men of such nerve even in the walks of literature. Here are two advertisements clipped from a publication called the Author's Circular. "By —. Two short stories suitable for high-class magazines. One treats of a Cornish episode, and is Hellenic in its reticence. Full of interest, and written by a master of the craft of story-telling." "By —. A series of six high-class, dry, clean stories; strong, clear, brilliant work from the pen of an experienced journalist and literary workman. These sketches are hard as nails and fresh as new paint. Offered together or separately."

TWO CONCERTS.

Josef Hofmann Gave His Second Piano Recital in Music Hall—Pupils of Mr. Charles R. Adams in Scenes From Operas.

Mr. Josef Hofmann gave his second recital yesterday afternoon in Music Hall. There was a comparatively small but very appreciative audience. Mr. Hofmann played Handel's variations in D minor, Chopin's sonata in B flat minor, three pieces by Scriabine, Rubinstein's variations op. 88, Saint-Saëns's arrangement of airs from "Alceste," his own Bolero and Intermezzo and a "Tannhäuser" arrangement.

Again there was a brilliant display of technique, a display that was at times dazzling, as in Rubinstein's interminable and tiresome variations. There were passages in the variations by Handel and the sugar-candy arrangement by Saint-Saëns that commanded respect and excited admiration, they were of such exquisite delicacy. Indeed, Mr. Hofmann's performance of the variations by Rubinstein was a giant's feat. But again he gave me little true pleasure, again he left me cold. It seems to me that this young man of extraordinary early promise, having spent years in the acquisition of technique is now in the state where he appears immature and almost unmusical. He may not yet have digested thoroughly what he has learned. He may not yet be able to escape from the spell of his teacher; he does not dare, perhaps, to reveal his own individuality. Yesterday he modeled his performance of the Funeral March by Chopin on that of his master, Rubinstein; but his performance was too plainly an imitation—and how far it was from the original!

Of the novelties, the Etude in D flat Major (with an augmented third) by Scriabine was an exciting and an effective piece. Little that is good can be said justly of Mr. Hofmann's own compositions.

Pupils of Mr. Charles R. Adams appeared last night at the Bijou Theatre. There was an excellent orchestra of Symphony men, conducted admirably by Mr. Zach. The program was as follows:

"MARTHA," 1st and 2d Acts. Flotow.
Lady Harriet.....Miss Frances Wellington
Nancy.....Miss Gertrude L. Nickerson
Lancelotti.....H. M. Mordough
Flunkett.....U. S. Kerr
Tristan.....Charles H. Bennett
"AIDA," Duet, 1st Act. Verdi.
Aida.....Mrs. William Dana Orcutt
Amneris.....Mrs. Gertrude Plank
"LUCIA," Mad Scene. Donizetti.
Lucia.....Miss Bessie Driver
"AIDA," Duet, 3d Act. Verdi.
Aida.....Mrs. William Dana Orcutt
Amneris.....Placido Flumara
"LOHENGGRIN," Duet, 3d Act. Wagner.
Elsa.....Miss Marcia Craft
Lohengrin.....James Allison, Jr.

I read some time ago a review by Mr. Blackburn of a concert given by students of the Royal Academy of Music, in which he said substantially that there is always a certain element of sadness about this particular kind of a concert. So much seems so reasonably and sensibly worthy of praise that you are only brought to a sudden standstill by the thought that among so many so few will necessarily come to any special distinction. "Here seems to be collected in miniature the competition of the world."

Mr. Adams may well be proud of some of these pupils, and surely some of them, if they persevere, will win good things, even in the operatic or concert lottery. It may be truly said that the women throughout were far superior to the men—they were less self-conscious, they showed greater dramatic instinct. Miss Craft sings extremely well, and has a voice that is already the potent instrument of sentiment and passion. Mrs. Orcutt is a woman of true dramatic temperament, that only needs further direction and wise encouragement. Miss Driver was surprisingly good in the mad scene from "Lucia." Miss Nickerson and Mrs. Plank were effective.

ive, each in her way, the former having a soubrette talent the latter being a woman of passionate feeling. And there was something charming about Miss Wellington, although I think that she can sing still better than she did last night. There was a large and appreciative audience.

Philip Hale.

But pusillanimity, to say that she also is of the feast, since it cannot be joined to the first part takes for her share the second, which is massacre and blood. Murders after victories, are commonly effected by the baser kind of people, and officers that wait upon the baggage and carriages. And the reason we see so many unheard-of cruelties in popular wars, is, that this vulgar rascallie doth martially flesh and enure it self to dive in blood up to the elbows, and mangle a bodie, or hacke a carcasse lying and groveling at their feet, having no manner of feeling of other-valor.

It is the fashion now to speak bitterly concerning the "cruelty" of the Spaniards. We received the other day the following paragraph from a God-fearing man in Salem:

A work just published, entitled "Ambroise Paré and His Times" (1510-1590), presents a graphic history of this distinguished pioneer French surgeon. Recording the fighting round Metz, where the Spaniards were engaged, Paré denounces the cruelty of the Spaniards in the following terms: "M. de Cuisse sent them all victuals enough and ordered me and other surgeons to go dress and physic them, which we did with a good will, and I think they would not have done the like for our men. For the Spaniard is very cruel, treacherous in humor, and, so far an enemy to all nations, which is proved by Lopez, the Spaniard, and Benzo of Milan, and others who have written the history of America and the West Indies, who have had to confess that the cruelty, avarice, blasphemies and wickedness of the Spaniards have utterly estranged the poor Indians from the religion that these Spaniards professed, and all write that they are less worthy than the idolatrous Indians, for their cruel treatment of these Indians."

Yes, Ambrose Paré was an illustrious Frenchman, and he protested against Spanish cruelty; but how about his countrymen? Look for a moment at the "Lustra Ludovica" by James Howell, Esq., (London, 1646). On page 7 you will find this pleasant reading about the punishment of the assassin of Henry IV.:

"Every one did whet his invention to devise some exquisite lasting torment for Ravalliac; The Butchers of Paris, who are habituated in blood, propos'd a way to flay him and the torture of excretion should continue three daies; Others gave the draught of an instrument in form of an Obelisk where he might be press'd, and the torment should last a long time; Others found out a way to have his body cut quite off, from his hips downward, and his bowels to be clap'd presently upon a hot yron plank, which should preserve the other halfe of the body in pangs of agonies a long while; but the court of justice thought it not fit to invent, or inflict any other punishment upon him but what the laws allowed."

And what was the poor devil's fate? He was first pierced with the knife he used in treasonable murder; buskins filled with boiling oil were applied to him; he was pincered in the paps, thighs and brawn of the legs, and boiling lead was poured into the one, burning resin into the other, and wax melted with sulphur into the third; his body was torn asunder by horses, all his members burned, reduced to cinders, and thrown into the air; the house where he was born was razed to the ground, and none should presume to build upon that piece of earth; his father and mother were exiled for life; and his brothers, sisters, uncles and others should never afterwards bear the name of Ravalliac under pain of being hanged and strangled.

Or read the postscript by Andrew Knapp and William Baldwin, attorneys-at-law, to their edition of the Newgate Calendar. In the seven years from 1811 to 1825, both inclusive, 7700 were judicially sentenced to death, of whom 57 were executed. At that time there were 223 capital offences; 128 persons were hanged for burglary, 21 for horse-stealing, 27 for larceny to the value of 4 shillings in dwelling houses, 95 for robbery, 29 for sheep stealing, etc. And read of the barbarous accompaniment to these executions.

Read the first volumes of the "Rebellion Record." You will be amazed at the stories told of dreadful deeds on each side. And our Civil War was no so long ago.

And is there no outrageous cruelty in the United States today? How many men were burned to death by mobs in Spain within the last five years? You say such executions in this country are few and excite horror throughout the

And are there not five convicts in the South that sell convicts a slavery worse than death?

By the way, Borrow's "Bible in Spain," which is always interesting, might serve now as a corrective to certain popular delusions. I may say, "Yes, but Borrow wrote the people of 60 years ago." But the "common people" of a country like Spain preserve their characteristic attitudes for centuries. (Thus, in turn, I now thought that the Spanish aristocracy in his day was exactly as depicted by Le Sage.) Borrow examined only the Spaniard of the lower class: he is not a common being; he is an extraordinary man. He has not, it is said, the amiability and generosity of the Russian mujik, who will give his rouble rather than the stranger will want; nor his placid courage, which renders him insensible to fear. At the command of his Tsar, sends him singing to certain death. There is hardness and less self-devotion in the disposition of the Spaniard; he possesses, however, a spirit of proud independence, which it is impossible but to adore. He is ignorant, of course; but is singular that I have invariably found amongst the low and slightly educated classes far more liberality of thought than amongst the upper.

Last night, at the Porphyry, Ward was talking about his dog. "He's a blood-bred fox-terrier and bright as a ton. He considers it his duty and sure to fight anything and everything, and is sure to scrap with something whenever I take him out. He tackle a mastiff or a pug with equal cheerfulness, and doesn't seem to care much whether he does all the fighting or is simply chewed himself. He hasn't a particle of judgment. Last summer, in the country, he bit at a separate hedgehog, although I told him I had to pin his head down with a pitchfork while the coachman at an hour pulling the quills out of his mouth. When he isn't fighting, he's barking. Still, I rather like Teddy, so cheerful and self-satisfied. You named him after Roosevelt; sometimes it seemed natural."

April 23

The wild birds flock at twilight, and the forest beasts come hither, creeping stealthily and swiftly through the pathways of the wood, this strange grass-grown circle, where but riot beech leaves wither, And no tree has ever stood.

Here, in this his playground, by unheeding man forsaken, When the dews of moonlit midnights are encumbering the earth, In pipes and straightway hosts of sleeping nymphs and dryads waken To the measure of his mirth.

To mortal hands may fashion the green garlands that they weave him; No footsteps pass as lightly on this pine-encircled lawn; For any eyes behold them: as in shadowy file they leave him

At the coming of the dawn, Talk softly, speak in whispers! Do you hear the shy god gliding Through the woodland even now? Oh, wait in silence for a space, And, happily, as he issues for a moment from his hiding, We may look upon his face.

And yet even in cheerless winter when an's a-cold, there is joyance in Kansas. If we may trust the Concordia daylight. A belated account of the latest New Year's Eve Carnival ever held in that place has just come to us. It was indeed a gala night. The hall was brilliant with handsome hanging lamps, and at 8.30 Mr. C. C. Eye "delivered a brief address of welcome and retired with a graceful bow which received merited applause."

There was music. But at these solemn ceremonies there was no blatant brass band, no barbarous calathumblings, no screeching swinette: "The organ swelled smooth musical tones to the master touch of the organist's skillful hand bespeaking her talent and refinement."

"At the close of the hall exercises the crowd hurried away to the opera house to add additional to the plethora of numbers already there had cleared the spacious auditorium of its chairs thronged with gay flirtations Ladies and gents to the number of at least 400 reciprocated friendship in trip and hop with measured steps cycled in promenades to the thrilling music discoursed by the Asherville band which was engaged for the occasion and they are up to date masters of their profession and in variety of musical art."

"Aside from the entertainments a sumptuous oyster supper with other refreshments was announced near midnight served at the hall where each and all could go to satisfy the wants of the inner man for the small sum of

2 cents. All were satisfied and none remained."

Married people, as a rule, wish not to be pleased, or at least not to show it. They may be heartbroken at each other's death, and unable to endure a temporary separation, but the outsider wonders why, seeing how little they seem to care for being together. It is the same, after all, with other relations, and it is only because brothers and sisters, fathers and children, have not taken visible steps to select one another that their loved indifference is less conspicuous.

Mr. James L. Ford gives invaluable advice to all those that now propose to be war correspondents. The applicant should first of all secure a publisher for his book; he should then visit a costumer's for a complete war-correspondent's outfit. "I saw one at the Arion ball last winter, and would advise you to copy it as closely as possible. It consists of a broad hat, shirt open at the throat, linen trousers, fringed leather leggings and a cartridge belt. I am told that when the fall styles for 1898 are announced a costume of this sort will be recommended as suitable for the purposes of war correspondence." The correspondent should surely be photographed on horseback, in the act of writing dispatches on the pommel of his saddle. Every respectable photographer has a pasteboard horse.

"There are two important matters which should claim your attention just before your departure for that part of Florida which is usually termed 'the seat of war.' You should secure rooms at a good hotel in advance—for the rush of war correspondents is likely to be very large—and arrange with your publisher for a farewell dinner to be tendered by a number of your friends and admirers, the cost of which should be divided equally between your publisher and yourself. In sending out invitations to this banquet be sure and invite a number of people who live so far off that they cannot come, but may be counted on to send genial letters of regret and eulogy of yourself, which you will turn over to your publisher for use in the advertising department of his large establishment."

The Referee speaks of old Daniel Defoe as "that most shameless plagiarist of certain works of Robert Louis Stevenson."

"There was an old person of Ham, Who wearied of Omar Khayyam. 'Tizgerald,' said he, 'Is as right as can be. But this Club and these "versions," O dam!"

Some female admirer of George Alexander, the playactor, sent him a design for a matinee hat. "It consists of three ivy leaves and a violet, and is just a little larger than a five-shilling piece."

Where are the librettists of this country who will incite composers to glorious cantata, oratorio, opera, or even patriotic ode? Here is Mr. Bristow, poor Mr. George F. Bristow, who wished to put Niagara Falls into music, and he made a choral symphony out of Mr. C. W. Lord's apostrophe to the stupendous thing. A duet for soprano and alto begins

"Superior, Huron, Michigan and Erie With little Clair commingling like a Peri." This is bad enough, but Mr. Bristow was obliged to struggle with "Ye rapids, sparkling, foaming, dashing wildly; Ye eddies, lul'd to gentle rest so mildly; Ye giddy whirlpools, round and round a-dancing, Like mettled steed, proud of his rider, prancing."

He was talking in passionate terms to the woman next him in the street car, and his words forced themselves on our ears: "Oh, yes, Mrs. Mulduke, there are men that notice women's dress. I have in my mind, for instance, at the moment, the recollection of an evening gown of white satin, with a long-trained skirt, flounced all round the hem with beautiful point d'Alencon. The lace was caught up in festoons at regular intervals with small diamond ornaments and quaint little tassels of crystal and pearl, while it was headed throughout its entire length with a pearl and crystal passementerie. The sides of the skirt were draped with other flounces of the same beautiful lace, lightly cascaded from waist to feet, and caught here and there with small true-lovers' knots in diamonds. The tight-fitting white satin bodice was cut in a long Louis XVI. point (a complete and welcome change after the loose Russian fronts) and embroidered with pearls, crystals, and diamonds, the décolletage being draped with point d'Alencon lace, and arranged with shoulder-straps of cerise velvet."

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Short Description of "Lili Tsee."

Mr. W. J. Henderson's Book, "What Is Good Music?"

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Players and Singers.

"Lili Tsee," which will be produced at the Tremont Monday night as a curtain raiser, is a shortened version of an operetta by Franz Curti, who died at Dresden Feb. 7.

He was born at Cassel, Nov. 16, 1854. He first studied medicine at Berlin and Geneva, and then music under Kreutzer and Schulz-Benthen at Dresden, which he made his home. He practised dentistry by day to live; at night he wrote music. His chief works are these operas: "Hertha" (Altenburg, 1887); "Reinhardt von Ufenau" (Altenburg, 1889); "Lili Tsee" (Mannheim, Jan. 12, 1896); "Das Rosli vom Santis" (Zurich, Feb. 11, 1898, a posthumous production); music to Kirchbach's fairy play, "Die letzten Menschen" (Dresden, 1891), a choral work, "Die Geislerjungfrau" (Schneeberg-Suite (Weimar, 1895); choral work, "Die Schlacht" (Dresden, 1895); orchestral works, male part songs, songs, etc.

"Lili Tsee" was produced for the first time in this country as "Lili Tse" at Daly's Theatre, New York. The New York Times said of it: "It is short, fragile, and pretty, and exactly serves its purpose, and it is set on the stage with exquisite taste. The scene represents a street in a remote Japanese village, with pottery shops on one side and a number of dainty girls painting and modeling satsuma ware, and the portal of Lili Tsee's home on the other; with the blooms of the cherry and dahlia in abundance and an ideal Japanese landscape in the distance. Kiki Tsum loves Lili Tsee and tells her often in sweet numbers how beautiful she is—so often and so eloquently that Lili Tsee begins to be quite curious and longs to gaze on her own charms. For it seems that in that land of flowers there are no clear pools of water, such as that which caused the destruction of Narcissus, no shining silver fountains, or bright tin dish-pans in which one may see one's own face and so admire one's own beauty. And the casual introduction of a hand mirror, dropped by an English globe-trotter, leads to various misunderstandings and complications, in which all the inhabitants of the village, a Buddhist priest (who is a sly old rascal), some English tourists and a pompous State official in a jirishka are involved."

The original cast at Daly's was as follows:
Kiki Tsum.....Frank Rushworth
Lili Tsee.....Marguerite Lemon
Ming-Ming.....Arthur Cunningham
Taima.....Bell Harper
Miss Whirlbottle.....Marie St. John
A State official.....Clement Hopkins

Mr. William J. Henderson's "What Is Good Music? Suggestions to Persons Desiring to Cultivate a Taste in Musical Art," is a little book that should be read constantly by hardened concert-goers as well as by the fashionable or the unfashionable that now sit in darkness. It's a little book, I say; there are only about 200 pages, but the reader that understands thoroughly the pages and appreciates the honesty, the courage, and the high ideals of this singularly acute, lucid, and poetical writer is more musical than many composers, who, like unto Lowell's great Captains,

With their guns and drums
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes.

I admired the work of Mr. Henderson long before I knew and loved the man; and I think I can speak coolly and with the knowledge of the meaning of words concerning him as a writer. To me he is an interpreter, a creator. A man of liberal education, he is never intoxicated by his knowledge. A poet of high imagination, his feet stand firm on solid ground. A man of authority in certain departments of mathematics, logical in reasoning, he reasons with logical precision, and without pedagogic dryness. His authority is never harsh or aggressive; his modesty is never obsequious or that of a faint heart. He is a master of irony and sarcasm, and he wields these weapons only against impostors and shams. His enthusiasm is that of a generous soul quick to recognize all that which is pure and noble. He is free from prudery and priggishness, yet he dis-

claims that when a composer is killed in a falling that is a tragedy of a subtle tenor that is more than that of a man killed in a war.

In this book Mr. Henderson treats of the essentials of form, polyphonic forms, monophonic forms, romantic forms, church counterpoint, simple and complex forms, the elements of music, the emotions, the intellect, the emotional, the esthetics of music, and he treats of the performance of music, the orchestra, chamber music, the piano, the violin, the work of a chorus, solo singing.

Let me quote from this book, which any American lover of music may read with pride, exulting in that it was written by a fellow countryman.

Mr. Henderson thus describes the influence of romanticism:

"Who are these fellows," said the concert-goers, "with their proxy attitudes about music and her music as an art? Do we go into the concert-room to search for the skeleton under the beautiful flesh? Nay, let us let our hearts upon the ravishing beauty of naked sound, and let these anatomists go fall upon their own scriptures."

But even as they spoke there arose a race of composers who used the scalp on their own art, and who cried aloud in the market-places for intellectual consideration. And these composers were forthwith discovered to be romanticists, who declared that music was not only beautiful, but throbbing with the pent-up passion of humanity. In her these found the elemental voice of mankind, the speech of fundamental emotions, the irresistible declaration of the primeval barbarian grandeur of the man and woman at gaze one upon the other; and they called the world of willness that when they sat down to compose music they were engaged in graving with subtler tools what the painter splashed with his brush and the poet traced with his pen.

Finally one of these romanticists, a mad, uncontrollable fellow, whose convictions burnt into his soul with such fierce fire that they sent him running through the highways of the world screaming his agony into the faces of men, proclaimed his belief in a hybrid, archaic thing called the art-work of the future, in which poetry, painting, acting and music should unite and form an aesthetic Dagon to be worshipped in Gath and Ascalon, and all the cities of the Philistines.

Mr. Henderson is speaking of the fugue: "Above all, the great question is, Does it make music? Is it beautiful within the field of polyphonic writing, or is it ugly? If it has balance, symmetry, clarity and logical development it will have the front of beauty. It will come with all the convincing force of a clear argument. The fugue is an intellectual product and it must be studied with the intellect."

Who but a poet would quote Bunner's "O honey of Hymettus Hill," as an example of the Rondo form?

The difficulty in the way of immediate appreciation of the purely musical value of such compositions (program over-

tures, etc.) is the necessity of getting at the composer's emotional schedule. One has to have some key to the content of such works, and often in searching for it he loses his grip on the absolute music of the composition.

It is in orchestral music that one is most likely to be deceived by the purely sensuous quality of music, for the palette of the modern symphonist is full of gorgeous colors, and a very poor piece of composition may be made to sound imposing by the cunning employment of divided violins with harmonies of horns and harp, by ingeniously dispersed chords for the wood-wind, or by the thunderous shock of a solid tutti.

The intensity and power of the utterance of an orchestra far exceeds that of any orator or singer. By the powerful projection through song of a singer's personality, we are often misled into supposing that the human voice is the most expressive of all instruments; but pure musical expressiveness exists in its highest degree in the orchestra, where the influence is not personal, but absolutely musical.

But music has no articulate speech. For that reason it is compelled to express emotions in the abstract. The composer can say to you: "I am sad," and in saying it he can influence you to be sad with him. But he cannot say to you in music: "I am sad because my brother is dead." The materials of musical expression do not admit of such definite statement. Music can speak a sadness more intense than words can utter, but it is the privilege of the poet, not of the musician, to tell the cause of the sadness.

Whether a person plays the piano or sings well or ill is not a question of opinion, but of fact. The critic who is acquainted with the techniques of the art can pronounce judgment upon a performance with absolute certainty, and there is no reason in the world why every lover of music should not do the same thing. There is nothing to think Mrs. Blank sang very well, didn't you? "Well, I didn't like it much." And there should be no room for the indiscriminate applause of bad performances which so often grieve the hearts of discerning listeners. Bad orchestral playing, bad piano playing, bad singing, are applauded every day in the course of the musical season by people who think they have a right to an opinion.

He (the conductor) and he alone is responsible for the interpretation of a work, but he does not magnify an orchestra into following his ideas at a performance. He teaches the ideas at rehearsal, and it is there that his work is done.

You were once persuaded to go to what a friend described as a chamber-music concert. There you heard four ghostly persons perform an operation which seemed to you to be the articulation of a symphonic skeleton. At that entertainment you became reckless and sang openly in the sight of all men. And let me add in strict confidence that if the performance was no better than most of our quartet-playing, I do not blame you for your somnolence.

More people go to hear piano playing than any other form of instrumental solo playing, and this is because so many persons practice piano playing. Judging from observation extending over a tolerable number of years, I should say that out of every one thousand persons who attend piano recitals about one has any real knowledge of what constitutes good piano playing. This sweeping assertion includes all the pianists, music-teachers, and students, who go on complimentary tickets, for I have witnessed a greater display of ignorance of the true significance of music as an art at a convention of musicians than at any other musical gathering I ever attended.

Beauty in piano playing is the result of high intellectual conception, warmed by emotional force and made known through the medium of ample technique. It is the custom of musical managers to make a great noise in their advertisements of a big chorus, and such a body is, indeed, imposing in mere volume of tone; but a small and well-trained chorus of some 200 selected voices will far excel it in quality, attack, precision, unanimity, shading, and enunciation. Yes, and a chorus of about 80 is still better.

Of all the branches of musical performance singing is that about which the great majority of music lovers know the least. I have never heard any vocal solo so bad that there were no persons in an audience ready to demand an encore. On the contrary, very bad singing, if it is only sufficiently pretentious, arouses as much enthusiasm, and the general public makes very little discrimination between the work of a de Rszke or a Melba and that of a fourth-rate Sunday-night concert-singer who has paid the manager to give her an appearance. Singing is difficult to judge calmly and dispassionately, because the personal influence of the artist, exercised almost without the intervention of a medium, reaches the hearer with a direct force; and a panting, screaming, dramatic soprano, who is really full of passion and who projects her temperament into the atmosphere, as a hose would squirt water, stirs up an audience powerfully, and sends people away crying: "Oh, what a divine singer!" On the other hand, a woman who can sing trills, scales, and staccato with accuracy and rapidity may be as devoid of feeling as an oyster, but she will get great glory simply by amazing her auditors. Between these two extremes the finished cantilena of the cultivated vocal artist is lost, and the critic who mourns the infrequency of a polished legato style is voted an old fogey.

Fortunately I am not called upon to explain the physical processes by which vocal technique is produced. I should indeed be in a sorry plight were that my duty, for I know of no subject on which there is so much disagreement among professors. Every one of them appears to have a different method, and they waste much good time and useful in hurrying vituperation at one another in the columns of the musical journals. I suspect that many of them have a good deal more method than is beneficial to their pupils.

I have quoted at random from Mr. Henderson's book, thinking that you would thus wish to gain a fairer idea of his pungency and vivacity, and read all that he has said wisely and to the point. There are easy sentences that owe their ease to laborious preparation and a full knowledge. Mr. Henderson's knowledge does not obscure his thought or darken his counsel.

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Le Pachmann will play in London May 11.

Fanny Bloomfield Zesler, the pianist, will make her debut in London April 28.

Mr. Huneker says: "The Chopinized I saw in London this spring. I have been told that his real name is Waldeemar Pachmann, and his father a rabbi in Odessa. I wish he would pay us one more visit. Crazy as he is, I never saw a piano touch like it, and no one, even Josef, made the Chickering piano sound so exquisitely. Pachmann is the smaller Chopin pieces is without rival on this wind-swept planet."

Messrs. Arthur W. Pinero and J. Comyns Carr's new libretto for the Savoy Theatre, for which Sir Arthur Sullivan has composed the music, is in rehearsal. The opera will be in three acts, will be described as a romantic melodrama, and will be entitled "The Beauty Stone."

Mr. N. H. Allen, organist of the Central Church, Hartford, Conn., completed his term of service there March 27. The pastor referred to this service in warmly complimentary terms just before the delivery of the morning sermon, and at the conclusion of the Vespers service Mr. Allen was presented with a handsome watch suitably inscribed.

One of the well-known Montmartre pianists, who gave April 6 a recital at the house of one of M. Drumont's friends, when he left the mansion of the house handed him \$10, adding: "You are really in luck, my dear friend. Your colleague, Jules Moy, is going to stay, but when I heard as a Jew I at once sent for you" and pocketed the money, and said a little word to Mecenas, who

Col. Mapleson proposes to give, at the Olympic Theatre, operatic performances during six months of the year at half the ordinary prices of admission, the season commencing next month. He has the scenery, dresses, etc., for 15 operas, besides the Dragonetti library of 70 operas, some never performed here. Mr. Mapleson is in negotiation for the engagement of an orchestra from La Scala, Milan, and one month of each year he proposes to place at the disposal of the students of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music and of the Guildhall School.

The principal items in the program of the forthcoming Leeds Festival have been settled by the program committee and the conductor, Sir Arthur Sullivan. "Elijah" will open the festival Wednesday afternoon, October 5, followed in the evening by Edward Elgar's new cantata, "Caractacus." The morning of the 6th, Dr. Stanford's new "Te Deum," written in the Latin text, will be performed, the choral parts having been already put in rehearsal. Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," performed for the first time at these festivals, will complete this program. On the evening of the second day, Dr. Allan Gray, a native of Leeds, and organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, will bring forward his new sacred ode, "The Foe Behind, the Deep Before." Wagnerian works will also be heard that evening. On the morning of October 7, Bach's Mass in B minor will be given, and in the evening, Humperdinck will conduct his new "Symphonic Poem," specially written for the festival. Another novelty will be by Sir Arthur Sullivan, which, it is rumored, is based on the "Vicar of Wakefield." Handel's "Alexander's Feast" will also be given on this occasion, and in the evening the festival will conclude with Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" and a mixed program.

The Pall Mall Gazette thus speaks of a new opera produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, March 23: "L'ile du Rêve, the new lyric drama produced tonight at the Opéra Comique, is the musical setting of the 'Mariage de Loti,' one of the best and most popular of the novels by the famous academicien whose nom de guerre is Pierre Loti, and who is known to the French Admiralty as Capt. Vaud. The librettists are MM. André Alexandre and Georges Hartmann. The score is by M. Reynaldo Hahn, who thus makes his debut as a composer of operatic music, though he has been known for two or three years past—he is about 22 years of age—as a musician of subtle and delicate genius, whose special talent is to evoke in the drawing rooms of Paris the romance and mercurial melody. I met him first at a reception given by the late Alphonse Daudet, whose musical preferences were instinct with literary feeling, and remember the great author's exclamation, 'C'est de la morphine, c'est de la morphine!' as Hahn, at the piano, told one by one the black, glistening, quaintly-cut beads of his musical rosary. And Daudet added, as he introduced the composer to me, 'C'est le jeune espoir de la musique française.' The quality of M. Hahn's music is so delicate, and Heine-sque, if such an expression may be used, as to lose most of its effect in a vast theatre like that of the Opéra Comique. Moreover, what latter-day composer, who has finally attained real greatness, produced such an impression with his first opera? Wagner himself had two failures before his genius became manifest in 'Rienzi.' So, while I cannot give unqualified praise to M. Hahn's 'L'ile du Rêve,' I am still disposed to hold that his talent is rare and imposing, and that the future before him is great. This is the third time that the librettists have endeavored to transport Loti to the operatic stage, and if their efforts have hitherto been without result, the reason undoubtedly lies in the fact that the author's tales, such as 'Madame Chrysanthème,' 'Aziyadé,' and 'Les Pêcheurs d'Islande,' are rather a succession of pictures than anything else, bereft of dramatic adventures, of the movements of masses, of noisy incidents, a la Alexandre Dumas. Remove these delicate pictures from their poetical framework, and practically nothing is left. The impression that chiefly remained after the performance of 'L'ile du Rêve' was that its three acts might have conveniently been compressed into one. This is the first opera mounted by M. Carré, the new manager of the Opéra Comique, and the scenic arrangements do him credit, though the cast might well be improved. The artists were not worthy of any individual mention." And yet we name the chief singers: Miss Guiraudon (Mahéna), Clément (Loti), Miss Bernaert (Oreana) and Maudaud (Tairapa).

Mr. Floerschmidt contributes from Berlin this interesting account of Bungeni and his work to the Musical Courier of

April 20: "It is with a feeling of dissatisfaction and even discomfort that I undertake to report about the Berlin premiere of August Bungeni's music drama, 'Odysseus' Return,' which finally took place at the Royal Opera House on last Thursday night, the 31st ult., after a good many postponements. The success of the premiere was an undeniably great one, and yet it was not a genuine or a spontaneous one. It by no means reached the degree of fever heat, which was perceptible at Dresden, and I am already inclined to predict that the work will not hold the audiences here half as many times as those of the Saxonian capital. All this in spite of the fact that Bungeni's work has been brought out here in absolutely matchless style, that the cast is throughout a very fine one, and satisfies, as he personally told me, the composer, and that the mise-en-scène is one of the best and richest that could be seen anywhere. What makes me predict a comparatively quick failure of 'Odysseus' Return' despite its great and

undeniable Dresden success and the enthusiastic reception of the music-drama at the Berlin premiere, is the fact that to my mind Bungeni and his work have been greatly overrated. It hurts me to have to write this, for the composer is a personal friend of mine, but I don't want to put myself on record as a Bungeni admirer, when in reality I feel convinced that he has not reached and never can reach the aim, an excessively high one, it must be acknowledged, which he has set for himself. This is nothing less than to treat in a music-dramatic manner the most tremendous poetical product of the ancient world, the immortal double epos left us by Homer. He wants to bring upon the operatic stage the heroes of the 'Iliad' and of the 'Odyssey' in a cycle of seven operas. A Bungeni Festspielhaus is to be built at Godesburg, near Bonn, on the Rhine, and there the cycle is to be given on seven consecutive days. You see, the plan is a gigantic one, and Bungeni, who has been at work upon its perfection for now nearly fifteen years, is enthusiastic enough to carry it through. He has enough friends and rich admirers to secure the undertaking in a financial way, and I know that the fund of one million and a half marks, which is the estimated cost of the new building and outfit, is already at his disposal. In view of all this you can easily comprehend that I venture upon a general denial of the rights of Bungeni for such an undertaking, but it gives me comfort to see that most of the serious critics of the Berlin papers of importance are of my opinion. I have before me the criticisms of Dr. Karl Krebs, of the Vossische Zeitung; of Dr. Leopold Schmidt, of the Berliner Tageblatt, and Dr. R. Fiege, of the Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, and these three notable critics go in their condemnation of Bungeni's music drama still further, and are more vehemently severe than I am inclined to do. The fact of the matter is that Bungeni has hit upon a fundamentally big idea, but he has neither the poetical nor the musical powers to carry it to an adequate execution. It would have taken a Richard Wagner to do that; but of him Bungeni has very little, excepting an eye to what is theatrically effective. To this latter quality, and only to this one, I can ascribe the drawing powers of 'Odysseus' Return,' which brings upon the stage those persons and in such situations as we have learned to like them when reading grand old Homer. Gladly the mind remembers what took so severe study to translate, and boyish reminiscences are called up as scene after scene shows us Odysseus' return to Ithaca; the saving of his son Telemachus from death sworn him by the wooers of his mother, Penelopeia; the latter's faithful wait for her husband and finally the killing of the wooers. If Bungeni had only half as much poetic gift as he has theatrical instinct, and even if his musical talent were equal to his poetic endowment, there would be hope for the success of his great cycle, 'The Homeric World,' as it is. I can only predict that it will prove a big failure and that the Bungeni Theatre at Godesburg will not prove a second Bayreuth Richard Wagner theatre. As the name of Richard Wagner has been mentioned so frequently in connection with this Bungeni cycle, I want to protest, first, most strenuously against doing the latter the honor of such a comparison. The poetry of Bungeni is very verbose, but the words he uses are frequently of the most commonplace and even low sort. What a classic in comparison to Bungeni's treatment of the eleven final parts of the Odyssey, which form the contents of the work under notice, is Voss's German translation of the same. Truly here Bungeni would have done wiser to cling more closely to this fine model, and as for Bungeni's music being comparable in any way, shape or manner to that of Wagner, the idea is really too ridiculous. I found nothing pregnant in his Leitmotives, no power in his attempts at dramatic expression, and even his orchestration, a thing without which a modern composer cannot be imagined, is ineffective and unskillful. In a very few instances Bungeni, the Lieder composer, comes to the assistance of Bungeni the operatic composer, by lending him a lyric idea; but even these are few and far between, and so much after the Victor Nessler pattern that the Hamburg caustic critic, Dr. Pföhl, has wittily christened Bungeni's 'Odysseus' 'The Trumpeter of Ithaca.'"

TWO CONCERTS.

Ysaye, Marteau, Bendix, Gerardy and Lachaume in Chamber Music—Twenty-third Symphony Concert, With Mrs. Wienzkowska Pianist.

Messrs. Ysaye, Marteau, Max Bendix, Gérardy and Lachaume gave the second and last of two chamber concerts in Music Hall yesterday afternoon. The audience was small—a reproach to the boasted musical civilization of the town; and it was enthusiastic. Messrs. Lachaume, Marteau, Ysaye and Gérardy played the first piano quartet by Gabriel Fauré. I do not think the work had been played here before. It is charming music, of pungent, exotic flavor, and it is written with a skill that is the more real because the effort is so thoroughly concealed. The scherzo is especially delightful.

Messrs. Ysaye and Marteau then played with piano accompaniment by Mr. Lachaume six duettini (op. 18) by Godard. They probably played these at the manager's request, "to give something popular." It is hard to im-

agine Ysaye playing such stuff with a straight face.

The piano quintet in F by César Franck was played here for the first time. The first performance was in Paris, Jan. 17, 1880, when it was played by Saint-Saëns, Marsick, Rémy, Van Waefelghem and Loys. Certain pages are of a nobility seldom surpassed in chamber music; other pages are of indisputable beauty; others, again, are perplexing, and frequently the question arises, "Is all this worth while?" The first movement is built on two alternating themes, the second of which is singularly beautiful. A melancholy phrase is given to the piano. The development is at times dry. The second movement is, to me, the finest; it is a sort of reverie developed from one of the themes in the preceding movement, in the form of a romance for first violin, taken up by the quartet, then given to the piano. The finale is a hard nut to crack. The coda seems to me unworthy of the work.

The ensemble was superb throughout.

The program of the 23d Symphony concert given last night in Music Hall, Mr. Paur, conductor, was as follows:

Fantastic Symphony No. 1.....Berlioz
Piano concerto No. 3.....Litolff
Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber

The fantastic symphony of Berlioz was finely read and it was played with great spirit and effect. It is a marvelous work when you remember that it was written over 60 years ago, and it would be marvelous if it were written today. I do not say that the flight of imagination never falters; there are moments when Berlioz wanders in thought, then there is that wondrous nightmare, the March to the Scaffold, one of the most gigantic pages of orchestral literature.

Poor Litolff's concerto is old, very old. It was written in 1846, and it was first played here by Jaell in 1883. Fanny Bloomfield-Zesler played it during the reign of Nikisch in 1889, probably for the sake of the scherzo. This same scherzo is the only movement that has today a semblance of life. The finale was omitted last night, and the order of the scherzo and andante was inverted. What an andante! It should be played by an orchestra in old-fashioned court dress and with a pianist adorned by a cameo brooch. Mrs. Wienzkowska has heard here last season at a Kniesel concert. She has good fingers and a lady-like touch.

The program of the last concert of this season will be as follows: Beethoven's "Eroica symphony" and these pieces by Wagner: Overture, "Rienzi," prelude to Tristan and Isolde's love death, prelude to Act III, of "Lohengrin," overture to "Tannhäuser."

Philip Hale.

April 25 98

A tale told by the Quietist to his friend as they sat on a bench in Boston Common and talked nobly of the soul.

SIMON, THE CRUSADER.

The gospel-wagon stopped at the foot of Myrtle Street, near one of the entrances to Berkeley Park—that oasis in the desert of brick tenement houses. The driver clambered down from his seat and attached a weight to the head of the sleepy horse. He lighted a naphtha lamp, and stealthily taking a chew of tobacco, settled himself against the shafts.

His employers were three men and three women, all vaguely clerical in their dress, and all well aged, save their leader, a tall, broad shouldered Scotchman, a passionate exhorter.

One of the pale, elderly men blew into a crackling cornet. One of the pale, elderly women twanged an autoharp and joined the others in a hymn. Children, playing about the streets, ran toward the sound and the flaring naphtha lamp, crying:

"Here's the gospel wagin! Here's the Come-to-Jesus!"

It was a night well on in June, hot and windless. Electric lights formed magic isles of tenderly-vivid green among the dark masses of trees, yet they showed how listlessly the leaves drooped, how dirty were the leaves. Dusky figures trooped slowly through the dusky paths of the park, along the streets. The wagon was soon surrounded. Those fortunate enough to be seated on the benches near by felt privileged, like unto the holders of reserved seats at the play.

As the cornet blared quaveringly, the curtains of a window above the Gospel-wagon were parted. A bearded face looked down.

"What's the show, Mag?"

A shrill voice answered: "O, them's the Gospellers. They been comin' this hour all the week. If you hadn't been away boozin' all the time, you'd have seen them before."

The man drew in his head and faced a thin, weary-faced woman who was pinning on her hat before a cracked mirror.

"Look a here, Maggie," he said plaintively, "Can't you leave a man alone when he's down here 'stead of kickin' him? You know I've sworn off for good, yet you keep throwin' it up to me 'bout boozin'. An' I'll soon git another job, you see."

The woman turned savagely, her face flushed: "See here, Simon McLean, what do you think I am? You swear off? Last time you swore off they found the pledge on top of a whisky bottle

For po ket when you were pleased
still. And see here—I've got to keep
the house goin', not you, and do you
think I'm goin' to keep my mouth shut
—? I guess not."

He swept out, banging the door. A
child in an inner room began to cry.
Simon swore. "The devil of a nice
home. I'm goin' out to get a drink.
What's the use of keepin' dry?"

As he came upon the street the Gos-
pellers had just started a new hymn.
Simon lighted his pipe and listened.
They were singing a lively hymn, the
met following unsteadily, the auto-
graph twanging away. When the tune
led out with a final belated blast of
the cornet, rowdy fellows trotted out a
salty gutter parody. The crowd laughed.
Simon took one mocker by the neck,
drew him aside, and pushed up close
to the wagon. He was moved curiously
by the singing; he was impressed
strangely by the earnest faces of the
Gospellers.

The leader arose and the crowd grew
still, for he was the chief attraction in
the perambulating show, not because of
the truth or attractiveness of his mes-
sage, but because of his deep, pas-
sionate voice which thundered over
their heads, because of the dramatic ges-
tures which gave emphasis. He pleaded
with them, his strong arms cast abroad
in that gesture the end of which should
be the gathering of some loved thing to
the breast. The pipe fell, with the es-
cape of a shower of sparks from Simon's
mouth. "Come to Jesus! Oh, come, only
come! If you will not—" The leader
pointed hell and the fate of the damned.
His companions punctuated with, "And
God will welcome you!" and they chor-
used: "Praise God! Yes come! There's
no getting out of hell!"

Simon pressed nearer and nearer. His
face was disfigured with emotion,
mazy emotion, a stress of feeling which
had worked a miracle—the desire for
drink had passed away, and yet he
felt stimulated, alive in every limb.

And the preacher thundered on.

"Who will trample Satan underfoot?
Who will come to God? Only one!
Come, I command you!"

His wild eyes met Simon's straining
eyes, took hold of them. He bent for-
ward. "Come, I command you!" Simon
could not resist; he was drawn as a bird
by a snake. "Here I am!" he shouted,
"Take me, I want to come to God!"

The crowd devoured the sensation.
Even the phlegmatic driver took an
interest in the proceedings. The preach-
er, clasping Simon's hands, offered up
a loud-voiced prayer. Simon was
trembling in every limb.

"Tell me your name! I want to thank
you."

"Thank God," said the Gosseller, "I
am only one of His Crusaders."

"Then," shouted Simon, "I'm a Croo-
sader too. Simon the Croo-sader! Hal-
lujah!"

They took him into the Gospel-wagon
and talked with him and prayed with
him, but his liveliness soon passed
away, and he grew strangely dull.
When they went away they shook his
hand and exhorted him to be firm.

The children began to shout "Simon,
the Croo-sader." He wandered down
the pathways of the park, shamefaced,
stupid, dazed. He wanted a drink. He
felt as though it were the morning
after a debauch. He looked up at the
pale moon above the trees, and swore
at it: "I have been drunk, drunk on re-
ligion!"

Unconsciously his feet had followed
a familiar road; he was in front of
Hanley's saloon. He entered, but the
tale was there first. He was greeted
with a roar of laughter, a volley of
shouts: "Simon, the Croo-sader!"

He grinned, for he saw free drinks.
After all, what's in a nick-name? They
filled him full, and then they sent him
home with a card tied to him and in-
scribed, "Simon the Croosader."

By his conversion Simon gained a
nick-name for life, nothing more; unless
you reckon as did Simon: "Two jags
and nothing to pay."

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RAPID TRANSIT.

Somerville has a population of over 40,000,
yet small, is one of the leading cities of the
world for rapid transit in a well known in-
dustry we all have noticed the rag pickers,
going from Ell to Ell what slow work with
an iron hook with a knife or razor so as to
cut all obstruction in pulling out of a
Ell or Box. I am alluding to the noble sons
of Italy, when they got a load they had to
walk to Boston as the Electric Cars would
not allow them nor would they run a special
for them, that is one reason they do not
patronize the West End road with bundles.
This is very tedious and discouragin the
Corporation will soon find out they are losing
quite a freight business, this has been over-
come by a very dark but intelligent Italian.
I was astonished when I beheld this dark
man with an astrican Cap over his ears
Mounted on a Ladys Byckle going from one
end of the Street to the other, with a bed
tick behind four umbrells and two tin boxes
in front. I asked two that was walked about
the man on the Byckle the Said He to
Smart to Smart I Stop Him and He Stuck
a sharp pointed knife in an ash Ell to
show his love for Him

Yes, in these troublous times, in the
very face of bombardment, the con-
tributors to this column are faithful
to the editor. Hardly a day has gone
by that some correspondent has not
asked "Where is 'Q'?" For this valued
contributor has for some months been
shy.

"Q." is not a hack-writer, ladies and
gentlemen. His Pegasus knows not the
spur of poverty. We like to think of
him observing, simply observing men
and things for weeks and weeks. He
does not write for money. No mer-
chant traffics in his heart. He has
refused an extravagant offer from the
Ladies' Home Journal. Suddenly an
idea takes root in his brain. Thought
waters it, turns it to the sun, watches
its growth, prunes it. When the
idea is seen in full glory, Q. offers
it to us as a precious gift.

Do you call the essay published to-
day obscure? There was a time when
Lycophron was regarded as the most
difficult book in the Greek language;
but the difficulty lies in the allusions,
not the language. As De Quincey puts
it, "Lycophron did as we now do in
eclipses—he smoked the glass through
which he gazed." And so it is with Q.

There will be some day in Boston a
Q Society. There will be a President
and a Vice President and a Secretary and
a Treasurer. Papers will be read on
"The Humanity of Q", "Thread-Souls
in the Essays of Q", "Q compared with
Browning, Tolstoi, Ibsen", "Is Q a
Realist?"

In the face of danger Q. sallies forth
from his philosophic retirement. Our
other contributors are staunch and
true. Old Chimes will be at his post
at the Porphyry Club from 12 till 1.30,
from 5 to 6.30 and from 10.45 till 12 each
day except Sunday, when he may be
seen from 5 till 6 P. M. Miss Eusta-
cia proposes to be a vivandière in
case of invasion; she is adjusting her
bicycle costume for this purpose—O
peerless virgin!—and learning Spanish
by reading Don Quixote in the origi-
nal. Mr. Auger, crammed with sta-
tistics, is lecturing at the Porphyry
dally at 5 P. M. to those that are rash
enough to remain in the room. Messrs.
Thudicum, Smiggs give pleasing exhi-
bitions of bravado and cowardice.
Uncle Amos will leave his farm to see-
from a safe distance—the bombardment
of Boston. The Quilettist and his Friend
still sit in pleasant weather on a bench
in the Common discussing time, space,
reality. Alas, our dear lamented con-
tributor the Heron-editor rests quietly
under the drums and trappings.

The cigarette smokers need not de-
spair—beneath the burden of in-
creased taxation. They should turn
from tobacco to tea. The change will
not at first be easy. A London physi-
cian tells us that the effect of smoking
the first half of the cigarette is a sense
of congestion in the head, and a dis-
position to clutch at something to steady
one's self in the whizzing, whirling
maze that is going on outside.

"Some experience a semi-stupor and
a must-sit-down-at-any-cost sort of
feeling." But is not this sensation to
be desired in the dull routine of health?
Smoke a second cigarette; the feeling
of congestion passes away, and is suc-
ceeded by one of intense exhilaration!

And how is the tea cigarette made?
"Selected leaves of a grade of tea
which has but little or no dust, and is
composed of unbroken leaf, are used.
The tea is damped to make the leaves
pliable and capable of being rolled be-
tween the fingers in the ordinary way,
while the dampness is not sufficient to
stain the paper. The cigarettes should
be laid aside for a few days to season
before smoking."

And what are the results of this heroic
endeavor?

"The general condition of the patients
is one of despondency, fear, and ex-
treme nervous prostration, each ciga-
rette producing from time to time new
symptoms, and after the habit has
grown, catarrh of the stomach is pro-
duced, and acute pains are felt in the
region of the heart, with palpitation."

The section of the Oxford English
Dictionary for April 1 covers words
from the letter H to Haversian. Dr.
Murray in the preface makes these com-
parisons: Words recorded, H to Haver-
sian, 3815; in Johnson's 354, in the Cen-
tury 2125 in Funk's Standard 1920.
Words illustrated by quotations: The
Oxford 2364, Johnson's 283, the Century
775, Funk's Standard 249. Number of
illustrative quotations: The Oxford 15-
624, Johnson's 1067, the Century 2383,
Funk's Standard 349.

Truly is there a wealth of entertain-
ing reading even in this section of 123
pages. Take the word "haggis" for in-
stance. You suppose, no doubt, that
the dish is characteristically Scotch.
But it was popular in English cookery

down to the beginning of the 18th cen-
tury. As long ago as 1615, Markham in
"English Housewife" wrote, "This small
Oatmeal mixed with blood, and the
Liver of either Sheep, Calf or Swine,
maketh that pudding which is called the
Haggas or Haggus, of whose goodness
it is in vain to boast, because there is
hardly to be found a man that doth not
affect them."

And what good words have fallen into
the dustbin of Time. Thus "hagging"
—the meeting of hags or witches—as
in the sentence, "He would spie unto
what place his wife went to hagging." Or
"haventown," a seaport town, and
"halfner"—one who shares to the ex-
tent of a half. If you are a sporting
man read the article on "handicap."

The Army and Navy Journal is right.
Why should war vessels be named Har-
vard and Yale "When not a vessel in
the service honors William Bainbridge
or Isaac Hull or James Lawrence or
Jim Paul Jones?"

April 26 1898
- Boston Theatre.

A double bill was given last night at
the Boston Theatre by the English
Opera Company. "Billee Taylor" was
followed by "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mr.
McGhie was the conductor. The cast
in "Billee Taylor" was as follows:

Capt. Flapper.....	Raymond Hitchcock
Sir Mining Lane.....	Frank Moulton
Billee Taylor.....	Jay Taylor
Ben Barnacle.....	E. N. Knight
Christopher Crab.....	Oscar Girard
Phoebe Fairleigh.....	Marie Celeste
Arabella Lane.....	Ruth White
Eliza Dabsey.....	Bessie Fairbairn
Susan.....	Emma King

The performance of "Billee Taylor"
was by far the best that has been given
during the engagement of this com-
pany. The operetta itself was welcome
to many, who indulged in pleasant
remembrances and renewed their youth.
The libretto is a readily Gilbertian, but
there are agreeable lines and the hu-
mor is wholesome and good-natured.
The music is unpretentious, tuneful and
thoroughly English. The company on
the whole was excellent. Miss Celeste
was a delight to the eye and she sang
and acted with coquettish spirit and
effect. Miss Ruth White gave an un-
answerable excuse for William Taylor's
fickleness, though in the present in-
stance he was in the situation of our old
friend Captain Macheath. Miss White
was singularly attractive as Arabella,
and even if she had not acted and
sung discreetly all would have been for-
given her. A bewitching costume!
Why do we now see it only in old prints
and on the stage? Mr. Hitchcock and
Mr. Moulton were amusing without gags
or horse play; and some of Mr. Gir-
ard's business was new and really fun-
ny. British tars announced their in-
tention to make war on Spain through
Mr. Knight, as Ben Barnacle, the
spokesman. The taste of inviting
everybody to "remember the Maine,
all on account of Eliza" may be ques-
tioned. The chorus was excellent, and
the audience, applaudive through the
piece, was in good spirits when the
overture to "Cavalleria Rusticana" be-
gan.

Miss Grace Golden was Santuzza,
Miss White was Lola, Mr. Sheehan
was Turiddu, and Mr. Stewart was
Alfio. The performance was earnest
and honest, but in many ways inade-
quate. The singers were all victims to
tremolo, and Miss Golden and Miss
White paid little respect to rhythm.
The characters were nearly all of them
out of drawing. Turiddu is a cheap,
vain village swell, not such a chronic
blusterer as Mr. Sheehan imagines.
Alfio is a rougher fellow than Mr.
Stewart fancies. Miss Golden's costume
was all too spick-and-span. And poor
Mamma Lucia, played I think by Miss
Fairbairn, was melodramatic, whereas
she is a simple, kindly old woman, a
little dazed by the domestic row. The
chorus again showed its strength. The
orchestra too often made a mess of the
perverted score.

There will be a "souvenir matinee"
Wednesday. The operas next week
will be "Pinafore" and "Pagliacci."

Philip Hale.

Grand Opera House.

The Boston Lyric Company, minus
Richie Ling, sang Balfe's "Bohemian
Girl" last night to a fairly large audi-
ence, with good effect. Mr. Henry Hal-
lam was the Thaddeus, vice Mr. Ling.
He improved from start to finish, and
his best songs were in the last act. But
his manner is not especially pleasing,
and his singing lacks what is visible in
the work of every other member of
this company, the help of good presence
and an ability, to act.

Miss Lane was the Arline, and her
modest, reposeful way of carrying the
not too grateful part was refreshing.
Her voice is better in form than at any
time during the engagement so far, and
all the favorite songs that fell to her
received hearty applause.

J. K. Murray played the Count, of
course, and equally of course was very
effective. His song in the last scene of
the second act was the best chance he
got in the comparatively small part, and
it was encored heartily.

Whenever a serious work is presented
Miss Hattie Belle Ladd invariably gets
a part in which she lets her hair down
and rages and despairs. It is the fate
of the contralto. She also sings in tune,
which seems a difficult thing in this

company. Even the orchestra was out
last night.

Devilshoof, the gypsy, was taken by
Mr. W. H. Clarke, and he not only sang
in tune, but sang with spirit and nerve,
sang with dramatic action, and was
generally the liveliest figure in the
piece. James Dean was funny as Flor-
estine.

The concerted pieces were well-bal-
anced, thanks to Mr. Clarke and Miss
Ladd, who met tenor and soprano half
way in keeping things even. An entire
surprise came in a little dance, very
short and very clever, between Mr.
Clarke and Miss Daisy Howard, who
sings in the chorus, in the scene on the
way to Presburg Fair. It lasted not
more than 20 bars, but it won the house.

Water shares the good or bad qualities
of the strata through which it flows, and
man those of the climate in which he is born.
Some owe more than others to their native
land, because there is a more favorable sky
in the zenith. There is not a nation, even
among the most civilized, that has not some
fault peculiar to itself which other nations
blame by way of boast or as a warning.
'Tis a triumph of cleverness to correct in
oneself such national failings, or even to hide
them; you get great credit for being unlike
among your fellows, and as it is less expected
of you it is esteemed the more. There are
also family failings as well as faults of
position, of office or of age. If these all meet
in one person and are not carefully guarded
against, they make an intolerable monster.

Even in the fury of war, remember
that the Spaniards after all are human
beings. Making faces at them or call-
ing them names does not advance the
cause of the United States. To read
certain statements made daily, you
would think that the Spaniards never
applied their minds to anything save
the invention of fiendish cruelty. 'Twas
a Spaniard that drew Don Quixote, the
noblest and the sweetest of gentlemen,
and it was a Spaniard, Balthasar Gra-
cian, who wrote the wisest of maxims
for the government of conduct. And
Tennyson when he sang the Ballad of
the Fleet told how "the stately Span-
ish men" praised old Sir Richard,
caught at last, "with a courtly foreign
grace."

We saw an allusion the other day to
the story of Thackeray asking Lowell
whether he had slipped in language
put into the mouths of the characters
in "Henry Esmond." As the story
goes, Lowell answered, "Did anybody
at that time say 'different to'?" and
Thackeray is represented as acknowl-
edging the corn.

This story may or may not be true;
but "different to" is found in English
writers of all ages. It is as old in litera-
ture as 1526; the playwright Dekker
used it in 1603; and Fielding used it in
1737, a few years after Esmond saw
Beatrix for the last time.

As for "different than"—you may find
it in Fuller, Addison, Goldsmith, Coler-
idge, De Quincey, Thackeray, New-
man, Trench.

As the New York Sun said some weeks
ago, English is what it is, not what it
should be, and not what somebody
thinks it should be.

A correspondent of our esteemed an-
tiquarian the Transcript attributes the
present war to the thunder storms of
last winter. It is true that thunder
during Christmas week indicates that
there will be much snow during
the winter. "Thunder in January sig-
nifieth the same year great winds,
plentiful of corn and cattle, peradven-
ture"—but observe the cautiousness of
the author of "The Book of Knowl-
edge"; he qualifies his statement. And
if there is thunder in February or
March, it will be a poor maple sugar
year. It is also a well-known fact that
thunder rouses eels from their mud.
The Spaniards are skilled in calling
thunder storms from a clear sky. Ac-
cording to the Reverend Increase
Mather, they once filled cisterns in a
Spanish town in this fashion: "The
magical ceremonies by them observed
were most horrid and ridiculous; for
they took an ass and put the sacra-
ment of the eucharist into his mouth,
sang funeral verses over him, and then
buried him alive before the church
doors. As soon as these rites, so pleas-
ing to the devil, were finished, the
heavens began to look black, and the
sea to be agitated with winds, and
anon it rained and lightened after a
most horrendous manner."

There have been many thrilling ar-
ticles published of late concerning red-
headed people. We are again reminded
that Judas Iscariot had red hair and
that Cain sported a yellow beard. The
proverb attributed to Alfred the Great
runs, "The red-haired man is a rogue,
quarrelsome, a thief, king of mischief."
In Germany they say "Beware of the
Swede and the red-haired man." Wal-
lenstein's red hair was used against
him by his enemies. The Scald sang
"Ashborn Jarl was a very red man;
what more could you expect?" From
the witch-trials in Sweden it appears
that the devil was red-headed, in that
country at least. Whence arose all this
suspicion? Probably because the Ber-

serkers were nearly always red, and they were a conquering race of ruffians. The Turks—a courteous race—make a distinction. They say that the red-headed are either good or bad; the fat are good; the lean are worth nothing.

But the red-headed may well laugh. For they are far less apt to go bald than those with hair of a color more generally approved.

Do you remember what Buckle wrote of Spain?

"There she lies at the further extremity of the Continent, a huge and torpid mass, the only representative now remaining of the feelings and the knowledge of the Middle Ages. And what is the worst symptom of all, she is satisfied with her own condition. Though she is the most backward country in Europe, she believes herself to be the foremost. She is proud of everything of which she ought to be ashamed. She is proud of the antiquity of her opinions, proud of the strength of her faith, proud of her immeasurable and childish credulity, proud of her unwillingness to amend either her creed or her customs, proud of her hatred of heretics, and proud of the undying vigilance with which she has baffled their efforts to obtain a full and legal establishment on her soil."

Ian Maclaren recently said, "What ought a Christian to read?" We see him standing by the telephone awaiting another order from a publisher.

"The inventor of Volapuk, Johann Martin Schleyer, a retired Catholic priest at Constance, is more or less familiar with 50 languages." Did no one of them seem adequate? Or had he ideas beyond any existing language?

The late Claimant should certainly have been respected by the British Aristocracy. He could drink two bottles of brandy at a sitting.

"A mother" asks us to print the following:

There is sport in athletic exercises, but creeping up like a murderer in the night to shoot an inoffensive deer, chipmunk or little bird, simply for the fun of the thing, is the meanest kind of business, and there is nothing manly about it. It only encourages a craze to kill; real sportsmen denounce it as cowardly and on a par with vivisection and docking horses' tails. A sportsmen's show with its death dealing instruments encouraging a desire to kill something will in a few days undo years of humane teaching. The really best citizens are not found among those who unnecessarily kill and torture animals

P. D. RICHARDS.
West Medford, Mass.

"ADELAIDE,"

A German One-Act Play Arranged by Mr. David Bispham and Performed Yesterday Afternoon at the Hollis Street Theatre.

"Adelaide," a one-act play, from the German, by David Bispham, was produced for the first time in this city yesterday afternoon at the Hollis Street Theatre. The cast was as follows:

Ludwig von Beethoven.....David Bispham
Frau Fadinger, a shopkeeper.....Mrs. Charles Walcott
Frau Sapherl, a washerwoman.....Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Franz Lachner, a musician.....Perry Averill
(With song, "Adelaide.")
Clara, Frau Fadinger's daughter.....Yvonne de Treville
(With song, "Joyful and Sorrowful.")
—And—
Adelaide.....Miss Julia Opp

As we all know, or as we are supposed to know, Beethoven quarreled frequently with lodging-house keepers and washerwomen; he was fussy about his coffee; he wrote a song entitled "Adelaide" and music to "Egmont"; he was deaf; and he had several more or less mysterious love-affairs.

In this little play these characters, music and affairs are in part introduced. And in addition Franz Lachner figures. The program told us that the time of the action of the play is about 1815. Now Franz Lachner was born in 1803 and he did not go to Vienna until 1822 when he became acquainted with Beethoven as well as Schubert. The play is very German and correspondingly sentimental. The language reminds one of the choice specimens of German dramatic literature ridiculed in the Anti-Jacobin; and the dialogue might easily have included:

"Hope is the nursery of life."
And its cradle is the grave,
or any other choice extract from "The Stranger."

That the piece has any interest to musicians is due chiefly to the make-up of Mr. Bispham, which is at first striking, and the business of this distinguished baritone, which shows careful study of details given by Boswellian biographers. For my own part I do not like the liberties taken with such a character. I prefer to see him vaguely introduced as a legendary mist. To the average theatre-goer the play is interesting chiefly on account of the sumptuous

beauty of Miss Opp, and the fragrant piquancy of Miss de Treville. Mr. Averill sang "Adelaide" with much intelligence and natural beauty of voice; and Miss de Treville was applauded warmly for her singing of Clarchen's song. The lodging-house keeper screamed in realistic fashion, and Mrs. Whiffen as the washerwoman was less violent and more effective in her nagging. Mr. Bispham was interesting as Beethoven, but I prefer him on the operatic stage.

A concert was given before the play by a small orchestra conducted by Mr. Sam Franko of New York. The program included Beethoven's septet; three Scotch songs sung by Mrs. Tippet, who replaced Miss Marguerite Hall at short notice; theme and variations from Quartet op. 18 No. 5; and the overture to "Egmont." There was a fair-sized and very applaudable audience.

Philip Hale.

April 28 "GOLDEN LEGEND."

Sullivan's Cantata Sung Last Night by the Cecilia Under Mr. Lang in Music Hall.

The Cecilia sang Sullivan's "Golden Legend" at the fourth concert of its twenty-second season. The society was assisted by Miss Antoinette Trebelli, Miss Edmonds, Evan Williams, Max Heinrich, S. A. Sargent and an orchestra. Mr. Whelpley was organist.

This work was first given here by the Boston Oratorio Society, May 8, 1887, when Mr. Archer conducted, and Miss Gertrude Luther, Miss Edmonds, Jules Jordan, J. H. Wilson and J. F. Botume were the solo singers. It is my impression that the performance last night was the second.

Sullivan is a man of operetta. As a work of art, "The Mikado" is far superior to "The Golden Legend." In operetta Sir Arthur has an individual voice; he shows invention—although he helps himself occasionally to the works of others; he fits the music to the words—although he is more distinguished in comic than in sentimental vein. His serious works have little strength or vitality. His flight is ambitious, but he soon tumbles into commonplace. In this "Golden Legend" there is nothing that is dramatic. What a stupid, conventional fellow Lucifer is! Now, Satan, we are assured by competent authority, is never a bore, however you may deplore his low views of personal conduct. Prince Harry and Elsie spend their time in singing English drawing-room pieces, and Lady Jane is much to be preferred to Urula. Take the opening scene. It gives excellent opportunity to an imaginative composer. And what does Sir Arthur make out of it? Nothing, absolutely nothing. You see him at work, impassive, monotonous, carefully adjusted, as when, seated in an easy chair, he led orchestral concerts in London. There are clever tricks of orchestration in the work; he leads the voices easily and well in choral numbers; there are pleasing anthems for a parish choir; but there is not a drop of blood in the cantata.

The performance as a whole was tedious. The chorus sang effectively, and the beauty and strength of its tonal quality were revealed fully in "O Glad-some Light." Unfortunately neither the soloists nor the orchestra approached the high standard of the chorus. Miss Trebelli, with a clear, pure voice, sang without any display of even artificial emotion. Miss Edmonds did not raise the songs allotted her above the inherent level of commonplace, although her lower tones were pleasant to the ear. Mr. Williams was not in voice, and he was very hoarse in the final duet. Mr. Heinrich was indisposed, and he faintly while singing Lucifer's mockery of the pilgrims.

The orchestra played without attention to dynamic indications. The chorus, as well as the soloists suffered thereby. It would be an easy task to point out page after page in which the piano of the composer was turned into fortissimo. It would be easy to show passage after passage in which Miss Trebelli or Mr. Williams was submerged in orchestral billows. Now this was not the fault of the orchestra, which is made up of experienced, excellent musicians. It was the fault of Mr. Lang, who, keeping his eyes fixed curiously on the score, gave no cues, gave no signals for dynamic gradations, but beat time mechanically, and often with an injudicious and unmusical choice of tempo.

There was a good sized and applauding audience.

Philip Hale.

MISS MILLER'S CONCERT.

Miss Gertrude Miller, soprano, assisted by Mrs. Edith Woods, contralto, and Mr. Van Raalte, violinist, gave a concert in Chickering Hall Tuesday afternoon. She sang, with Mrs. Woods, duets by Vorrich and Delibes, and as solo pieces Mozart's "Non temer" (Violin obligato), and songs by Hahn, MacDowell, Thomas, Schlesinger, Hawley, Henschel. Her beautiful voice was heard to full advantage, and she showed improvement in rhythm and in phrasing. Mrs. Woods sang songs by Von Flitz, Tschalkowsky, Saint-Saëns and Coquard. Her voice is rich, naturally expressive, and she sang yesterday with much fire. The audience was loud in applause. Mr. Van Raalte added to the pleasure of the occasion by his artistic playing.

She was an artist, I was sure. Had I not noted her face, and found the something in it that makes one look twice? It was the face of a Madonna, and now that her hat was off (the great hat that cast shadows), Botticelli at that. She had long eyes—more curved, perhaps, than almonds; and a pathetic mouth, red—not too red; her hair was like silk and late cornfields. I wanted to hear her voice. I hoped that she sang. People were talking about her. "Quite new," I heard somebody say, "and too clever." I listened. "She whistles, I think," said somebody else, and I shuddered. But "Oh, no," I heard further; "she plays. Yes, better than Paderewski, I hear; and so young. Isn't she sweet! Any one could see she had music in her. It's her very life; I'm sure of it." But it wasn't. She did something strange to her skirt, and she stood up in what she stood up in. She was a lady con-tortionist, and when she tied her feet round her neck, framing her white face of a saint with the bronze kid of French boots, I had wished she recited.

Mr. McWhood is the man for the times. He has proved by experiments that a man under the influence of the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" performs easily labor equal to lifting over a ton.

Mr. McWhood gives it as his opinion that 90 regiments with ten brass bands would be worth more in an invasion of Cuba than 100 regiments with no band.

Why not invade Cuba with an army made up exclusively of street and country bands?

Good reading for the day: "History of Richard Potter, a Sailor, Sentenced to Death for Attempting to Obtain Prize-Money Due to Another Sailor, 8 vo., sewn, 1763." And all they ask for it is 45 cents.

The Paris correspondent of the Era (London) writes: "In the house of Molière there is another Sociétaire who has discovered the means of adding to her income. Her name is Mlle. Rachel Boyer. What do you think this actress manufactures? An 'eau purgative,' highly recommended by the medical profession, and very much used in the rural districts. I wonder what poor Molière would say to this, he who has written a comedy wherein the apothecaries appear carrying the attributes of their office." Miss Boyer, by the way, made her début in 1883 in Molière's "Malade Imaginaire."

Although our American visitors bring their scenery and costumes all complete, they want a trifling "property" now and then. For instance, Mr. Brickwell has been politely requisitioned for a boiler capable of supplying a 40-horse power engine for the production of "Too Much Johnson" at the Garrick—only for the sake of the whistle.—The Era.

It is a great art in life to know how to sell wind.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard tells a story of Mr. Charles D. Warner talking informally to the students of the Art League in New York on Refinement.

"And how may one best attain to this ideal of refinement?" asked one young man. Mr. Warner stroked his whiskers earnestly: "A very good way is to inherit it."

Mr. W. L. Alden's blunders in statements of fact and aberrations in matters of judgment in his London letter to the Saturday literary supplement of the New York Times have been so flagrant of late that corrections and protests come thick and fast. The readers should not take Mr. Alden seriously. They should remember that for years he was the "funny man" of the Times. His humor in this serious work is getting to be uproarious.

"Prince Alberts to hire" is a sign that is seen more and more. We do not know the opinion of the Providence Journal in the matter, and therefore we speak timidly; yet it seems to us that no sane man—not even a visiting statesman—really wishes to own the hideous garment.

That singular observer, William Beckford, the author of "Vathek," travelling in Spain in 1795, delighted in the cows of Aranjuez, and, writing of the attention paid to breeding, said, "If the race of grandees could, by judicious crossing, be sustained as successfully, Spain would not have to lament her present scurvy, ill-favored generation of nobility. Should they be suffered to dwindle much longer, and accumulate estates and diseases by eternal intermarriages in the same family, I expect to see them on all fours before the next century is much advanced in its course. These little men, however, are not without some sparks of a lofty, resolute spirit: very few, indeed, have bowed the knee to the Baal of the present hour, to the image which the King has set up." (This was the Duke of Al-cudia). "Few instances, perhaps, are upon record of a more steady, persevering contempt of an object in actual

power, stamp it with every genuine royal favor can devise to give it cred value and currency."

A solid man is one that finds no satisfaction in those that are not. 'Tis a pitiful eminence that is not well-founded.

Mr. Edward B. Perry, the blind pianist of this city, gave a concert in Park the 21st ult.

There have been two or three instances of dogs deliberately drowning themselves in the Frog Pond on the Common. The testimony that four-legged animals do commit suicide is overwhelming; the wonder is that they do not thus escape more frequently the tyranny and the cruelty of men and women. The Daily Messenger, Paris April 14, tells this story: The horse question was attached yesterday to a omnibus of the Porte St. Martin-Granelle line. While toiling with the heavily laden bus toward the left bank, it was overcome by the exertion and fell to the ground. They unharnessed him and in order to relieve his stiffness before attempting to harness him again the driver walked him a few paces up and down the Pont Royal, near which they happened to be. The hardness of his lot in life must have overcome the poor gee-gee as he watched the tempting water running silently below. Nivana seemed better than never-ending busloads, with everlasting lashings at only payment. Watching his opportunity, and summoning all his remaining energy for the last leap, the beast sprang over the parapet of the bridge. In full view of his taskmasters the overworked servant disappeared beneath the water. He was dead in a few minutes.

There is no nation so dangerous as that which is bankrupt. It has nothing to lose.

Mr. Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," has finished a translation in verse of Goethe's "Faust." It is for the stage and he hopes to induce Sarah Bernhardt to impersonate Mephistopheles. Satan has been supposed by dramatists and novelists before Mr. Rostand to take the form of a fat woman—witness the strange story by Cazotte, and in Marlowe's play, "Devil dressed like a woman, with fire works" is presented to Dr. Faustus, who makes a most ungentlemanly remark about her.

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"Ah, that is because you are a man. A man can't do a thing unless he devotes his whole mind to it. A woman does things so much better if she only devotes part of her mind. The feeling that I have a whole unoccupied mind to apply is fatal to my employing it with enthusiasm. To put heart and spirit into anything I must feel that I am really doing something else. Besides, the connection is not always as remote as it appears. This morning, when I was starting for the Glee Club practice, I was seized with an impulse to do some gardening instead. I went and sowed several rows of sweet-peas. I suppose you would consider those sweet peas irrelevant. As a matter of fact, they were directly suggested by the Glee Club. They were pale mauve and salmon pink sweet peas, and I thought how well they would look with the cream-colored muslin dress I am going to wear at the Glee Club concert in the summer."

They were talking of lofty aims, noble ambitions, devotion to duty or an idea, sacrifice for country. Old Chimes finally told a story:

"I have a friend who is a passionate book-collector. And of course he likes fine bindings. He is a bachelor, and he has money enough to gratify his tastes. Twenty—yes, nearer thirty years ago, he became acquainted with an expert book-binder, an artist, who had taste and imagination as well as a practical skill. My friend Brown fitted up one of his rooms as a workshop and there the book-binder clothed sumptuously shivering folios, quartos and their little brothers. And Brown paid him \$35 a week and counted him self lucky.

"One fine day the binder said, 'Mr. Brown, I have deceived you; book-binding is my trade, but my real profession is acting. Mr. Booth will be here next week, and I have had an offer to support him. I am sorry to dis-appoint you, but I cannot neglect such an opportunity. Brown reasoned with him, swore, entreated. He asked the binder what salary would be given adding that he himself would bid higher. In vain. The binder, whose stature had already grown, whose bearing had already changed, whose voice was a ready histrionic, shook his head. 'Sir, I owe a duty to myself and art. As he left Brown with an enlarged edition of Walpole's letters half-dressed. Brown went to the theatre where Booth appeared, but he could not recognize the binder. He was prepared to pay him double the sum he was r

He said to the manager, No, there was no such person in the company. He had never heard his name. He said to Brown, "You might speak to Johnson—he engages the supers." Brown agreed; the idea was absurd; but he saw Johnson. After consulting a list of endgelling the brain, the binder was placed. Yes, he was a supe. He carried a banner.

"And what does he get a week?"

"\$1.35," was the reply."

Let us hope that the latest local blurr is not a case of "the clockoppel, never to get again."

Dr. Schenck's milklick method of de-aining sex, it appears, is largely matter of sugar. The method was down long ago; witness, the nursery rhyme:

A-I what are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice,
And all things that are nice,
A-I that's what little girls are made of.

Here is another book that is timely thing:

Spanish: Rudimentos de Tactica naval ordenados, por D. Joseph de M. Sazur (Teniente de Navio de la Real Armada Quien los ofrece a los pies Del y Nuestro Senor), Illustrated with 40 ling charts representing naval tactics, beautifully printed with introduction, folio, old calf, 7s. 6d. Madrid, por J. Achin Ibarra. 1776.

Henri Estienne in his Apologie pour Hé-odote, writing concerning the French and the Spaniards in Florida in 1564, says, "Those Frenchmen who preferred deliver themselves to the mercy of the Spaniards rather than that of wild beasts were slaughtered in atrocious fashion; but they that from choice abandoned themselves to the mercy of the wild beasts and to a multitude of dangers escaped."

Let us see what that acute observer and profound thinker, Francois de la Mothe le Vayer, said about the Spaniards of the 18th century: "They are fan-holy, treacherous, inhospitable, miserly, superstitious, importunate in their courtesy, but constant, determined, tactturn, admirable foot-soldiers, enduring hunger, thirst, all the fatigues of war, accomplishing by the head rather than the hand, and gaining more by ruses and stratagems than by open force. . . . The Spaniard is courteous at the start, contenting himself with remarking quietly all that which is of value in a place; but his leaving is terrible, because it is then at he strikes, pillaging and laying waste without mercy."

And yet we pity the state of mind of the Rev. Obed Graves, who already sees the fires of the Inquisition on Boston common. Even if the Spaniards should form the town and our leading citizens could be compelled to walk in dreadful procession, the artist might find consolation in the words of De Quincey: The auto da fe keeps its ground in pain not so much through superstition as through the national passion for barbaresque grandeur."

"Scotch whisky is full of creosote," said Mr. Soaks at the Porphyry. "and American whisky is doctored beyond belief. Give me Irish whisky every time." "H-m," said Old Chimes, "I was reading yesterday the recipe of whisky made by Tralee: 'Two gallons of new whisky, one gallon of rum, half a gallon of ethylated spirits, four gallons of water and one dram of sulphate of copper.'"

This reminds us of a sure cure for snake-bite discovered by Dr. Calmette: It consists of a 1 per cent. solution of chloride of gold, 10 drops of which injected into a guinea pig, pigeon or rabbit immediately suffices to destroy the nature of a drop of the snake venom. Five to 10 cubic centimetres of solution are sufficient to counteract poison of a bite which is fatal to a dog, a monkey, and probably to a man. The dose has no ill effects. It causes no pain, and by increasing it absolute immunity from the poison is obtained. The condition to be fulfilled is that the injection should be reliable, sterilized and kept in a dark phial to preserve it from the influence of sunlight. It is injected with an ordinary hypodermic syringe.

April 30, 1895

The Quietest of the Common is a man of any contemplations. He knows no geographical or climatic conditions. He sees a prisoner in the haven-town jail, as well as the becr-dazed professor of music; he hears the shout of the Gospellers; and, when he is in a far country where sleeping waking is the same.

THE KING'S DREAMER.

At last I am free, delivered from the busy of the city merchants, who in youth laid the bondage of service on me; free from the tormentings,

sneers, gibes, ill-natured jostlings of their apprentices. Ho! This is brave! The King of this country has taken me under his protection. Meaning and might I bow gratefully the knee at the throne-place and give the salutation due him: "O King, live forever!"

He has bestowed an office and title upon me. I am the King's Dreamer.

My chamber is up in the eaves, under the warm slates of the roof. Swallows build under my window. They are cheerful, loquacious companions. My window overlooks the royal rose garden; past that is the King's orchard; past that is God's sea. O the joy to sit here when the sun comes out of a morning and smiles at the beauty of the roses, approves gravely the fruitfulness of the orchard, and renews its exploration of the mysterious sea! O the watch in the glamour of moonshine, or in the stress of stormy weather!

Ho! I could tell you fine tales of the dreams dreamed at my window, but I will not, for the tales of my dreams are for the ears of my King.

For at night, when the King is robbed for sleep and the great night-candle is alighted, I am summoned, I am led to his presence by fawning courtiers. And then his music-makers and all his people are sent away; but I sit in the dark on a footstool by the bedside of the King.

His chamber is in the high tower, and from the wide, great window terraces descend, like unto a giant's staircase, even unto the shore of the sea; and up those terraces so stately and adorned dreams troop at my call. And then I speak soft and low to the silent King, telling him my dreams—beautiful, marvelous dreams. And little by little the King, lulled by my voice, falls asleep. But listen: I am the King's Dreamer, and (O the wonder of it!) my faithful dreams follow the King to Shadowland; they keep him joyous company all night, while I slumber by his side.

And so pass happy days. Even the tribute of envy is paid me! Yesterday the King's Fool squatted on his haunches before me in the garden and, with his chin on his knee, said in his sweet voice: "I am happy, but you are happy also, and you are never beaten about the legs with switches: why is this, O, Dreamer?"

I smiled upon him, yet the Fool is right. A happy, happy man is the King's Dreamer.

Is Old Chimes right, or is he peevish and morbid? He declares that as he grows older he is inclined to detach himself gradually from all friendships and content himself with movable acquaintanceships. He does not go so far, perhaps, as Balthasar Gracian, who believes in trusting the friends of today as if they will be enemies tomorrow, and that of the worst kind; but Old Chimes does not like the idea of putting weapons in the hand for deserters from friendship to wage war with. Friends are so exacting; it is so difficult to live up to their expectations, their requirements. They are worse than blood relatives.

And as you grow old and smell the turf even in the lounging-room at the club, you are annoyed, excessively annoyed by the death of a friend. He had no right to shrink your horizon, to bring the sky nearer to you. There is something you wish to tell him; you wish his advice. After all, it is better to stand on your own legs: to play the game according to your own purpose. The friend might have disappointed you, and then there would have been a coolness, and you would have regretted past confidences. Hobson in the opposite chair will do just as well; and although you have seen him daily for at least four years, you do not know his address, and he stumbled the other day over your name when he introduced a distinguished Swiss Admiral.

Then you are not the same man that you were seven years ago, and your friend, too, had changed; and mutual concessions and readjustments are trying and difficult. Two souls do not contract or expand synchronously. What says the Spanish proverb? "At twenty Man is a Peacock, at thirty a Lion, at forty a Camel, at fifty a Serpent, at sixty a Dog, at seventy an Ape, at eighty nothing at all."

And you find yourself thinking chiefly of the future. You are inclined to commend the forethought of that French gentleman of the 17th century who had his tomb constructed at Chambergoet; and from time to time he would stretch himself in it, to see whether he would lie comfortably, and he would say to a stone-cutter, "Chisel this away; it hurts my shoulder."

In April, 1657, Robert Blake obtained a signal victory over the Spaniards at Sancta Cruz. Sixteen Spanish ships, lying in order almost like a half moon, were protected by a well-fortified cas-

tle and seven forts, all united by a line of communication from fort to fort, armed with musketeers. Blake fell upon the ships, whose captains fought bravely, and he destroyed them all in less than four hours' time. Clarendon tells us, "The whole action was so miraculous that all men who knew the place wondered that any sober man, with what courage soever endued, would ever have undertaken it, and they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done. Whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were Devils and not men who had destroyed them in such manner. So much a strong resolution of bold and courageous men can bring to pass, that no resistance and advantage of ground can disappoint them.

May 1, 1896

LAST SYMPHONY.

A Program of Works by Beethoven and Wagner Brings the End of the Seventeenth Season.

The program of the 24th Symphony Concert, which was given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Emil Paur conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Overture to "Rienzi".....Wagner
Prelude, and "Isolde's Love-Death" from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Introduction to Act II, of "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner

The air of the hall was foul, intolerable, and this no doubt accounted for frequent false intonation on the part of the wind, especially the first flute. It was a wonder that men could play at all. It was equally surprising that the large audience could endure the physical discomfort. There was mopping of foreheads; there was shifting about in seats; there was defiant yawning, and there was unmistakable dozing. As the English jurist remarked, life would be endurable were it not for its pleasures. Such fortitude as was displayed last night argues well in case of a Spanish invasion.

Mr. Paur's contract expired last night. He was welcomed most heartily when he took his place, and at the end of the concert he was recalled more than once with enthusiasm. The orchestra as a whole is generally glad of an opportunity to applaud soloists—especially when they are of only mediocre ability—in the sight of the people. It would have been a graceful act if the orchestra had remained last night in a body and paid the leader the compliment of a public farewell. For these men owe much to Mr. Paur. When Mr. Nikisch left them their reputation for precision was for the most part traditional. Mr. Paur, if he leaves them—absolutely—need not fear the harsh judgment of a successor.

Who will be the leader next year? I understand that Mr. Higginson in his speech to the orchestra said that he does not know; "let us all hope that it will be Mr. Paur." If Mr. Higginson did make such a statement, it would be foolish for an outsider to indulge in guessing. And Richter is 56 years old.

Richter is mentioned by some. His programs have been censured for their stupidity and ultra-conservatism in London and Vienna this season.

Weingartner, Mottl and Lamoureux, who are applauded vehemently in many capitals of Europe, would not probably suit the "cabinet" of the orchestra. These conductors have their own ideas concerning interpretation; they have their own ideas at rehearsals.

After all, the orchestra, which is a glory to Boston, will remain. This glory has never been more splendid than at certain performances of works by Tschalkowsky, MacDowell, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Strauss this season under Mr. Paur's lead.

Whether Mr. Paur remains or leaves, he may well be satisfied with his career in this town. As musician he has been faithful and effective. Not that I admire him in his conducting works of all schools. I have found fault with him on several occasions and I see now no reason to take back what I then wrote. On the other hand I again pay glad tribute to his ability, remembering as I do performances of unparalleled brilliance. As a man, he has proved himself worthy of all admiration. He has not wished to truckle, fawn or cringe. He has kept steadily before him his duty toward his public and his art. Without arrogance, he has shown himself a man as well as a musician.

Philip Hale.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Symphony Season of 1897-1898.

Works Performed by Orchestra and Kneisel Quartet.

Notes and Comments on Pieces, Singers and Players.

The seventeenth season of the Symphony Orchestra closed last night. These orchestral pieces were heard in Boston for the first time.

Glazounoff: Lyric Poem, Oct. 16.
Loeffler: Symphonie Poem, "Death of Tintagiles," Jan. 8, March 18.
Massenet: Music to "Les Erinnyes," Jan. 15.

Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Russian Easter," Oct. 23.

Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Antar," March 12.
Strauss (Richard): "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Oct. 30.

Strube: Concerto for violin and orchestra, Dec. 11.

Tschalkowsky: Italian Caprice, Oct. 23.

These concertos were heard for the first time at these concerts:

Gernsheim: Violin concerto in D major, Oct. 23.
Paganini-Gorski, caprice A minor, Jan. 15.
Tschalkowsky, piano concerto No. 2, Feb. 5.

Humperdinck's prelude to "Hänsel and Gretel" and "Chabrier's 'España'" were played at these concerts for the first time.

The soloists who made their appearance for the first time at these concerts were:

Singers: Mrs. Titus (Oct. 30), Miss Stein (Nov. 27), Mr. Staueigl (Jan. 1), Mr. Firangon Davies (March 19), Mrs. Jacoby (April 9).

Violinists: Miss Mead, Jan. 29.

Pianists: Mr. Jonas (Nov. 20), Mr. Siloti (Feb. 5), Mrs. Wienzkowska (April 24).

The soloists in all were as follows:

Singers: Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. Titus, Mrs. Jacoby, Miss Stein, Mr. Firangon-Davies, Mr. Staueigl—6.

Violinists: Messrs. Schnitzler, Kneisel (4), Loeffler (2), Adamowski, Miss Mead—5.

Cellists: Messrs. Schroeder and Schulz—2.

Pianists: Messrs. Joseffy, Siloti, MacDowell, Jonas, Mrs. Zelsler and Mrs. Wienzkowska—6.

As a whole, this list of soloists is weak. It might be interesting to make a list of singers and players who did not appear.

Thus Sembrich, Melba, Nordica, Gadski, Plancon, Campanari, Elspam were in the market.

Ysaye, Marteau, Josef Hofmann, Pugno were in the market.

Nordica, Plancon, Campanari, Ysaye, Marteau, Hofmann, Pugno appeared at Symphony concerts in other cities.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is rich in solo violinists and cellists.

Each year certain appear with the regularity of a well-behaved comet.

Might it not be well to have fewer soloists, to engage the very best that are to be had?

And is it not true that the standard required for a solo appearance at these concerts is sinking steadily?

It is not necessary to be disagreeable by indulging in retrospective criticism, and yet a glance at the list of soloists of the past season will show that all were not worthy of the honor.

It must also be confessed that the programs, as a rule, were poorly arranged, and were too often uninteresting.

There were brilliant performances, such as that of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "Scheherazade," Tschalkowsky's symphonies, MacDowell's Indian suite, the concertos played by Messrs. Joseffy, Siloti and MacDowell. On the other hand, Brahms as well as Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven suffered.

I now add a complete list of works performed:

I SYMPHONIES.

Beach, Symphony in E minor, "Gaelic."

Beethoven Symphony No. 7, Symphony No. 5, Symphony No. 2, Symphony No. 6, Three movements from Symphony No. 9, Symphony No. 8, Symphony No. 3.

Berlioz, Symphonie fantastique.

Brahms, Symphony No. 3, Symphony No. 4, Symphony No. 1.

Dvorak, Symphony No. 5.

Haydn, Symphony in C major, "Pours," opus 66, Symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Hartel, No. 13).

Mendelssohn, Symphony No. 3.

Mozart, Symphony No. 46, in D major (Köchel, No. 504), Symphony, "Jupiter."

Rail, Symphony, "Im Walde."

Rimsky-Korsakoff, Symphony No. 2, "Antar."

Schubert, Unfinished symphony.

Schumann, Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, Symphony No. 4, in D minor.

Sgambati, Symphony No. 1, in D major.

Tschalkowsky, Symphony No. 5, Symphony, "Pathétique."

II. SUITES AND SERENADES.

Bizet, "L'Arlesienne," Suite No. 1.

Brahms, Serenade No. 1, in D major.

Dvorak, Suite in D major.

Grieg, Four Movements from Suite No. 2, "Peer Gynt."

MacDowell, Suite, "Indian."

Massenet, Music to "Les Erinnyes."

Mozart, Four Movements from Serenade No. 7, Haffner.

Rimsky-Korsakoff, Symphonie Suite, "Scheherazade."

Schnittke, Overture, Scherzo and Finale, opus 32.

III. OVERTURES, PRELUDES, AND SYMPHONIC POEMS.

Auber, Overture to "La Part du Diable," Overture to "Le Domino noir."

Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore," No. 2, Overture, "Zur Weile des Hauses," Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Overture to "Egmont."

Berlioz, Overture, "Le Carnaval romain."

Brahms, Akademische Fest-Overture.

Chabrier, Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline."

Dvorak, Overture, "Carneval."

Glazounoff, Lyric Poem for Orchestra.

Humpernick, Prelude to "Haensel und Gretel."

Loeffler, Symphonic Poem, "La Mort de Titus." MS.

Mendelssohn, Overture to "Ruy Blas," Overture, "Meeresstille und gluckliche Fahrt."

Meyerbeer, Overture to "Struensee."

Mozart, Overture to "Die Zauberflöte," Rimsky-Korsakoff, Overture, "La Grande Pique Russe."

Smetana, Overture to "Prodaná nevesta," Symphonic Poem, "Vltava."

Strauss, Richard, Symphonic Poem, "Also sprach Zarathustra."

Tschalkowsky, Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," Overture, "1812."

Wagner, Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Overture to "Rienzi," Introduction to Act III. of "Lohengrin," Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde," Overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe."

IV. CONCERTS AND INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS.

Beethoven, Romanza for Violin, in F major, (T. Adamowski).

Gernsheim, Concerto for Violin, in D major, (Schnitzler).

Goldmann, Cantilena for Cello and Orchestra (Schulz).

Litolff, Concerto-Symphonic No. 3, (Mrs. Wienzkowska).

Loeffler, Fantastic Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, MS. (Schneder).

MacDowell, Concerto for Piano, No. 2, (MacDowell).

Paderewski, Concerto for Piano, in A minor, (Jonas).

Paganini, Caprice for Violin, opus 1, arranged by Ladislav Gorski, (T. Adamowski).

Tupper, Dance of Sylphs for Cello and Orchestra (Schulz).

Saint-Saens, Concerto for Violin, No. 3, (Miss Mead).

Concerto for Piano, No. 4, (Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler).

Strub, Concerto for Violin, in G major, (Kneisel).

Tschalkowsky, Concerto for Piano, No. 2, (Siloti), Concerto for Piano, No. 1, (Joseffy).

V. SCENAS, ARIAS, ETC., WITH ORCHESTRA.

David, Félicien, Bird Song, from "La Perle du Brésil," (Mrs. Titus).

Gauck, Recitative and Aria, "Che farò senza Euridice," from "Orfeo," (Mrs. Jacoby).

Handel, Recitative and Aria, from "Aels und Galatea," (Staudigl).

Recitative and Aria, from "Alessandro," (Mrs. Henschel).

Mozart, Recitative, "Non parventar," and Aria, "Infelice," from "Il Flauto magico," (Mrs. Titus).

Sullivan, "Woo thou thy snowflake," from "Ivanhoe," (Ffrangcon-Davies).

Tschalkowsky, Recitative and Aria, "Lebt wohl, ihr Berge," from "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," (Miss Stein).

Wagner, Scene and Aria, "In Seiner Blüthe," from "Rienzi," (Miss Stein).

Wotans Abschied and Feuerzauber, from "Die Walküre," (Ffrangcon-Davies).

Weber, Scene and Aria, "Schweigt, gehend Schnens wilde Triebe," from "Euryanthe," (Staudigl).

VI. MISCELLANEOUS.

Bach, Pastoral Symphony from the Christmas Oratorio.

Berlioz, Menuet des Feu-follets, Valse des Sylphes and Marche hongroise, from "La Damnation de Faust."

Chabrier, Rhapsody for Orchestra, "Espana."

Grig, Two Northern Melodies for Strings.

Kulstein, Ballet Music from "Der Daemon."

Tschalkowsky, Italian Capriccio for Orchestra, opus 45.

Wagner, Kaisermarsch, Der Ritt der Walküren, from "Die Walküre," Isolde's Liebestod, from "Tristan und Isolde."

Weber, Invitation to the Dance, arranged by Weingartner.

Composers of orchestral and instrumental works, counting Mr. Loeffler as an American citizen, are thus distributed: German, 18; French, 6; American, 3; Russian, 3; Italian, 2; Bohemian, 2; Norwegian, 1; Pole, 1.

The number of instrumental performances according to nationality are, German, 45; Russian, 10; French, 9; American, 6; Bohemian, 3; Italian, 2; Norwegian, 1; Pole, 1.

It is to be regretted that the names of modern French composers do not appear on the program; thus Vincent d'Indy and Charpentier are apparently unknown, and the Belgian school is entirely overlooked.

Beethoven led with 12 performances, Wagner followed with 9, then came Tschalkowsky with 8.

The next symphonic concert will be given on May 15. The auction sale of season tickets will be on the 27th.

Public rehearsal, Sept. 23, 1893, at 10 A. M. Tickets, Friday, Sept. 24, 1893, at 10 A. M.

Saturday, Sept. 24, tickets \$12, 10, 8, 5, 3, 1.
Thursday, Sept. 25, 1893, at 10 A. M. Tickets, Friday, Sept. 24, 1893, at 10 A. M.

Mr. Emil Paur's contract as conductor has expired.

The name of the conductor of the 18th season has not yet been announced.

The 13th season of the Kneisel Quartet was one of unusual brilliancy, although few chamber works new to Boston were on the programs of the eight concerts. Some works played for the first time at the concerts of this club had been played previously by other societies.

The chief novelties at these concerts were Haydn's D major quartet, op. 50, No. 6; Beethoven's Quintet in E flat, op. 16; Brahms's sonata for clarinet and piano E flat, op. 120, No. 2; Brahms's Quartet in C minor, op. 51, No. 1; Tschalkowsky's Quartet in F major, op. 22; Tschalkowsky's piano trio; a piano trio by César Franck; Foote's piano quintet, op. 38.

The assisting musicians were these pianists: Messrs. Joseffy, Siloti, Proctor, Foote, Mrs. Szymowska and Mrs. Hopkirk; these singers: Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Miss Roland and Mr. Max Heinrich; Mr. Weiss, oboe; Mr. Pourtan (3) clarinet, Mr. Hackebarth (2) horn, Mr. Litke (2) bassoon, Mr. Zach, viola; and Mr. Keller, double bass.

The works performed were as follows: Locatelli, sonata for cello; Mozart, Quartet in C major, quintet in G minor; Haydn, Quartet in D major, op. 50, No. 6; Beethoven, Quintet in E flat, op. 16; Sonata for piano and cello in A major, Quartet in E flat major, op. 74; Quartet in C major, op. 59, No. 3; variations from Quartet, op. 18, No. 5; Quartet in A minor, op. 132; Schubert, Octet, op. 166; Schumann, piano quintet, Quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3; Brahms, sonata for clarinet and piano E flat, op. 120, No. 2; Quartet in C minor, op. 51, No. 1; Smetana, quartet "Aus meinem Leben," César Franck, piano trio, op. 1, No. 1; Tschalkowsky, Quartet in F major, op. 22, piano trio; Saint-Saens, piano quartet, op. 41; Borodine, Quartet in D major, No. 2; Foote, Piano quintet, op. 38 (ms), as well as certain songs by Schubert and five vocal quartets by Henschel.

The performances were of the highest standard. Summing up the season as a whole, it was undoubtedly the most uniformly brilliant series of chamber concerts ever given in this city—even by the Kneisels.

And yet I wish that Mr. Kneisel would look more kindly on the chamber-music by young French and Belgian composers.

Philip Hale.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The series of ten chamber concerts under the auspices of Harvard University in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, came to a close April 26, and a resumé may be of interest.

Prof. John K. Paine, at the head of the Department of Music in Harvard University, established these concerts as supplementary to, but entirely separate from, a course of lectures given to musical students on the chamber music of Beethoven and other modern masters. This course of lectures was known as "Music 8." These concerts have been attended, not only by students and members of the corporation and Faculty of the university, but by the general public as well, in generous numbers. Sanders Theatre is admirably adapted for the performance of chamber music. It is worthy of note that of the 26 compositions announced by Prof. Paine in the preliminary circular, all but two were performed. Nine of the concerts were given by the Kneisel Quartet and one by the Adamowski Quartet. These clubs were assisted by the following pianists: Mrs. Szymowska, Mrs. Hopkirk, Mr. Joseffy, Mr. Baermann, Mr. Perabo, Mr. Foote, and the following members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: Mr. Zach, viola; Mr. Kuntz, viola; Mr. Schulz, cello; Mr. Jacquet, flute; Mr. Sautet, oboe; Mr. Pourteau, clarinet; Mr. Litke, bassoon; Mr. Hackebarth, horn; Mr. Keller, bass.

These works were performed: Beethoven—Quartet in E minor, op. 59, No. 2; quartet in C major, op. 59, No. 3; quartet in E flat major, op. 74; septet in E flat, op. 20, for strings and wind; andante, with variations, from string quartet in A, op. 18; sonata ("Kreutzer") for violin and piano, in A major, op. 47; sonata Appassionata in F minor, op. 57; Borodine—Quartet in D major, No. 2; Brahms—Quartet in C minor, op. 51, No. 1; four intermezzi, for piano, from op. 70. Chopin—Ballade in A flat major, nocturne in C minor, valse in D flat major, scherzo in B minor. Dvorak—Quartet in F major, op. 96. Foote—Piano quintet in A minor, op. 38 (ms). Grieg—Quartet in G minor, op. 27. Haydn—Quartet in G major, op. 76, No. 1. Henschel—Second movement from the quartet in E flat, Hummel—Septet in D minor, op. 71. Mozart—Quartet in E flat major (Köchel 593); quartet in G major, No. 6; quintet in E flat major (Köchel 452); quintet for two violins and cello, in G minor (Köchel 536). Schubert—Theme and variations from the quartet in D minor, op. posth.; octet in F major, for strings and wind. Schumann—Quartet in A minor, op. 41, No. 1; piano quartet in E flat, op. 47; piano quintet in E flat major, op. 44. Smetana—Quartet in E minor. Tschalkowsky—Quartet in F major, op. 22; trio for piano, violin and cello, in A minor, op. 50.

It is a pleasure to record the financial success of these concerts and the handing over to the treasury of Harvard University a satisfactory sum of money toward the expenses of a similar series next year.

The business plan of the club was in the hands of Mr. P. R. Corrie, assistant manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and a member of the class of '75.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There will be 26 Singing Festivals in Switzerland this month.

Josef Hofmann receives \$1000 for playing at a private musicale.

A very old and poor widow, a cousin of Liszt, died lately at Oedenburg.

"Jacko," a new musical absurdity, was produced for the first time April 11 at Stalybridge.

Col. Mapleson has been securing new singers and new operas in Italy for his season in London.

Ernst Formes, play-actor, age 60 years, son of the celebrated singer, died in Berlin early last month.

Oscar Hofmann, merchant, and composer of folk humorous songs, died at Vienna April 2, 44 years old.

Message, it seems, rattles about in the shoes of Danbé, his predecessor, as conductor at the Opéra-Comique.

A new opera, "Die Grablegung Christi," by Aug. Klughardt, was performed Good Friday at Dessau and Dresden.

Saléza, who will be here next season with Mr. Grau, has been singing Don José at the Opéra-Comique, Paris. He has left the Opéra.

Offenbach's heirs refused to let the manager of the Gaité, Paris, revive the famous operettas, "La Belle Hélène," will be put on at the Variétés.

Julius Cabisius, formerly solo cellist of the Stuttgart Orchestra, and Professor at the Stuttgart Conservatory, died there April 3 in his 75th year.

Mrs. Axeline de Berg-Lofgren, assisted by Miss Ellen Cornell, Mr. Henrik Lofgren and her pupils, will give a concert in Union Hall, Tuesday evening, May 17.

J. G. Paulus, the celebrated bandmaster, died in Paris April 14, at the age of 82. As leader of the Garde Républicaine Band he made a sensation in this country in 1872.

"One of the Family," a new musical farce, music by Henry W. May and Arnold Cooke, was produced for the first time at Boscombe Grand Theatre April 9. "Slight plot, amusing songs, effective dancing."

J. B. Widmann's "Johannes Brahms in Erinnerung," published by Gebroder Paetel, Berlin, price (bound) 4 marks, is, they say, a delightful book that gives much personal information about the composer and abstains from critical analysis of his works.

"Billy," a new and original musical comedy in two acts, music by Osmond Carr, was produced for the first time at Newcastle-on-Tyne April 11 with success. The piece is written round little Tich. "The music contains many pleasing and melodious numbers."

"The Transit of Venus," a musical comedy, music by N. Lambelet, was produced for the first time in Dublin April 9. "The music is of a light, airy and melodious description, and contains numerous brilliant passages, and the orchestration is very good indeed."

Mr. Felix Fox left Saturday, April 30, for a Southern tour. He will visit Knoxville, Chattanooga, Nashville, Rome, Atlanta, Macon, Augusta, Columbia, Charlotte, Savannah, Wilmington and Charleston, playing the D minor Rubinstein and C minor Pierné piano concertos with orchestra at a series of May music festivals, to be given in those cities.

Emilie Ambre died about a fortnight ago in Paris. Born at Oran, she made her operatic debut at Brussels ('72-'73), sang at Italiens (Paris), came near being Queen of Holland, sang in England and the United States ('79-'80-'81). She left the stage in 1891 and taught. Widow of Count Gaston de Beauplan, she married Bouichère, excellent musician, who died in 1895. Her first appearance in Boston was Jan. 1, 1880, as Aida. She sang Gilda here Jan. 7 of the same engagement.

Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote," a symphonic poem, performed for the first time at Cologne March 8, was treated shabbily by the audience at large. During the performance there was laughter, making of faces, shaking of heads, and at the end fierce hissing against the polite applause of those who wished

to compliment orchestra and conductor. Performed at Frankfurt March 18, it "awakened little sympathy."

New operas: "Die Braut von Cypern," Libretto founded on a story by Paul Heyse, music by G. Kulenkampf, Bremen, April 1; "Der Heirathstein," text and music by Alb. Thierfelder, subject founded on folk-life in the Tyrol, Rosstock; "La Fiaccolata," by Lungo, Naples; "Camargo," by de Leva, Turin, fiasco; "Raffaello e la Fornarina," by Paolo Maggi, Turin, fiasco, on account of libretto; "Max," by Mrs. Rosselli-Nissim and Minighetti, Florence, only a polite reception; "Blanca Torella," by Baroness de Fontmagne, Tunis.

The Era of April 16 says: "Sir Arthur Sullivan is still at work on the third act of the new Savoy opera. Among the artists who will take part in its production at the Savoy Theatre will be Miss Rosina Brandram, Miss Emmie Owen, Mr. Walter Passmore, Mr. Lytton, Miss Ruth Vincent and Messrs. Jones and Hewson. Miss Pauline Jordan, vocalist and violinist, late of the Carl Rosa troupe; Mr. Devoli, an American tenor; and Mr. Isham, a baritone from the same country, who have studied in Paris, will be among the new comers."

The Pall Mall Gazette spoke as follows of Miss Jackson, who played at a Lamoureux concert in London: "Miss Leonora Jackson, who made an engrossing debut at Mr. Wood's Symphony concerts, took the solo violin part in Wieniawski's Concerto No 2 in D minor. She has been a pupil of Joachim, and has not only learned her master's lesson very effectively, but she has also

added to it a new strength—a clearly personality. Her art, in a word, though lacking in experience, and therefore in the ripe tenderness that comes from experience, is attractive and full of the best sort of vivacity."

An English statistician has recently been engaged in an original task, that of studying the influence of music on the hair. The investigator established in the first place, that the proportion of bald persons is 11 per cent. for the liberal professions in general, with the exception of physicians, who appear to hold the record for baldness, which is 30 per cent. Musical composers do not form an exception to the rule, and baldness is as frequent among them as among the other professions. The cornetist and the French horn act with surprising surety and rapidity, but the trombone is the depilatory instrument par excellence. It will clear the hair from one's head in five years. This is what the author calls "baldness of the fanfares," which takes with special violence among regimental bands.—LX change.

"The Dandy Fifth," an English military comic opera, libretto by G. K. Sims, music by Clarence C. Corri, was produced at Birmingham April 11. The music "is characteristic and original, albeit the influence of Sir Arthur Sullivan can be felt now and then." The libretto goes back to "The Queen's Shilling," or further back, to "Un Fil de Famille." Here is a Cockney stanza by Mr. Sims worth quoting:

Or my 'eart the present owner
Is a dainty little doner,
But she treats it like a kitten treats a corner
Upon the floor,
Thro' a woin'hippin' her beauty
I'm neglected of my duty,
And my clo's is 'anging on me as they nee
Hung before,
O! Polly!
But there ain't a Pearl in Hengland,
Or a King upon 'is throne,
As I'd change my 'appy lot with
If I'd got you for my own,
If the fling was on your finger,
And I'd paid the parson's fee,
And you'd stuck the horridge blossom
In your haubum 'air for me!
All a-blowin'
And a-growin'
The sprig o' horridge blossom in your maid
'air for me!

Mr. Blackburn thus spoke of Joachim March 13: "On Saturday afternoon, at the Crystal Palace, the orchestral concert, under Mr. August Manns, was resumed with marvellous success. The appearance of the solo violinist being doubtless one of the reasons of so satisfactory an attendance. We cannot say that he was quite at his best. He played in Mendelssohn's concerto for violin and orchestra, and in the first movement he was far from being, as compared to the ideal standard which he has himself set up, in his first-rat form. There are some players who always reach a certain high level of excellence, and by reason of the peculiar equipolse of their powers only on the rarest occasions fall beneath that level. Such a player, for example, is Lad Halle, whereas Joachim constantly varies between two points, one very high indeed in the interpretation of a few scarcely worthy of his fine powers. In considering these two players we are constantly reminded of the comparison between Dryden and Pope. To Dryden he allowed, as we would to Joachim, a superiority of genius; and he continues, if the flights of Dryden are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. 'If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden never surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.' In those neat phrases the difference between the two great violinists seems to us to be remarkably outlined."

"Hiawatha," a cantata by Frederic R. Burton, was performed for the first time April 28, under the direction of the composer, at Yonkers, by the Yonker Choral Society, assisted by Miss Mansfield, Miss Cressy, Mr. Auty and Mr. J. S. Brown. "In Mr. Burton's production there is an attempt to unify the work by the varied development of a few motives that apply to frequent recurring portions of the text. The phrase to which the word 'Hiawatha' is sung when the chorus first announces the subject of the work is naturally foremost; the entire prelude is developed from it, and the motive is woven into many of the themes used when the text refers directly or by implication to Hiawatha. The only attempt to utilize a genuine Indian theme occurs in 'The Dance of Pau-puk-keewis.' The development here is based upon the theory that the orchestra represents the dancer and the chorus the spectators. The music of the 'Famine' is developed largely from a monotonous melody, symbolizing the unrelenting hardness of winter, except in the death of Minnehaha, where there are reminiscences of the restless figure of the male theme of the 'Wooing.' In descriptively and narrative the setting is all that could be desired. The first part of 'The Wedding Festivities,' in which Miss Mansfield, in a solo part, begins 'Onaway! Awake, Beloved,' was followed by the chorists in 'The Dance of Pau-puk-keewis,' ending with a whirling crash, symbolic of the eddying leaves and scurrying dust, met with high favor, and the audience refused to remain quiet until an encore was given. The wealth of pathos in the dialogue of 'The Famine' was also received with marks of approval."

At a meeting of the Section of Anthropology and Psychology of the New York Academy of Sciences held at the Mott Memorial Library, New York, last week, Mr. L. McWhood spoke on "Motor Effects of Music," which he has been studying with the aid of a modification of the planchette, a very sensitive instrument called the automaton graph. The point he has been seeking to determine is the truth of a theory that when one is in a pleasant frame of mind the tendency of movements away from the body, and when one is in a painful mental state the tendency

Wood, and he is the best of men. He is a real must, as the soldiers in this army. He varies his music from stirring patriotic, like "The Star Spangled Banner," or "Die Wacht am Rhein," to the sad, then to that of the richest discord, and then to some thing as the nocturne from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." He owed a chart with the results recorded under the varying stimulus of his changing music. His experiments, far, he regards as inconclusive. Mr. Wood also spoke of another investigation that has been occupying his attention, viz.: the effect of music on one's ability to do work. He had in this investigation an instrument invented by Prof. J. McKeen Cattell to measure fatigue. One experiment showed that his subject in a given time performed labor equal to lifting 1500 pounds in weight, while in the same time the same subject under the influence of the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" performed labor equal to lifting more than a ton. Mr. McWhood did he thought ninety regiments with brass bands would be worth more than an invasion of Cuba than 100 regiments with no band.

May 2, 1898
MR. Jules Renard, the intelligent foreigner, is much interested in the desire of so many young men to enlist. He recalled the case of a fine fellow, a fellow countryman in a French village.

THE GOOD ARTILLERYMAN.
Saturday night grandmother Licoche fed the hens as usual. And now she is dead, although at the age of 88 she looked forward to 100; and in fact she seemed to be 100. Well, we must all go the same way, a little sooner or later. They bury her this morning. The procession forms. The priest and the two choir boys are at the head. The four bearers lower themselves to take up the coffin, and behind them stands her grandson, the artilleryman who is on leave of absence. He does not weep. He is a man, and he is a soldier. Strap under the chin, tall and erect, he towers with his shako above the relatives, who place themselves around him at a respectful distance. Suddenly he draws his sabre, and as though the procession had awaited this signal, they all start. Stiff blouses elbow short jackets. Fringes of black shawls shake. White caps undulate. The wind turns up the long hairs of a hat, whose shape, once tall, is now squat, for it has been shut too long a time between two shelves in the closet. But the red tuft of the artilleryman rallies all eyes.

From time to time the bearers put grandmother Licoche on the ground. Not that she is really heavy. She lived on little, she shared what she had with her hens, which she will find, free forever from the pip, in the paradise reserved for beasts by the dear Lord, and when she died she was skinny. But she weighs because she is dead. The bearers profit by the halt; they turn around and look, while they puff, at the artilleryman.

His sombre uniform and his sabre, which surely must cut deep, make an impression on them.

The old people bringing up the rear do not dare to exchange their thoughts.

At the church, the grandson of grandmother Licoche stands near her, on guard, face toward the altar, a funeral sentinel, eyes without tears.

But on the edge of the grave, after the bearers have lowered with ropes the coffin, he wakes up. He spreads his legs, he stamps the graveyard earth with measured tread.

"What is he about? Is he crazy?"

Those who were just going to weep restrain themselves. They understand that he is performing a maneuver. Elbows close to his sides, his free hand holding imaginary reins, he charges. The fresh earth gives way under his read. A big clod falls on the coffin, and the dull shock sounds like unto the discharge of a distant cannon.

"Look, look," cry the choir boys; "he's playing at battle."

The artilleryman thrusts with his sabre to the right; he thrusts to the left. Now he slashes, and now he lunges. Now he makes terrible flourishes which dazzle the eyes, and supreme flourishes so quick and so precise that you see in the air arches of steel.

Then he calms himself. He is no longer on his horse. He realizes where he is, his cheeks are smoking. He lowers gently his sabre, point downward, to salute the grave; and, these honors paid in the presence of disturbed friends and agitated relatives, who pant and stretch out hands and ears, the good artilleryman cries in a resounding voice to his grandmother Licoche:

"Now, grandma, rest in peace; I'll avenge the country for you!"

Ah, the merry May Day in New England! Corinna has a catarrhal nose, and Damon is a victim to pneumonia.

When dear papa went up to heaven, What grief mamma endured! And yet that grief was softened, for

1898, he was insured.

He never had his policy

He left it to mamma.

The office paid most cheerfully.

How happy now we are!

This reminds us of a pleasant story that comes all the way from Ivory and is told by the Daily Messenger. An old man in that quarter died suddenly the other day. The doctor called in ascribed the death to the old man's habitual intemperance, and made out a burial order in due form. No sooner had the burial taken place than those who had known the old man expressed the opinion that he was not dead at all, and said that a year or so since he was in a state of deathlike coma for a month. The body was exhumed. It presented no signs of decomposition. Every means of restoration known to science was applied and gave no result. Ten doctors have examined the alleged deceased, and will express no opinion.

The official of the cemetery who is charged with the safe keeping of the body (or person) says he has never seen anything like it. When it (or he) was first brought to the cemetery there was every sign of death—the body seemed to be decomposing; then it became green, then it became white again and more lifelike. The uncertainty remains. Meanwhile he (or it) remains at the mortuary chapel of the Montmartre Cemetery.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins, the passionate composer of the opera "Tosca and Old Munch," thus blows a withering blast against an institution of this city: "In Boston, when I segregated the children who took private lessons, from those who only had public school instruction, and put a few simple questions, there was not a single child among the latter that could name the clefts, or sing a sharp or flat, or denominate the rests! 'Puffy Boston' forever! Hip, hip, hurrah! but pity the children!"

We regret to see that many persist in spelling Bradley Martin with a hyphen. Bless your soul, Mr. H. H. Martin of Albany, N. Y., had at least four sons, Henry, Bradley, Fred, Howard. You might as well speak of Mr. Fred-Martin or Mr. John-Smith.

The New York Times has been told that prominent citizens of Boston, fearing bombardment, have moved with their wives, children and household gods to Canada. "Poor Boston!" exults the Times; "New York has some deeply humiliating possessions, but its citizens have not yet begun to run." Poor Boston! The mirth of tahrats ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, strong drink is blither to them that drink it. Wild beasts of the desert lie in State Street, owls dwell in Commonwealth Avenue and satyrs dance there. The Somerset Club is full of doleful creatures; in the city is left desolation, and the gate is smitten with destruction.

May 3, 1898 MR. ZERRAHN'S BENEFIT.

A Remarkable Tribute to the Veteran Conductor After Continuous Service of Nearly 50 Years.

A testimonial performance of "Eljah" was given Mr. Carl Zerrahn last night in Mechanics' Building Auditorium. There was an immense audience and a very large chorus. These societies took part: The Handel and Haydn, the Worcester County Musical Association, the Salem Oratorio Society, the Philharmonic Club of Lowell, the Lynn Musical Association, the New Bedford Musical Association, the Hyde Park Festival Chorus, the Chelsea Oratorio Society, the Quincy Choral Society, the Waltham Chorus. The chief solo singers were: Mrs. Gadsdi, Mrs. Adele Baldwin, Mr. Evan Williams and Mr. Frangon-Davies. Others that took part were Mrs. Shepard, Mrs. Weale-Low, Mrs. Edith Woods, Mrs. Emery, Miss Dietrick, Miss Lynn, Miss Palmer, Messrs. F. Smith, Swaine, Wellington, Whitten and Morawski, and Master Donlan. The orchestra was made up of Symphony men with Mr. Kuntz as concert master. Mr. Zerrahn, of course, conducted.

Custom forbids any critical comment of a benefit performance; and yet it may not be amiss to say that this performance was one of unusual excellence in many ways—and, indeed, remarkable when you consider the character of the chorus which necessarily had little or no rehearsal together. The chorus singing was almost always excellent and at times truly impressive in volume, although its very size prevented any marked attention to nuances.

Mr. Davies gave a dramatic and memorable reading of the music of the Prophet. His voice carried easily in the great building, and his enunciation was as distinct as though he were singing a song by Schubert in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Gadsdi was in fine voice, and she sang with much understand-

ing. Mr. Williams again won hearty applause, and the other singers in solo and ensemble were generally satisfactory.

Mr. Zerrahn may well be happy, knowing that his faithful, untiring work has thus been appreciated by the societies which he has led, and by the folk of the chief city where he has labored. For years he was engaged as a missionary, as a pioneer. His influence on the music of New England can not be overestimated. Patient and good humored in his authority, ready to see that which was good in modern as well as ancient oratorios, masses and cantatas, he has been a mighty factor in the cause of musical righteousness. The applause, loud and persistent as it was last night, has already died away; the wreath will fall in pieces, and be as dust; but his toil and industry as a teacher of choruses will bear rich fruit for years to come. May his well-earned rest be as peaceful and pleasant as his active career has been useful and honorable!

Philip Hale.

I do not care for the talker who deliberately sets traps for the unwary. Some people (for some inscrutable reason) delight in scoring these cheap triumphs. Butler is one of these people. About a fortnight since I went to call on him; he is an old friend, and I wished to be introduced to his wife. After tea, he suddenly asked me to explain to Mrs. Butler the meaning of the term "spiral," averring that she was incapable of understanding his exposition. Before a lady, and a comparative stranger, I suspected no evil. "I cannot define it better," I began, "than by saying it is an ascending curve." and I illustrated the said curve in the air with my forefinger. To my surprise they both burst out laughing. "They all do it," said Butler, overjoyed. It seems that they had tried this despicable trick on all their acquaintances, and all, without exception, had attempted to describe a spiral in the air in just that manner. I said good-by shortly after that incident, and came away. I did not recover my composure until I had tried the same experiment on Phyllis, who refused to see anything funny in it at all.

The management of modern warships and thunderous cannon is a matter of much mechanical ingenuity and skill. Nearly two centuries ago Jeremy Collier wrote of the Spaniards: "They are very fit for and excel in Liberal Arts and Sciences, especially in all those that require great Attention, Perseverance and Penetration of Mind; but undervalue Mechanical Arts, which they judge unfit for and misbecoming Gentlemen."

Mr. Dan Daly is now playing in London, and this is the way the Era of London appreciates him: "Enjoyment of the style of Mr. Dan Daly is certainly an acquired taste; but once appreciated, his drollery is irresistible. The sepulchral, immovable manner in which he utters the most absurd remarks, and his extraordinary comic dancing, combined with a Duke of Wellington profile and an eagle-eye, constitute a combination of humors by which it is impossible not to be amused. His quaintness and drollery will be the talk in all Society circles." This last tribute will move even Mr. Daly to laughter.

And so Mr. Gericke will lead the Symphony Orchestra again. To use a much abused word, he was an elegant conductor. His precision was military, but it was that of a kid-gloved officer. He was a man of high ideals, jealous of the honor of the orchestra, a foe to singers and players of mediocrity who desired or tried by pushing or boot-licking to appear as soloists at these concerts. Perhaps he was too fond of respectable manufacturers of music in Vienna. And once he allowed human nature to get the better of his cool judgment—when he frowned on Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg because a certain girl—now a prima donna—smiled on the fiddler.

If you examine the music dictionaries of Germany, you will find the name of Richter, Mottl, Weingartner, Paur, Nikisch, Erdmannsdorffer, Lamoureux, Colonne; but you will search in vain for the name of Wilhelm Gericke.

How do you account for this? Because his reputation as a leader of orchestral concerts was made in Boston. He was a conductor of Imperial opera at Vienna from May 1, 1874, to April 30, 1884. After he returned to Vienna—he left Boston in 1889—he conducted a choral society for a time; but he was never known in Europe as a most distinguished conductor of symphony concerts.

A thorough musician, a marvelous drill-master, an upright, dignified and polished man, Mr. Gericke's return will be welcomed by many. Whether he is the conductor for the orchestra in the year of our Lord 1898 remains to be seen. Perhaps his taste, which was fastidious to narrowness, has broadened during his absence.

"I should not be surprised," said Old Chimes, "after we have captured Cuba as well as Manila, if nearly all cigars will then be known as domestic. We already own Connecticut."

Pinare + Pagliacci
at Boston.

The fund for the monument to Verlaine in Paris is growing rapidly. Last month Mr. Francis Vielé-Griffin—a pretty poet—subscribed 1 franc.

Here is a stirring verse from a new English comic-opera "The Dandy Fifth":

So come you foreign soldiers,
And we don't care who you are—
The Uhlans of the Kaiser,
Or the Cossacks of the Czar!
Our army may be little,
But you've learnt before today,
A little British Army
Goes a damn long way!

Lillian Russell has been asked again, "How do you preserve your youth, your health, your beauty?" She might have answered "By changing husbands frequently, thank you." But she was never a conversationalist.

A Paris correspondent writes: "For the moment we shall content ourselves with plain and plaid sunshades in all colours and unobtrusive sticks. We are promised hirs, heasts and fishes in startling dimensions as handles to our summer shades, and the light mousseline de sole flounces and intricate embroideries will cover an owl, a mongoose, or a pelican, varied with lobsters and crayfish. One house is occupied with silver smelts encircling a tortoise-shell stick, and I hear that a number of these fishy novelties have already been ordered by some of our leaders of fashion. Black and white checked sunshades will be general for mornings, but for the afternoons plain silks and mousseline de sole edged with narrow ribbons will be the favourite shade. Sticks will also be remarkably and disagreeably thick, but although we all prefer the thin wood, we shall follow the fashion, like the silly people we are. The full ruching of net has been superseded by the long scarf in mousseline de sole or lace, tied round the throat and falling in long ends below the jacket. These scarves are inserted with ribbon in the true lover's knot pattern, and make a pretty finish to a tailor costume."

May 4 - 98 DREAMLAND ITALY.

It will be so: I shall not see
Thy ripening vineyards, Italy,
Nor in a hoary olive wood
When spring comes in a southern flood
Gather the great sweet violets.
Yet still my heart sometimes forgets
That with grey skies and leafless trees
I pass my days—but rather sees
Parched hills and silvery woods and sky
Purple as Aphrodite's eye:
A land of fig-tree and of vine,
The perfect cup, the godlike wine
Of older dream and poetry.
Unseen beloved Italy!

"Yes," said Mr. Francis Jammes, "that is a pretty poem, in truth an exquisite poem; but let me tell you a story."

THE PIPE.

There was a young man who had a new pipe. He smoked it quietly in the shade of an arbor rich with blue grapes. His wife was young and handsome, her sleeves fell back to her elbows, and she drew water from the well. The wooden bucket jostled against the curb and wept like a rainbow. The young man, smoking his pipe, was happy, because he saw birds flying hither and thither, because his old mother was alive, because his old father was still sturdy, and because he loved dearly his young wife, for she was fragrant and womanly.

I told you that this young man smoked a new pipe.

His mother was taken down by a dreadful disease. They performed an operation on her, so that she shrieked, and she died after thirty-four days of horrible suffering. The father, who was a sturdy old fellow, was talking one day with a workman under the porch of the little village church—they were repairing it—when a falling stone crushed his skull. The good son wept his dear old friends and sobbed at night in the arms of his handsome wife.

I think I told you that this young man smoked a new pipe.

I forgot to tell you that he had an old spaniel named Thomas, of whom he was very fond.

Now Thomas sickened after the old folks died. When any one called him he could hardly drag his paws along the ground.

One day in the little village where this young man smoked a new pipe, a man of the city happened to settle; his trousers were always creased, and he spoke with carefully cultivated accent. Acquaintanceship was formed, and one afternoon the young man that smoked a new pipe came home unexpectedly and found his handsome wife, whom he loved so dearly, and who was fragrant and womanly, embracing the fine city gentleman.

The young man said not a word. He fastened a wretched old collar around

the neck of Thomas, and with a cord which his mother had formerly used for the wash he led him with him to a large town, where they lived in sorrow and misery.

The young man, now an old man, always smoked his new pipe which now was old.

One evening Thomas died. Men carried his corpse somewhere.

Then the old man was alone with his old pipe. He had a chill, and he shivered all over. And as he knew that he was soon about to die and that he would not be able to smoke any more, he put into the miserable vase which he took long ago from home a sorry old hat, so shabby that it would make you cry, and he rolled this hat about his pipe.

When he had done this he threw over his feverish shoulders a cloak green from age. He dragged himself laboriously to a little square near by, and, taking care lest the policemen should see him, he knelt down, scratched away the earth with his claws, and deposited reverently his old pipe under a bunch of flowers. Then he went home and died.

We are fond of violets, when we are not obliged to buy them. "There be two sorts of violets," says Lyte, the herbalist. "The garden and the wilde violet. The garden violets are of a fayre, darke, or shining deepe blew colour, and a very pleasant and amiable smelle. The wilde violets are without savour, and of a fainthe blew or pale colour. The sweete violet (as the Emperour Constantine wryteth) was called in Greek, Ion, after the name of that sweete guirle or pleasant damosell, Io, whiche Jupiter turned into a trim beauffer or gallant cove, because that his wife Juno (beinge bothe an angry and a jealous goddess) should not suspect that he loved her. In the honour of which is Io, as also for her more delicate and holosome feeding, the earth, at the commendement of Jupiter, brought forth Violettets."

Busy war poets have requested us to publish their bugle-calls. We are peaceful, merciful, and we value the affection of our readers. We therefore content ourselves with a few specimens.

These verses are by Mr. Herrick of Wheaton, Ill.:

When Uncle Sam unfurls his flag in whirlwinds wild and dark,
The dead bull-fighter in his shroud, we'll stretch out stiff and stark,
And Spain shall fall as Dagon fell before Jehu's ark,
When we go marching to Cuba.
Humanity demands it, boys, this is a holy war,
And Spain at last will feel our steel within her bosom's core,
And over the West Indies' gem shall Freedom's eagle soar,
When we go marching to Cuba.

And this quatrain is by a fellow townsman:

Gloriana! The Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain;
He must reach us before he can rack us—
And where are the galleons of Spain?

Commend us to the reasoning of Mr. Berteux, who asked in the French Chamber for 2,000 francs to be devoted to the repopulation of rivers. Thus did he argue: If there are plenty of fish in our rivers the working population will go fishing on a Sunday instead of spending their time in the cafés. The Sunday will, therefore, be a means of fighting alcoholism, as well as providing a healthy amusement to the population, and a cheap food for their tables. River fishing is done from boats. Therefore, the more fishers the more boats. Now when people fall into rivers, it is handy if there is a fisherman in a boat around. The orator gave figures to show how many lives had been saved by anglers, especially children's lives. Therefore, not only would the subvention effect all the purposes already enumerated, but would create a big Royal Fishery Society as well, and save ever so many children to France yearly. He carried his point.

MAY 5. THE RETURN.

The bulls arrive upon the tree,
The first forebodes the end;
The second with his jaw full soon shall be
The third the way we tread.
The fourth beams march by shore and sea,
The fifth sandals shod—
The sixth, comfort ye,
Do ye not miss your God.
The seventh return again with all
The wealth of secret lore
The eighth his ancient state recall,
The ninth in her own power,
The tenth a little knocking fall
The eleventh as my heart's door,
The twelfth a I had, O very small,
The thirteenth hold no more.

Cometh the small hand, I pray,
Cometh the small hand,
Cometh the small hand, I pray,
Cometh the small hand, I pray.

Up on my breast. Smile, dear, and say
Your arms that they may meet
About my neck, and whispering say
If slumber-time be sweet.

And after we had recited this, we looked steadily into the face of Mr. Francis Jammes, who told you a grotesquely sad story yesterday. "No, it is not by J. Gordon Coogler, although you may think it is, Mr. Jammes."

We received a circular from Mr. Coogler the other day. Let us quote from it. We are sure that he dictated it, or perhaps even wrote it himself in a fair Spencerian hand:

"J. Gordon Coogler from early childhood manifested a studious turn of mind—in striking contrast to the wild and somewhat superficial nature of his elder brothers. He loved to be alone, and seldom joined with them in their sports. He spent most of his spare moments reading and writing, was never satisfied without a book in his hand. * * * Mr. Coogler's early love for solitude cannot be better described than he himself has expressed it in the poem in his volume entitled, 'The Days of My Youth.'"

"Had not the untimely death of his father deprived him of the means of acquiring a finished and collegiate education, he doubtless would have, with his genius and talent, shown with peculiar lustre in the world of letters. * * * This, of course, greatly lessened his means for acquiring knowledge, and giving scope to the poetical genius he so early displayed. Still 'mid all these, his muse at times would send forth sweet notes."

"J. Gordon Coogler never was named in childhood by his parents, but was left the rare pleasure of selecting his own name at the age of 14. He chose several names previous to the one he now bears, but not being satisfied, after retaining each about six months, he made a final choice—choosing as his namesake, John B. Gordon, of Georgia."

"Time and space will not permit giving a full sketch of the life of this young author, just here. His life and experience have been strange and varied, as can be seen in every line of his sad verse. A leading journal has again said, 'He seems to have loved and lost times innumerable. But there are many others who inspired verses full of feeling, so full, in fact, that one dismisses the suspicion that Mr. Coogler is fickle.' He was always an ardent admirer of the ladies, yet, notwithstanding his admiration for them, he has never married."

"I confess," said Mr. Jammes, "that this young poet's straightforward, self-appreciation pleases me. Lucky dog—to be able to choose his own name. Did I ever tell you the story about the lively horse?" And without asking permission, he began; but fortunately we were able to turn the subject. Mr. Auger interrupted with, "I see that they are using prune juice in whisky. Did you ever try it?" "No," answered Mr. Jammes, "I've had trouble enough."

The literary editor of the New York Times is indulging in Philistinism of late. He prints with all seriousness the "list of the best hundred books"—a list prepared by Sir John Lubbock, and one calculated to turn the reader into an ineffectual prig or drive him toward Marie Corelli. And then he recommends his public to read "of Burton's books only the one 'Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah' and all the rest that he has written may be safely passed over." This is almost funny enough to be credited to Mr. W. L. Alden, who writes the London letter, and has just discovered that the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" was written by a convict. Intrepid discoverer! And yet he has not yet found out the convict's name.

"I know the kind of stuff all the periodicals will be giving us now," said the woman veteran of the last war. "New England village. He and She. Always loved each other, from the time they were babies, or, at least, from their school days, when they walked home together, and learned their lessons from the same book. Generally a mortgage on the farm, his poor old father's or her widowed mother's. Perhaps they quarrel. Anyhow, he marches off with his regiment, and she, love-sick, follows him as a nurse. He distinguishes himself and rises from the ranks. She distinguishes herself caring for the wounded, and has many offers of marriage from Generals. She refuses them all, to the wonder of those who do not know that she prays twice a day for her poor private. At last she finds him; he is brought wounded into the hospital or she stumbles upon him among the dead of the battlefield. In either case, though his wound is mortal, she nurses him back to life; a long, happy life without incident, mortgage or quarrel."—Exchange.

LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

First Performance of Mr. H. W. Parker's Oratorio in Albany.

The seventh annual festival of the Albany Musical association opened last evening in Harmanus Bleecker hall with an interesting performance of Horatio W. Parker's new dramatic oratorio, "The Legend of St. Christopher." Mr. Elliott Schenck was the conductor. The solo singers were: Mrs. Charlotte Maconda, Mr. Theodore Van Yox, Mr. Ffrangon-Davies, Mr. Gwilym Miles and Master Deatur Griffin. The orchestra was made up of New York Symphony men, Mr. Jan Koert, concert master. There was a large and very appreciative audience.

Mr. Parker's "Hora Novissima," which was produced here at the festival of '94-'95, awakened curiosity and desire to hear further works by this composer of indisputable talent. "The Legend of St. Christopher" was first given in New York, April 15th, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, and it will be given at the Springfield, Mass., festival to-morrow night.

That it should be performed in Albany at so early a date and even before it has been put in rehearsal or even suggested for performance in Boston, which town should take local pride in Mr. Parker and his works, is a matter of much credit to Mr. Schenck as well as the society, for the oratorio is full of choral and orchestral difficulties.

It would be foolish and futile to compare the "Hora Novissima" with "The Legend of St. Christopher." The two works are different in character and aim.

"Hora Novissima" is a unique work, a work apart. The music is celestial, mystical, ecstatic. It is also the lyrical aspiration of a pure soul that knows the joys and the temptations of earthly life, and if there is the rapt vision of the heavenly city, if there is the contemplation of absorption in the divine essence, there is also a certain sensuousness in harmonic and orchestral treatment that will keep this oratorio popular with audiences of ordinary thought and nerves. But "The Legend of St. Christopher" is more scenic, pictorial, dramatic. The choice of subject demands this treatment. The story is well known. The good giant Offerus wishes to serve the mightiest on earth. The king fears Satan. Offerus turns from the king to the demon, and when he finds the latter trembling at the sight of the cross, he offers his service to Christ, who in the disguise of a little child is carried by him across the raging stream. Thereafter the giant is known as Christopher.

The subject admits of variety in treatment, and the work is inherently episodic. After a choral prologue, we find triumphal choruses, love duet, hunting scene (orchestral) and finale in one act, which is to us the least successful and least interesting of the three. But we do not propose to speak critically or unauthoritatively of this work after a performance which did not in all respects do justice to the composer. The choice of tempo in the first act was not always happy or just, certain portions were retarded and the orchestra here as throughout the work was too often ragged, coarse, inadequate. The scene in this act that made the most impression upon us was the orchestral picture of the chase. The choruses and the solo passages seemed to us conventional. With the beginning of Act II the interest increased. Satan's music, with a suggestion of Dvorak's Bohemian-Negro invention, is picturesque, and the scene at the Cross with the female chorus is one of genuine beauty. But the supreme portion of the oratorio is the masterly treatment of the church music in the second scene of the last act. Here Mr. Parker is at home, and in this field he has few living rivals, for his contrapuntal figures are not dry bones, anatomically arranged for pedagogic instruction, they are sumptuously clothed, and there is palpitating flesh.

In other words the best portions of this oratorio are those that are closest akin to the choruses in the "Hora Novissima." The musical genius of Mr. Parker is lyrical, not dramatic. And in this story of Christopher whenever there is an attempt at the dramatic, the attempt is too plainly an attempt and not an irresistible realization. When Mr. Parker is truly dramatic, he is incidentally, often orchestrally dramatic in a lyrical flight. And in this work the choral passages are more effective than solo, duet or trio.

The work bristles with difficulties. The chorus sang admirably, with praiseworthy precision, fine tonal quality, balance of parts, attention to nuances and general musical intelligence. His success is a glory to Mr. Schenck and an honor to the city. Mrs. Maconda sang with skill and with a certain hard, metallic, inflexible brilliance. Mr. Davies made as much as possible perhaps out of a part that is not inherently striking. It was a great pleasure to become acquainted with the voice of Mr. Miles. Mr. Van Yox's tone production is not to be commended but he made a brave endeavor. Master Griffin gave a realistic impersonation of a pure-blooded frightened child. The orchestra, as we have said, was often rough and ragged. The strings were numerically weak, and no doubt, the wood-wind and the brass were frequently—especially in passages of imitation—unduly prominent. Nor was it easy to gain a fair idea of Mr. Parker's score. He is a brilliant, at times a daring colorist; but last night his picture was not hung in a favorable light. This interesting work should be repeated soon, now that the chorus has mastered real difficulties.

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"What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengo?" said I, as I sat down beside him.
"My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grandam sing
'Cana mare e manus chivios an le puv,
Ta rovel pa leste o chavo ta roml.'"

We were alone. There was no one in sight. And Mr. Francis Jammes insisted on telling us at last his crack story.

THE PARADISE OF BEASTS.

A poor old horse, hitched to a coupé, was sleeping a rainy night before the door of a low restaurant in which women and young fellows were laughing.

And the poor, scraggy plug, with his dejected head, his weak legs, a sorry sight, awaited the pleasure of these night-birds to get back to his miserable, stinking stable.

Half-asleep, the horse heard the coarse jests of these men and women. He had been for a long time accustomed to them. Even his feeble brain taught him that there is no difference between the squeaking cry of a wheel and the cry of a degraded woman.

And this night he dreamed vaguely that he was again a little colt on a lawn where he used to gambol in the green grass with his mother, who fed him.

All at once he fell stiff, dead, on the sticky pavement.

He came to the door of Paradise. A learned man, who was waiting for St. Peter to open the door, said to the horse:

"What are you doing here? You have no right to enter Paradise. I have the right, because I was born of a woman."

And the poor plug answered timidly:
"My mother was a gentle mare. She died, old, abused; and I came to find out whether she is here."

Then the door opened, and lo! the Paradise of animals.

And the old horse knew his mother, who recognized him.

She neighed in joy. And when they were both on the celestial prairie, the horse exulted in finding again the old companions of his misery and seeing their happiness, which would last forever.

There were horses that had drawn huge stones over slippery pavements; that had been beaten violently, that had succumbed under cruel loads; that with blinded eyes had turned ten hours each day the merry-go-round. There were mares that, in the bull-fights and before the eyes of young girls who had looked on with flushed cheeks, had swept the hot sand of the arena with their rent intestines. And there were others, and others.

And now they all took their own gait on the great plain of divine peacefulness.

Other animals were also happy. Cats, mysterious and refined, obeyed only their Creator. They pawed gently at threads with a feeling of inexplicable importance.

Dogs—good mothers—spent their time pursuing their little puppies. Fish swam without fear of the angler; birds feared no gun. And so it was with all the animals.

There was not a man in this Paradise.

A contemporary assures us that Mr. Sousa has improved greatly in conducting. "The leader himself has developed several new attitudes in his conducting. He has given up almost entirely the quick downward movement of the baton when he wants a note accentuated, and instead slashes the wand longitudinally from the side." Mr. Gerfcke will have a chance to study Sousa's methods in Europe. He should remember that Boston audiences are more critical than they were in the eighties.

What a delightful old woman is the "aunt" that talks with her nephew on literature for the benefit of the Academy:

"I don't think you want any new poetry when you are growing old. I haven't really liked anything since 'Crossing the Bar,' and I think I shall stick to Tennyson. One doesn't quite realize how beautiful 'In Memoriam' is until one begins to grow old. And I am growing old."

"She looked thoughtfully into the fire a few moments, and then continued more cheerfully:

"Tell me, who is this foreign person people are writing about—Omar something or other?"

"Omar Khayyam. Well, he was a Persian and he is dead, and he has been much translated. He is very pessimistic and very soothing."

"A black man," said my aunt. "I don't want to be soothed in my old age by a black man."

"Not black," I said. "A Persian, a member of the Aryan—"

"It's the same thing," said my aunt.

May 7
I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, of under seal; I am a gentleman, and live in obscurity, and to myself. But were I down to Her Majesty and the Lords—obscure me—I would undertake—upon this poor old life—for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of subjects in general, but to save the one of my, nay, three parts of her yearly charge holding war, and against what enemy or—er. And how would I do it, think you?

"I dined with Captain Bobadill, last night," said Old Chimes in his corner of the Porphyry. "I have put him up here for two weeks, for I am sure that he will entertain you. As it is now, what diplomatists and strategists are wasting energy and in this very club are depriving the Government of invaluable service!"

"I don't know where the Captain got his title, but he's seen service. And he's got one of your blood-thirsty fellows; he's merciful as well as brave and ingenious. Let me tell you his plan of past defence."

"He said that this plan was infallible; that the Atlantic and Pacific coasts could be defended easily without the loss of a man. His scheme is this: Toronto boats, moved by electricity run at incredible speed by the trolley system thirty miles—if necessary—out to sea. The men that start the boats are safely on shore. These trolleys should be stationed all along the coasts. No ships could withstand such a boat. And the captain is so honest and sincere! He gave me the dimensions of the boats." "But," asked Mr. Auger, "what supports the trolley at the ocean end?" "I was his guest, sir," answered Old Chimes, with the dignity that first called the attention of the Historical Painter to him: "do you think it would have been decent if I had asked him such a question?"

This reminds us that in the benighted country, Germany, which is "trodden under the iron heel of despotism," here "personal liberty is unknown." You can speak from Berlin, by long-distance telephone, with any part of the country for three minutes by paying 25 cents. The tariff for a conversation with any place outside Germany ranges from 50 cents (Prague) to (Budapest). Talk between Berlin and its nearest suburbs costs six cents. Berlin contains 39,000 telephones, and is connected with 416 other towns. There is direct communication between Berlin and Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Prague, Vienna, Budapest and aside, and there will soon be communication between Berlin and London, Milan and Brussels. For political reasons there will be no communication established between Berlin and Paris.

No wonder that Franz Rummel did not play the piano to his advantage when he was here this season. He is now in a sanatorium near, or in, Berlin, undergoing a special massage and nerve cure treatment. No doubt he is wrought on nervous depression by committing formidable programs to memory and by over-practice for his appearances during the last three or four years. When he was here, he played as though he were thoroughly exhausted, and his slips from loss of memory occasioned surprise.

Somebody telling of the "pathetic poverty" of Arnold Böcklin, the painter, after he took to himself a life, writes, "Their daily meal often consisted of a pot of beans." The ethos of such poverty appeals to the mythogoreans rather than Bostonians.

Have you an egg of the Great Auk in the house? Refrain from eating it, even if the grocer assures you that it is fresh. There are just fifty-one of these eggs in England. The odd one, which was supposed to be broken to pieces in 1871, was discovered last month in an attic among remnants of the late Lord Garvagh's collection. In 1914 an egg of the Great Auk sold for \$5.

"Pauline Ormiston Chant," writes a correspondent, "has evidently determined to make the morals of Glasgow and the welfare of its youth her peculiar care." She was in Glasgow early last week, and on her way to the Y. M. C. A. Club was horrified to find an artist poster with a figure of Venus upon it, the advertisement being designed to lure people to the pit, and also to the balls and circle if their funds would permit. So as soon as Mrs. Chant reached Blairgowrie Castle, where she was staying, she addressed a pathetic letter to the Glasgow papers, appealing for the removal of those "representations of an absolutely nude female figure—a poster which I venture to think could not have been tolerated in Greece or Rome." Mrs. Chant has always cherished a spite against Greece. It was there that she fell from grace and smoked a cigarette. The poster is

in fact quite innocuous. The artist has allowed Venus a cloudbank and a wreath of roses, so that she is, comparatively speaking, clad with perfect decorum, while Mrs. Chant's description economizes accuracy. The poster, which attracted no attention on Monday or Tuesday, drew crowds on Wednesday, as soon as Mrs. Chant's letter appeared, which is just what might be expected by everybody but Mrs. Chant.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A member of the Philharmonic Society told a Sun reporter yesterday that if Emil Paur came to New York it was entirely on his own responsibility, as not 5 per cent. of the men in the orchestra wanted him as conductor.—New York Sun.

This is the opinion of one man, who evidently considers himself as just a little over 95 per cent. of the orchestra.

About March 8

The season of '97-'98 is now over. For the sake of the record let us recall the chief events of the year, without reference to the Symphony Concerts or the concerts of the Kneisel Quartet, of which I spoke last Sunday.

No new grand opera was performed here. The Danrosch-Ellis season, Feb. 21 to March 12, was distinguished by the "Barber" (Melba, Salignac, Campanari, Carbone, Boudouresque), Feb. 24; "Siegfried" (Nordica, Kraus, Breuer, Bispham), March 2; "Flying Dutchman" (Gadski, Bispham, Breuer, Stehmann), March 4. Melba sang Violetta here for the first time Feb. 26. Nordica appeared here for the first time as Brünnhilde Feb. 25. The operatic season otherwise was at the best only mediocre. Scenery and costumes were shabby, and the stage business was too often clumsy and inadequate. First appearances here in opera (Danrosch & Ellis Company) were Ibos, as Faust, Feb. 21; Boudouresque as Mephistopheles, Feb. 21; Toronto as Siebel, Feb. 21; Mrs. Staudigl, as Frl. Erika, Feb. 25.

First performances here of light opera: "The Highwayman," music by de Koven, Oct. 25; "The Idol's Eye," music by Herbert, Jan. 3; "The Bride Elect," book and music by Sousa, Jan. 3; "A Normandy Wedding," music by Purst, Jan. 24; "Queen of the Ballet," book by R. A. Barnett, music by Corliss, Norman, Tracy et al.

The Banda Rossa, a revelation and a delight, made its first appearance here Nov. 8. The audiences at the concerts were enthusiastic, and alas, they were small.

Theodore Thomas and his orchestra gave concerts March 22 with Ysaye, March 24 with Nordica, March 26 with Hofmann.

Most admirable ensemble concerts were given April 16 by Ysaye, Marteau, Gérardy, Lachaume (D'Indy's piano quartet, op. 7, first time), and April 23 by Ysaye, Marteau, Bendix, Gérardy, Lachaume (piano quartet No. 1, by Fauré and César Franck's piano quintet for first time). The audiences were lamentably small.

Concerts were given by the Ondrick-Schulz String Quartet and the Boston String Quartet.

At the concerts of the former, Mr. Stasny, pianist (Nov. 29), Mrs. Tapper, pianist (Feb. 8), and Mr. Baermann, pianist (March 31), assisted. The only novelties were Kleguel's sonata for piano and cello in B minor, op. 23 (Feb. 28), and Smetana's piano trio, op. 15 (Nov. 29).

At the concerts of the latter Miss Cummings, pianist (Nov. 24), Mrs. Edith Perkins, soprano (Jan. 11), and Mr. E. L. Hill, pianist (March 28) assisted. Kahn's string quartet in A major, op. 8, was played here for the first time.

The Handel and Haydn sang "The Messiah," Dec. 19 and 20; "Arminius," Feb. 7; "Redemption," April 10. At the first performance of "The Messiah" E. Leon Rains made his debut in Boston.

The chief works sung by the Cecilia

were Bruch's "Odysseus," December 2, when H. L. Chase, baritone, made his debut; Humperdinck's "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar," January 13 (first time in Boston); Sullivan's "Golden Legend," April 27.

Marcella Sembrich was here November 23 and November 25. Her singing was an unalloyed pleasure. The audiences were a sad commentary on the boasted musical civilization of the town.

Mr. Loefler's remarkable settings of poems by Baudelaire and Verlaine for voice, piano and viola were first heard November 30, when they were per-

formed by Mrs. Lena Little, Mrs. Paer and the conductor.

Gullbrand played the organ December 8 and 9.

Marian gave recitals January 12 and 13.

Rummel reappeared here February 1. Siloti gave his first recital February 12.

Ysaye and Pugno made their first appearance February 17. This was Mr. Pugno's first appearance in Boston. Audiences again lamentably small.

Jean Gerardy reappeared here February 18 with Ysaye and Pugno.

Josef Hofmann reappeared at a Thomas concert March 26.

Other first appearances: Singers—Miss Lydia Eustis, Nov. 4; Miss Bertha Wesscheft, Dec. 1; Mr. Francis Rogers, Feb. 17; Miss Genevieve Weaver, Feb. 21; Miss Ethel Grimsdon, March 30. Pianists—Miss Florence Terrell (at a Sembrich concert), Nov. 27; Mr. Felix Fox, Dec. 2; Mr. Carlo Buonamici, Jan. 17; Miss Josie Hartman, Feb. 2; Miss Nellie Rock, May 5. Violinist—Mr. Hugh Codman, Dec. 16.

And there were other concerts: Mr. Carl Paeten, pianist, Oct. 12, Dec. 9, and on other occasions in the season. Mr. Dunham's organ concerts Oct. 20, 23.

Mr. Max Heinrich, baritone, Nov. 2, Dec. 7.

Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, Nov. 4.

Mrs. Helen Hopekirk, pianist, Nov. 16.

Miss Whittier, soprano, and Mr. Manning, pianist, Nov. 18.

Mrs. Szumowska-Adamowski, pianist, Dec. 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel Dec. 14, and at other times, for they believe in making hay.

Miss Traub and Mr. Burgemeister, pianists, Dec. 17.

Miss Rose Stewart, soprano, Dec. 21.

Messrs. Nobbs and Frank, singers, Jan. 12.

Mr. G. W. Procter, pianist, Jan. 18.

Mr. Edelbert Nevin, pianist, Feb. 23.

Mrs. Ernestine Fish, contralto, March 21.

Miss Villa Whitney White, soprano, March 23.

Miss Marguerite Hall, mezzo-soprano, April 6.

Mrs. Louise Bruce Brooks, contralto, April 13.

Pupils of Mr. Chas. R. Adams in excerpts from operas—with costumes, scenery and orchestra—April 21.

Miss Gertrude Miller, soprano, and Mrs. Edith Woods, contralto, April 26.

Mrs. Max Heinrich, Miss Julia Heinrich, Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, Miss Edmonds and the Fidelity Society sang in Chamber Vocal concerts.

Lectures were given by Miss Mary Webster, Nov. 15, 18; Miss Muirhead, Jan. 10 (first of a series); Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump, March 21; and Mr. W. F. Apthorp, April 14.

The double bass clarinet was played for the first time in Boston by Mr. Kohl at the Symphony concert Jan. 8.

It played the bass clarinet part in Mr. Loefler's "Death of Tintagiles."

Philip Hale.

Marie Barna, who sailed for Europe, April 30, will study with Lillie Lehmann this summer.

A Spanish pianist, Ricardo Vinés, gave a concert lately in Paris. All the pieces were by Spanish composers.

A recital will be given in Steinert Hall Wednesday evening by piano pupils of Mr. J. D. Buckingham and vocal pupils of Mr. Frank E. Morse.

Mr. William Stansfield will give the last of his series of five organ recitals in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Bowdoin Street, Wednesday evening next, beginning at 8. Admission tickets will not be required.

A musical will be given at Union Hall Wednesday evening under the direction of Mr. W. S. G. Kennedy. Mrs. Boynton, Miss Blake, Miss G. A. Walker, Miss Collins, Miss Convery and Messrs. Dooley, Fitzgerald and Ross will assist.

Mrs. Mary Howe Lavin has been meeting with success in large cities of Germany, where she is to remain another season. She recently appeared in Wiesbaden as Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," before the Emperor and a large and distinguished audience. After the performance she was summoned to the royal box and was complimented in flattering manner by the Emperor.

The Burlington (Vt.) musical festival will take place at the Howard Opera House May 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20, the first concert taking place on the afternoon of May 19. Eleanor Meredith, J. H. McKinley, Arthur Beresford, Clemente Belogna and Mrs. George E. Howes will sing. Others will be announced later. "Samson and Delilah" on the last evening is the most important work. Jules Jordan is the conductor, and "Barbara Frietchie" will be given during the festival.

A statement has been made that Mme. Patti has refused to appear any more in opera. But, says the Daily News, there never was the remotest idea this season of making her an offer to do so. For singing at each concert in London Mme. Patti receives a fee of 800 guineas. At the opera, when Sir A. Harris engaged her three or four years ago, she was paid £500 a night. For the three performances of "La Traviata" she had £1500, but it is understood that after paying for her row dresses and so forth she lost money by the transaction. Indeed, the late M. Nicolini stated that the taking of her jewels from rings, coronets and necklaces, and arranging them in that marvelous breastplate of precious stones which Mme. Patti wore as Violetta, cost upward of £1000, while the re-setting must have come to almost as much more.

The Daily News writes as follows from New York concerning a soprano. The type is known to many organists. She is soprano of the quartet, with a fine church voice of limited range, falls flat in concert, however. Manners of a lady, but the disposition of the music is cordially disliked by her associates in church; an objector to everything. Easter Sunday she had arranged to come early, in order to rehearse with the alto the duet they sang in conjunction with 200 orphan children. She did not come, and made no excuse. She asked that the usual Saturday afternoon rehearsal be dispensed with in order that she might sing at a downtown organ recital, and that the rehearsal occur Sunday morning at 10. Everybody was present at that hour, and at a quarter to 11 she came, apologizing. "So sorry; I slept until 10 o'clock." As this was her last Sunday (she assuming a better paying and much harder Brooklyn position May 1, and with a musical director known as a dictator, who has a new soprano every year), and as she had herself asked for the 10 o'clock Sunday rehearsal, you would suppose she would on this last Sunday appear. Late at rehearsal, as a rule, has never yet said, "Good afternoon" on appearing, goes about with a scowl on her by no means prepossessing face. The Sunday before her last the organist-director wrote her: "Next Sunday is your last. I beg leave. Do you prefer to sing or not to sing a farewell solo? The morning anthem has no solo for you. I am sure people would like one! So would yours truly." She wrote in reply: "I had rather be excused." On mention being made of an extra rehearsal with our new soprano, she was glad she did not have an extra rehearsal this week. She never thought that perhaps the music would in her case also go better if she had a little preparatory association with her new associates.

This review of an "Irish concert" in London is recommended earnestly to all lovers of folk song: "Last night, while all London was ringing to Irish minstrelsy, Mr. William Carter added his customary contribution to the national musical orgie by his annual Grand Irish Festival at the Albert Hall. And what a program it was! What a galaxy was there provided for the greedy native of Avoca days, and last roses of summer, of Paddy Learys, of Melly Bawns, of Bantry Bays, of Rakes of Mallow, of Cruiskeen Lawns and of a thousand other suggestive points! Ireland rallied round its national music and applauded with all the strength of its lungs. Surely there is no necessity for us to repeat our views upon national music or upon folk-song, whether it be actually old or merely mimicked by a modern pen. It represents, one supposes, the basis of this musical, and, for one or another mysterious reason, each nation seems to possess its own familiar spirit that is absolutely distinguishable and separate from every other. The only point which we find

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May 10, 1895
POP CONCERTS.

Opening of the 13th Season With
Mr. Comee as Manager and Mr.
Zach as Conductor.

The 13th season of the Promenade Concerts, popularly and properly known as "Pops," (because the audience does not promenade and the sound of popping of corks is borne upon the night air) opened last night in Music Hall. Mr. Comee is the manager and Mr. Max Zach is the conductor. The hall was crowded. The program was as follows:

- American March. (First time.) Ganne
Overture, "Demino Noir".....Auber
Waltz, "Harlequin's Voyage".....Zach
Selection, "Madame Angot".....Lecocq
Ballet music from "The Queen of Sheba".....Goldmark

- Solo Cello, Mr. E. Loeffler.
Two entr'actes from "Carmen".....Bizet
Waltz, "Kaiser".....Strauss
Introduction to Act I, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Potpourri, "Offenbachiana".....Conrad
Mazurka, "Ala Mousse".....Ganne
American fantasy.....Bend's
March, "Stars and Stripes Forever"..... Sousa

A year ago I took the Intelligent Foreigner to the first of the Pop concerts, and he practically wrote the article for the Journal, for I put into print his impressions. Yesterday afternoon I invited him to accompany me, but he declined, and his manner was brusque to the point of rudeness. "No," he said, "once is enough. I see it all—the same people—men in evening dress that seems incongruous—people within the pen trying to be jolly, and people without the pen trying to look as though they could have been within the discriminating railing—everybody watching his or her neighbor—all of them self-conscious—a sad endeavor to be Bohemian. I prefer to read the evening papers and note the contradiction of news published at morning."

I fear that the weather, which has been tetric and discouraging, has affected the internal machinery of our estimable friend. He surely would have enjoyed himself last night. There were pretty women and there were brave men. All of them applauded the electric name of Dewey, and when the "Star-Spangled Banner" was played at the beginning of the concert the men were apparently anxious for a speedy draft.

The hall was decorated and embellished with running vines and a real waterfall and a huge flag, and at the rear of the hall was a landscape that afforded pleasant guessing. Was it a scene in the White Mountains, or the Holyoke-Tom range, as seen from Mt. Warner, or the harbor of Manila? Mr. Zach had prepared an interesting, well-contrasted program, and he led gracefully and intelligently. His own waltz was encored, as were the waltz by Strauss and the second entr'acte from "Carmen," and the ballet music by Goldmark (in which Mr. Loeffler played sympathetically the Bee dance), and no doubt the patriotic music at the end, for I left after the mad merriment of Offenbach.

And the audience is more and more accustomed to the intimate relation between beer and music. There is no doubt that it enjoyed itself thoroughly and honestly. The Intelligent Foreigner or himself would have testified to the improvement. And possibly the night may come when beer will be 5 cents a glass at these concerts, which run too quickly to their end.

- The program this evening will be as follows:
March from "The Serenade".....Herber
Overture, "Mignon".....Thoma
Waltz, "Meerleuchten".....Zehre
Selection, "Trovatore".....Verdi
Waltz and Pizzicato from "Sylvia".....Delibes
Sailors' Chorus from "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Gavotte for String Orchestra.....Bac
Invitation to Dance.....Webe
Overture, "Pique Dame".....Supp
Waltz, "Landeskind".....Strauss
(First time.)
Polka, "Tie-Tac".....Strauss
March, "Under the Double Eagle".....Wagne

Philip Hals.

When he was eighteen years old, Pier left the farm house in which he was born. The hour he left, his old sick mother was in bed in the lime room, where there was a daguerreotype of his father, peacock feathers in a vase, a clock representing Paul a Virginia and with hands pointing at three. In the court, under the fig-tree, his grandfather was resting. In the garden were his betrothed, roses and shining pears.

Pierre went to earn his living in a court where there were negroes, parrots, a rubber tree, molasses, fever and snakes. He staid there thirty years.

The hour he returned to the farm-house where he was born, the blue room was where his mother rested in the bosom of God, portrait of his father was no longer to be seen, and the peacock feathers and the vase had disappeared. Something or other was the place of the clock.

In the court, under the fig-tree where his grandfather rested, there were brambles and a sick hen.

In the garden of roses and shining pears where once was his betrothed, there was an old woman.

History does not say who it was.

Old Chimes has his weaknesses; too, is mortal. A new member at Porphyry admired his master Sur

And now appears the manager of the big, busy, thriving store; he makes his morning rounds.

The clerks move briskly; for his eyes are keen. He talks with the Floorwalker, and sometimes he talks in curious fashion: this girl is impertinent to customers, this one is slow, this one is stupid; or that dark, tall girl with large, soft eyes—there are deep shadows under them—has been too languid, too tired of fate, and there are whispers abroad concerning her dances and other nocturnal amusements. Or—blackest of all sins in the manager's eyes—that girl in the corner is not sending up all the cash that is received; "and do you know, Sir, that she brings no lunch, but goes to a swell restaurant?"

Thus there are vacant positions. The manager proposes to fill one of them this morning. He has brought a girl with him. He tells the Floorwalker her name. She is put to work. And she is a pretty girl, voluptuously pretty, but her eyes are steady, true, true-blue. The Floorwalker looks at her more than once, and he is set a-thinking.

The customers are thronging the place. They are women; only occasionally a solitary, unfortunate man. They crowd the space between the counters, bargaining, gossiping, buying—some of them stealing—all under the flaring electric lights, in the dust, and heat, and sweat-tainted air.

Through it all moves the Floorwalker, the genius of the scene, answering questions, hearing complaints, smiling on customers, frowning on slow or backward clerks, obsequious or authoritative by turn. He walks easily, lightly, but he is no longer quite happy, quite contented. Thoughts of the new girl disturb him. He is a married man—but then—and he remembers other girls, other cases—some turned out all right, others were absurdly stiff and reserved. This one—he glances swiftly at her, catches her glance and smiles, her eyes droop, she does not smile—this one interests him mightily.

He tries to woo her.

There are many ways in which the Floorwalker can be attentive; he practices them all. They fail. Not for nothing has she those steady, true-blue eyes. One day she raises her voice, rebuking his word or phrase or leer, and he is nervous; perhaps his conduct has been already noticed. His fancy for the voluptuously pretty girl turns into sour dislike. She is dangerous. Such girls ruin the careers of young business men.

One morning he has another talk with the manager.

"I am afraid that new girl, Sir, isn't up to the mark."

"No?"

"No, Sir."

He gives his reasons. There are many of them.

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Mr. Chubb
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Mr. Oliver Herford alludes gracefully to the group of literary fellows among whom Richard Hovey, Le Gallienne, Roberts are prominent as "the old school of poets."

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A NEW PATENT DRINK
of the greatest discoveries of the Nineteenth Century in drink has lately been brought to light. It has been discovered by a young student I have got all the information from one of the patients about it. One spoon full taken every morning in about fifteen minutes the patient is drunk. He remains that way for four days to a week. He is well and feels in good spirits no headache no sickness don't want liquor no had with don't get in a fight. Mood can keep him for a month for 25 cents have no desire for whiskey nor malt of any kind. He told me there was other fellows gotten experienced with the same result but he would tell me I could find them. Liquor drinking will come to an end a policeman can't arrest me if I stagger a little nor arrest me until a law is past to cover this new method. It warranted by the inventor to be very mutative and invigorating to the lungs instead of burning them up would you tell me to this student I would like to see him. He don't want the public to know till his consent is granted if I swallowed an over dose would have to lay down and would not mind the good of it so there is no one of us in the dose to be thinks we need it how have you been using the beverage about three months and I never drank any liquor nor to swallow all I could get the same with the other fellows whiskey is coming to end Q

Hardly a week passes without a letter in our mail asking, "Who is 'Q'?" We do not know. The communication above was postmarked Cambridge. We suspect Professor Charles Elliot Norton. Or this great genius may be a descendant of Dorothy Q.

The supreme test of the true Bosnian is this: he believes firmly that he is a cosmopolitan.

La Petite Gironde (Bordeaux) April compliments in one breath Bostonians and Mr. Marcel Deslouis, who will add here this week and next week from French poets: "The sonority and exibility of our language are very pleasant to American ears. * * * No doubt our poets, so loved across the Atlantic, will be still more enjoyed and appreciated when they will be interpreted by the intelligence, and the warm, passionate and varied diction of the young lecturer-reader."

May 11, 1898

INTELLIGENCE.

One fine day all the books that contained the thoughts of men disappeared as though by magic.

Then the wise men gathered themselves together: They that were strong in mathematics, physics, chemistry, astronomy, poetry, history and other sciences. They took counsel one with another and said: "We are the depositories of human genius; now we will recall the most beautiful inventions of wise men and poets, to chisel them in immortal marble; but we'll choose only those who since the beginning of the world have towered as the loftiest peaks of understanding. Paeal will have a right to only one thought; Newton to one star; Darwin to one insect; Galileo to one grain of dust; Tolstoi to one charitable scheme; Heine to one verse; Shakespeare to one cry; Wagner to one phrase."

And then, as they nudged their brains to fix securely the indispensable masterpieces they found to their dismay that their heads were empty.

Some time ago we appealed—almost timidly—to the Providence Journal, that sartorial mentor to the gilded youth of Rhode Island. The Journal, after solemn consideration, has decided

to adhere to a solemn opinion. It not only approves of the Prince Albert coat—which it insists should be known as the "frock coat"; but it shows a weak and slavish devotion to it.

We insist that "Prince Albert" is the proper, specific name for the specific thing that is so dear to the Journal. A frock-coat may be of bottle green, furnished with a velvet collar.

Perhaps the editor is one of those who say each night after a social success, "Ah, my coat, I thank you from the bottom of my heart"; for almost any one can wear a Prince Albert with aplomb, while a frock-suit is like unto a touchstone or a chemical test. Our chief objection to the Prince Albert is that it is a thoroughly immoral garment. Instead of revealing the figure, it shrouds it, it conceals it.

Nor are we moved by the editor's carefully painted picture of the gay buck of Providence walking to church Sunday morning, dressed in this ostentatious, hypocritical garment, with plug hat, gloves, a cane, thoughtfully chosen cravat, varnished boots, and mattress-pressed trousers. In the first place we doubt the realism. We remember seeing in Providence a heavy swell with Prince Albert, white cravat, dark trousers, russet shoes and a derby hat.

We regret that the editor of the tailoring department should attempt to disclose to an indifferent world the identity of the editor of this column. It has been stated here, and stated truthfully, that this column is never the work of any one man. The "we" is not in this case editorial mock-modesty. The living and the dead are constant contributors. Q, the Quetist, Mr. Chimes, Peignot, de Goncourt, the Providence Journal, James Howell, R. H. Davis, Amos Stearns, Mr. Jammies, Mrs. Chant—you will find a full list of contributors in the card catalogue of the Public Library. As for the personality of the editor—it is like unto that of Junius in Byron's poem:

"The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
Could they distinguish whose the features were;
The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;
They varied like a dream—now here, now there;
And several people swore from out the press,
They knew him perfectly; and one could swear
He was his father; upon which another
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother."

Is it possible that the Spaniards believe in killing an Admiral occasionally, "to encourage the others"?

Speak a kind word when you can. Follow the example of the peerless Miss Eustacia, peerless in sympathy as in beauty. Yesterday, shopping, she noticed a clerk, who looked tired and dejected, sick of the bustle and foul air and smell of cloth. She said to him when she had finished her business, "Has any one told you, sir, how much you look like Admiral Dewey?" And the man at once straightened, and he became a hero, ready to die for Miss Eustacia.

We are told that gallant Captain Wildes of the Boston stood during the fight at Manila on the bridge, "with his glasses in one hand and a fan in the other, and a cigar between his teeth." Truly a heroic figure, but would any sculptor dare to mould him thus arrayed? The glasses are all right, but how about the fan and the cigar? And yet there is something not wholly unpleasing in dauntless realism in art. Witness the stove-pipe hat of Com. Paul, which is to be modified a little so that birds of the air may drink of the water thus caught in the air.

Mr. Martin Julian, who is "looking after Mr. Fitzsimmons's interests"—and incidentally his own interests—tells us that in the fight between Colonel Boh and Mr. Sharkey "the referee carried three guns in his clothes." Uncle Amos may express surprise and he may wonder how the referee did it. This synonym of revolver does not approach meat-in-the-pot, or black-eyed Susan, or the democratizer, or the persuader, or the unconverted friend.

There is a poet in London against whom there are recorded 200 convictions for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. His name is Onions. Mr. William Onions, known to the public of the East End as "Spring Onions." It is with rare pleasure that we quote a verse from Mr. Onions's Ballads of the Heart and Heart:

"Drink ruins lads, quite shames the maids,
And hurries on the drunkard's doom;
On home, sweet home, it makes its raids,
And where love dwell leaves quite a gloom.
Strong drink turns a loving heart to stone,
Severs what once was near and dear,
Separates some true and loving one,
Then—too late—flows the bitter tear."

Bombardment is a noble word, like grace, harmonious to the ear. Indeed, we are inclined to prefer it to bomilation, or bombylous. For the benefit of

those who are not conversant with the deposit vaults and the towered warehouses of Worcester, we add that the word bombardment comes from bombard, "a murdering-piece," and its first appearance in English literature was in 1702.

**May 12, 98
A PUPILS' CONCERT.**

Piano pupils of Mr. J. D. Hockingham and vocal pupils of Mr. Frank E. Morse gave a pleasing concert last evening in Stelbert Hall. Mr. Harley was the accompanist. There was a good sized and appreciative audience. The following, according to the program, took part: Miss Nettie Whipple played a Moment musical by Moszkowski; Miss Cora Mattison played the first movement of Schumann's "Faschingschuank"; Miss Louise Dunham played Hummel's Rondo brillante, op. 56; Miss Elizabeth Alden played an etude melodie by Raff and Schumann's novallette in E major; and Mrs. Amy U. W. Bagg played the finale of Raff's concerto in C minor. The orchestral parts of the Hummel Rondo and the Raff concerto were supplied by string songs by Foote and Cowen, Miss Victoria P. Johnson sang songs by Beethoven, Tosti, Godard; Miss Alice V. Burns sang Elizabeth's prayer ("Tannhäuser") and songs by Jonbert; and Roger, and Miss Burns and Miss Johnson were heard in a duet by Mrs. Beach.

I have said to Sickness: "Come in, I am ready to see you."
I have said to Madness: "You do not frighten me."
I have said to Death: "I was just thinking of you."

Whatever personal misfortune the hour will bring, I bow before the Divine Will. If I suffer, it is because my suffering is necessary; let it then be welcome.
Of what avail would be my little shriek of distress? Would it drown the triumphal hymn of Nature? Will the glorious banners of the procession of the World be lowered because I happen to fall? Will trumpets drunk with joy stop blowing?

We read the other day in a Paris newspaper that rich and fashionable women are now trying to match their eyes with precious stones. To quote the inspired press agent of the jeweler: "The woman with blue eyes will wear the dainty turquoise, and to add to the beauty and match the brightness thereof often they will be set with clear white diamonds. Diamonds belong most essentially to the deep, dark, black-eyed beauty, but she cannot have the monopoly of this radiant jewel, for so many of her sister women have bright eyes that they will have the other stones set with the diamond, and thus add not only to the beauty of the simpler stones, but to the lustre of their own eyes. The choice of the women with bright hazel eyes will be the beautiful yellow topaz. Sapphires belong now, as always, to the violet-orbed beauty, while the rich-looking ruby is to have its day once more, as the brown-eyed multitude of girls look splendid in the warm glint of that rosy stone. The up-to-date woman will be on the lookout for that odd little stone called cat's eye, not expensive, but often as pretty as it is odd."

We showed this paragraph to Miss Eustacia. She thought the style of the writer inflated, and she said with a dash of malice—which was not displeasing—that "up-to-date women and cat's eyes were singularly harmonious."

And then she said: "Do you remember the compliment paid the Duchess of Devonshire by an impassioned coal heaver: 'I could light my pipe at your eyes'? No wonder that Georgiana thought such praise the most glowing tribute ever paid her beauty. Beautiful or brilliant eyes need no setting of precious stones."

The ancients side with Miss Eustacia. The eyes, according to them, are love's fowlers, the shoeing-horns of love, the hooks of love, the guides, touchstones, judges, the arrows of Cupid, the orators and torches and touch-box and raphtha and matches of love, burning glasses. "Thine eyes like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabdim."

These Parisians that call to their aid the skill of the lapidary and the gemmary naturalist remind us of a passage in Maundeville's Travels:

"Another Isle is there toward the North, in the See Ocean, where that ben fulle creature and ful cyele Wommen of Nature; and thei han precious Stones in hire Eyen; and thei ben of that Kynde, that zif they behelden any man, thei sien him anon with the beholdynge as dothe the Basilisk."

It looks as though the coal-pockets of Salem were now safe for a few weeks at least. Yet how easy it would be for the Spaniards to sail straight to that port, even without a chart; for there is a story—you will find it in

Herman Melville's "Moby Dick" that "the young men in Salem breathe such musk, their sailor sweethearts smell them miles off shore, as though they were drawing nigh the odorous Moluccas instead of the Puritanic sands."

The hottest dispute between bill-collector and buyer is over ice.

America is a great nation and the American sailor is a fine fellow, but what miserable matches are furnished to us! Futile yet dangerous matches! We are served badly with the common conveniences of life.

Time and the Hour struck 12, reviewing Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood's new book, "An appalling dearth of intelligent observations, an alarming amount of twaddle, a sloppy style, bad grammar and even spelling, which has passed the proofreader. There is a cold-hearted, worldly tone, too, running through the text, caught, perhaps, from the 'smart' society which Mrs. Sherwood undoubtedly has frequented. * * * A schoolgirl's letters, a guide-book, and some 'society' columns might furnish the stock for the compilation of such 'reminiscences.'"

The New York Times, speaking of dictionaries, says, "Of course, the most elaborate work is the Century. The Century is nothing of the kind. It is a trilling work compared with the Oxford English Dictionary."

We heard men discussing concerning the proper pronunciation of Pinero, the name of the dramatist. Mr. Pinero is Portuguese by descent. Now there died in Portugal in the first half of the 17th century, a musician famous in his period, and his name was Pinheiro. Was that the original form of the dramatist's name?

No mean or wicked person dies in the congregation of the modern clergyman. Mortuary honey-daubing is the approved practice. The ancients were more honest; witness, this entry in the parish register of Heseluden: "Es-bell Elnor, an olde lame impident woman, bur. 1 Jan. 1663."

Everything of importance is done, with most people, I believe, when they are supposed to be doing something else. Certainly it is the case with me. Every week I have a morning when I am supposed to do accounts. I get out all my account books, and pencils, and rulers, and red ink, and spread them over my writing table, and sit down in front of them. But do you suppose I really spend the morning doing accounts? Not in the least. I may rule some lines, sharpen a pencil, and make an entry or two, but I spend most of the morning doing all sorts of things, which, but for my account morning, would never be done at all. The fact that I ought to be doing accounts puts them into my head, and makes me feel I simply must do them at once. I write letters that have been on my mind for months. I send dozens of post-cards to shops for things I had forgotten all about. I do up parcels, arrange dinner parties, practise songs, and make innumerable plans that would simply never occur to me except on my account morning.

Scaliger did not like the Spaniards. They were "ignorant and barbarous" because they had burned an infinite number of Arabian books on philosophy, theology, medicine and mathematics.

May 13, 98

Did you read in the seabooks of the old-fashioned frigate fight?

Did you learn who won by the light of the moon and stars?

Our foe was no skulk in his ship, I tell you, His was the English pluck, and there is no tougher or truer, and never was, and never will be;

Along the lowered eve he came, horribly raking us.

We closed with him, the yards, entangled, the cannon touched,

My Captain lashed fast with his own hands.

We had received some eighteen-pound shots under the water.

On our lower-gun-deck two large pieces had burst at the first fire, killing all around and blowing up overhead.

Fighting at sundown, fighting at dark, Ten o'clock at night, and the full moon shining and the leaks on the gain, and five feet of water reported.

The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined in the after-hold to give them a chance for themselves.

The transit to and from the magazine is now stopped by the sentinels.

They see so many strange faces they do not know whom to trust.

Our frigate takes fire, The other asks if we demand quarter? If our colors are struck and the fighting done?

Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my little Captain, "We have not struck," he composedly cries, "We have just begun our part of the fighting."

One last gun is in use.
One is directed by the Captain himself
against the enemy's mainmast.
Two vessels with grape and canister
silence his musketry and clear his decks.

The tops alone second the fire of this little
battery, especially the maintop.
They haul out bravely during the whole of
the action.

Not a moment's cease.
The leaks gain fast on the pumps, the fire
eats toward the powder-magazine.
One of the pumps has been shot away, it is
generally thought we are sinking.

Stern stands the little Captain.
He is not hurried, his voice is neither high
nor low.
His eyes give more light to us than our
battle-lanterns.

Toward twelve there in the beams of the
moon they surrender to us.

Now if this does not stir your blood,
read Herman Melville's account in
"Israel Potter" of the same memorable
fight. Perhaps you will do well to be-
gin with.

"Not long after, an invisible hand
came and set down a great yellow
lamp in the East. The hand reached up
unseen from below the horizon, and
set the lamp down right on the rim of
the horizon, as on a threshold; as much
as to say, Gentlemen warriors, permit
me a little to light up this rather gloomy
looking subject. The lamp was the
round harvest moon; the one solitary
foot-light of the scene."

We have received the following note:
Lebanon, N. H., May 9.
"To the Editor of the Talk of the Day:
Will you kindly describe in your col-
umn the design of the ensign or flag
of a Rear or Acting Rear-Admiral, and
oblige a reader of the Journal since
1851, also a descendant of Commodore
Hull of Constitution fame? If this is
not a talk of the day, what is it?"
Mc."

We know nothing about naval mat-
ters, although we have gone down to
the sea in ships and reeled to and fro
and staggered like a drunken man.
But we have consulted a tarry neigh-
bor, who is a most accomplished splicer
of the main brace, and he swears that
the following information is true: The
flag is small and blue with two white
stars, and it is hoisted at the mast-
head.

Admiral, Admiral! In sooth a high-
sounding word! We tried to say the
same of bombardment the other day,
but the intype machine preferred
"work" to "word." "Admiral" comes
through of French from the Arabic,
"amir-al-ia," commander of the water.
(Happy Arabians—they had such de-
lightful nights). Do sailors still pro-
nounce it "amrel"? Our chief ac-
quaintance with them is on the comic
opera stage, where their trousers are
unlucky. Back in the 13th century "ad-
miral" in English meant simply any
Saracen or "infidel" ruler or command-
er, and this use lasted three centuries.
(Thus Lydgate spoke in 1430 of "Old
Hannibal Which of Chantage was
chief Admirall"). It was in 1460 that
"Capgrave wrote "The Erl of Arundel,
Richard was mad amrel of the se." And
the last Lord High Admiral was the
duke of Clarence, afterwards Wil-
liam IV.

Then there is the meaning, "a naval
officer of the highest rank," and, by
the way, a tapster was formerly called
"Admiral of the Blue," from the color
of his apron.

If you will consult the "Archaeologus
in modum glossarii" of Sir Henry Spel-
man (1626) you will find much curious
information, and long lists of "Ad-
miralli Boreales" and "Admiralli Occi-
dentales" (pp. 12-21).

Furthermore, the privileged com-
mander of a fishing or merchant fleet
is known as the admiral, as is the flag-
ship of a navy, or the most consider-
able of a fleet of merchantmen or cod-
fish boats. There is an admiral-but-
terfly, an admiral-sea-shell. If the ad-
miral is married, there is an admiraless,
and, bachelor or spouse, he holds the
admiralship. Then there is that good
word "admiralling." But read for your-
self in Spelman and in Dr. Murray's
Oxford Dictionary.

And here comes P. D. of Boston, ask-
ing, "Why do all the newspapers spell
admiral with only one l? Dictionary
says two and it was spelled with 2 l's
50 years ago."

We heard a profane business man
say that Dewey had knocked "it" out of
that Philippine town; but let us avoid
dispartesy in trying to slake a thirst for
information.

Admiral (with one l) is the form given
in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Ap-
pendix A, and Cyclopaedia (1856), and
the Century Cyclopaedia. Remember
that the "l" is the word is long.

Now in Jeremy Collier's "Great Illus-
trated Geographical, Genealogical and

Poetical Dictionary (1762 ed. Vol. II,
1761) we find these spellings: Mantle,
and Manhilla. "The Portuguese name
them (Philippine Islands) Manhillles,
which is the name of the chief of them,
and the Indians call them Luzons." But
Collier, describing the chief town,
calls it Mantle. "The Castle of St. Ja-
go, mounted with Cannon defends
the Haven, and there are about 2000
Spaniards here, Garison and all; 20,000
Chinese Tradesmen do constantly re-
side here, besides those who arrive
Annually in 500 Ships, and follow their
Commerce from December to April.
The Japonels do also Trade hither, and
though not in such great numbers, yet
the Spaniards are more jealous of them.
Here are greater Gallies built than
those of the Mediterranean, because
they have more Materials for that end."

And here is a communication from
a wild-eyed patriot that demands im-
mediate attention: "While our Tory
friends on the Herald and elsewhere are
shouting for the surrender of our new
possessions in the East to their former
owners, why not employ our time and
ingenuity in finding a suitable name for
the Islands? We do not wish to per-
petuate the name of Philip II. of Spain,
the consort of Bloody Mary, the pro-
jector of the conquest of England by
the Armada and the assassin of Wil-
liam of Orange!" Wow!

Our genealogical friend the Trans-
cript is now in the front rank of in-
trepid discoverers. Mr. H. T. Parker,
tramping through the jungles of Lon-
don, has found out that Byron is still
read by "the middle classes," and the
book-reviewer in Boston has just stum-
bled upon Zola's "Débauche," which was
Englished some years ago.

May 14, 1898

Stretch'd and still lies the midnight.
Two great hulls motionless on the breast of
the darkness.
One vessel riddled and slowly sinking, prepa-
rations to pass to the one we have con-
quered.
The Captain on the quarter-deck slowly
giving his orders through a counte-
nance white as a sheet.
Near by the corpse of the child that serv'd
in the cabin.
The dead face of an old salt with long white
hair and carefully curl'd whiskers,
The flames spite of all that can be done
flustering aloft and below,
The husky voices of the two or three offi-
cers yet fit for duty,
Formless stacks of bodies and bodies by
themselves, dabs of flesh upon the masts
and spars,
Cut of cordage, dangle of rigging, slight
shock of the soothe of waves,
Black and impassive guns, litter of powder-
parcels, strong scent.
A few large stars overhead, silent and
mournful shining.
Delicate stiffs of sea-breeze, smells of sedge
grass and fields by the shore, death-
messages given in charge to survivors.
The hiss of the surgeon's knife, gnawing
teeth of his saw,
Where, cluck, swoosh of falling blood, short
wild scream, and long, dull, tapering
groan.
These so, these irretrievable.

This is the reverse of the shining
medal of Fame. Yesterday you read
of the brilliance of conflict, of the de-
light of battle.

And as yesterday we alluded to Her-
man Melville's description of the great
sea fight, so today we invite your at-
tention to this one description:

"At the breach, crouched the wary
captain of the gun, his keen eye, like
the watching leopard's, burning along
the range, and behind all, tall and
erect, the Egyptian symbol of death,
stood the matchman immovable for the
moment, his long-handled match re-
versed. Up to their two long death-
dealing batteries, the trained men of
the Scapis stood and toiled in
mechanical magic of discipline. They
tended those rows of guns, as Lowell
girls the rows of looms in a cotton
factory. The Parcae were not more
methodical; Atropos not more fatal; the
automaton chess-player not more ir-
responsible."

The Providence Journal may rejoice
in the statement of the Pall Mall
Gazette that the Kaiser, disliking the
swallow tail "insists that wherever
possible courtiers and guests shall wear
the frock coat à l'anglais." But has
the Providence Journal ever seen the
Kaiser? We saw him frequently in the
years 1882-1884 when no one dreamed
of his taking the throne. We saw him at
opera house and in procession, in vari-
ous costumes. It was the time when
he was infatuated with a baker's
daughter in Charlottenburg. And he
was then a sight! Just the man to be
passionately fond of a Prince Albert,
which lends false dignity, and enables
timid men to be pompous.

Is it not about time to call a meet-
ing of the Society for the Protection
of Foot Passengers?

The courteous Spaniard now speaks
to the American sailor in the formula
used in addressing beggars: "Brother,
God put it into your heart to deprive
me of the pleasure of your society."

The Police Commissioners propose
that the Back Bay at any rate shall
be protected from burglars, thieves and
foot pads this summer, and already
stalwart policemen mounted on foam-
ing chargers are cavorting through
aristocratic alleyways. But are the
best clothes in Worcester Square and
the diamonds in Cortez Street to go un-
protected?

THE BRIDE'S AUNT (to a cousin of the
Bridegroom): She really ought to be here
by now. The last words I said to her mother
yesterday evening after dinner—(they gave a
farewell dinner, you know; oh, only to the
immediate members of the family)—the last
words I said were, "Be sure Mabel begins
to get ready in time." If the bride's late
it does make the bridegroom look so foolish,
doesn't it?

THE BRIDEGROOM'S COUSIN: I don't
think Arthur looks foolish at all. He isn't
that sort of person. But I must say it is
too bad. Our family are all so punctual.

THE BRIDE'S AUNT: Of course he got
here a great deal too early. I said so. He's
beginning toidget. Now Mabel's so com-
posed. We all are. She'll soon break him
of nervousness. We haven't a nerve amongst
us. I think the bridesmaids' dresses are
lovely, don't you? Mabel has such good
taste.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S COUSIN: Yes. We
all said that when we heard of the engage-
ment.

A law library is one of the most dis-
couraging sights on this whizzing hall.
And why? Because of the hideous uni-
formity of binding. Gabriel Peignot
knew a bibliophile who varied the mor-
occo binding of his books according
to subjects: religion was in violet, law
in brown, science and art in green,
belles-lettres in red, and history in blue.
Peignot adds, "After all, this variety
is an indifferent thing." We do not
agree with this entertaining writer.
Uniformity is hideous. Particular hooks
should have particular bindings. The
organist Guilman has the works of
Palestrina, Beethoven, Wagner bound
in red; those of Mozart are in blue;
and will not a sensitive musician re-
cognize at once the felicity of the choice?
If law books were only in gay or
symbolic dress! Parsons on Contracts
might be dressed in human skin, and
the leading authority on trusts might
be more suggestive in crushed morocco,
carefully tooled.

The New York Sun says that "the
Greek girls who sat on the walls of
the city and gave their hair a daily
sun bath certainly knew their business."
The Sun evidently never heard of the
young maid (see Amatus Lusitanus
cent. I, curat. 45), "that was one Vin-
cent a Currier's daughter, some thir-
teen years of age, that would wash
her hair in the heat of the day (in
July) and so let it dry in the sun, to
make it yellow, but by that means
tarrying too long in the heat, she in-
flamed her head, and made herself
mad."

About Music
May 15, 1898

You know Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-
Zeisler, the pianist. A woman of ex-
ceedingly well-trained fingers and in-
disputable musical passion, which at
times is too exuberantly and too super-
naturally displayed.

She made her first appearance in Eng-
land April 28 in the Queen's Hall, Lon-
don, at the third of the present series of
Philharmonic concerts, conducted by Sir
Alexander Mackenzie. Her selection
was Rubinstein's concerto in D minor.
The Pall Mall Gazette said of her: "She
has an exceptionally fine technical ac-
complishment and at the outset showed
also a great power. We rather think
that toward the end the claims of the
music were somewhat too much for her,
for that particular element of strength
became less and less apparent with the
progress of the piece. Nevertheless, in
no mere conventional use of the epithet,
we may describe her as a charming
player. She seems sensitive to any-
thing that is worth feeling in music,
and her manner is delicate and careful.
It cannot be said that the orchestra
gave her such support in the concerto
as deserves ecstatic praise; indeed, she
emphasized a somewhat disastrous an-
tithesis between her own playing and
the band accompaniments."

Mrs. Zeisler received the following
note after the concert:

"Dear Madam—Permit me, in the
name of the Directors, to offer you
their sincere congratulations upon a
your great success last night.
Nothing could have been more com-
plete and absolute. Great artist as
you are, you must be accustomed
by this time to triumphs of all
kinds, but to take such a critical
audience as the London Philhar-
monic by storm, as you did, is an

achievement of a kind which few
affords. It is a real pleasure to have
had the means of an English
concert. Personally, I desire to offer
you my warmest congratulations.
Your performance enchanted, while
that of others merely surprises.

"FRANCESCO BERGER.

"Honorary Secretary Philharmonic
Society."
And Berger has heard many pianists
for he was born in 1833.

Mr. Blackburn wrote of Brahms's
third symphony, which was played at
the same concert:

"We believe that the work has been
very widely admired; and indeed there
are many reasons why it should be ad-
mired. It has that extraordinary qual-
ity of formalism, and of pure ingenuity
of technique of which Brahms, when he
was put to it, was always a master,
and by means of which he was able
to make even a poverty of inspiration
rich and decorative. Look for a mo-
ment at the second movement, which,
says Mr. Barry in his analysis, 'is based
for the most part upon a hymn-like
theme.' We ask any impartial man to
take that 'hymn-like theme,' section by
section, and compare it to the 'Prayer'
from 'Zampa,' which it so curiously and
so intimately resembles, and judge as to
which is essentially the finer inspira-
tion. It would be difficult to decide, but
where the despised Hölzel just wrote
this melody for what it was worth, and
let it lie there, Brahms, with a won-
derfully business-like air, took the thing
up, weighed it carefully, developed it,
ornamented it, and turned it out with as
elaborate a finish as the ingenuity of
man could secure for it. We wish to
make the distinction between such work
as this and the work of the greatest
masters of music with all temperateness
and respect: for in certain quarters
our attitude in regard to Brahms has
been almost wantonly misunderstood.
To suggest a human weakness in this
master would seem to imply an absolute
irreverence and a contemptible lack of
intelligence. Such a view, however,
is to destroy all reasonable criticism.
That Brahms is among the most re-

sourceful and ingenious evolutionists
of music in the world we readily ac-
knowledge; it is by that gift that he
has secured the greater part of his
enormous reputation; but we refuse
to acknowledge that, save in rare in-
stances, the bare materials which he
invented and upon which he chose to
exercise his fine powers of developmen-
ment were worthy of the greatest compos-
er of music. The Philharmonic Orchestra
did not play the symphony with any of
that peculiar glamour of achievement
which sometimes carries off this pecu-
liar defect in Brahms's composition. But
really Sir Alexander Mackenzie did
everything that under the circumstan-
ces he could have been expected to do.
He himself was alert and vigilant; but
we do not blame him for not attempting
to extract more from the music than
was actually there."

Marie Van Zandt was married April
27 at the majority of the Champ-
Elysées district, Paris, to Perovnikoff,
De Teherinoff, a Russian State Coun-
cilor and Professor at the Imperial
Academy of Moscow. They say that
she will now retire from the stage.

She made her first appearance in op-
era in Turin, in 1852, as Zerlina, in "Don
Giovanni." Her fame was due to
"Lakmé," which Delibes wrote expres-
sly for her. The first performance was
April 14, 1883.

Her only appearances in Boston were
as Lakmé (March 15, 1892) and Zerlina
in "Don Giovanni" (March 25, 1892). Her
voice and piquant charm were lost in
enormous Mechanics' Hall.

The scandal connected with an ap-
pearance as Rosina at the Opéra
Comique in 1884—when she was charge-
d with intoxication—kept her from France
for 12 years. The New York Sun
speaking of this the other day, said:

"A series of memoirs published by the
Chief of Police who was in power dur-
ing the Van Zandt riots made it ap-
pear that they were incited by some of
the Government officials, who saw an
opportunity to divert public attention
from the defeats of the army in China.
The plausibility of this view was in-
creased by the presentation to Mlle.
Van Zandt on her reappearance in Paris
of the medal of the French Academy.
It was thought that this was an at-
tempt on the part of the Government
to apologize for having her hooded out
of the city."

Mlle. Van Zandt has never been
married before. Her constant com-
panion on all her travels has been her
mother, to whose advice and prudence
the singer's comfortable fortune is said
to be due. Mlle. Van Zandt is one of
the wealthy singers. There is one
other country which is almost as liberal
in the matter of paying singers as this
country. That is Russia, and Mlle. Van
Zandt has always been popular there."

Mr. Atwater, the London correspond-
ent of the Musician Courier, thus speaks
of Duhois's piano concerto, played in
London for the first time April 19:

"At the Lamoureux concert, Tuesday
afternoon, a new concerto for piano
and orchestra—No. 2 in E minor—by
Theodore Duhois, director of the Paris
Conservatoire, was brought forward for
a first hearing in London, with Miss
Clotilde Kleeberg at the solo instru-
ment. The work is scholarly in design,
masterly in execution and artistic in
detail, and in this wise in harmony
from what might be expected from such
an artist, master and scholar. I should
not have been surprised if the work of
such a learned, busy man had not been
found lacking in some of those spiritual

was Hoffmann, not Reményi! A born wanderer, writing hymns to Mt. Shasta, meeting with half-breath escapes on land and sea, applying for 400 square feet for his "rare African ethnological specimens" at an Exhibition, claiming the authorship of certain Hungarian Dances by Brahms.

Do you remember his appearance in court as an expert in the Victor Flechter case? "You must understand, gentlemen," he said, addressing the Magistrate and the lawyers, "that my playing should not be taken as a test of the instrument. I could make a very ordinary violin sound as well as a Stradivarius."

They that heard him in his last and feeble years wondered, no doubt, at his earlier reputation, and some were so unkind as to hint that he was a charlatan. This judgment was cruelly unjust. At his best he had a remarkable command of the violin, and his passion was irresistible. When he appeared for the second time in this country—in 1879—he was a violinist of great moments rather than sustained power.

Liszt's devotion to him was not merely a compliment to Hungary. In his letters he often speaks of him in terms of glowing praise, as in a letter from Rome in 1864 to Franz Brendel: "If a place is to be retained for Reményi he will fill it brilliantly. For both as a soloist and a quartet player his accomplishments are extraordinary."

The New York Times of the 16th said that at one of Reményi's concerts in New York he played a duet with Wilhelm! "After Henry Ward Beecher had opened the proceedings with prayer." Let us hope that the program did not make the announcement once made in print at a college commencement in Vermont:

MUSIC BY THE PRESIDENT.

PRAYER BY THE BAND.

And not the least dramatic episode in Reményi's adventurous life was his death, a death that he himself would have coveted.

C. F. E. writes: "What will you pay me a week for 20 first-class jokes? My friends say I ought not to waste my wit in conversation. I inclose a sample."

"Jones: I went to 10 offices yesterday to collect bills and found everybody out."

"Brown: You ought to be a detective."

"This made the boys at the cigar-store laugh."

"Harvard laid up for repairs. Yale all right." This has a familiar sound.

Italy is full of trouble, on account, no doubt, of its fatal gift of beauty. Dr. L. Vincenzi has discovered that holy water, "stirred by septic hands" is to be looked on with suspicion. In samples taken from a church at Sassari were bacteria, diphtheria germs, etc., and the faithful had touched their lips as well as their finger tips with the water. This moves an Englishman to remark: "The layman may feel a touch of pity for the unfortunate bacilli. Persecuted in the laboratory, the hospital, and the house they have taken sanctuary like the outcasts of the Middle Ages within the pale of the church. And now science has tracked them thither."

A GIRL IN WHITE (to a Man in Black): Oh, here they are. We shall see her beautifully here. Don't let any one else in. What hymn? Oh, it's on the paper. I do like these silver letters, don't you? They're very harsh voices, I think—the choir I mean—that tall boy with the red hair particularly. And how tossed their surplices are! I really think for a wedding they might—Here she is. Doesn't she look sweet? No, not as shy as her father. Oh, did I brush against you hat?

THE MAN IN BLACK (looking ruefully at his hat): Shall I chance places with you?

THE GIRL IN WHITE: Oh, don't trouble. I'm all right where I am, if you don't mind my leaning across you a little. What a pity her veil isn't straight! Did you see? Some one ought to tell her. It's too late, now. Won't you put your hat under the seat instead of on the stool? I'm afraid I've kicked it. I don't think the bridesmaids very pretty, do you? Mabel might have found prettier girls among her friends, I do think. Oh, not for anything. I meant to refuse, anyway. He's given them little diamond bicycles. The wheels—yes, brooches. I do think it was rather mean of Mabel to have Ella Vanastart, whom she hardly knows, when I was at school with her. I think he's much too good for her.

"Telephone Girl" Rings Up at the Hollis.

"Highwayman" Returns to the Tremont Theatre.

"Maritana" Opens Last Week at Grand Opera House.

"The Telephone Girl," a musical comedy in two acts, text by "Hugh Morton" (founded on a French piece by Mars and Desvallieres), music by Gustave Kerker, was performed last night for the first time in Boston at the Hollis Street Theatre by the Casino (N. Y.) Company. There was a large and very appreciative audience. Mr. W. T. Francis conducted. The cast was as follows:

Hans Nik.....Louis Mann
Col. Goldtop.....Joseph C. Fay
Dick Marvel.....Wm. Bernard
Senor Velasquez.....Henry Bergman
Ebenzer Fairfax.....Nicholas Barnham
Snuffles.....Jas. F. MacDonald
Saunders.....B. T. Dillon
Ballet Master.....Mylo Joyce
Estelle Cocoon.....Clara Lipman
Beauty Fairfax.....Rose Ibrahim
Sananthy Fairfax.....Sarah McVicker
Mrs. Puffaway.....Helen Harrington
Tots.....Nellie Douglas
Clementine.....Caroline Huestis

This is a farce comedy adapted and arranged for a Casino company and a Casino audience, and this description should be enough for all good Bostonians, who occasionally go to the Babylonian town to snatch a fearful joy. It is a lively world that is opened to us; a world where all women dance even in business hours; where inspectors of telephones in the discharge of their duty kiss all the girls, although calls remain unanswered during osculation; where Brazilians introduce themselves into loudly decorated flats with the credentials of flourishing mines and bedlammed garters; where the talk is free and the wit flashes over swampy, forbidden ground. Compared with the inventions of these ingenious providers for the Casino Wycherly's fancy was prudish and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Custom of the Country" an agreeable entertainment written with an express view for performance by college societies under the patronage of leading citizenesses.

Thus might the Stern Moralist write about this show. Indeed, I saw him at the Hollis Street Theatre last night. He sat well toward the front. At first he was disconcerted by the shrill chorus of the telephone girls, and when Miss Carolyn Huestis began to scream in talk and wriggle in action, he wondered whether the company had been playing for a month or so out of doors. But pretty Miss Douglas captivated him, and he became interested in her devotion to poor Snuffles, whose love for Estelle reminded him of the longing of the moth for the star. He regretted the presence of Mrs. Puffaway, a type that is disagreeable and a bore in many of Gilbert's librettos, and he kept dreading the apparition of Mr. Bergman, who is a violent actor, entitled beyond doubt and peradventure to every cent of his salary. He was charmed by Miss Lipman in the first act, but in the second he soon grew weary of her laughter and chatter in the champagne scene. The Stern Moralist is not without sentiment, and for the moment he pitied the parents of Beauty Fairfax, but he discovered that they were only card board figures and his mind was at rest. Mr. Mann amused him, amused, and also wearied him, by the endless repetition, the spinning out, the repeated hammering on the head of a thin jest—as in the telephoning to Sing-Sing and that tiresome business with the visiting card; but he often laughed uproariously.

Even the Stern Moralist is human. He did not think the American flag disgraced when he saw it clasp the legs of beauty; he envied bitterly the little negro who was the sport of two sumptuous and enticing chorus-girls; and there was a cunning gleam in his eye as he draught restoring youth to the chorus reminded him of Faust's Dream that he once saw in the picture-gallery of a New York hotel. He mellowed as the performance went on, he felt like sending flowers and his compliments to Miss Braham, he did not blame the Brazilian in either courtship. He said to me when the telephone girls were assembled in the flat thoughtfully provided by good Col. Goldtop for Miss Fairfax, "After all, why should we take this seriously; it's fairyland." I asked him what he thought of the music; but his opera glass was mowing down whole rows of chorus girls, and he did not deign to answer. I noticed, however, that his feet were beating time to the merry jingle. And he laughed with the hilarious audience, and occasionally grew red in the face, watching a freak of Mr. Mann.

No doubt this morning the Stern Moralist will shake his head if you mention "The Telephone Girl" to him. But ten to one, if you go to the Hollis tonight you will see him there. He sits well toward the front.

Philip Hale.

"Chorus Girl" Is the Museum Show.

Ever on Cool
Charles Sumner

That there are all kinds of chorus girls is admitted, even by the most exclusive members of society. Their lives we do not wish to inquire into to any great extent, though if we were to do so we would no doubt find large quantities of material for what the journalists call "copy." It is to be presumed that the persons responsible for the "The Chorus Girl," as presented last night at the Boston Museum, were lacking in perception and energy. For if their per-

ception was as low they would have perceived other things than the objects so familiar even to the most unsophisticated theatre-goer, "the angel." Energy was expended upon lyrics more or less reminiscent of ancient times, dealing with ideas that ranged from the festive stage kitten to the blowing up of the Maine.

It seems to be a mistaken idea, this construction of so-called musical comedies. It is not everybody that can hit upon—wo use the words "hit upon" in the sense that they are meant—a clever idea. If it were possible, there would not be theatres enough to make the booking or people enough to cast the pieces that these authors would try to perpetrate. Who the censor is—and censor means more at this time than it ever did before, for as with news so with amusements should the censor be most vigilant—is not known, and it is presumed that he will not reveal his identity. Success means everything; failure—nothing. This statement covers a great deal of ground, and one who has failed should not make his failure the subject of mirth.

All this persiflage may or may not strike home, but it is certainly apropos. "The Chorus Girl" is in many respects the prototype of a man who has been unsuccessful in the theatrical world. The dialogue breathes of discontent, the lyrics of disgruntled ambition, and the idea is lost in a maze of garters, rouge and lingerie.

It is not worth while to discuss the story of "The Chorus Girl," for nobody was interested, and therein lies the fault of the whole production, the lack of interest. When the curtain rose upon the first act and the drop back of the players indicated an empty house, there was a wet blanket thrown upon the performance, for Boston audiences are quick to see, and equally acute in their premonitions. The house last night was large and enthusiastic, though the reason for their enthusiasm is yet to be discovered, unless it be that they delight in pale imitations of can-can, ceaseless repetitions and incessant re-appearance of a delightfully beautiful chorus. The one thing that can be considered an excuse is embodied in the last phrase, for the chorus was indeed adequate and contained not only good looks but excellent vocal ability.

As has been already stated, the story is pitifully weak, but what little there is of it deals with the misadventures of a chorus girl who has risen to the dignity of soubrette, a millionaire, that ancient character in burlesque, a second violin, exceedingly reminiscent of "Tribby," not to mention Richard Mansfield, and a stage manager, who by the way, was admirably played by Eddie Garvie. His humor was contagious, and all regretted when he was absent, for he was the life of the piece.

As was expected, Merrie Osborne came, was not seen and did not conquer. She, as Betty Biddle, disappointed her fondest admirer, who it is presumed was there to condone any inadequacy in her conception of the part, if there can be said to be a part in which she was inadequate.

It is customary on all these occasions to mention the scenic effects, and it must be mentioned as a matter of history. The locale was the stage of the Criterion Theatre, a strange place. The reverse side of the drop curtain at this theatre, it can be presumed, has many sides, because ocular demonstration proves that there must have been more than one curtain or two sides to one, for the background was varied. All of which lent spice to the evening's performance. Miss Minnie Ashley as "Clairette," with Mr. Garvie, was a bright spot in a too dismal background.

PROOPING OF THE COLORS.

Mechanics Play
Sousa's Patriotic Pageant Created
Much Enthusiasm—The Lambs' Gambol.

Admiration at their novelty heightens the value of your achievements. It is both useless and insipid to play with the cards on the table. If you do not declare yourself immediately, you arouse expectation, especially when the importance of your position makes you the object of general attention. Mix a little mystery with everything, and the very mystery arouses veneration. And when you explain, be not too explicit, just as you do not expose your inmost thoughts in ordinary intercourse. Cautious silence is the holy of holies of worldly wisdom. A resolution declared is never highly thought of; it only leaves room for criticism. And if it happens to fail, you are doubly unfortunate. Besides you imitate the Divine way when you cause men to wonder and watch.

It now appears that the defeat of the Spaniards at Manila was due to the fact that they were in their pyjamas and had not had their coffee. (By the way, P. D. asks us why Manila is spelled with one "i" and vanilla with two. We don't know. P. D. should ask General Blanco, who is always happy to give information concerning Spanish affairs).

The Spaniards were surprised in their pyjamas. Since surprise is the chief element of wit, they should have laughed heartily when Dewey caught them. Of course, if they had not been in pyjamas, if they had been discovered in plain ordinary cotton nightgowns, the nightgowns of commerce, they might have been ashamed. We

do not believe that either Admiral Montojo or the sartorial editor of the Providence Journal could preserve his dignity in an old-fashioned nightgown. Nor do we see how men dressed in nightgowns which flap about the legs—as when you try to regulate the window of your bedroom—could shoot great guns with any accuracy. But pyjamas, picturesque and comfortable, are not a reasonable excuse for defeat.

Admiral Dewey should have allowed the Spaniards to drink at least two cups of coffee before the combat. The late Colonel Albert Gallatin Browne used to say that the tea-drinking nations will ultimately prevail over all coffee-drinkers. However this may be, a Spaniard in pajamas and without coffee at an early hour in the morning is surely not expected to be a hero. Leonidas and his band combed their hair just before they began to defend the pass. If we are drafted—but we are old, tubby, near-sighted, and a little lame—we shall insist on a bath, a clean shave, an orange, coffee and hot, buttered toast before plunking or daggling a fierce-whiskered Hidalgo.

A Washington correspondent writes with reference to those pumping the naval authorities: "These inquirers, as a rule, get little definite information, not so much because of the lack of it, as because to give it out would be, in many cases, equivalent to making it public." Just so; and to make a thing public would be to give it out.

Mr. Justice Lawrance, who is an ardent golfer of England, tells the following story against himself: A boy recently appeared before him as a witness, and on the learned Judge asking him if he was acquainted with the nature of an oath, the youth promptly replied, "Of course: I am; ain't I your caddie?"

Complete ignorance of military training is the chief qualification of those about to serve on Gen. Lee's staff.

What's this? No row at a business meeting of the Handel and Haydn? The musical season is, indeed, over.

A Child (to Another Child): Aunt Ethel's crying. Look, Barbara, you can see her pocket-handkerchief. No, stand where I am. Well, get on the stool. Nobody'll notice.

Barbara: I don't like to. Oh, so she is.

Besides, I'm sure we oughtn't to talk. You know we've got to behave, Enid.

Enid: It isn't like real church, you know—not Sunday church I mean. It's only a wedding. The cake's lovely. It came yesterday. I mean to take most of the almond part. That's what makes it different from other cakes, you know—that and the sugar you can't bite, and the silver leaves and things.

Barbara: I'm only allowed to eat sponge cake. I do wish the people would sit down in front. I want to see Aunt Ethel crying.

The Officiating Clergyman: "... or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

Enid: Wouldn't it be fun if some one did get up and show just cause—

Barbara: Oh, that's only at some churches and when you've been divorced; and then people write to the papers and the clergyman says he is never going to allow his church to be used again—but, Enid, I'm sure we oughtn't to talk.

Mr. N. H. Dole in the introduction to his "Joseph Jefferson at Home" claims that the actor who lives in this period is more fortunate than his predecessors because he is now welcomed in society and received "in the most exclusive circles." We regard this social intercourse as a serious disadvantage to the play actor's art and independence.

Here is a recent bill of fare of a Dawson City restaurant: Coffee or tea, .75 a cup; pie .75 a piece; porridge \$1.75 a plate; soup \$1 a plate; sandwiches .75 each; steak \$3; portion of canned fruit \$1; whiskey .50 a glass; complete table d'hote meal, half an ounce of gold.

War correspondents—and among them the gentle "Listener"—should follow the advice of Mr. J. L. Ford in the making of a comfortable and sanitary summer costume: "The basque should be made of some loosely woven woolen material, and may be worn over a shirt waist. In cutting out lay the front gore with the perforated edge lengthwise of the goods, allow an inch and a quarter for seams, and pay no attention to the grains of the paper. Interline the gores with haircloth or crinoline, and if necessary increase the length of the lower edge of the gores. The bloomers should be made rather full, and in color a shade lighter than the basque. Put 3, knit 4, drop 1, and take up stitch again. They should be made to fasten with hooks and eyes, not buttons. This dainty little war toilet may be worn in the evening with a light mantilla thrown over the shoulders."

The Journal has received the following communication:

tor of "Talk of the Day":
his parody which I find in the Lon-
"Speaker" is timely enough and
ked enough for your column. It has
text an item to the effect that the
break of war was hailed at Chicago
the ringing of the church bells,
that there were thanksgiving ser-
mons in some of the Western towns.
ark! the herald demens sing!
ark! the murderous church bells ring!
e blood-red standard is unfurled;
urs and Molech rule the world.
ristians shout their joyous notes,
yinc at each other's throats!
aughter, ruin, rapine, woe!
onward, Christians, onward go."

the temple of the Lord
ist the flag and wave the sword,
t the whole infernal din
the sound of war begin.
ory to the Christian plan:
ar on Earth, and hnto to Man!
ark! the herald demens sing—
Iad to Mars, our god and king!"
don't believe that the church bells
re rung in Chicago, or thanksgiving
ices held anywhere, but this Eng-
ling certainly has some excuse
the action of American churches.
S. T. P.

may 19

THE COMMON.

is here, as usual; and the low cuss who
ed it a Vacant Lot, and wanted to know
they didn't ornament it with sum-
ins, is a onhappy Outcast in Naponist.

ld Chimes is delighted at the
ught of boys bathing, splashing,
andering, or swimming in the Frog
nd. "My only regret is that the fine
le fellows will be obliged to wear
oper bathing dresses." "Proper" gar-
nts are often in reality improper. I
think of nothing more beautiful
in these youngsters splashing about
a summer day, tossing their white
ns in glee. What delightful contrasts
color between flesh and water and
ass and trees and sky! An Arcadian
ene, refreshing to those passing by
ent on business! A scene in harmony
th the classical reputation of the city!
hope to see gypsies encamping in the
iblic Garden telling fortunes, casting
ells and singing at night in rivalry to
e bulbul, which, I understand, has been
dered at last by Mr. Doogue. Boston
is summer will be unusually attract-
e as a summer resort, especially if a
gorous bombardment be duly adver-
sed in Western and Southern newspa-
rs."

"You may remember," continued the
urdy old fellow, "that some time ago
asserted that a short, squat bulbous
an should never lounge in the corridor
a tall, thin tavern like the Touraine;
at he should never, in fact, eat or
leep there, if he has any sense of the
ness of things; that a man built like
bug-light should frequent a gas-
ometer. He should also be careful and
scrutinizing in his choice of a cigar.
ow absurd he would look smoking a
anetel! Only a man of heroic size
ould light a Reina Victoria. Our bug-
t friend should content himself with
Reina Concha. Nor am I quite recon-
led to a boyish dude inhaling smoko
om a Nestor cigarette, nor do I un-
rstand how an Orthodox Congrega-
onallist can keep in his house Egypt-
an Delties. It is as though my dear
end Jeffrey Roche should prefer Re-
alla Britanicas or Hungry Joe should
isist on a variety of the Jesse Rural."

"This reminds me," said Old Chimes,
he looked significantly at the waiter,
he knows full well his taste in alco-
ol, "that I read an attack on George
and the other day, in which someone
brieked at her because she was found
y visiting Balzac in her dressing-gown
earing red trousers and yellow slippers
and smoking a cigar. But if it
ere necessary for her to smoke, I am
lad that she had no cigarette-stained
umb and finger."

It seems impossible that Mr. Rich-
rd H. Davis could have kept still con-
erning his nomination as Assistant
djutant General. He should have
ritten an account of his refusal, with
n illustration of "Richard Harding
avis in the act of declining some-
hing." But Mr. Davis is a man of
urprises. Even now we are not sure
hat the pleasing story is anything
ut a new form of advertisement.

H. D. F. asks, "Why do you regard
ocial intercourse between a playactor
nd men and women who are interested
s playgoers in theatrical matters as
a serious disadvantage to the playact-
or's art?"

We are inclined to believe that if a
ayactor "goes habitually into gen-
ral society," he loses all true values
f life, which as an actor he must have
ccurately in mind. Furthermore to
ick, Tom and Harry, likewise Emma
nd Tabitha, the playactor is hence-
orth just a plain, ordinary man, and
he pleasures of illusion and mystery

and curiosity disappear. For instance,
ye should much prefer to hear that
Mr. Joseph Jefferson was considering
thoughtfully the intention of Sheridan
in creating the character of Bob Acres
than to read of him making futile
speeches before a university audience
or addressing a crowd at the dedication
of a library building on Capo Cod.

The pathetic feature of this never-
ending Manola-Mason affair is that
the story of their alternate quarrelling
and making-up is now a most tiresome
bore.

One of the Bridesmaids (to Another): It
does seem such a pity to kneel in these lovely
white frocks. It's like sitting on the stairs
at a dance—a thing I never will do.

Her Friend: Ssh. Look! I know he'll
drop the ring.

An Emotional Spinster (to her Elderly
Companion in the body of the church): I
never can help it.

Her Elderly Companion: Do control your-
self. People will see.

The Emotional Spinster: I am. It's all so
beautiful. It does affect me so.

Her Companion (bluntly): There, don't be
affected.

The Emotional Spinster: They are mnn and
wife now. Isn't it an awful thought! She
will never sign herself Mabel FitzMorning-
ton again.

The Paris Liberté has announced the
spring style of cane. It must have a
golden handle. "It must never leave
you," says the oracle, "from morn-
ing till night even on rainy days. In-
deed, on rainy days you must make
a special point of carrying it." Are
such proclamations the result of the
deliberation of some solemn council
sitting masked and oath-bound in a
dimly-lighted hall? What for instance
was the origin of the Crutch and
Toothpick craze, when, about 15 years
ago, in London "every man who had
any pretensions to being in the fashion
fortified himself with a crutch stick
and established a toothpick in his
mouth, as at the wave of a magic
wand?"

The Babylonian swells were equally
obedient to fashion. Does not Herodot-
us tell us that every man carried a
seal ring and a curiously wrought
cane? "And on every cane is carved
either an apple, a rose, a lily, an eagle,
or something of the kind; for it is not
allowable to wear a stick without a
device."

may 20

BALLADE OF THE CARELESS CRITIC.

Was it in prison the Dauphin died?
On Charles's scaffold who struck the blow?
Was Mary Stuart a willing bride
When Bothwell rode at her saddle-bow?
Did Mangan teach his refrain to Poe?
Was it Thompson's or Mallet's, our nautical
air?

Of such things ignorance is woe,
But who was Junius I don't much care.

Let Science publish far and wide,
From India to the Esquimaux,
Why pinks are white and daisies pled,
What flings on Alpine fields of snow
The radiance of the after-glow,
Why flints are common, diamonds rare;
On all these points may knowledge grow,
But who was Junius I don't much care.

Many a secret Fate loves to hide—
The Derby winner, Andree's depot,
In every war the conquering side,
And whither our minor poets go.
Who'll pay the bills that I sadly owe?
Where's the affection I long to share?
This I would thank any prophet to show,
But who was Junius I don't much care.

L'ENVOI.

Prince, there are lots of things to know,
And more you'll say you know, if you
dare;
The Man in the Mask was—So-and-so,
But who was Junius? I don't much care.

E. S. asks, "What is the correct pro-
nunciation of Commodore Schley's
name?"

We are assured by a man, who is an
authority on naval matters and says
that he can locate any Spanish fleet
through a smoked glass, that the name
is pronounced as though it were spelled
"Sly."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, however,
adopted a different pronunciation in his
well known line:
"If the red Schleyer thinks he schleys."

It is now settled, we understand, that
the earth is not a globe; it is a tetra-
hedon. Prospero's line will henceforth
read: "The solemn temples, the great
tetrahedon itself."

Cadet at Nahant writes: "Our brave
boys along the coast have nothing to
eat except ham and eggs and bacon;
becon and ham and eggs. Is this a
wholesome diet?"

What do you want? Waffles and cus-
tard-ple? Let us consult the ancients.
What does old Burton say?

"Pork, of all meats, is most nutritive
in his own nature, but altogether un-
fit for such as live at ease, are any
ways unsound of body or mind; too
moist, full of humors, nought for

queasy stomachs, inasmuch that fre-
quent use of it may breed a quartan
ague." But the Cadets in war time are
not supposed to live at ease.

The other Burton (Sir Richard) as-
sures us that pork is the favorite food
in young lands, but China and Russia
are certainly not infants, and Captain
Cook notes that in the Sandwich Isl-
ands pork was eminently the food of
"people of a higher rank," and women
were not allowed to eat it lest there
should not be enough for their lords
and masters.

Listen to Galen, young man. He
states that the athletes, if for one day
presented with the same bulk of any
other article of food, immediately ex-
perienced a diminution of strength;
"and if the change of diet was per-
sisted in for several successive days,
that they fell off in flesh." He adds—
and this will make your fare the sweet-
er—that "he had been credibly informed
by persons who had been compelled to
taste human flesh, that pork bears a
near resemblance to it." Read the
praise of pork by Hippocrates, Caesius,
Aëtius, Oribasius, Martial, Cicero,
Pophyry, and Simon Seth. Did not
the heroic Cato the Censor give full
directions for the preparation of ham?
(See "De Re Rustica," 162).

Mr. Emerson Cook, the librettist, is
influenced mightily by "Intimate cloth-
ing" in the preparation of his plots. In
his first comic-opera, "The Walking
Delegate," he uses a shirt as a leit-
motiv; in "The Chorus Girl" he uses
a garter. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne
might delight in such fancy, but we
shudder at the thought of Mr. Cook
investigating a clothes-line for his next
libretto. Whither will he go in his
mad career?

Mr. Dooley has the floor, and he talks
about the Board of Strategy:

"Day an' night they set in a room
with a checker-board on th' end iv
a flour bar'l an' study problems iv th'
navy. At night Mack drops in. 'Well,
boys,' says he, 'how goes th' battle?'
he says. 'Glorious,' says th' strateejy
board. 'Two more moves an' we'll be
in th' king row.' 'Ah,' says Mack, 'this
is too good to be true,' he says. 'In
but a few brief minyits th' dhrinks'll
be on Spain,' he says. 'Have ye any
plans f'r Sampson's fleet?' he says.
'Where is it?' says th' strateejy board.
'I dinnaw,' says Mack. 'Good,' says
th' strateejy board. 'Where's th'
Spanish fleet?' says they. Bombardin'
Boston, at Cadiz, in San June de Mat-
zoon, sighted near th' gashouse be our
special correspondent, copyright, 1898,
be Mike O'Toole.' 'A strong position,'
says th' strateejy board. 'Undoubted-
ly th' fleet is headed south to attack
and selze Armour's glue factory. Or-
dher Sampson to sail north as fast
as he can an' lay in a supply iv ice.
Th' summer's comin' on. Instru-
ct Schley to put on all steam an' thin
put it off again, an' call us up be tele-
phone. R-rush eighty-three millyon
throops an' four mules to Tampa, to
Mobile, to Chickennamah, to Coney Is-
land, to Ireland, to th' divvie, an' r-rush
thim back again. Don't r-rush thim.
Ordher Sampson to pick up th' cable
at Lincoln par-rk an' run into th'
bar-rn. Is th' balloon corpse r-ready?
It is? Thin don't send it up. Sind it up.
Have th' Mulligan gyards co-op'rate
with Gomez an' tell him to cut away
his whiskers. They've got tangled in
th' rigglin'. We need yellow-fever
throops. Have ye anny yellow fever
in th' house? Give it to twinty thous-
and, three hundred men an' sind thim
afth'er Gov-nor Tanner. Teddy Rosen-
fel's r-rough riders ar-re down stairs
havin' their uniforms pressed. Or-
dher thim to th' golf links at wanst. They
must be no indecision. Where's Richard
Harding Davis? On th' bridge iv
the New York? Tur-rn th' bridge. Selze
Gin'ral Miles' uniform. We must
strenthen th' gold resarve. Where's
th' Gussie? Runnin' off to Cuba with
wan hundred men an' ar-rms, iv
course. Oh, war is a dhradful thing.
It's ye'er move, Claude,' says th'
strateejy board.
'Dewey ain't a strateejan?' Inquired
Mr. Henneussy.

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "Cousin
George is a good ma-an an' I'm verry
fond iv him, more he reason iv his
doin', that May-o beesthoun Pat Mount-
joy, but he has low tastes. We niver
cud make a strateejan iv him. They'se
a kind iv a vulgar fightin' sthrain in
him that makes him want to go out
an' slug somewan wat so month. I'm
glad he ain't in Washin'ton. Th'
chances ar-re he'd go to th' Sthrateejy
Board an' pull its hair."

may 21

The Officiating Clergyman: "... Ye
wives, be in subjection to your own husbands;
that if any obey not the Word, they also
may without the Word be won by the con-
versation of their wives..."

A Frivolous Young Man (to his equally
Frivolous Fiancee): Just you listen to this
part.

The Officiating Clergyman: "... Whose
adorning let it not be that outward adorning

of plaiting the hair."
The F. Y. M.'s Equally Frivolous Fiancee:
I shouldn't dream of plaiting my hair. I'm
much too young.

The F. Y. M. He means "plaiting"
His F. F. F. And nobody dreams of doing
that now. The advice is really too out of
date.

The F. Y. M.: My clever one!

Do you side with the superstitious and
say, "You are forcing the season; wed-
dings are in June"? Nevertheless we
read in the newspapers today of brave
men and still braver brides, and we
therefore will continue the realistic
sketch of the ordinary wedding cere-
mony.

(The Bridal Party go to the vestry. In the
protracted interval that follows people talk
frankly.)

Edith (to Barbara): Your mother does look
cross.

Barbara: She's only bored at sitting next
Papa.

(The doors at the end of the church are
thrown open and admit a terrible draught.
People turn round uneasily.)

The Frivolous Girl: Tell me when to stand
up.

Her Frivolous Fiancee: Oh, not till you
hear the "Washington Post"—the "Wedding
March," I mean. It's all the same. There it
is. Here they are. They're positively gal-
loping to it. Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom.
I always want to dance to it, with kicks and
my elbows, don't you?

The Frivolous Girl: Darling, we must re-
member where we are.
(They make up a party to remember.)

There was one man whom we have
for years admired. He was not a
musical person, and being hard at work
at Lansdowne House one night with a
pen that scratched terribly while the
poet Moore was warbling, cooling and
bursting in song, some one said to him
by way of hint:

"You are not fond of music, Mr.
Senior?"

"No," he replied; "but it does not dis-
turb me in the least. Pray go on."

You read the other day that Captain
Duval at St. Louis had made a con-
tract with local bakeries for 610,000
pounds of army crackers, each cracker
bearing the motto, "Remember the
Maine." We now learn that he has
contracted for 28,000 gallons of vine-
gar. Will he insist on the name being
written in vinegar?

Why should not all those proposing
to ride bicycles in these streets be re-
quired to pass a preliminary examina-
tion before obtaining a license? The
scorcher is no more dangerous than the
bungler. In Paris they make riders of
automotors try their prowess, and even
the Duchess of Uzès was obliged to
go before the examining board. A Paris
correspondent describes the scene:

Two experts are named by the Pré-
fecture of Police, the third judge is an
engineer of the Ponts et Chaussées.
The jury mount the automotor and say
to the tyro, "Now, sir, or madame,
show us what you can do," and then
M. le Chauffeur, or Mde. la Chauf-
feuse, turns on steam, having previ-
ously warned the judges—as they used
to do in the ancient bathing machines
—to sit tight. The examiners in their
turn exhort the candidate to show pru-
dence and sangfroid, and so they are
off, and the rest, as the French say,
to the grace of God! There are, how-
ever, drawbacks to this system. The
examiners are so entirely at the mercy
of the examinee. She may say—"A
diploma, or beware of the lamp posts!"
A guarantee of efficiency, or I plunge
you into the Seine!" And what could
the helpless jury do—if she has them
safe inside? Meanwhile it may be no-
ticed that automobilism is so much
on the increase in Paris and Vienna
that both capitals report the cab-horse
will soon be a thing of the past. The
only trouble in Paris is that the con-
ductors object to the name chauffeur
and chauffeuse—hc and she-stoker. The
American names motorem and watt-
men have, says the Temps, been sug-
gested as a reform. But the ladies re-
fuse to accept the title—What men!

Many in speaking of the death of
Dr. Maximilian Schele de Vere made
no allusion to that fascinating book
"Americanisms, or the English of the
New World." Do they regard it as
unworthy of him, or is the book, only
26 years old, already forgotten?

Afternoon tea is a meal especially
beloved by woman.

It was her own invention to begin with—a
happy thought on the part of some woman
casting about in her mind for something to
relieve the monotony of the afternoon. Men
laughed at it at first, treated it as a woman-
ish caprice that would last a month or two,
and then gave way to something else. When
it showed signs of establishing itself perma-
nently they began to talk of it as a bad habit,
a dangerous practice, one likely to interfere
seriously with that much more important
meal, dinner: An argument that has no
weight at all with most women. Not more

that the woman in ten cases a button about dinner. The other nine will, if left to themselves, do away with it altogether, and substitute an unsubstantial and heterogeneous sort of meal consisting of eggs, tea, and an assortment of buns, and known as "high tea." Being so constituted, it is not to be wondered at that the suggestion that they should give up afternoon tea meets with no sympathy, is even laughed to scorn.

May 22.

A London correspondent has sent us the following gossip concerning the new operetta to be produced at the Globe:

The public has already been officially informed that the title of the forthcoming opera, at the Savoy is "The Beauty Stone." In this case there is a good deal in a name. Out of a title of this sort the playwright can readily construct the main lines of a story. Obviously, the central idea of the work by Messrs. Pinero and Comyns Carr is that of an amulet or a talisman, the possession of which carries with it certain privileges and advantages. For this idea, of course, the authors would be very far from claiming an originality which did not exist, even when the story of Aladdin's lamp took shape. The device, in truth, is ancient, but it will always serve. In the present instance, the point is what to do with the beauty stone. It is natural, is it not, that a young girl, both plain and a cripple, should yearn for attractions she does not possess, and especially when a reward and a distinction may be gained by them? What if it should prove that the heroine of "The Beauty Stone" is a maiden thus circumstanced? Let us suppose that a prize is offered by a Prince to the most beautiful damsel in his dominions; that an obscure, lame, hump-backed girl, longing for such a prize, prays for beauty; and that a malignant agency—an emissary, it may be, of the Evil One—presents her with the necessary talisman. Can we not conceive the sequel? Can we not imagine her capturing the affections of the Prince, and so, perchance, treading on the corns of a powerful court rival? And can we not foresee pretty clearly the results which might follow upon the baleful machinations of that lady?

We think it will be found that the chief dramatic interest of "The Beauty Stone" lies in the varying fortunes of its heroine. Given a talisman of the highest value, we usually find it passing from hand to hand, with disturbing consequences. Sometimes it proves anything but a blessing to its possessor, who then desires to get rid of it. It may be that Messrs. Pinero and Carr's heroine is made to feel that beauty is indeed sometimes a "fatal gift." She may be outwitted by her rival; she may fly the Court; she may willingly return to obscurity and plainness. Nothing is more probable. Her creators may even consider it that the stone passes at last into her rival's possession. Then, of course, it would be time to intervene in favor of humble youth and goodness. For our part, we should not be surprised if Messrs. Pinero and Carr made circumstances work such differences in the fortunes and character of their Prince as to render him less solicitous for beauty in woman than for the higher and more enduring qualities which the crippled heroine can show. We all remember King Cophetua and the beggar maid; and if "The Beauty Stone" ends with a union somewhat on the lines of theirs, the public, we are sure, will not complain, but rather applaud, the happy conclusion.

We announced some time ago that Miss Florence Perry would not be in the cast of the new opera. Nor, we may add, will Mr. Kenningham, the tenor role having been assigned to an American vocalist named Devell. Miss Ruth Vincent, Miss Rosina Brandram, Mr. Lytton and Mr. Passmore, all, however, have parts in "The Beauty Stone." Miss Vincent is the sympathetic heroine; Miss Brandram, we believe, will represent her mother, while Mr. Lytton will be her father—a character of some prominence, we understand, inasmuch as he gets mixed up with the beauty stone and the Court lady.

One of the last named Miss Pauline Devell will be the interpreter. "The Beauty Stone" is in three acts; these, we may add, include seven separate scenes.

Mr. Devell, of course, is Mr. George Devell, who is well known here.

Commenting on the example of Sir Frederick Bridge, conducting Sullivan's "Golden Legend," May 6, in Albert Hall.

One more extraneous reason the performance of the "Golden Legend" was extremely valuable; it drew from Sir

Frederick Bridge an expressed opinion upon the subject of encores, which filled with rejoicing. It is the practice of thinking enthusiasts to insist upon an encore of the now famous hymn, "O God, Some Light," from this cantata. Last night the desire was manifested in the usual manner. The conductor, however, called up his orchestra and indicated to Miss Giulia Ravogli that she was to continue her part. The audience, however, refused to allow any such wise proceeding, and continued to applaud so vociferously that Miss Ravogli was compelled (and naturally) to sit down. Then Sir Frederick Bridge turned upon the enthusiasts and made a little speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I appeal to you not only not to annoy the concert party of the piece, but to help to cause the concert to finish on time, so that people will not be disappointed to come again." Which, by the way, is a pretty good reason for the continuity

of the piece and the lateness of the hour were obvious excuses: "I am very sorry, but it is entirely against my principles to grant encores, and I haven't the slightest intention of granting one now." For which decision we applaud him with all cordiality and sincerity."

Do you remember young Mr. Landon Ronald, who came over here as conductor for a Melba concert company a few years ago? He gave a concert in London April 27, and this is what the Pall Mall Gazette said of him:

"The chief interest of Mr. Landon Ronald's concert of yesterday afternoon at the St. James's Hall lay in his appearance, for practical purposes at all events, before a representative London audience as a composer of songs. These are the days when the drawing room ballad is for popular audiences triumphant; and it therefore fills one with a certain dread to approach a new English writer of every day songs. Back for three ordinary lifetimes, at least, there spreads away behind one a blank desert of popular music. We are not sure, indeed, if the word desert is not too vital a term for our exact meaning; but certainly any oasis that may possibly have existed in that barren land was a mere arrangement of artificial flowers, with a few levels of plate-glass thrown down instead of wells of living melody. That, however, is a very old grievance, and need only be recalled in face of the fact that we are dealing with a new composer of songs. Let us say at once that Mr. Ronald is at heart and in meaning really a musician. That he followed the trend of the recent ballad-monger is evident enough in the song, "Love in Absence," which was sung extremely well yesterday afternoon by Mme. Alice Gomez, but which is to be regarded more or less as 'prentice work. It proves him, at all events, to have been in his early efforts a faithful imitator of the daily work around him. But Mr. Ronald has advanced beyond those young ambitions. Two songs, interpreted yesterday afternoon by Miss Esther Palliser, "C'est en Avril" and "Les Adieux," were (within definite but charming limits) quite delightful. The first, keeping most refined yet humorous nonchalance, rather fell into the rut of sentimentality at the very end.

Right down to the last line the composer treats the song as it really should be treated—as a piece of badinage with just the set-off of a dash of tears at its heart. At the finish, however, he develops into the most ardent sentimentalist, repeating with painful tragedy the words, "Ten souvenirs tu?" It was a pity to put the charming phrases of so really musical a song away by such a development, and but for that we should have given an unhesitatingly favorable verdict. "Les Adieux," however, had a peculiar elegance and distinction throughout. * * * In brief, Mr. Landon Ronald is a musician whose talent is far too good to be allowed to run in popular and muddy channels. His music shows him, however, to be torn by two influences—the one pointing to the easy way of writing down to a level, the other urging him to refine his accomplishment to its highest point. It is perhaps unfortunate that his music shows him to be adaptable enough to permit him to choose the first path, if only he wills it to be so. If he made so fatal an error, we are quite sure that he has a popular career before him; but artists would at the same time cease to be interested in his compositions."

At a Wagner concert in London April 26 Mottl conducted besides other things Mozart's Jupiter Symphony, and this is what Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote about it:

"The Mozart Symphony needs, if it must be given at all, the most delicate care, sympathy and quiet decision. That wonderful work is now so well known to the whole world, so far as the materials of its composition go, that it is clearly necessary to secure a perfectly beautiful interpretation of it at any concert of any serious pretensions. Last night we listened with dismay to the first movement. Mottl's vigilance was not in fault; he was as energetic and as dominant as we have ever known him to be. Careful and conscientious as he must necessarily be, he impressed his influence upon his men with all his customary authority. And with what result? This first movement, as played last night, reminded us of nothing so closely as a garden of flowers under the steady and resolute advance of a steam-roller. The phrases were thrown together in the most violent contrast. The music rolled along heavily and listlessly, as though its weight had suddenly been increased fourfold. By the most curious oversight this most actively intelligent conductor seemed to forget that with such a symphony as this the delicacy and refinement are pitched upon so marvelous a level of coherence that not only the principal subjects, but also the links, the joints of phrase with phrase, are of an equal importance. It was a colossal mistake for him to let this perfectly continuous and compact piece of musical work was made to seem but a scrappy mosaic of loveliness, instead of (as it really is) a lovely picture in itself. The second movement was only better in so far as Mozart himself had provided against this particular mistake, by reducing the magnificent complexity of his intention. Even at that, however, the interpretation in question was heavy and labored, so that there was this most curious effect to note—the end seemed to come far too soon. The conductor had, as it were, prepared his forces for a tedious campaign which should have been concluded by a single victory. Nor was the third movement any improvement upon this. This minuet and trio entirely lacked playfulness and humor, the two qualities with which,

it divinely played. It should smite unrelentingly; again Mottl insisted upon unrestrained contrast where no such high color was in the slightest degree necessary. He used his enormous orchestra for all it was worth, thus infinitely increasing Mozart's purpose, even to the point of violence, instead of lessening his forces to meet, if need be, that exquisite intention half-way. The last movement, perhaps because the music itself assumes so authoritative an air—and Mottl is nothing if not authoritative—was played far better; but even here there was much to seek."

THE DITSON FUND.

At the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Oliver Ditson Society for the relief of needy musicians, held at the residence of Mrs. Oliver Ditson, May 20, the officers elected were: President, B. J. Lang; Treasurer, C. H. Ditson; Clerk, C. F. Smith; Trustees, B. J. Lang, A. P. Browne, Arthur Foote. Assistance was furnished to a number of persons during the year, but the disbursements did not equal the income.

It is hoped that in the near future more deserving cases will be brought to the notice of the officers, so that they ready appealed to others, from whom will be able to make use of the income each year, together with such accessions as charitable persons may make. The noble bequest of Mr. Ditson has additions have been made to the principal of the fund, and it is hoped that his example will be followed by many others. Communications may be addressed to, and information concerning the fund and its object obtained from, the officers or Trustees.

The fund was originally \$25,000. This has been increased by donations and accretions.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Mrs. L. P. Morrill will give a vocal recital at Pierce Hall Thursday evening.

A violin matinee was given by the pupils of Miss Marion Osgood, assisted by her orchestra class and others, in Gould Hall, Chelsea, May 12.

Chabrier's "Joyeuse Marche" and Guiraud's overture to "Piccolino" were played for the first time in Boston at a Pop concert May 20, under Mr. Zach.

A spirited marching song and chorus, entitled "We'll Set the Cubans Free," has just been published by D. W. Hogan of Medford, the composer. Words are by W. H. Kenyon of Boston. Bugle calls are introduced, as are the salute to "The colors," etc. The title page represents the Cuban flag.

Last Wednesday evening Miss Dorothy R. Little of Greenough Avenue, Cambridge, won success at the New England Conservatory of Music. Miss Little played Mozart's D minor concerto, with orchestral accompaniment, and was the recipient of congratulations from Mr. Emil Mahr, Mr. Carl Baermann of Boston, and others.

It is said that the musical numbers of the new local comic review, "Around the Town," which will be produced for a run at the Tremont Theatre Memorial Day, will be far above the average merit of the music usually offered in such productions. They were written by L. F. Gottschalk, John Stromberg and Frank David. Edgar Smith is the author of the lyrics.

Pupils of Madame de Berg-Lofgren gave a pleasant concert in Union Hall, May 17, before a large and enthusiastic audience. The program consisted of 18 numbers. Among the features were the contributions of Miss Cornell, Miss Therese Redmond, Miss Mabel Hinckley, August Ruml, Miss Mattie Horne and Mme. Lofgren. Especially pleasing was the duet by Miss Grace Adams and Mr. Lawton, the selection being Danks's "Belle of Saratoga." This was Miss Adams's first appearance before a Boston audience, and she made a favorable impression. She will be heard in opera before long. Miss Elza Lotner played four piano pieces, and Miss May Belle Willis was accompanist. The pupils reflected much credit on their teacher.

A Hungarian court has recently decreed that a singer must not only sing, but also sing well. This opinion

is the result of the action brought by the tenor Bronik against the Royal Opera at Budapest. When the singer was ill and said that his sore throat prevented his appearance, the theatre doctor visited him and decided that he could sing. "But I cannot sing well," the tenor answered. "I am a tenor, and I owe it to myself and my art to sing well or not at all." The doctor answered that it was not his affair whether the tenor sang well or ill; that he was only anxious to discover whether he could sing or not. The tenor refused to appear, was discharged, and then sued the theatre for his salary. It was awarded to him and on the appeal was rendered that it was not enough for a singer merely to sing, but that it is imperative that he should sing well.—Exchange.

Margaret Reid, who is again singing at Covent Garden, London, was born in Kentucky, and is the wife of a young New York lawyer. Miss Reid sang last year at Covent Garden with success and has appeared during the winter in the Riviera towns and in Belgium, always with praise from critics and with popular success. She is remembered here at the Metropolitan Opera House when she was suddenly called upon to supplant Marie Van Zandt in a performance of "Hamlet," and came out of the ordeal with great credit. Subsequently she sang here for one season in opera comique, but the desire to continue her studies for grand opera proved greater than her satisfaction at remaining in her own country, and she returned to Europe to complete the studies she had begun there under Murel. While she was in Paris Miss Reid was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Lady de Grey, who is the most powerful

person in the direction of the opera at Covent Garden and is said to be more to save about the engagement of artists than anybody else. Lady de Grey heard Miss Reid sing, was delighted with her voice, and she was engaged for the Covent Garden season with such satisfactory results that she is again in the company this year. Herman Bernberg, the composer, has also interested himself in Miss Reid, and she studied for some time in Paris under his direction.—New York Sun.

Miss Margaret Rice Smart, only child of Sir George Thomas Smart, passed away a few days ago at the house in Bedford Square, London, where her celebrated father died 30 years ago at the great age of 91. Miss Smart, who herself was nearly 90, must not be confounded with her cousin, Harriet Smart (Mrs. Callow), the hymn composer. She was an excellent musician, although she never practised music as a profession. The deceased lady's reminiscences would have been extremely interesting, for at her father's house for more than half a century she must have met some of the most eminent musicians of the century. Sir George Smart, who directed the music at the coronation of William IV. and Victoria, could recollect Gabrieli, Pachierotti (the male soprano), Mara, Storace, Mrs. Billington and Catalani. His played the drum in one of Haydn's symphonies as far back as 1795, under Haydn himself; he conducted the Philharmonic concerts when they started in 1813; Weber died at his house in 1826, and 10 years later Smart conducted the first performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" in England. A necessarily exaggerated account of the household of Sir George will be found in Thackeray's "Ravenswing," where Smart figures as Sir George Thrum to the world, and as Sir Charles Grandison to his pupils. Thackeray's satire of the puffs of the period, printed in "The Moon," in which Sir George Thrum's name is dragged into paragraphs concerning "Karl Maria von Weber" and "George III. as a composer" is inimitable.—N. Y. Times.

May 23

PEOPLE'S SINGING CLASS.

The People's Singing Class, which has been rehearsing only since February, gave the first annual concert last night in Music Hall. The chorus, which is supposed to number about 800, had the assistance of a People's Orchestra of 50 pieces organized for the occasion, and of Mrs. Jennie Patrick-Walker, soprano. Mr. S. W. Cole, the director of the classes, conducted. The chorus sang with enthusiasm Eichberg's "To Thee O Country"—the words of which are by Mrs. Anna Eichberg-King—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic," a Psalm by Randegger, two chorals, etc. This excellent work will be continued with unabated zeal next season.

THE FOOL AND VENUS.

Truly, the day of all days! The great park swoons under the burning eye of the sun, as Youth o'ermastered by Love.

The universal ecstasy of things does not find expression in any noise; the river itself seems to be asleep. Unlike a human festival, here there is silent orgy.

The light growing more and more light accentuates brilliance; the excited flowers burn in desire to rival the blue of the sky by the energy of their colors; the heat making perfumes visible causes them to ascend like smoke-wreaths.

And yet in all this universal joyance I see one sufferer.

At the feet of a colossal Venus, one of those fictitious fools, one of those willing buffoons whose care is to turn kings to laughter when they are beset by remorse and boredom, rigged out in a dazzling and absurd costume, with cap and bells, close to the pedestal, raises eyes full of tears toward the immortal goddess.

And his eyes say: "I am the lowest and the most solitary of mortals, deprived of friendship and love, and therefore far inferior to the most imperfect of all animals. And yet I, too, was made to understand and feel immortal Beauty! Goddess, have pity on my sorrow and on my frenzy!"

But implacable Venus looks far away at something—I know not what it is—with her eyes of marble.

Time and the Hour still finds "famous persons" at home. The last one was No. 65—and all these "famous persons" live in Boston or the neighborhood, and there are still thousands of names in the City Directory. Wake us up, O Time and the Hour, when you get to the Smiths.

What a relief to turn from the horrors of war, and to fill the soul with recollection of simple men and women whose humble lives shed mellow lustre o'er the pages of the Newgate Calendar! Yesterday afternoon when nothing but the making-up of two freight trains just back of our summer palace jostled the Sunday peace, we dropped the newspapers, which told of enormous guns and strange staff appointments, and, opening at random the second volume of the priceless work, we read of Mr. Robert Greenstreet, who served his apprenticeship with a Mr. Souch, a fish-hook maker. Discontented Mr. Greenstreet, for he urged an increase of wages and as a masterly climax of persuasion stabbed Mr. Souch with a pocket knife in several parts of his body—Mr. Souch, his old and kind master, bending under the weight of many years. And when the body of Mr. Greenstreet was given to the surgeons for dissection, "the eyes opened, though the

...dead. To the end, we are
...her page and read of Hannah
...a woman of a considerable force
...character, for when the cart was
...under the gallows, she gave the
...outcries "so violent a blow on the
...at as nearly knocked him down."
...then dared him to hang her. And
...we looked for at least ten minutes
...the pictures "M. S. Glass and her
...lighter imploring the Pirates to save
...her Lives"—and "Sarah Woodcock
...libly introduced to Lord Baltimore."
...abands and parents that fear lest
...in loved ones may be vitiated by dis-
...ches from war correspondents will
...no surer, healthier corrective than
...Newgate Calendar.

he Covent Garden opera season
...ed May 9, and the heroine of the
...two operas was in each instance a
...man not unknown to Boston. Of
...ma Eames who sang Elsa May 9
...Vernon Blackburn says in the Pall
...Gazette: "She must beware of
...doing what we may briefly describe
...method." We mean, that is, that she
...not as yet quite mastered the art
...concealing her art. She gives one
...impression of great thoughtfulness,
...having carefully worked out by a
...mental process this and the other situa-
...tion, and always with unerring instinct
...with correctness; but somehow or
...her she showed the results of her
...too apparently. We look for the
...when spontaneity will be the re-
...of her carefully considered art; at
...present she has not quite succeeded in
...aching that point. But she sang
...beautifully, purely, tenderly."
...Now, Miss Suzanne Adams (Cam-
...age, Mass.) made her first appear-
...in London May 10, as Juliet, and
...her Mr. Blackburn says: "She
...lightly and naturally achieved a great
...ness. The part is one, of course,
...rich tries a singer to the utmost,
...rely because Gounod intended that
...ch should be the trial. But Miss
...Adams came through the ordeal tri-
...umphantly. Her voice is pure, liquid
...d fresh; her accuracy is altogether
...beyond question, and her facility is a
...lightful point to note. The wait-
...ed not be admired as music, but as
...exercise it cannot be too completely
...aised, and from that point of view
...ss Adams was faultless in interpre-
...tion. She lacks power to some de-
...gree, but she has so much to counter-
...balance this lack that we conclude
...th nothing but praise for a piece of
...ork that was almost entirely deligh-
...ful. We are convinced that this singer
...a future before her of unques-
...tioned distinction."

We are fond of the country when we
...not obliged to live outside city
...ills and we are interested deeply
...this excerpt from Nature. Circulars
...have been forwarded to 145 beekeepers
...Germany, in order to glean informa-
...on as to their immunity to stings.
...om the replies it appears that all
...t 26 had acquired immunity, nine or
...having it naturally. The number
...stings required to bring about the re-
...it varies from about 20 to 100, and the
...medicines applied range from tobacco-
...ice, saliva and water to French
...andy, rum, ammonia, acetate of alu-
...mina, heat and massage. Dr. Langer,
...who is conducting the investigations,
...ates that a 2 to 5 per cent. solution
...permanganate of potash injected will
...nteract the poison. It used to be
...posed that the poison of bee stings
...due to formic acid; but as it has
...en to find that heat does not destroy
...the poisonous activity, this can hardly
...be the case and it is more likely that
...the toxic substance partakes of the na-
...ture of an alkaloid.

As the readers of the Journal un-
...oubtedly know, the number of bees in
...a good swarm is 30,000; the average life
...of a bee is one year; and Mr. Boyle
...always fell in a fit whenever he heard
...the sound of water falling from a fau-
...cet.

Everything is good or everything is bad
...according to the eyes they gain. What one
...sees another persecutes. He is an inauspicious
...ass that would regulate everything
...according to his ideas.

May 24

I was reading one of those dear poems
...whose paint has more charm for me than
...the blush of youth, had plunged one hand
...to the fur of the pure cat, when a barrel
...organ sang languidly and melancholy be-
...neath my window. It played in the great
...city of poplars, whose leaves appear to me
...flow, even in the spring-tide, since Maria
...sate there with the tall candles for the
...time. The instrument is the saddest,
...truly; the piano scintillates, the violin
...sings the torn soul to the light, but the
...rel-organ, in the twilight of remembrance,
...de me dream despairingly. Now it mur-
...s an air joyously vulgar which awakens
...in the heart of the suburbs—an air old-
...fashioned and commonplace. Why do its
...wishes go to my soul, and make me weep
...a romantic hellad? I listen, imbibing
...wily, and I do not throw a penny out of

...wind with a fear of moving from my
...place, and seeing that the instrument is not
...singing itself.

We are told that the memorial to
...Longfellow in Westminster Abbey is
..."showered with the visiting cards of
...our compatriots." Sir Thomas Browne
...says that man is "a noble animal,
...splendid in ashes, and pompous in the
...grave;" but is there no escape, even
...after death, from social conventionali-
...ties and functions? Do these visitors
...presenting cards expect that the dead
...will return their call, or appear at
...supper after the fashion of the statue
...of the Commander?

The Signal that has just come from
...Leipzig states that Mr. Wilhelm Gericke
...early in April received at almost the
...same time three separate offers from
...the United States. It adds that he
...will leave Europe for Boston about the
...middle of September.

Mr. Rene Bache, keen scientist and
...profound thinker, asked the staid read-
...ers of the Transcript Saturday, "Have
...you got a criminal ear?" Quoting from
...Dr. D. S. Lamb, he added, "To be be-
...yond criticism the human ear must oc-
...cupy precisely a certain location on the
...head." Thus an ear above the nose or
...below the mouth or worn on the left
...breast might reasonably excite com-
...ment and, indeed, unfavorable criti-
...cism.

And yet there have been estimable
...people whose ears were hardly ortho-
...dox. Thus Mr. William Watrenan in
..."The Fardle of Facions," describes a
...whole race in India. "So notably eared
...that the hange down to their hieles,
...with such a largeness that thei may
...lye in either of them as upon a pallet;
...and so harde, that thei may rende up
...trees with them." They were neighbors
...of another interesting folk, who had
..."hut one legge, but upon the same
...such a foote, that when the sonne is
...hote, and he lacketh shadowe, lyenge
...downe upon his backe, and holdinge up
...his fote, he largely shadoweth his
...whole bodie."

It does not do to speak lightly of
...anyone's ears. Witness the wretched
...fate of Candaules—the man with the
...handsome wife—who, insisting on her
...beauty, said to Gyges: "The ears of
...men are naturally more incredulous
...than their eyes."

This reminds us that Mr. W. W.
...Skeat thinks the phrase "dressed up to
...the nines" is merely a variety of the
...phrase "dressed up to the eyes." "We
...frequently find the plural 'eyne.' We
...also find 'neye' for 'eye.' The form 'neyne'
...arose from the use of 'my neyne,' or
...'thy neyne,' instead of 'myn eyne' or
...'thyn eyne.'"

The Daily Messenger (Paris) sneering-
...ly says that there has been nothing like
...the enthusiasm in America over Dew-
...ey's exploit at Manila "since the Tilly
...boom."

This Parisian splenetic outburst may
...be due to the fact that the French Gov-
...ernment has found a new means of re-
...trenchment. The quality of tobacco
...contained in the packets of cigarettes
...sold at 50 centimes has been dimini-
...shed by 3 grammes on 30. "Allowing
...for such a reduction yearly, we shall in
...10 years be paying just 50 centimes for
...every cigarette."

We are not such an emotional people.
...A short time ago there was a family
...row at the Odéon in Paris; there was
...scowling, there was "Sir-r-r-r!" there
...was face-slapping. Such instances of
...domesticity have pleased the Earnest
...Student of Sociology here in Boston.
...But, lo and behold, Mr. Charcot writes
...the following letter to the highly re-
...spectable Temps: "M. Georges Hugo,
...having on many occasions publicly in-
...sulted his sister, my wife, I have done
...precisely what I ought to have done.
...Today Mr. Hugo insults and threatens
...me. His insults I despise. As to his
...threats, I await their execution."

I have read all the war news, beloved, each
...scrap of it.
I know all about Cuba and every map of it,
...And I'll tell it all over to you I adore;
For the duty your lover to you, love, indeed
...owes,
Is to prattle of cruisers, bombardments, tor-
...pedoes,
And munitions of war.

So, my love, as I pour out my heart's heart
...to you, it is
My chief joy—and custom to show the fatul-
...ties
That Spain and her Ministers daily dis-
...play;
Then I look in your eyes, sweet, and vow my
...Frisella
Must never regard the affair of Manila
...As ending the fray.

I hold your soft hand and I murmur that
...sinister
Is the fate of poor Spain, yet I smile, like
...her Minister.

"My joyful emotions I cannot restrain."
And in moments of dalliance I make, dear,
...a rule of
Protesting my faith that you'll here be the
...mule of
Matanzas again.

May 25

THE DESPAIR OF THE OLD WOMAN.

The little shriveled old woman felt all
...young again when she saw the pretty baby
...whom everyone wished to please, this pret-
...ty baby as weak as she was, and, like her,
...without teeth, without hair.

She drew nearer to smile on it, to amuse
...it.

The frightened child struggled against
...the carresses of the kindly, tottering creature
...and filled the house with yelpings.

The sweet-hearted old woman went back
...to solitude, wept in a corner and said to
...herself: "The time is gone for us miser-
...able old things to please anybody; we frighten
...even the little babies whom we wish to
...love."

Our esteemed friend the Transcript
...tells a beautifully pathetic story about
...Adelina Patti. This is the way the
...story begins:

Madame Adelina Patti must be following
...events in Cuban waters with no little inter-
...est. It was in Cuba that she sang in pub-
...lic for the first time in her life, when she
...was only 14 years of age and still under
...the care of her father. The family was very
...poor, and had placed all its hopes on the
...miraculous voice of little Adelina, whom,
...however, they did not dare to produce in
...public on account of her youth."

Now what are the facts?
Adelina Patti was born in 1843 at Ma-
...drid.

She sang for the first time in public at
...a concert in New York when she was 7
...years old. Her success was so great
...that her family took her to other cities.

She sang in Boston in concert in Oc-
...tober, 1853, when she was 10 years old.
She never saw Cuba until she had al-
...ready sung in towns of the United
...States. In about two years she gave
...300 concerts. Her first appearance in
...opera was at New York in 1859 (Nov.
...1) as Lucia. Her first appearance in
...Boston in opera was Jan. 3, 1860, as Lu-
...cia.

Uncle Amos took his heavy hand out
...of the raisin-box and said: "Well, I
...don't believe all that I see in the daily
...papers about them Spaniards; but, for
...good, reliable foreign news give me the
...Missionary Herald."

The Journal published this paragraph
...the other day:

As the readers of the Journal undoubtedly
...know, the number of bees in a good swarm
...is 20,000; the average life of a bee is one year;
...and Mr. Boyle always fell in a fit whenever
...he heard the sound of water falling from a
...faucet.

We received yesterday the following
...letter from Mr. C. H. Goodell of
...Worcester:

"Now almost all bee keepers who
...have made any study of the sub-
...ject, know that there are as many
...bees in a swarm as there are kernels
...in a heap of corn, or skippers in a piece
...of cheese. That is, if the pile of grain
...or piece of cheese or swarm of bees
...is large, there are more, if small, less.
If there is a cup full, or a pint dish
...full of worker bees with a queen,
...enough say to cover one or two
...frames in a modern hive, we call it a
...nucleus. When they have increased or
...built up enough to cover three or four
...such frames, it is a small colony, and
...when we have brood or bees enough to
...cover more frames, up to eight or ten,
...there is a large swarm or colony.

"It has been demonstrated time and
...again that the life of a worker bee
...averages but 45 days, and it is a per-
...fectly simple and easy matter to de-
...termine as well as one which is prac-
...tically worked out every season by
...bee keepers. If at this time, say the
...middle of May, the queen of a native
...colony is superseded by an Italian
...queen, by the middle of August the
...entire colony, including queen, drones
...and workers, will be yellow, and not a
...black bee will remain. Then, if thought
...desirable, a black queen could be in-
...troduced, and the whole colony be
...changed back to wild or native bees
...again before winter."

We thank Mr. Goodell for his inter-
...esting letter. The statement in the
...Journal appeared in the absence of our
...Bee-editor, who is now studying the
...difference between those possible in-
...vaders, the Spanish fly and the Span-
...ish flea.

We refer Mr. Goodell to the late
...Gabriel Peignot, who, although he may
...not have been the greatest of apolo-
...gists was nevertheless acquainted with
...apiculture, apifecture, and apiarists,
...and was beyond doubt and peradventure
...one of the most accurate and
...honest of men. On page 257 of
...Peignot's "Amusemens Philologiques"
...(Dion 1824), Mr. Goodell will find this
...statement: "Le nombre d'abeilles
...dans un bon essaim est de 30,000." By
...the way (the number of eggs of the
...ordinary codfish is 9,300,000 according to
...Leuwenhoeck). And on page 187, the
...life of a bee is given as one year.

Mr. Goodell asks: "What does all the
...above (about bees) have to do with
...water falling off the end of a faucet?"
Nothing, absolutely nothing. But are
...there not other things besides bees—

...and the bee in the water, and
...Mr. Boyle in the well?

We ask Mr. Goodell in turn, what
...he classes the bee among insects or
...beasts? A Mr. Batin, who wrote
...about 300 years ago, expressed the fol-
...lowing opinion: "The Bee is called
...apis, and is a little short insect, with
...many feet, and among all flies with
...round bodies, and so happen he beareth
...the prize in many things, hugeness
...of wit rewardeth him little. He is
...body, and though he might be ac-
...counted among flying flies, yet for he
...useth feet, and goeth upon them, he
...may rightfully be accounted among
...beasts that goe on grounde."

May 26, 1898

Look through the world, respectable reader,
...and among your honorable acquaintances,
...and say if this sort of faith in woman is
...not very frequent? They will believe in
...their husbands, whatever the latter do. Let
...John be dull, ugly, vulgar, and a hum-
...bug, his Mary Ann never finds it out; let
...him tell his stories ever so many times,
...there is she always ready with her kind
...smile; let him be stingy, she says he is
...prudent; let him quarrel with his best friend,
...she says he is always in the right; let him
...be prodigal, she says he is generous, and
...that his health requires enjoyment; let him
...be idle, he must have relaxation; and she
...will pinch herself and her household that he
...may have a guinea for his club. Yes; and
...every morning, as she wakes and looks at
...the face, snoring on the pillow by her side—
...every morning, I say, she blesses that dull,
...ugly countenance, and the dull, ugly soul
...reposing there, and thinks both are some-
...thing divine. I want to know how it is
...that women do not find out their husbands
...to be humbugs? Nature has so provided it,
...and thanks to her.

Many modern dramatic pieces that
...have a box office success even in Bos-
...ton remind us of the description of a
...play given by the gardener of Julian
...Young after his master had sent him
...to the theatre. "Well, sir, I saw what
...you sent me to see—I can't say no more
...than I have said nor no fairer. All I
...know there was a precious lot on em
...on the theatre stage. And there they
...was—in and out and in again."

We admire the patience, good-nature,
...courtesy of Mr. Max Zach, the con-
...ductor of the Pop concerts. He must be
...tried sorely by the misdirected and
...inopportune "patriotism" of some in the
...audience each night. It is meet and
...proper that respect should be paid the
...Star Spangled Banner, and other na-
...tional tunes as separate pieces or in-
...troduced in marches may well find place
...on the program. But there is a "patriot-
...ism" displayed at these concerts that is
...inspired chiefly by beer and insolence.
When the program is disarranged, when
...good music is interrupted by knots of
...students shouting, "We want the Star
...Spangled Banner" or "We want Dixie,"
...no real respect is shown the flag, the
...nation, or the cause that provoked the
...war. It is a pot-house demonstration,
...obnoxious to all true patriots. The

other night some march or pot-pouri,
...introducing a tune supposed to be na-
...tional and composed by some one bear-
...ing the distinctively American name of
...Moses, was played in the course of the
...program. When the tune was heard,
...there were hoarse shouts "Stand up,
...stand up everybody!" At one table were
...two or three elderly women and a man
...who when he entered the hall leaned
...heavily on a cane. Because these per-
...sons did not stand up, they were hooted
...at by cubs near them, they were called
..."Tories." Brethren, these things should
...not be. And all through these distur-
...bing scenes Mr. Zach has kept his head
...and enlarged his reputation as a leader.

Talk about conductors reminds us of
...a review of a concert given lately in
...New Hampshire. "Mr. — had his
...vocalistic army thoroughly in hand,
...swaying them with his baton as trees
...are swayed by the wind." Here is a
...glimpse at musical life in the State of
...Daniel Webster: "The magnificent
...corsage bouquets of violets carried by
...Mrs. — and Miss — hinted the
...sweetness of the coming month, and the
...rhythmic melody filled the air with May
...dreams. It was an inspiring occasion."

A May wet
Was never kind yet.

And yet the Spaniards and Italians
...say "Water in May is bread all the
...year"; and the Scotch are sure that
..."May showers bring milk and meal".

They who bathe in May
Will soon be laid in clay.

We have received the following letter:
Mr. Editor—Allow me to make a sug-
...gestion regarding the Sportsman's
...Show, lately held in your city. It seems
...to me that there should be a more
...vivid and realistic representation of the
...glorious life of the sportsman than was
...here portrayed. Scenery, canoes, pic-
...tures and peacefully feeding elk are all
...well in their place, but they give only a
...faint idea of the zest which fires the
...sportsman's heart and nerves his arm.
We should have accurate representa-
...tions (if not by living animals, at least
...by the use of two most lifelike models)
...of the shooting, the trapping and the
...chase.

We should behold the panting deer, fleeing through her native forests, pursued by the hounds and hunters; the noble stag at bay, fighting for life, with the dogs hanging to its ears, its sides and its throat; the helpless fawn in a distant covert bleating for its lost mother; the wounded partridge, with broken wing, creeping painfully along through the underbrush; the body of the heron, shot for its plume, lying among the reeds of the swamp, while its young in a distant tree-top die of hunger; the gallant little fox, with tongue hanging from its mouth, chased for miles over fences and ditches by yelling sportsmen and sportswomen, and turning, although in the last stages of exhaustion, to do battle with the savage hounds, which tear it to pieces; the trap in the lonely forest now holding some gaunt, wild-eyed animal which for days and nights has not had food or drink, now holding just a bloody paw where the former captive has gnawed itself to freedom; the decoys, the shooting of the unsuspecting animals as they come at night to the stream to slake their thirst, the knife at the throat of the wounded deer, in whose beautiful eye is a terrified wonder what it all means. All this and more represents the real life of the sportsman and testifies with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.

J. M. G.

And yet we read that Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord; and that noble, generous, abused man Esau was a cunning hunter. Père Calmet says that "the words 'before the Lord' are commonly taken in good part, as heightening the good qualities of any one." Hegesippus tells us that Herod was cured of a grievous melancholy by hunting; Plato approved highly of the exercise, dividing it into three parts, by land, water, air. Xenophon calls it the gift of the gods.

May 27, 1898

The yearning for the "artistic decoration" of home is not, as one might suppose, merely a disease of the insufficiently employed. It infects even those young women who have to work long hours to earn their livings, and who lavish on the "decoration" of home the little rags and snippets of spare time which by their less ambitious sisters are spent in outdoor exercise and social intercourse. The prime incentives to the peculiar forms of industry covered by our title are of course the newspapers "for ladies." These, pandering slavishly to the love of conquest and the love of money, the two master passions of the underbred, nail the attention of their readers by the good old stories of the missing will and the Earl who married the governess. Having secured readers by this simple and comparatively harmless means, the editors of these papers save their consciences by devoting the rest of the paper in about equal parts to cookery, dressmaking, and "culture." And under the last head comes the science of the decoration of the home.

The most beautiful decoration of a flat in Boston this week is an open wood fire. "Such as is the air, such be our spirits; and as our spirits, such are our humors." A chilly flat in May seems colder and more exposed than a chilly house. The steam radiator is then a masterpiece of irony. The gas which is so poor to read by is of feeble warmth. Your only comfort is a practical fireplace, a real working fireplace with fender and poker and shovel and tongs and old-fashioned andirons—moss-covered andirons that hung in the well.

These andirons need not be like those of slandered Imogen, "two winking Cupids of silver;" their chief mission is to hold the blazing firewood, to assist in what Mrs. Stowe calls "the social sit-down."

But what a sham is your ordinary fireplace in a flat. Ten to one the chimney will not draw; the top, above the roof, is decorative, with the accent on the second syllable. The fireplace is stuffed with decorative objects. And in such a flat the bathtub is often full of potted plants, and the bottom of the tub is two inches thick with soil and leaves and twigs.

If your fireplace is in working order, give up work until the sun is willing to shine on your endeavor. Rid yourself of the idea that you must be dally at the shop or the office; that you must keep any fixed hours; that you must sit nervously at a clock. No thoughtful employer will expect you to leave your home in dismal weather. And if you are an employer, why should you worry over the conduct of your employees? In either case, toast your feet by the hearth, snooze, or read a novel or knag your wife when she talks to flourish a dust-brush about the mantlepiece, or watch your children quarrelling on the floor. There are pipes and tobacco; there is the thought

of lunch—cold corned beef, thin slices of brown bread and bottled ale are reasonable; and then there is the afternoon before you and the cheering expectation of dinner. But keep your

feet from the sidewalk; you may wet them; you may catch cold; and cold leads to catarrh; catarrh to consumption; and consumption—to the GRAVE.

In order to make home hideous it is necessary that everything should pretend to be something else, or should actually turn itself into that which it was never meant to be. You get a good big useful garden hat and twist it out of shape, do something to it with pins and red ribbon. Then it is a wall-pocket, and you stick a fern in it and let the poor green thing die slowly, a dreadful death of dust and dryness.

Professor Sydney Webb of London visited Boston to study municipal government. He is an eminent sociologist, though, we hasten to add, he is not our old friend the Earnest Student of Sociology. (By the way, we have not seen the E. S. S. or heard from him for some time. The opening of the Chute season in Huntington Avenue will no doubt bring him to the surface.) Professor Webb, like Clara in the story, was "simply delighted." He was reminded constantly of London, although "here in Boston there are so many things that are better." We know an Albanian who admires this town, "It is so like Albany."

But Professor Webb should examine New York, if he wishes to become acquainted with the Ideal American city government—ideal now that the new Chief of Police—his other name is Tammany—in the course of an address to all the Captains declared, and in a clear, beautiful, bell-like voice, "Gambling must go; I will not stand for it in any shape."

There can no longer be any doubt about the character of this new Chief of Police. The Honorable Richard Croker says, "He is an honest man."

If the Spanish prisoners have been bothered by visitors, they have just cause of complaint. One of the chief advantages of life in jail is privacy. The prisoner is supposed to be free from book agents, bill collectors, country relatives, statisticians, the charitably disposed who are eager to spend the money of others, and war disputants. No man in his right mind goes to jail for the purpose of meeting these persons and such as these.

The frankness of Texas is one of its charms. A Boston merchant received the other day a letter from a Texan in which he excused himself for slowness in paying up by describing the hard times in his town. He closed thus: "Confirming what I have written above, I inclose a letter from the President of the bank in which for several years I have kept my overdraft."

A local contemporary remarks acutely that "maturity hath its charm when one seeks the genius of the head, but when one seeks the genius of the legs it must be youth, always youth." And yet the late Benjamin Franklin, who is regarded by many as a philosophical observer, was of a contrary opinion on a famous occasion.

We have received the following communication in answer to the letter by J. M. G. that appeared in the Journal of Thursday:

May 26.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

The kind-hearted and well-meaning woman who pictured the horrors of hunting in a letter published in Talk of the Day this morning is almost as unfamiliar with the methods of modern sport as the Boston evening paper which editorially deplored pigeon-shooting in childlike innocence of the employment of clay pigeons in this form of marksmanship.

She speaks of "the panting deer, fleeing through her native forests, pursued by the hounds and hunters," and "the noble stag, fighting for life with the dogs hanging to its ears, its sides and its throat." Does the dear woman not know that such scenes are found only in pictures? Where do the laws allow the use of dogs in hunting deer? The illegality of traps, snares and such devices is equally unknown to her. The game laws would instruct her if she would read them. And when she writes of "the helpless fawn in a distant covert bleating for its lost mother," does she have a thought, too, for the animal children that are made orphans by the wholesale slaughter of cows at Brighton and of pigs at East Cambridge? Perhaps the woman is consistent and eats no meat. But there are a large number of persons in the world who are not vegetarians and even put aside their love of animals enough to wear leather shoes without a single twinge of conscience. Does your correspondent not share with Samuel Pepys a ready taste for a venison pasty?

A Tender-Hearted Man, although a Hunter.

May 28

When in the West the red sun sinks in glory,
The cypress tree stands up like gold, fine gold;

And then the mother tells the child the story
Of the gold trees the heavenly gardens hold.

In golden dreams the child sees golden rivers,

Gold trees, gold blossoms, golden boughs and leaves;

Without the cypress in the night-wind shivers,

Weeps with the rain, and with the darkness grieves.

It is not fair to blame the Unitarians, assembled here in Boston, for the intolerable weather. Unitarians are cheerful, optimistic. They think well of the Creator, of the world-at-large, and of themselves.

When you read in the letters of war correspondents that the Spanish Admiral is now here and now there; that Schley is at the same time north of Cuba and south of Cuba; that Sampson is in at least three different places at a given hour, your mind turns back to General Boum unfolding his scheme of war:

GENERAL BOUM—You see, Your Highness, the art of war can be described in two words: to cut and to swallow up.

GRAND DUCHESS—Just like a cake, then

BOUM—Exactly, Your Highness. Therefore in order to be able to cut and swallow up, I do this—I divide my army into three corps. One will go to the right; one will go to the left; and the third will go in the middle. My army thus disposed will go by three different roads toward one point where I have planned to concentrate. Where is this point? I don't know; but what I do know is that I shall conquer the enemy, I shall conquer it!

The Japanese are poetical even in war. Witness the names of the torpedo boat destroyers building for them at Messrs. Thornycroft, Chiswick: Daybreak, Darkening Clouds, Evening Mist, Will o' the Wisp.

We cut the following society item from the Southern Ulster (Highland, N. Y.) of May 20:

"Mr. Hackaliah Dolson of Libertyville in town yesterday."

Mr. Wing, the editor and proprietor, remarks under the head "Globe Slighters": "After all this world is a dangerous place—very few ever get out alive."

And will some one explain this item published under the head "River Notables": "We hear that a half barrel of beer was extinguished on the dock in place of a skimelton this past week."

When you are tempted to decry the tune of the old English drinking song adopted by us and now known as "The Star Spangled Banner," remember the apostrophe of the Senator in the Dodge Club: "There is our true national anthem—the commemoration of national triumph; the grand upsoaring of the victorious American Eagle as it wings its everlasting flight through the blue empyrean away up to the eternal stars!"

Thursday afternoon, crossing the Public Garden, we heard an expression of rare devotion and courage. It was a soggy day. Even the stone water nymph begged the passer-by for a towel and an umbrella. A young man and a young woman the world forgetting, were in earnest conversation. And this is what she said: "Yes, George, it is a little damp, but I'll meet you at the chutes."

Mr. Charles F. Wingate said at a meeting in Brooklyn of the Woman's Health Protective Association that he would rather live in a house which was full of sewer-gas than in one whose cellar was damp and where no ray of sunlight came. There's no reply to this. The matter resolves itself into, "You pays your rent, and you takes your choice."

There is no such answer to Mr. Wingate as there was to the Tunbridge man, who visiting at the store in the neighboring town of Chelsea (Vt.) remarked after a long silence: "Humph! I'd druther be the meanest man in Tunbridge than the likeliest man in Chelsea." Another long deep spell of silence. "Wa-a-l-l," said the Chelsea oracle, clearing his throat, "you've got your druther."

New York, a city that is just now given over to the flag habit, did not wax enthusiastic over Sousa's "The Trooping of the Colors." The Commercial Advertiser remarked in the course of a chilling review of the performance: "New York has had so many calls on its vocal patriotism lately by the various stage shows that have been playing on that theme that it is getting to be a bit tired, if not to resent the constant use of the flag and all that it means to make money for the various

proprietors of these enterprises. As a novelty a few weeks ago it was great fun to go to the theatre to cheer and yell at every suggestion of patriotism, but that stage has nearly been passed, and with more serious things at hand it needs something more than an ordinary stage spectacle to make an audience honestly enthusiastic and to draw it out of itself."

The Phillstine reproduces by kind permission the Cudahy coat-of-arms, now used by Mr. Cudahy of Chicago as a book-plate. "The pleasing device is: Sable, a Porcus rampant; argent, armed gules; crest, a Setting Hen on a gold brick, upon four links of sausage; Motto—Root Hog or Die."

May 29, 98

Some Englishman asserts in a late number of the London Globe that the song known to us all as "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" is still sung in English schools. His story of the origin is as follows: It was written when England and France were joining forces against Russia, "and the British flag of Union was floating beside the Red, White and Blue of France." The first verse ran:

"Britannia, the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of the patriot's devotion,
No land can compare unto thee,
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
With garlands of glory in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,
The Army and Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

The author was an Englishman, David Taylor Shaw, born at Everton, near Liverpool, May 10, 1813. He died at Liverpool May 7, 1890. He lived for a time at Baltimore, Md., and a nephew of his is still living in Cincinnati.

"As to the British song suddenly becoming American, presumably Mr. Shaw, who was responsible for the music as well as the words, altered the lines himself for the benefit of his adopted country. Throughout, indeed, the American lyric differs, non-essentially, from the English, 'Columbia' being substituted for 'Britannia,' as the text commands and permits. The first four lines of the first verse may be quoted:

O Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee!
The fourth line is significant. The sixth line is changed to—

When Liberty's form stands in view.
The second verse is almost the same in each version, but the third verse is quite different. The English one says:

Britannia's the pride of the ocean,
And so of a truth shall she be,
While true to her loyal devotion,
To all that is noble and free.
The fire that glows in her story
Still burns in the hearts of her sons,
And her flag shall still lead her to glory,
When duty shall march with her guns.

This is pleasingly patriotic and final the American version is not so conclusive:

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue

But there is a variant even to this which almost suggests the thought that originally there were four stanzas to the song, and that the one just given was the third verse, and the one above that the fourth and last. For instance in one collection of songs, where "Britannia" stands, and not "Columbia," the third and fourth lines of the third verse run:

"May the wreath Nelson won never wither
Nor the star of his glory grow dim."

The tune of "The Star Spangled Banner" as well as that of "America" is English. The air to which Hopkinson wrote "Hail Columbia" was a march written by a German bandmaster on occasion of a visit of Washington when President, to the old John Street Theatre in New York. And it was called the President's March. Of this national anthem Richard Grant White wrote in his singular and entertaining book "National Hymns" (N. Y. 1861): "'Hail Columbia' is really worse than 'Yankee Doodle.' That has a character although it is comic; and it is respectable because it makes no pretence. But both the words and music of 'Hail Columbia' are commonplace, vulgar and pretentious; and the people themselves have found all this out."

Although the tune "Yankee Doodle" is no more American than is "The Star Spangled Banner," nevertheless it arouses some of us to more violent patriotism. I recall the eulogy of James de Mille in "The Dodge Club": "The tune was from the very first taken

national hero, but he is never
to be cherished there. The Re-
public has grown to be a very different
thing from that weak beginning, but its
national air is as popular as ever. The
people do not merely love it. They
glory in it. And yet apologies are
sometimes made for it. By whom? By
the sculless dilettante. —

How better:—the farmers, the mechan-
ics, the fishermen, the dry-goods clerks,
the newsboys, the railway stokers, the
coopers, the bakers, the candlestick
makers, the tinkers, the tailors, the sol-
diers, the sailors. Why? Because this
music has a voice of its own, more ex-
pressive than words; the language of
the soul, which speaks forth in certain
clodies which form an utterance of
utterable passion.

The name was perhaps given in ridi-
cle. It was accepted with pride. The
man is rash, reckless, gay, triumphant,
play, boisterous, careless, heedless,
impudent, raging, roaring, rattle-brain-
ed, devil-may-careish, plague-take-the-
damndest-thing; but! solemn, stern,
proud, resolute, fierce, menacing,
strong, cantankerous (cantankerous is
entirely an American idea), bold, dar-
ing.

Words fail.
"Yankee Doodle" has not yet received
its Doo!"

Henry Mason Brooks, who died at
Alen last Wednesday, 76 years old, was
the author of an entertaining book,
"Olden Time Music," which was pub-
lished here by Ticknor & Co. in 1888.
The design of the book was to give
some account of music in the old days
in New England, more particularly in
Boston and Salem. Mr. Brooks mod-
estly called his volume "a compilation
from newspapers and books;" but much
material was thus gathered for the
pleasure of the careless reader and the
benefit of the future historian of music
in this country.

"La Dame de Trèfle" is the title of a
new operetta in three acts, libretto by
Charles Clairville and Maurice Froyez,
music by Emile Pessard, which was
produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens,
Paris, May 13. The composer, born at
Montmartre, in 1843, was a Prix de
Rome in 1862. He is now the head pro-
fessor of harmony at the Conservatory.
He has written, besides masses, orches-
tral suites, a piano trio, songs and piano
pieces, several operas and operettas,
among them "Capitaine Fracasse" 1878,
"Tabarin" 1885, "Tartarin sur les Alpes"
1888, and "Mamzelle Carabin" 1893.

The libretto is said to be amusing, al-
though it is clean. A mountebank, hav-
ing rescued a young woman from a
runaway horse, is invited by her eccen-
tric relative, the musical Mayor of a
country town, to take part in some pri-
vate theatricals for which he has com-
posed the music and in which his fam-
ily assists. The ingénue of the piece
falls in love with the mountebank. The
Mayor must be a delightful character.
He has noticed that the reason why the
public at large does not like Wagner is
because it does not understand either
the libretto or the music. He therefore
makes "Die Walküre" popular by sub-
stituting tableaux vivants for the li-
bretto and suppressing all the music.
In his civic office he composes freely,
he has a piano in the main hall, and
he puts a billiard table in the salle des
marriages. He thinks this is better than
devoting his time to politics.

The music is said to be charming, and
some of it as an air for soprano is in
true opéra-comique style. The over-
ture, telephone rondo, and ensemble of
the family council are especially
praised.

There is a new ballet at the Olympia,
Paris: "Barbe-Bleue," with music by
Charles Lecocq. It illustrates the chief
scenes in the good old legend. Lecocq's
music is said to be fresh and tuneful.

The Journal has received a copy of
William Shakespeare's "Art of Singing"
from the publishers, Oliver Ditson Com-
pany. The author was already known to
many in Boston, personally and
through his pupils. Born in 1849, he
showed musical instincts at an early
age. Winning scholarships in England,
he studied at Leipzig, and then develop-
ing a tenor voice he went to Milan to
study with Lamperti. He returned to
England in 1875 and sang in concerts
and at the Leeds Festival of 1877. He
was appointed a professor of singing at
the Royal Academy of Music in 1878.
He has written a Dramatic Overture
(1874), a piano concerto (1879), a sym-
phony, overtures, string quartets in
MS., songs and piano pieces. It will

thus be seen that he is not merely a
specialist.

This book, part I. of the complete
work, is clearly and intelligently writ-
ten. It treats of the management of
the breath, the vocal organs, the jaw,
soft palate, lips and face, eyes, attack,
legato, the registers, force and inten-
sity, etc. There are illustrations and
exercises. Not the least valuable fea-
ture is the recapitulation in the form
of rules to be observed during the prac-
tice of the exercises.

Certain statements and certain theo-
ries advanced will no doubt provoke
discussion, but I believe that such dis-
cussion will work for the advantage of
Mr. Shakespeare as well as of vocal art.
Nor is this a book to be studied with
profit merely by the student or teacher.
The average concert-goer will find much
entertainment as instruction. You hear,
for instance, your professional friend
speak of De Couac as a "white tenor." You
smile acquiescently and say, "Yes,"
but you are more inclined to call the
singer "yellow"; for you know what
that term means. Now listen to Mr.
Shakespeare's definition:

"The last type to be considered, and
one often heard, is when the voice
tends to produce sounds of a bleating
and silly character, which are caused
by the corners of the lips being pulled
back and down, and general rigidity
of the lower lip, throat, and jaw. It
is known in Italian as 'voce bianca,'
in French as 'voix blanche,' and may
be translated into English as colorless
voice. We could scarcely describe this
way of singing as noble. When very
marked, it is not altogether unlike the
utterances of the half-witted, and the
face of the singer assumes an expres-
sion which is artificial and affected, and
which is generally accompanied by an
inane smile."

Philip Hale.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A public square in Vienna has been
named after Brahms.

Sembrich will appear next season in
"Manon" and "Lakmé."

Erma Eames has rented Lady Eard-
ley's house in Lancaster Street, Hyde-
Park, London, for the season.

Dr. E. J. Hopkins, who is now nearly
80 years old, made a musical farewell
May 8 to the Temple Church (London),
of which he has been organist for 55
years.

Mme. Marie Decca, who is a relative
of Francis Key, the author of "The
Star Spangled Banner," was invited to
sing that solo May 24 at the grand con-
cert for the benefit of the war fund,
under the auspices of the New York
City Chapter of the Daughters of
the American Revolution.

The Kneisel Quartet made a great hit
in San Francisco. The music lovers
from the city and from the towns with-
in a hundred miles turned out in large
numbers, and were roused to the high-
est pitch of enthusiasm. Wherever the
quartet appears the same applause
greets it, and its journey is a veritable
artistic triumph. The trip will include
all the large cities of the West, and
ends the middle of June.

At the last meeting of the Académie
des Beaux-Arts a clause of the will of
the late Gustav Moreau was read be-
queathing a sum of 100,000fr. to the Acad-
emy, the interest of which was to be
devoted to a prize—to be given trien-
nially—for the most remarkable pro-
duction in painting, sculpture, architec-
ture or musical composition. By an-
other disposition M. Moreau bequeathed
his hotel in the Rue Rochefoucault,
with all it contained, to the École des
Beaux-Arts on condition that the col-
lection now in the residence should be
preserved in its entirety.

The final arrangements for a perma-
nent orchestra for New York have

just been concluded by Mr. Carl Loe-
wenstein, proprietor of the Waldorf-Ast-
oria subscription concerts. Mr. Emil
Paur, formerly conductor of the Bos-
ton Symphony Orchestra, and now of
the New York Philharmonic Society,
has been secured as the conductor of
the permanent orchestra, and will con-
duct all the concerts. The permanent
orchestra will consist of 60; it will be
augmented from time to time. Besides
the usual subscription concerts at the
Waldorf-Astoria, a series of chamber
music soirees will be given next season
by well-known soloists.

The Earl of Dysart has written to a
London morning paper suggesting that
visitors to the opera should be allowed
time to dine between the acts of very
long works, instead of being compelled
either to eat at an abnormally early
hour or to wait in a state of semi-hun-
ger until the end of the performance.
With reference to the question of com-
pulsory evening dress, Lord Dysart says
he would like to know whether it is
legally possible to enforce such a rule in
the absence of an accurate definition of
"evening dress." While there is this
uncertainty upon the point, he will be
happy to inaugurate or to co-operate in
any movement to bring about a test
case.

The Daily Messenger, Paris, pub-
lished the following paragraph sent by
its London correspondent May 164:
"Mme. Melba writes to a friend in Lon-
don from San Francisco, where she has
been singing in Rossini's 'Il Barbiere':
'The war fever runs high here, and I
am obliged every night to sing the
'Star Spangled Banner' in the lesson
scene, and in my costume of a Spanish
Senorita! It produces an amazing ef-
fect upon the audience, but sets me
thinking. They say that sometimes the
worst enemies become the fastest
friends, and perhaps my Rosina of Spain
singing the American national anthem
is prophetic of a pleasanter state of af-
fairs for both countries in the far-off
future.'"

As there was much talk lately about

The singing of Mr. Hermann Zumpé, of
New York, a conductor, the following
account of his leading "Die Walküre"
in London May 11 may be of interest.
It is taken from the Pall Mall Gazette:
"Last night at Covent Garden we had
an extremely satisfactory performance
of 'Die Walküre.' Herr Zumpé con-
ducted; it was, we believe, his first ap-
pearance in London, and it is quite possi-
ble that there may be various opinions
about his achievement. Our opinion, so
far as this performance goes, is quite
definite. The orchestral work was, we
think, given with a subtlety and a deli-
cacy that were altogether admirable. It
was, if you please, quite different from
the Wagner to whom we have been ac-
customed at the hands of many con-
ductors who are nevertheless masters in
their own way. Wagner, who seems
the more one acquaints one's mind and
taste with his magnificent work, to have
contained almost every quality of mus-
ical excellence, combined these two
qualities which are usually—one would
almost have thought essentially—di-
vorced from one another, emphasis and
accent. We use these summary words
for the sake of convenience, emphasis
being the power of enforcing a situation,
accent being the more remote capacity
for indicating sudden, swift and delicate
surprises and changes of thought—in
translating music into literature it is
clear that one must use terms a little
arbitrarily. To return: The typical
modern conductor is in the habit of
making all he can of Wagner's empha-
sis. That admirable conductor, Mr.
Henry Wood, for example, plays the
Walkürenritt with an absolutely won-
derful attention to the emphasis. You
are racked and torn by emotion as the
brass mounts higher and higher in its
tremendous progress. Herr Zumpé has
a different thought, another sentiment;
he has found with what marvellous dex-
terity and insight Wagner laid the quiet
accent upon each successive bar, and it
was this facet of the master's genius
which he flashed upon us last night,
somewhat to our astonishment, but to
our profound satisfaction. The first
act was played throughout in a formal
but masterly manner. We say delibera-
tely that for the first time we became
acquainted with the restraint, the hesi-
tation, the asceticism of Wagner's noble
music; its other qualities of splendor,
magnificence, emotion, intensity,
melody and poignancy were, of course,
matters of long familiarity. And here
came a quiet, an undemonstrative and
inscrutably impressive conductor, who
suddenly, as it were, turned the lights
down, and showed you a thousand new
beauties shining with the luminosity
of their own exquisite loveliness. The
brass sang—literally sang—with a
strange and ineffable peace; the cellos
and the basses most incisively showed
the essential points of their functions,
and all the melody was transformed by
a sweet and restrained coherence. Those
who look to Wagner for nothing but
sound multiplied in unlimited excesses
probably found in this method a tanta-
lizing lack of expressiveness which a
careful attention should quickly have
dispelled. We welcome Herr Zumpé as
a conductor of great parts, and the Co-
vent Garden management deserves cordial
congratulation upon the enlistment
of his services." Zumpé is now 48 years
old. He has led at Salzburg, Würz-
burg, Magdeburg, Frankfurt, Homburg,
Stuttgart, Munich. From 1873 to 1878
he helped Wagner at Baireuth.

May 30. 98

"Your book is excellent."
"Do you really think so?"
"Yes, indeed; only between us, my dear
fellow, I think the knowledge of the world
shown in it, the observation, so to speak,
is—well—limited."
"What? You say that to me who once
used to whoop it up day and night? When
anyone has lived my life, young man, he has
some idea of the world—he has at least the
benefit of said experience."
"You are right. It was probably the style
that seemed careless. Your phrases sound
at times as though you were making up a
freight train."
"I can't agree with you. There's style, if
there's nothing else."
"Just as you say, but don't you think
that you are needlessly personal, and at
times coarse?"
"Are you crazy? My book may not be
worth anything, it may be badly written
and crude, but it is an honest book, and I
have a refined nature, and I would not hurt
the feelings of anybody in the world."
"Yes, old man, your book is really an
excellent one."

Augustus, turn a deaf ear to the pub-
lisher, who says, "Why don't you
make a little volume of your best
newspaper stuff? Put in, for instance,
your essays on 'The Sweep of the
Mongolian,' 'An Inquiry into the
Poverty of Mark Twain,' 'Save the
Subway!'" Then bring all the copy to
me, and we'll talk about a title and a
cover." Be deaf, Augustus, be deaf.

For even if the publisher is in earn-
est, what real advantage is there to
you in such publication? How many
copies do you think would be sold?
Enough to pay the bills for paper and
ink and binding and press work?

Think what would follow. Somebody
would give you a dinner. There would
be toasts, epigrams, compliments. You
might be called by some enthusiastic
person, "The Charles Lamb of Bos-
ton," or "The Bacon of Brighton," or
"The Montaigne of Medford," and you
would feel foolish. Of course you
would be flattered, and after you were
safe at home, you would read a little
Lamb and say to yourself, "A good
writer, but I think I could express that
idea in more striking language; Dauber

didn't pay me so much of a compli-
ment after all!"

After the dinner, you would be
habitually self-conscious. You would
see the street car conductor pointing
you out to strangers as "a distinguished
writer." You would be hurt if the men
at the club did not refer occasionally
to your book. You would wonder why
you were not mentioned as one of the
40 in the proposed American Academy.
Before that dinner you wrote freely,
without thought of an audience. Or
you could then say with Thackeray's
Pen,

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain,
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused
pain;

The idle word that he'd wish back again.

I've help'd him to pen many a line for bread,
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter when his own heart
bled.

But now you write with one eye
on the paper and one on the audience.
You quickly become an insufferable
pig.

Be content, Augustus, with your hum-
ble station. Do your daily task as
though you were a bricklayer or a
drawer of beer. Be thankful that a
generous public forgets by night what
it read at breakfast.

If you must write a book, write one
at your leisure. Let it be the labor of
months, years. Let the book be short.
And when it is finished at last, burn
the manuscript. Would you give your
enemies a lasting monument for their
derision?

Here is Q. for instance. Q. has writ-
ten no book. He is satisfied with the
life of a day, an hour.

THE CHAMPION LIAR.

While waiting for a train at the Union
Station a friend of mine met me. We
saw He above all Liars I ever came
across. I listened to them in a retail
liquor store, are they new lies said I.
they are the latest out for 1898 there
was a good many in the Store so I got
to the further end of the Counter to
get a glass of ale while there was
two men discussing the war one said
He would not hurry any but pith them
to the sharks a bricklayer was telling
how he was laying glass bricks a ton
and a ton and a half on a bulden I
asked him how he lifted them he said
by a derick where were they Mad
said I in Philadelphia said He where
are you laying them. Said I you must
be from down east said He then a stair
builder struck the Counter and said He
was bulden a stair so 10,000 people
could escape in case of fire or panic
where are you bulden it said I read
the papers said he and find out being
a friend of the proprietor I told him
what I heard says he them fellows
can't tell lies to perfection you see that
stout broad shouldered Chap over there
talking I said yes well Call him over
to get a glass of beer he is the Cham-
pion of Boston So I asked Him to come
have a drink pray what do you follow
as a business Iron works and Me-
chanist what is the largest piece
of iron you ever Made said I
well I forged a piece for South
Africa a little over 100 tons
that is a lie said a man just came in
it is not said another for I am one of
the Men that put it up in Africa it was
over 100 feet long and six feet square
for a diamond plant it was to long we
had to cut one end of it took a week to
get it hot we had to stand in a cask
of water with a hammer with a han-
dle ten feet long and two Natives play-
ing on Me with a hose and I cut it off
and they all gave Him a clapp—the
proprietor called me aside said He the
Champion that held the belt for three
years formally came from Medford but
I was compelled to turn Him out He got
profane while telling the most absurd
stories, the last He told was about
an explosive. He made from blueberries
dynamite and Gun cotton Could not be
compared to it would cause an earth-
quake He spread gunpowder on the
floor and touched it with a match
Eayen it was reduced down so I was
obliged to turn him out. Said I which
of these men is Champion you called
the wrong Man Said the man behind
the Bar the fellow that stood in the
cask of water is Champion, how often
do these perveccators meet here said I
every Saturday Evening from all the
Cities and Towns for 10 milles of a
tadious no profanity allowed what-
ever they are afflicted with a mania and
more So when the Moon is full Q

May 31

THE JEWEL.

Jenny is walking alone, thinking about
nothing; suddenly her right foot refuses to
go by her left foot.
Look at her standing, unrootable before a
shop-window.
She is not stopping to admire herself in the
mirrors or to smooth her hair. She stares
at a jewel. She stares at it obstinately, and
if it had wings it would fly to her, like
some charmed insect, to place itself, a ring,
on Jenny's finger, or, a brooch, in her bodice,
or, an earring, in her ear. To see it better
Jenny half shuts her eyes; she even closes

to possess the thing at least under her eyelids. You would say, "She is asleep." But behind the window, from somewhere in the ship, a hand appears. White, well-shaped, it leaves its sleeve. You would say that it is softly entering a dove-cot. It knows the way. It creeps along, without turning itself in the blaze of diamonds, without awaking the drowsy genius, and with the tips of its nimble fingers, as though it were poking fun at Jenny, who watches anxiously, it steals away from her the jewel.

Mr. Leonidas Smithers, who has just moved into an "elegant flat with open plumbing, elevator and bicycle room," was complaining at the Porphyry of an intolerable nuisance. "After dinner and every night somebody in the room on the other side of the wall of my den, pounds the piano for at least an hour. I can't smoke quietly; I can't fix my mind on the evening paper; and I go to bed without knowing just where Cervara is. It's a hideous thing she plays—I say 'she,' for it must be a woman. My daughter, who's musical, says it's an invention by Bach; if it is, it ought never to have been patented. And I can't stop it. I suppose the woman has a right to play within so-called reasonable hours."

"I'll tell you what to do," said Old Chimes. "Get a powerful electro-magnet and put it on your side of the wall. Then when the pianist begins to play, the strings will be drawn out of the piano in your direction, and the piano will be useless. She will never find out the reason."

And the poet thought of the lines of Poe:

The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

The N. Y. Times says that the "aristocratic dinner basket is three-quarters of a yard tall." Nonsense. The true aristocratic dinner basket is a tin dinner pail. Wordsworth appreciated this when he wrote

What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway says that this war is "the legitimate successor of all the devils that the ingenuity of the ecclesiastics of all ages have been able to invent." Mr. Conway is an authority on this subject. Did he not write a history of the Devil? Still, we prefer Defoe's.

Judge Robert Grant has been appointed Chief Marshal of the Alumni for Commencement Day at Harvard. Will he accept the office? There will be men in the procession who are not earning \$10,000 a year.

Beef at Manila is \$2.50 a pound. "Let me eat the beef of a nation and I care not who makes their laws."

You may remember that Boston turned its highly respectable back on Ma-monnies's statue, "The Bacchante," which if it had been received and placed in position would have been the only well-ventilated thing in the Public Library. A still more surprising rejection has been the subject of much gossip and the cause of sarcasm and anger in Paris.

The Pall Mall Gazette art critic gives this interesting description of Rodin's Balzac: "I have left myself little space to speak of the amazing statue of Balzac, by Rodin, though with unlimited space it would be difficult to describe the tremendous impression which this colossal work produces. First of all, it is the living, that is to say, the immortal Balzac. From a rugged, rock-like form, with an enveloping robe de chambre, starts a head from which all the genius of Balzac seems to shine like the light from a lighthouse. There are aspects of the statue which are frankly risible, but the laugh which infuses you is the laughter of the Comédie Humaine. There is everything in this extraordinary production, sublimity, immortality, humanity, genius. It is the handshake of consummate genius with consummate genius; the worthiest tribute of one art to another ever offered in the history of Art. Rodin's other contribution, 'Le Baiser,' is a great work; but never has this master revealed his astounding power more completely or more audaciously than in 'Balzac.' I hear that the committee of the Société des Gens de Lettres dislike the statue, which they are too narrow-minded to appreciate, and will try to prevent its being erected in the Palais Royal; but, fortunately, they are bound by a contract which renders such a claim impossible."

Yes, the Société refused the statue as called it "a study." Whereupon it was rushed into print. One said, "As it is a study, it is as if it had been in the garden of the Palais

Royal for which it was intended. A splendid museum could be made out of works snubbed by academies and scholars." The latter can stand originally up to a certain point. Thereafter they hide their eyes and cry "treason!" After all the rejection was a good thing in this: it was the cause of a striking article by Andre Fontainas in the Mercure de France of May, in which there is a glowing tribute to the genius of Rodin.

And finally a Mr. Pellerin bought the statue for 20,000 francs.

June 1, 1898

CROWDS.

It is not given to everyone to bathe in the multitude; it is an art to enjoy a crowd; and he that can be drunk with vitality at the expense of the human race breathed in from a fairy visiting his cradle the taste for disguise and mask, hatred of home, passion for travel.

Multitude, solitude: equal and convertible terms for the lively poet. He that does not know how to people his solitude knows no more how to be alone in a busy crowd.

The poet enjoys this incomparable privilege that he can at will be himself or another. As those wandering souls which go a-searching a body, he enters when he wishes, the personage of each. For him alone everything is empty; and if certain places seem to be closed to him, it is because in his eyes they are not worth the trouble of a visit.

The solitary and thoughtful walker becomes strangely intoxicated by this universal communion. He that easily marries the crowd knows feverish joys of which the egoist, shut up as in a box; or the lazy, confined as a mollusk, will be eternally deprived. He adopts for his own all the callings, all the joys and all the miseries presented by circumstances.

What men call love is small, restrained, weak compared to this unspeakable orgy, this holy prostitution of the soul which gives itself wholly, poetry and benevolence, to the unlooked for one that appears, to the unknown that goes by.

It is a good thing to teach sometimes the happy of this world—were it only to humiliate for a moment their silly pride—that there are pleasures far superior, vaster, more subtle than are their happinesses. Founders of colonies, shepherds, missionary priests exiled to the end of the world know without doubt something of this mysterious intoxication; and in the bosom of the huge family made by their genius they must needs laugh at times at those who pity them for their uncertain fortune and too sober life.

Yvette Guilbert has declared herself in favor of the Spaniards. "The Americans are incapable of the slightest artistic emotion; with them everything is a question of figures." And Miss Guilbert's figure aroused no emotion in this country.

The court of the apartment house is a huge sounding-board. There is no need of crowing cock or alarm clock. There is always some early riser who awakens all the neighbors. He splashes in his tub, or he sings lustily a morning hymn, or he shrieks salutations to the lazy of his household, or he coughs. The windows are now open—and that cough! It is not one that excites pity; it is not the hollow, mournful variety known as the graveyard cough; it is scraping, metallic, aggressive, exasperating. It is defiant, as though the cougher said, "I pay my rent, I am at home, I cough as I please. You have no business to sleep at this hour." Or there is the crash of a family jar at early breakfast. You hear the angry, bitter words, the slamming of a door. And from 6.30 to 9 o'clock there are the noises of preparation for another day of labor. During the other hours of sunlight the sounds of the court form a part of the great symphony of tumultuous working life. They are without individuality. But at 9 o'clock of the night the court has again its individual voices. From far down come the shouts and laughter of the cave-dwellers, rejoicing after the kitchen-fires are low. There is humble courting. The white, neat Swede welcomes her swain. An army of cousins invades the basement. Your decanter is not as full the next day. There is not as much of the joint as you thought there would be for luncheon. Do you begrudge the cave-dwellers their enjoyment? Because you look far back on your own courtship, shall there be no more kissing and embracing? The court of the apartment house is a vast sounding-board.

Yes, let us indulge ourselves in literary exploration and excursion.

To T. B. A.: No. "Q." the contributor to the Boston Journal is not the "Q." who wrote "Noughts and Crosses, Stories, Studies and Sketches" (London, 1891).

Did anyone now living ever read a novel entitled "The Senator's Son; or the Maine Law a Last Refuge," by Matta Victoria Fuller, otherwise known as the Singing Sibyl?

A bookseller of Edinburgh made this distinction in his catalogue last month: "Gentlemen, executives, and others."

There were, it may be said, "Selections from Browning," "Selections from Wordsworth" and "Selections" from other poets; and now it is Walt Whitman's turn. Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company of this city have published "Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman," edited with an introduction by Oscar L. Triggs of the University of Chicago. This handsome volume is more than "a collection of striking poems"; it gives to those who, unacquainted with Whitman, deterred from reading Leaves of Grass by cheap wit, genteel ignorance, or outrageous slander, would still know something of the man and his works, an opportunity to learn the humanity and the heroism of his life, the mighty purpose of his literary work and the noble, supreme accomplishment of that never deviating purpose. He that reads these selections will not rest until he has read Whitman in bulk. Mr. Triggs's introduction is helpful, sane, free from gush or hysteria, and the "Selected Bibliography" is of general interest as well as of special value to the collector. Not the least important of the selections is the remarkable essay that served as preface to the text of the 1855 edition of Leaves of Grass.

And if your delicate lips disdain to utter the word "brewery," speak when occasion requires of a "zythepary."

My own idea is that war is not a matter iv prayers so much as a matter iv punchin', an' th' on'y place a prayer book stops a bullet in th' story books. 'Tis like what Father Kelly said. Three weeks ago las' Sunday he met Hogan, an' Hogan, wantin' to be smart, ast him if he'd offered up prayers f'r th' success iv th' cause. 'Faith, I did not,' says th' good man. 'I was in too much iv a hurry to get away.' 'What was th' matter?' ast Hogan. 'I had me uniform to brush up an' me soord to polish,' says Father Kelly. 'I am goin' with th' rig'mint tomorrow,' he says, 'an', he says, 'if ye hear iv me waitin' to pray,' he says, 'anny time they'll call f'r me,' he says, 'to be in a fight,' he says, 'ye may con-clude,' he says, 'that I've lost me mind an' won't be back to me parish,' he says. 'Hogan,' he says, 'I'll go into th' battle with a prayer book in wan hand an' a soord in th' other,' he says, 'an' if th' wurruck calls f'r two hands 'tis not th' soord I'll drop,' he says. 'Don't ye believe in prayer?' says Hogan. 'I do,' says th' good man, 'but,' he says, 'a healthy person ought,' he says, 'to be ashamed,' he says, 'to ask f'r help in a fight,' he says. — Mr. Dooley in the Chicago Journal.

June 2, 1898

Remember that in life you ought to behave as at a banquet. Suppose that something is carried round and is opposite to you. Stretch out your hand and take a portion with decency. Suppose that it passes by you. Do not detain it. Suppose that it is not yet come to you. Do not send your desire forward to it, but wait till it is opposite to you. Do so with respect to children, so with respect to a wife, so with respect to magisterial offices, so with respect to wealth, and you will be some time a worthy partner of the banquets of the gods. But if you take none of the things which are set before you, and even despise them, then you will be not only a fellow banqueter with the gods, but also a partner with them in power.

We have received a confidential dispatch from a passionate Cuban disguised and high in favor at Santiago. Translated, it reads about as follows: "When Cervara first heard of the American fleet blocking his path, he summoned me and asked me if I had ever read 'Dombey and Son.' Before I could make answer, he murmured, 'Tough and devilish Schley.'"

It is an old definition, so old that it is perhaps new. Yacht: Any kind of a craft that carries a lot of champagne.

"No," said the singularly nervous man in an end seat of the street car, "No, my eczema is not as yet a disfigurement. Its highest range is on a level with my collar band. If it should climb higher I should, much to my regret, be obliged to wear those cuff collars, which give the appearance of extreme discomfort to many young men. I am troubled with what I call shrinking or diffident eczema. It fears the light, it avoids the eye of man. In summer at the seaside when I go bathing every day it almost wholly disappears. If I could get permission from the police to go about my business and through the streets and to church and places of amusement without any clothes, naked as Adam before he was tripped by Eve, I know I should be free from the irritating thing; it would be so ashamed, so mortified. Perhaps it is just as well. If I wore no clothes the eczema might wish to hide in my liver, and then I should be a dead man. Dr. Drencher said to me

only yesterday—what, have you got to get off here?"

This is the feast-day of St. Erasmus of Antioch, who fell under the displeasure of Diocletian. The holy man was first beaten with clubs of lead, then tossed into a kettle of seething pitch, wax and brinstone, and then—an anticlimax—into prison, from which he was released each night by an angel. All this irritated the local authorities, and so Erasmus was again beaten; he was then clothed in a red-hot coat-of-mail; and again was he tossed into a kettle of seething pitch and oil, and again was he thrown into prison. An angel freed him, led him to a convenient ship, and then steered him to Formia, where he worked miracles until he was invited by a voice from heaven to leave this sorry world.

And this is the death-day of Mr. John Rousey, who died (1734) at the age of 138 on the Isle of Disirey, Scotland. His fathering son was born to him when he was in his hundredth year. The boy could hardly be considered disrespectful if he addressed his sire as "Say, old man."

Now the Philadelphia Times has an account of the arrest of a "famous" burglar. How famous?—N. Y. Times.

Just as, according to Shakspeare, Menacrates and Menas were "famous pirates."

Tillotson, in one of his sermons, speaks of "the death of famous malefactors," and Cobbett did not hesitate to use the phrase, "a famous falsehood."

If you are filled with a single-minded desire to "make home hideous at a small cost" you can paint flowers on panels of doors, on mirrors, and on antimaccassars. The result will well repay any little trouble it may cost. For a very few shillings you may buy quite a large number of china animals, plush photograph frames, glass vases, pin-trays, boxes and candlesticks, a little thought will enable you to avoid the purchase of any but the really useless, and with these you can litter your mantelpieces and tables till there is no room left to put down a book, or a pipe, or a teacup. You can paint almost anything with enamel paint, from a mahogany sideboard to a marble mantelpiece; if you are firm with your mother she may even submit to your painting the walnut-wood wardrobe in the best bedroom, which is, as you know, shamefully old-fashioned.

The New York Sun says that in Syracuse, N. Y., there are 500 whist clubs composed of women; the total membership is a little more than 8000; the season is 34 weeks; and Syracuse women "devote 680,000 hours, or something like 80 years, to whist-playing each season." Furthermore the total amount of money spent in prizes, favors, fines each season is about \$136,000.

This should not surprise anyone. This luxury goes with the name of the town. Plato, after visiting Syracuse in Sicily, complained of being obliged to eat and drink heavily there twice a day; and he exclaimed, "Never will any man under the sun be wise surrounded by such conditions."

Ah the ancient Syracuse! Ah the desirable town! Pink-footed Ceres was worshiped in "tempests of wine and music." 'Twas the home of Phrynis who rose from cook to courtier; of Aeschylus, Bacchylides, and Epicharmus, never weary of draining potations; pottle-deep, potatoes in wines of red and white, and yellow, and in the wines of Sybaris that ran in great pipes from vineyards to the city. (The Standard Oil Company lifted this idea.) And they spent their time also in playing a cottabos; and they played for prizes as for three ribbons, five apples and nine kisses; and kisses were the usual prize. Perhaps in the end the prize at the whist games in Syracuse, N. Y. are less costly.

Mr. George R. Sims is moved to these timely remarks: "Spain is a country in which revolution is a national pastime. What cricket is to an Englishman conspiracy is to a Spaniard. The reason that nobody goes to bed in Madrid till 3 o'clock in the morning is that everybody sits up to see what is going to happen next. Spain is always more or less in a condition of commotion, so far as the conspirators' chorus is concerned. The black mantle is suggestive at once of the romance and the reality of Spanish life."

June 3, 1898

Boston, June 1, 1898

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

I asked my friend, The Quettist, why is it that he never goes anywhere else than the Common to indulge his taste for quail his passion for the open air. His answer was characteristic:

"My dear sir, you forget, you ignore, the fact that my hair is graying. Old age brings many comforts, and none is greater than the one becomes gradually content to dwell in narrow horizons, to pad a single pad. And what would better fit my needs than Boston Common? Boston Common!" — I omit his rhapsody.

...and I expect to him the Fellow, ...
...Franklin Park ...
...Franklin Park ...
...all those places—but Franklin Park ...
...daytime children and nursemaids and ...
...bicycles—by the way, I expect you ...
...your influence to keep the bicycle ...
...the Common—in the night time whirling ...
...bicycles, a patriotic band, lovers embracing ...
...on secluded benches, and poets!" ...
"Poets?" I exclaimed in amazement. ...
Yes, poets; but let me tell you a tale. ...
You might call it a tale of Balloon Poets."

Yours truly,

POETS IN FRANKLIN PARK.

Two poets, both young men—one short and slim, the other tall and stout—laid themselves down on the grass. The short, stout young fellow threw himself down at full length nonchalantly. The short, slim young man first felt the grass, then spread his overcoat and posed himself upon it carefully. They contemplated the stars. It was a fifth month night, mildly warm; a night luminous with starlight; no moon; electric lights twinkling among the trees of the park. And the short, slim young man said in a soft, well-modulated and thin voice: "Dear Lord! Dear Lord! One may watch the stars here—God's lamps—a black tent—yet all about us is the silent city blind to the stars; an amorous monster, repellant, vindictive, sucking in a black cave, devouring the spirits as they pass by. Dear Lord! To escape! To send one's soul up, there to the stars. To send one's soul adventuring to the archipelago of the stars!"

The tall, stout young man lighted his pipe. The blazing match showed for a moment the grin on his face. "They are good beefsteaks in the city, nevertheless," he said, "we'll send forth our souls." He waved his pipe. Tipped the glowing tobacco, it was a man's wand. The souls of the two poets escaped from their nostrils. They winged their way star-ward. They voyaged in the infinitude of Space, and for them were no professional, ever-moving pageants the Four Dimensions. They saw beginning and the application of length, Breadth, Thickness; long mysterious shuttlewise weaving upward, downward, and across: eternal Cause producing Effect. They beheld the birth of the dispersal of Time: minutes, hours, centuries, ages. For them were played thousands of rising and setting suns. For them melodramatic sunsets, blood-red; for them sunsets of every, unphrasable.

They landed, to rest on a star isle the coast of Sirius. They sat upon the shore of that mystic ocean and saw the meaning of Silence. And the tall of the slim young man said plaintively: "Dear Lord! The Silence! And we cold it is!" The soul shivered in the cold. "After all, the earth, and time, mother, fireside." The soul peeped from the star and sank, shivering, and sank. The other soul lighted its pipe at a net's tall. The glare showed the net on the soul's face.

The slim young man on the grass waked and awoke. He sat up shivering. "What imprudence to doze on a damp ground in May!" He hurried on his coat. He shook his snoring companion; he could not wake him. Then the slim young man went home a street car, coughing tentatively, nodding over pneumonia and burial processions. He said that street-car corporations were soulless, careless of the public. "Open cars on such a chill-night." O pneumonia! O burial processions!

Long afterward the stout, tall young man returned home, marching with his strides, pipe between his teeth. And his soul told him marvelous tales of adventure, wild legends of the moon and stars.

THE QUIETIST.

And wild legends are already gathering around the head of Rear Admiral Dewey. He did this as a boy; he did this as a young man; he made a German Prince apologize, etc., etc. He yet turn out to be the man that Billy Patterson.

Thanks are sent to Dewey." What a hero really needs is food, ammunition, men.

We regret to say that no reporter describing the opening of the new engine house in West Roxbury mentioned either the house was painted red.

Another veteran of Waterloo is dead. Veterans of whisky and Waterloo still survive.

Modin's statue of Balzac, which, as stated Tuesday, was sold to a Mr. Marin of Neuilly, will, after all, be placed in a public place in Paris. The price of 30,000 francs, which should purchase the statue from Mr. Pellerin,

has been publicly subscribed and, according to the Daily Messenger, the statue will be erected somewhere between the Conseil d'Etat and the Louvre.

Apropos of the reproach made against young Mr. Leiter of Chicago for causing bread-riots in Italy, the Financial News of London tells this story of an American speculator. He was a consumptive Yankee, sick unto death, and he had been carried by easy stages to the winter heights of Davos Platz. There was nothing for him to do but bask in the afternoon sunshine and wait for the end. To create a little diversion, he suborned two waiters and bought up all the toothpicks for miles around. He established a complete corner in toothpicks, and the guests at all the hotels had to come round and beg for toothpicks at his own price. He started at \$2 each, and raised the price 50 per cent. at the end of the first week. He was contemplating a corner in tobaccos with a pleased air, when a blood-vessel broke.

Mr. Peter Doyle was the true hero at the Walt Whitman Fellowship dinner in New York. He refused to speak, "because he had nothing to say." There are many in the Fellowship that have nothing to say, yet they persist in talking and writing.

It is an amusing sight to see the ex-patriated Mr. Henry James patting Walt Whitman on the head for his "Wound Dresser," just as a dude with gloved hand timidly strokes a mastiff. Mr. James, who has the honor to resemble in personal appearance the Prince of Wales, speaks patronizingly of Whitman's mother as "obscure, laborious." This snobbish criticism may be applied with honesty to the literary style of Mr. James.

Commend us to Judge Stake of the Circuit Court sitting at Hagerstown, Md. A man was convicted of failure to support his wife—a judgment establishing a dangerous precedent—and one point of the defence was that she had written him an insulting letter. The Judge said: "The letter is the ravings of a woman who is jealous and infuriated. A husband is not relieved of his obligations, no matter what his wife may say. A woman's only weapon is her tongue, and it is the part of all gallant men to let her use it without recourse." And then the Judge passed sentence: A fine of 50 cents and costs.

June 4, 1898

When the time came round
That the Soul must leave the Body
All the Man's kinsfolk
Stood round the bed
Where the miracle was to be
—The departure for the Journey.
And the heavy eyelids
Gave faint recognition,
And the leaden hands
Caught at the coverlet:
Then the Soul stood out
Invisible beside the Body
And shivered in the strange air.

Chelsea, Mass., June 1.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

Dear Sir—I was spending the evening in company at a friend's house on Dover Street, and the question came up whether it was the polite thing for the man of the house to take off his collar and boots of a hot night. It seemed to us that he ought to stand it with the rest out of respect for the ladies.

Yours truly,

ABEL SEAMAN.

This is an important question, one worthy the attention of the Cravat-and-Frock-Coat Editor of the Providence Journal. (He called on us the other day. Alas! we were out—at our broker's.)

It may be argued on the one hand that such ease of manner will promote general amiability and remove any rigid barrier to conversation. Wit is not encouraged by tight boots; amorous confidences are discouraged by wilted linen.

On the other hand, the doffing of artificial and meretricious charms may cast a gloom over the company even when the men and women are assembled for funeral respect and are seated about the corpse. The size of the room and the personal habits of the host are important factors in this interesting problem.

There is such a difference of opinion. Some are absurdly sensitive; others are perhaps reprehensibly indifferent. We know a young man who gave up courting the blue-eyed daughter of a richly whiskered farmer because the tired parent solaced himself in cold weather by resting his bootless feet in the oven of the kitchen stove. But this is a digression.

We dislike to wound Mr. Seaman's feelings, but is it not possible that the hour was late, that all the stories had been told, that all the tunes had been played? They that dug the grave for

Sir John Ma took the lift "when the clock struck the hour for retiring," although only half of their heavy task was done; but others are not as thoughtful. This host of Dover Street may have been bored to death; he said to himself, "I want to go to bed, I'll take off my collar; that may start 'em; then, if they don't budge, I'll draw a boot." Or he may have had eczema and corns. (Never judge a man by his company smile.) We advise Mr. Seaman to write to the Providence Journal.

W. L. C. writes: "I read the other day that Major Shiba of Japan, watching the organization of our volunteer army, said, when asked what he thought of it: 'It is simply marvelous.'"

"This reminds me of Phillips Brooks keeping his conscience clear when a homely baby was shown him by looking hard at it for a minute and then exclaiming to the mother: 'Well, that is a baby,' with a strong emphasis on 'is'."

The lot of women in Europe is bitter. At the art and music schools of St. Petersburg they are not allowed to wear corsets, and at Berlin University braids down the back are forbidden. Shall we not hear the expostulating voice of Mrs. Chant?

Alas, the Listener has fallen a victim to the demoralizing influences of war. There was a time when he was content with the chaste joy of contemplating raspberry bushes and mullein-stalks. Or he would breathe freely the pure air of lonely mountain top and bathe his soul in Emersonian thought. Now he is a correspondent on the gory piazza of a Tampa tavern and first in the mad charge to dinner. Nor has he escaped wounds. The Cuban women have stabbed him to the heart. He himself told the story of his rout in the Transcript of Thursday.

"The beauty of these girls is something almost ineffable." "They have great black eyes." "Laughing musically, and showing rows of pearly teeth, and shooting those glances of lightning about them." "That merry and rippling palm-leaf-in-the-breeze sort of laugh of theirs." And—oh, sly dog—"There are sundry duennas, but the duennas seem to be of slight consequence."

And, once again: "These lovely Cubans are a shade coquettish. * * * It is the same with regard to coquetry as it is with regard to poudre de riz; it seems to be a perfectly normal and unexceptionable part of their equipment."

We are fond of the Listener, and we do not wish to enlarge upon this surprising and painful episode in an otherwise unblemished career. To say that this meek lover of nature now appears as the defiant apologist of poudre de riz is enough. We do not envy the responsibility of the publishers of a newspaper who thus throw exemplary members of their staff into terrible temptation.

June 5, 1898

The readers of the Journal are familiar with the name of Mr. Vernon Blackburn, the music critic of the Pall Mall Gazette. I have quoted from him freely and frequently in these columns, for I delight in the keenness of his judgment, the catholicity of his taste, his ever abiding sense of historical perspective, and the rare melody and color of his fiction.

"The Fringe of an Art; Appreciations in Music," by Mr. Blackburn, was published a short time ago by the Unicorn Press, London. And I beseech all those who are interested in music to buy this book, to read it again and again. He writes about Mozart, Gounod, Berlioz, Rossini, Verdi, Tschalkowsky, Boito, Wagner. He discusses the art of Calvé, Maurel, Santley. Burney appears to him as a journalist en tour. "Humor in Music" is examined. But perhaps the essay—all of these essays are short—that is the most striking and full of suggestion is the prologue: "Modernity in Music."

"The flight of time is the passing of modernity. * * * I do not merely and baldly mean that an artistic production, like man, like the flowers, like the sun, grows older as the years go; I mean that those years do actually steal from it an absolute quality which it once possessed, and that the passage of time creates a supreme test of worth, not as the common opinion has it, because the average judgment of men declares this work or that work to be supreme, but because it survives in the average judgment of men after it has lost its overpowering quality of modernity."

He does not think that modernity often deceives the judgment of the elect. "The artist is aware of beauty as the devout Mussulman is aware that Mohammed is the Prophet of Allah." Yet Mr. Blackburn realizes the fact that there comes a time when "Every human creature of full experience has

lost all sense of the value of his art, and thus the late J. W. Davidson, regarded by Berlioz as the greatest of contemporary critics in music, refused to accept Wagner, "as the air filled to its point of saturation is incapable of retaining more moisture." Looking forward, he sees the time when Wagner will appear to a world expressing itself with an intense sentiment of novelty "simply as a classic author who did supremely for his art and deserved well of it."

I have spoken of the melody and color of Mr. Blackburn's diction. In this essay are two full examples.

He is speaking of "The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz, which at first was assailed bitterly for its audacity, its "eccentricity."

"And Berlioz himself had doubts, and mourned his unpopularity. He had prayed the gods to grant him the glory of constructing a classical work, and the gods had given into his hands, as it seemed, a living creature with a strange face and infinitely restless manners, a creature that afflicted men by its contortions, its brutal gestures, its wild, ferocious, devilish-like antics. Berlioz died, and the Gods granted his former prayer. The living creature slowly shuddered into marble; the strange face composed its features into a solemnly beautiful but terribly sorrowful expression; the antic gestures caught themselves up into one simple vital pose of warning and hope; the ferocity and exaggeration of movement softened into the presentation of an attitude of despair calling for light in darkness: the 'Damnation de Faust' had become a classic."

And listen to this solemn music that might have escaped the lips of Sir Thomas Browne or Jeremy Taylor.

"So the music of the world flies away from us as we watch the burning out of the sun. Like bird after bird, its newness flies from us, and finds separate resting-places here and there in the places of the past. We who live and observe whither it has flown have also the privilege of noting the flight of the celestial bird as it leaves our shores this day for the South that lies behind us. It is a privilege that has its perils. So fascinated are we by the glory of vitality, this aspect and act of modernity, that we incline to praise our joy of today at the expense of the pleasure of yesterday."

And therefore, although Mr. Blackburn is slow to prophesy that Tschalkowsky's Pathetic Symphony will be admired a century hence, though he is assured that "the achievement of Mozart, tested by the greatest of all tests, the passing of its modernity, can never take a lower place in the Palace of Art," yet he now has good excuse for writing: "Though I can love, admire, praise, laugh over, weep over, the work of Mozart, I do not ever hope to find in that work the particular and shattering emotion which took me by the soul when first I listened to Tschalkowsky's Pathetic Symphony."

To Mr. Blackburn "music has grown no older, never can grow older,—if it be music indeed, and not a self-conscious array of sounds"—I envy him that parenthesis—"than the age she had when Mozart—himself a culmination, himself the greatest expression of a great school—touched the true zenith of his art." We Americans that are still barbarians, playing with opera, can learn much from the essay "Mozart at Munich."

Mr. Blackburn is sure that "Arrigo Boito is a Theory"; but looking at him thus curiously he remembers his imperishable service to art as the librettist of the old Verdi, and he admires him as a man. He prefers the "Romeo and Juliet" to the "Faust" of Gounod, dismisses sadly the sacred music of the Frenchman, finds him truly great as a song writer, a unique musician of his time, in short, "a great contemporary."

To him the "Grand Traité d'Instrumentation" is "the true flower of Berlioz's genius. It is the text, the Holy Writ by which the Church of his own Music is justified, is made great and infallible. In it you have the writer, nervous, vehement, and lucid as air; the admirable critic, with his enchanting intolerances, his boundless admirations and enthusiasms; the musician and the creator; finally, the man—which is Hector Berlioz."

Calvé is an incomparable vocal actress. Her movement has "the persuasions of a concealed self-consciousness." She makes opera seem probable.

Santley "produces his voice with an apparent simplicity, a seeming facility, which his contemporary singers only envy when they seek to do likewise; for it is then that they encounter the difficulties of his achievement."

Rossini is an almost unrivalled master of tune; and "tune is melody a little over-ripe." And oh, his "vital quality of quickness and vitality!"

The self-appreciation of Maurel is so astonishing that it helps him utilize his very defects. A dramatic and vocal critic, "he fashioned a beautiful art for himself." Here you have Maurel, the man, the artist, in a sentence. Tschalkowsky is "a barbarian smitten by the musical Zelt-geist." Rhythm

and lawlessness are the resulting characteristics of his music. "The virtue of sound as sound is to him as ennobling as the virtue of self-sacrifice to an infant."

There is not a page in this golden book that does not seduce me into quotation. I cannot refrain from putting this passage before you:

"The newer commonplace is not so easily described, for there are no musical terms wherein to describe it. Lawlessness is its life. It indulges in fearful harmonies, in chromatic orchestration, in a finish upon unexpected notes, but above all in a horror of the old symmetry. Melody is also its aversion; and it has a peculiar trick of approaching melody and presently

scampering away as if to prove its superiority. It is realistic in the most ignoble sense. Each writhing of the language to which the music is set implies a corresponding writhing upon the music. The thought of a cuckoo is instant excuse for a barful of the well-known interval; and whistlings, scrappings, shriekings, drummings will, each in turn, express for you some essential fact of passion, description or emotion. The fullness of irritation is reached through the deliberate consciousness of this modern composer that, whatever thing he may be, he is not commonplace."

No wonder that when Mr. Blackburn began to write out his impressions of works and men and women there was surprise, there was outcry, there was anger in London. He was "unconventional;" he was "an amateur;" I believe that he was charged also with youth. And yet I do not remember in any one of his articles a sentence that hinted at personal malice, spite, revenge. It is the duty of a God-fearing critic, in whatever form the Deity may appear to him, to use every weapon in his power to strike down pretence and snobbishness in high musical places, and to make constantly and bravely for musical righteousness. Mr. Blackburn is, first of all, a judge—a judge deeply versed in precedents and leading cases, of sane and lofty imagination, and of human feelings. No doubt he is saved often in rhetorical flight or in mitigation to dogmatize by his birthright of humor. In this book there is not an instance of pedantic display; and yet no one but a man of varied and ripe learning could have written it. Englishmen have discoursed before this on music; they have discoursed generally in heavy fashion, often looking out of insular eyes. Chorley, with all his narrowness, was far beyond his generation; Davison is to us merely a name, for few have the patience or the opportunity to run over newspaper files. When Mr. Blackburn was first heard, his voice was as that of one crying in the wilderness of Philistinism. For George Bernard Shaw had turned from music to the drama, and John F. Runciman had not put the war-trumpet to his lips. Today that voice, which at first provoked consternation, is understood, heeded, and eagerly awaited.

Philip Hals.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Clara Butt, the contralto, who is over six feet in height, met recently with concussion of the brain from a carriage accident.

Hilda Clark will go to Europe this summer to study singing. Lillian Russell will travel on the Continent before she sings in Berlin.

Verdi was in Milan during the riots and refused to leave the city, saying: "In my time we had a revolution nearly every year. So I am used to them."

The Academy of Fine Arts, Paris, has given the Monbigne prize of \$600. to Gabriel Pierné, as being the composer of "the music of a comic opera or of several acts which the body considers best deserving reward."

The Knickerbocker Opera Company of Boston, Mr. Harry F. Jordan, manager, will play in Saratoga Springs this summer beginning July 4. Mr. Jordan assures everybody that "the repertoire will consist of no chestnuts."

Lord Malmesbury wrote in 1850: "Gladstone, who was always fond of music, is now quite enthusiastic about negro melodies, singing them with the greatest spirit and enjoyment, never leaving out a verse, and evidently preferring such as 'Camp Town Races.'"

The Bostonians have rarely been so fortunate with their prima donnas. Camille D'Arville, Eloise Morgan and Alice Nielson were succeders. So was Helier Bertram several years ago. But she will return from Europe next season and sing again with the company.

De Wolf Hopper will be seen next season in "The Charlatan," by Klein and Sosna. The scene is in Russia, and the leading character is a pretended magician. The company which sang in "The Highwayman" at the Broadway will be employed in a new work there next fall. Harry B. Smith will write the burlesque for Weber & Fields next season, and Julius Stromberg will compose the music.

The Era says of Vladimir de Pachmann, who reappeared in London May 14, after an absence of six years: "Mr. Pachmann adopts a somewhat conventional manner with his audience, in certain passages he will glance from the piano as if drawing attention to the beauty of the music. Here in Boston the gifted pianist was extremely confidential in remarks concerning his own ability and the beauties of Chopin's music, and he drew attention constantly to the wilted state of his nose and his general perspiration."

Val Lyck's Tannhäuser is, of course, a star, but despite his extraordinary power and display of vigor, he has the

curious defect of an exaggeration which induces what is called a "state of nerves" in his listeners. However familiar you are with his methods and admire his undoubted merits, you cannot help a certain anticipation that he will do something outrageous—that he will overturn chairs, or stand on his head, or dishevel M. Renaud. Of course, nobody could be really more remote from such achievements, but he insists on creating the impression by his indication of excess at every turn.—Pall Mall Gazette.

One of the interests connected with "The Black Hussar" is that it marked the time at which Marie Jansen grew stout. Previous to that May in 1887 she was slender. It was the lack of the flesh necessary to graceful curves that interfered with the attractiveness that came with avoirdupois. When she was "Ohe, Mama," for the first time, and disguised herself as the old woman in the first act of Milloeker's operetta, there was no lack of the necessary fullness. That had come later in her case than in most others. Today Miss Jansen, eluding the pervading vaudeville, is in the far West, but "The Black Hussar" has only wandered from Broadway to Eighth Avenue.—New York Sun.

Arthur Pougin paid this tribute to Reményi, in the Ménestrel May 22: "A strange artist of the school of Paganini, somewhat wild and savage at times, unregulated in performance and too egotistic, but of true grandeur and indisputable power with a rare thing—the most penetrating charm. He joined accents of intense passion and the utmost tenderness to a veritable fever of execution that was at the same time singularly melancholy. A supreme master of his instrument, he dazzled the public by unheard-of difficulties and fascinated it by a fire and a dash of which he that never heard him can form no idea. It was romanticism applied to virtuosity in extreme fullness. Such a violinist could found no school, but he was truly wonderful, and awakened sensations in his audience that were otherwise unknown."

The present Guildhall School of Music on the Victoria Embankment, London, was erected by the Corporation in 1880 at a cost of £27,000. The Corporation grant an annual sum of £200 to the school, of which £100 is repaid to them as ground rent. The professional staff numbers some 120. The number of students averages 3650. The school can already boast of a long list of well-known and successful ex-students. The fees taken in 1897 amounted to £33,000, and since the year 1880 no less a sum than £346,000 has been received as tuition fees. About 10,000 lessons are given weekly in the school. The average payment for tuition by the students is £9 per head per annum, about 700 new students entering each term.

The Evening Telegram of New York says of Mr. Emil Paur: "Expressions of the greatest satisfaction are heard

on all sides over the fact that Emil Paur is to be in New York permanently. The general impression is that no better man could have been chosen to conduct the Philharmonic Symphony concerts. Great things are looked for after Mr. Paur has had an opportunity to put the stamp of his strong individuality on the work of the orchestra. Mr. Paur will not only conduct the Philharmonic and Astoria concerts, but will also conduct many miscellaneous movements about to elect Mr. Paur conductor of the Siedl Society of Brooklyn. Mr. Paur's work with the Boston Symphony Orchestra stamps him as one of the greatest living symphony conductors. He is an almost equally well known and experienced conductor of opera."

In a review of "Tannhäuser" at Covent Garden May 20 the Pall Mall Gazette the next day thus spoke concerning Mancinelli: "Signor Mancinelli must, for a beginning, give up his habit of rapping, criticising in something louder than a whisper, and showing signs altogether too obvious of momentary impatience and disapproval. We have never known such a course to be attended by success. It is extremely trying to the audience, and it is bad personal policy on the part of the conductor. We have seen Mottl pass through the direst peril with his orchestra, and face the danger with Olympian calm. If an audience could not for its own part discover the situation, Mottl was not the man to make a public explanation. There were parts of the orchestration, indeed, which Signor Mancinelli produced with great effectiveness, particularly in the passionate accompaniments of the early Venus songs and in the duet between Elizabeth and Tannhäuser in the second act. In this latter case he got a peculiar

twang from the strings, which was admirably expressive. But he assuredly lacks breadth and that tolerance of manner which we look for in the greatest conductors. However, he is individual, and, whatever else you may say, he knows how to impress his personality upon his band. Through the medium of any musician he lets you know that Mancinelli is the player."

The Musical Courier (N. Y.) gives the following description of a new work, a symphonic poem, "Attis," played for the first time at the Ann Arbor Festival, May 12. "The poem is a setting of an old Greek myth. After long hesitation and indecision Attis, a Greek youth, determines to cross the sea to Phrygia, there to worship Cybele, Goddess of the Earth. He is accompanied by a company of youths whom he has inspired, and they at last reach the temple of the goddess, only to find a stone image where they had hoped to find the beautiful goddess. The image makes no response to their prayers, and, awed by the mystery of the place, they start to retrace their steps and return home. But by some awful influence they are drawn back once more to the goddess, and repeat their song of adoration. Then the air is filled with strange music, which gradually develops into a wild dance, into which they are drawn, whether they will or no, until at last they sink down before the goddess ex-

hausted. As they rouse from the stupor into which they have fallen they hear from across the sea a faint melody which draws their hearts toward home. But the goddess allows no one who has entered her service to desert her, and as Attis stands on the shore, his arms stretched out toward Greece, she sends lions to frighten him back again to her, that he forever serve in her temple. The indecision of Attis, his resolve,

the sea journey, the ascent to the temple of Cybele, the uneasiness which is felt by the youths as they view the image, the melody full of suggestion of the home land—in fact, all the dramatic moments are most vividly portrayed. The 'Attis' motives, noble and virile at the start, undergo numerous transformations, picturing the gradual degeneration of soul as Attis comes more and more under the unholy influence of the goddess. The beautiful 'Prayer' motive, given out at first by the bass clarinet, accompanied by the violas and 'celli, becomes the principal theme of the orgiastic music of the dance, and in it all the principal motives appear in new forms at once effective and consistent with the psychological changes in Attis's character."

June 6, 98

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE.

In the West, over the Charles, the sun is sinking. The sky is a slowly changing, gorgeous kaleidoscope. And now a Hand moves it, and a flaming rose is there, many-colored, mystic, wonderful: the rose of Romance. A man prostrates himself in the dust, before the declining sun, before the mystic rose in the sky.

I gaze with admiration, delight, and envy upon him—this man out of the East, the hoary East—this man with flowing purple robe, with copper colored face, the face of a worshiper of strange and yellow gods. I envy him this sacrifice of abasement in the dust of Beacon Street, by the brink of the Charles.

This is all in Beacon Street, by the brink of the Charles. Lo, a crowd of curious, church-going Occidentals draws near, peering, pointing, wondering. A small boy yelps, "Dago! O Dago!" A policeman resplendent in brass appears.

In the West, over the Charles, the royal rose, bereft of its worshiper, fades and falls.

Here is a touching instance of personal journalism. It is the leading editorial article in a New Hampshire newspaper:

"Friday night the editor was taken suddenly sick with indigestion and inflammation of the bowels. Dr. Allin with unceasing care administered to his wants and the first of the week pronounced him out of danger. He is rapidly recovering though not yet able to be out. We thank the Lord for his goodness to us. We thank the neighbors and friends. We thank the office force in its determination to get out a better paper than usual. Our sickness though short has been most severe, but we are feeling stronger each hour."

C. H. W. sends the following communication to the Journal:

"E. E. A. writes to her Aunt Dinah about her studies. Besides, of course, the three R's, there are History, Grammar, Geography, Physiology, Latin and Greek. She writes that she likes Greek, but she 'cannot master the Greek verbs,' and she asks plaintively, 'Aunt Dinah, did you ever try to master the Greek verbs?'"

"You may ask, is E. E. A. a high school girl or at Vassar or at Wellesley? E. E. A. is writing to the 'Aunt Dinah' of the children's page of the Gentlewoman, and she begins by saying, 'I am a little girl 11 years old.' She has already taken 3½ terms of music lessons. Poor little overworked brain!"

"Perhaps you recall the case of John Stuart Mill, who according to George Brandes, was a reading machine that had studied Greek at three years of age, and at 13 had gone through a course of political economy; and yet he produced a 'System of Logic,' and you say, 'E. E. A. may yet produce a 'System of Sorosis,' or a 'Subjection of Man.'"

"But do not forget how Dr. Brandes stigmatizes such infant cramming as an 'overfreighted and dangerous' system; 'hot-house culture.'"

There was a heavy rail yesterday. We refuse positively to publish a poem beginning, "O what is so raw as a day in June," but here is a note from M. T. Q.:

"You have read marvelous stories from newspaper correspondents at Tampa, Key West, Chickamauga, or on some boat with a private cable off Santiago. Wonderful fellows as these correspondents are, they must how respectfully to the Englishman who wrote to his paper from the Sudan, describing the fire of the enemy at the battle on the Atbara as 'a terrible hail of bullets, Remington repeaters, elephant guns and buckshot.' "When I read this I thought of the old song, the 'Irish Jubilee'."

There were fish-balls, snow-balls, Cannon-balls, and cartridg—est!

Meanwhile, I rejoice to be of the present, to live in it with youth about me, youth that cares not to know when my past began, and to rejoice in it, feeling that it is always

young and always young, and that it is the Consolation of Plancus. If it must be taken of, let the veterans discuss it among themselves within closed doors. I shall not be with them.

Mrs. Gladstone is a more honorable name than Countess of Liverpool.

The diuretic water-falls in Music Hall are in harmony with the prevailing weather.

Boston, June 3, 1898.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Please sir, have you heard any one express any anxiety as to a water famine this summer in this city?

Yours truly,

A. SOAKER.

Mr. Eldier and Mr. Larus are disputing in Baltimore the authorship of a novel, "Would Any Man?" To the great world on which things creep and walk and strut it makes no difference whether the novel was written by Mr. Eldier or by Mr. Darus, or by Mr. Dirus or by Mr. Ladir. "Would any man" give a fig to know?

Read this pleasant reference in the Referee (London) to young Mr. Leiter: "I can imagine Mr. Leiter thinking this war good business. To him it must already have meant a gain of millions sterling. This is one striking example of the pernicious new influences that are at work in the world's affairs. Spaniards are blown up at Manila and Italians shot down in the streets of Milan in order that Mr. Leiter and his kind may get rich, and the tale is not yet complete. Yes; the curtain has risen upon a new act of the Comédie Humaine, and it promises to be not less grossing than the first. But where is the Censor?"

The Referee has been for some time singularly grouchy whenever it has thought of the United States. Even the amiable Mr. George R. Sims rises to remark: "Let us leave this Anglo-American alliance business to the clasped hands of the American Blo-

graph and the crossed flag choruses of American comic opera. Our attitude is entirely mistaken across the Atlantic, where we are represented as a naughty boy catching hold of Columbia's skirt and imploring her to prevent us from being soundly whipped for our bad behaviour."

"Our plays," says Mr. Pincro, "are over-dressed, the sense of proportion, of harmony, of congruity is lost in the vulgar commercial desire for display. The too prevalent custom is to appeal to the public with a dressy show, without relation to the claims of the play to typify life and character with all their distinctions and differences. Sometimes I have been rehearsing a play a few weeks, and the actors have got into their parts, and begun to act more or less like the people I conceived—and then the dress rehearsal has come, and the actresses have come on to the stage in smart new dresses, designed and ordered by some one who has not realized and visualized my characters—and what has been the effect? The results of my rehearsals have been, to some extent, undone; the actresses no longer represent my creations as they did—their impersonations are swamped by the uniformity of the fashions."

June 7, 98

The Pops.

Last night saw the first appearance of Mr. Gustav Strube at Music Hall as conductor of the Promenade Concerts. He was welcomed heartily when he raised his stick for the opening number, the Marche Hongroise, by

Berlitz, and he was applauded frequently in the course of the program. Mr. Strube is an excellent musician and his tastes are pure and elevated. Let us hope that he will bear constantly in mind that these concerts are designed for the thoughtless pleasure of the audience rather than for any educational purpose. The program for the following nights of this week are more jovial than that of last night, which was too respectable—and therefore not wholly free from the charge of dullness. Berlioz's "Dame Blanche" overture should be allowed to sleep quietly on the shelf; and Goldmark's prelude to "The Cricket on the Hearth" is not worth the voyage across the Atlantic. A little more animation, Mr. Strube! A little more biff! It takes a good deal to arouse a Boston audience to undisguised enjoyment.

The piece that awakened true enthusiasm last night were interpolated patriotic airs and a Sousa march. Portraits of the President, the Secretary of the Navy, Dewey, Sampson and Schley were cheerfully, and there was long continued and uproarious applause when the name Hobson appeared to the music of Dixie. It was good to hear both the tribute paid the brave Alabamian and the tune that led his father into battle.

The program tonight will include pieces by Sousa, Suppé, Strauss, Mascagni, Thomas, Bulzani, Rubinstein, Wagner, Offenbach, Delibes, Nesvadba, Zsch.

A special patriotic program will be presented Wednesday night, and the first letters of this program spell "Sampson-Schley." Next Monday night will be devoted to works of Wagner.

The reason why Mr. Rowe's dance was so long was that from the very beginning Mr. Rowe began to make pleasant speeches to the women and to ask the men what they could have to drink, and Mrs. Rowe laughed the whole evening as if she had never enjoyed herself so much in all her life. Consequently we enjoyed ourselves, too. They are herle people."

"How?"

"She had horrid neuralgia the whole time, and he had lost a lot in the city the day before, but they meant to make their dance go, and it did."

"A curiously placed herolism."

"Not a bit. If a thing's worth doing at all it's worth doing well. You have no right to ask people to parties unless you mean them to enjoy themselves—yes, and see that they do enjoy themselves, too, whether they mean or not."

"And to do that you must give the men drinks and call the women 'stars'?"

"Well," she said, "do you know any other way?"

We regret the discordant affairs in Cambridge Sunday afternoon. That a game of craps should end in a quarrel is natural and indeed to be expected, but no negro has a right in such an episode to war against local color by hoisting a revolver as a weapon. The word craps suggests inevitably negroes; and the mind turns at once to the least thought of drawn razors. The razor—whatever the handle may be—and if there be no handle—is to the negro what the similar is to the Muselman and the machete to the Cuban. The negro has a glorious tradition; he should bear this in mind even in the heat of craps. For he is not a good marksman, as Mr. Fry proved Sunday when he shot at a boy and, missing him, hit young Mr. Moses Cheek.

Poor Mr. W. L. Alden, the London literary correspondent of the New York Times. Here he is still stumbling over The Ballad of Reading Gaol (or "jail," as you please). In his letter dated May 11th he states that this ballad has been translated into French, and is soon to appear in a Paris review. Yes, Mr. Alden, it was translated into French by Henry D. Davray, and it had already appeared in the Mercure de France of May before you wrote our little news.

Mr. Alden in his invincible ignorance asks in the same letter: "How did it ever happen that the man capable of writing as well as the author of this ballad has proved that he can write came the inmate of jails?" If Mr. Alden had only seen the French translation, he might have then learned that the author of this remarkable ballad is Oscar Wilde; but he has busied himself the last two months in proving that Jane Austen is a dull writer, and he has probably seen and heard little of contemporaneous interest.

Mr. John Gubbins evidently thought \$5,000 a fair price for his colt Galtee, for he accepted the sum from the Russian Government. Ormonde, however, brought a higher price. Matchbox brought \$18,000; Common \$5,000; Blair Athol \$12,500; Doncaster \$4,000, and St. Blaise \$20,000. Bicycles are cheaper.

The following paragraph is not from "sasslety column"; it is from the Army and Navy Journal, June 4: Among those appointed to the army is a son of ex-President Harrison and a grandson of Gen. Grant; a son of the secretary of War, a son of ex-Secretary of the Navy Thompson, sons of Senators Braker, Murphy, Gray and Sewell; sons of ex-Senators Gordon, Brice, Logan, Mitchell and Earle; sons of Representatives Catchings, Milliken, Hull and New; sons of ex-Govs. Davis and Woodbury; sons of ex-Mayors Hewitt and Strong; sons of James G. Blaine, Fitzhugh Lee, Wm. B. Rochester, Clement A. Griscom and W. H. English; grandsons of Jay Cooke and Clayton McMichael; a son-in-law of Senator Toney; nephews of Vice President Hobart, Senators Allison and Gorman; an ex-Governor, John G. Evans, Larz Anderson, William A. Harper, William Foster Chanler, John Jacob Astor, Morris J. Henry and G. Creighton Webb are gentlemen of social influence. Of these 39 officers, one, Seth M. Milliken, a graduate of West Point, and three, Bradley Strong, J. J. Astor and George S. Hobart, have had experience as militia officers. The son of Senator Gray, appointed a Lieutenant Colonel, declined the appointment."

C. M. W. writes to the Journal: "I observe that Mr. W. D. Howells, giving advice to young authors, remarks: 'The only way for an author to accomplish anything is to set aside certain hours of the day (not too many) for his work, and to devote himself to the work as completely as though he were in an office or factory.' This dictum delighted the heart of Mr. James L. Ford. He will have it printed in bold type, and he will hang it up in the Literary Shop where the young poets and apprentice novelists, clad in over-

alls, and with the grateful dim light close by, toll, amid the roar of machinery, under the watchful eyes of the room-foreman. Mr. Howells is the superintendent of this factory."

A housekeeper asked publicly the other day "Why should halibut be 10 to 12 cents in Springfield, against 20 to 30 cents in Boston; eod and haddock 3 to 5 cents, against 7 to 8 cents; bluefish 4 to 5 cents, against 8 to 10 cents; and mackerel, shad and salmon (Kennebec or Oregon) be offered there and elsewhere at half the Boston prices—or rather, be held here at double the prices asked at Springfield and other places?"

Because, madam, the people of Boston submit to this robbery. You are living in a town where food is much dearer than in any city of the same size in this country. Culture comes high, but we must have it.

June 8, 1898

Once on a time, long years ago,
Before my scanty locks turned white,
It may surprise you, Sir, to know
I used to write.

Verses tripped gayly from my pen
In these blest days of which I speak—
Sometimes I earned as much as ten
Shillings a week.

I fell in love. The action spurred
My Pegasus to work like mad.
I thought the fit would last: absurd!
I wish it had.

We married, and my poems ceased.
You ask me why? Perhaps because
Life was too happy then—at least
We'll say it was.

What ails the New York Sun? It published no editorial comment yesterday on the 260th anniversary of the Ancient and Honorables, those intrepid defenders of Fort Parker. Where was the Ancients-Editor? Was he, peradventure, asleep; or was he dining with the blameless Ethiopians?

Some time ago we spoke of the joys of noon dinner announced by the factory whistle. A person who displays delicate penmanship and scented note paper asks us, "Do you really mean to say that dinner should be eaten at noon?"

"Twelve o'clock! It is the natural centre, key-stone and very heart of the day. At that hour the sun has arrived at the top of his very hill; and as he seems to hang poised there a while, before coming down on the other side, it is but reasonable to suppose that he is then stopping to dine, setting an eminent example to all mankind."

"Yes, it seems to me that I recognize the voice of Herman Melville. But—do you dine at twelve?—or rather do you eat at noon, for nobody can dine at such an hour?"

"The good old-fashioned, Elizabethan, Franklin-warranted dinner hour of twelve." Melville is here half-wrong, half-right. The usual dinner-hour in Elizabeth's reign was eleven. In 1561 twelve o'clock was the hour in English farm-houses. Crammer dined at twelve. In 1650 Venner wrote, "Our usual time for dinner in all places is about eleven of the clock." This he thought too late, and he advocated the hour of ten. At the beginning of—

"You do not answer me. Do you eat your dinner at twelve?"

"Alas, we lead an artificial life. We regret to say that we do not dine at twelve. Would that we could! Would that we could eat supper at six and go to bed at eight o'clock."

"But you would not be able then to go to theatres, or concerts, or lectures, or parties."

"That is the chief reason why we should like to go to bed at eight o'clock."

Justice Cohen of New York, seated on the bench, described Fay Templeton as "Elusive". It was the poet Drake who spoke of the Culprit Fay.

You get good, honest brown pickle jars—the kind that used to stand in rows on the dark shelves of the store cupboard at home, that mysterious treasure house of a cupboard, where the preserved ginger lived and the candied peel, and the tea chest, and the almonds and biscuits, and all the "locked-up" things. You take these brown jars away from their natural and wholesome avocation; you make it impossible for pickled onions or cabbage ever again to fill their depths with penetrating fragrance. For you paint them inside and out with enamel paint till they pretend to be Italian fairies; you stick bulrushes or dried sedge in them, and when you have done you find that "home" is getting on. Bulrushes skillfully manipulated will go as far as most things toward making home hideous. Only cut the long, graceful stems of them short enough, let them stick out of the vase at angles as oblique as possible, and your aim will be attained.

Simplicissimus uses the American-Spanish war to roast the Emperor William, who once prohibited the sale of the Munich Weekly in Berlin. A cartoon by Heine represents a clairvoyant saying to her gaping audience: "I see

in the West—two fierce foes—they fight—in a sea of blood—not yet do I know—which forehead will be crowned with laurel—but I see clearly—whoever turns out to be the victor—will receive a congratulatory telegram from Berlin."

And in the following number, Heine represents two servants in the Royal Palace at Berlin frightened by the apparition of The White Lady. "Heavens! This forebodes a great misfortune," says one to the other; "something frightful is going to happen to our Royal House!" "Yes," answers the other, don't you know? Herr Josef Lauff is writing a new 'Hohenzollern drama' for the theatre!"

The General Court had a delightful picnic yesterday on the raging waters of the Merrimack. Now if all the other members of the General Court take their turn in extending hospitality the session will last until cool weather.

Here is the leading editorial article of the last number of the Guardian: "It does not follow that changing one's occupation from that named in an application for an accident policy, to that of a soldier, will in all cases greatly increase the risk. Indeed, certain managers would consider it a desirable exchange to transfer the policies in force on their bicycle-riding numbers to men in the army that is destined, we hope, to win a bloodless though none the less glorious victory."

Yes, and we should feel greater security at present, standing in front of a gallant soldier from Michigan (where they thoughtfully forgot to provide the militia with guns), than passing across the track of a road-devouring bicyclist.

Here is a story told by Peter Lombard in the Church Times: Mrs. Proudie, the excellent wife of the Bishop of Copeminstre, down in the Midlands, does admirable work by going among the poor people and talking to them out of her own experiences, and giving them wholesome advice. She did so the other day at Mudbury, near Copeminstre. Next day the rector's daughter at Mudbury said to one of the audience of the previous evening: "Well, Mrs. Tiddle, what did you think of Mrs. Proudie's address?" "Oh, it was very good, very good, but, you see, she only went half way." "Whatever do you mean, Mrs. Tiddle?" said the young lady. "Well, Miss, she didn't tell us what she does when Mr. Proudie comes home drunk. We should like a little advice on that 'ere point."

June 9, 1898

We come bringing a precious balsam which cures all sorts of ills, and heals the troubles both of body and mind. It is contained in a vase of gold, adorned with jewels the most rare. Even to see it is wonderful pleasure, as you will find if you care to try. The balsam is the music of our master, the vase of gold is our courtly company. Would you have the vase open, and disclose its ineffable treasure?

Chanting lustily the praise of famous men of Wales, men of action, men of contemplation, men of genius, Mr. George Borrow, who went about among strange people with the words of the Bible on his lips, extolled Harry Morgan, "who led those tremendous fellows the Buccaneers across the Isthmus of Darien to the sack and burning of Panama."

Perhaps you remember Morgan, the ferocious freebooter. And why did the gentle Borrow praise him to the reverberating sky? Hear him.

"Morgan was a scourge. It is true, but he was a scourge of God on the cruel Spaniards of the New World, the merciless task-masters and butchers of the Indian race; on which account God favored and prospered him, permitting him to attain the noble age of ninety, and to die peacefully, and tranquilly at Jamaica, whilst smoking his pipe in his shady arbor, with his smiling plantation of sugar canes full in view." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

Morgan, according to this delightful logic, must have been a good man, because he reached the age of ninety years. And yet we hear Job saying, "The tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure. . . . Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power?"

The choir will now sing—and to a lively tune—the first verse of "El Punto de la Vana." All please rise and join in the singing. Brother Johnson will oblige with the guitar.

Never trust the sample when you go your cloth to buy:

The woman's most deceitful that's dressed most daintily.

The lasses of Havana ride to mass in coaches yellow,

But ere they go they ask if the priest's a handsome fellow.

The lasses of Havana as mulberries are dark, And try to make them fairer by taking Jesuit's bark.

Yes, gentlemen, you are right; Greylock is a fine mountain and it should be

preserved. All mountains should be preserved—the Pike hills in especial.

John Milton loved Greylock, he dedicated his best and unwholesome novel "Pierre" to "Greylock's most excellent majesty, my (his) own more immediate sovereign lord and King—the one grand dedicatee of the earliest rays of all the Berkshire mornings." To Melville, Greylock was porphyrogenitus, "The Most Excellent Purple Majesty."

He is a courageous man that says boldly, "I love a mountain." Such a one would woo blithely an Amazon or the Lady Jane. A mountain is to us a fearful monster. We hardly dare to look at one even after a hearty dinner. At night we draw the curtains tight. The most terrible of all nightmares is a mountain, more terrible than the nocturnal race around the world with a little, bald, one-eyed, limp-backed old woman, with our soul at stake.

Yet there are men and women who do not shrink from taking liberties with this monster. They throw cans and bottles on its flank. They shed tired collars and embarrassing undergarments in its forest hair. They lie down or dance upon it as a flea rejoices on a Newfoundland dog. They carve their silly names—visiting cards. There are mountains insulted, decorated by inns with temperance drinks, telescopes, half-way houses, carriage-roads cable-cars, railroad-tracks. A small mountain may be inwardly amazed thereby; but outwardly it is imperturbable, or if it grows angry, anger is lost in ironical thought of the petty creatures of a day. Occasionally, exasperated, it throws some climber down a precipice or blinds him with mist.

A little art muslin and a few Japanese fans will do wonders. Nothing gets dirty so quickly, nothing is so impossible to wash. Specific directions as to the employment of these articles are not needed, for the devil is always at hand to tell you how to use them. And they have at least this quality—they will not look like anything but what they are, rubbish and dust-traps.

Thomas N. Rooker, who set type for the first issue of the New York Tribune, is dead. When he was in his prime the Tribune was Greeley, just as the Times was Raymond, just as the Herald was Bennett, the elder. In those days readers looked forward to what Raymond or Greeley would say. Personality counted amazingly. Country subscribers to the Tribune believed honestly that Greeley "wrote the Tribune." These editors had hundreds of personal followers who had never seen them, who swore by them, who shaped their beliefs and cast their votes according to editorial advice. Samuel Bowles, the elder, was another such editor in this State. 'Twas what Sam Bowles said that carried weight or provoked anger on the tobacco farm of Hatfield, in the whip factory of Westfield, or on the ferry boat at Hockanum. Mr. Rooker saw many changes, and not the least were those in the policy and the methods of the newspaper with which he was so long connected. The New York Herald is still a "personally conducted" journal; it is "Bennett's" paper. But does any one buy that journal an hour earlier to see what Mr. Bennett says? The one survivor—or rather the one type left is Watterson. His editorial expression is intensely personal.

June 10, 1898

A literary dinner occurs to my memory which, among a certain party, was long afterward talked about as the "Banquet of the Wits." The dinner took place at my villa; the guests, some ten or twelve, comprised several choice spirits of the day, and more than ordinary brilliancy was expected from the circumstance that Messrs. W. M. Thackeray and G. A. A. Beckett (now, alas! both deceased) were among their number. Expectation was grievously disappointed. Never was the "feast of reason" more insipid; never did the "flow of soul" more closely approach stagnation. The smaller wits thought all the sparkling was to be done by the more distinguished luminaries, and these, with distressing magnanimity, refused to outshine their less noted brethren. Thus a perfect equilibrium of dullness was preserved.

We were reminded of poor Lumley's disappointment when we heard Mr. Smigs describing the stupidity of a little dinner given by him at the Porphyry. "I don't understand it. I had invited seven prominent men. One of them was a judge of law and cookery; there was the witliest man in Boston; there was the leading novelist, and on one side of him sat young Helicore, who was once congratulated by Chauncey M. Depew for his dialect stories, and on the other side was Welcher, who lived so long in Paris; there was the oracle of the Mullen-Staik Club, and Slasher, who was rejected by the Boarding-House Club because he wrote for the newspapers. Well, sir, I was never so bored in my life, and everybody was bored. Poor Slasher cracked a joke just after the soup. Everybody stared at him, and the celebrated novelist snarled, as

though he would like to bite his leg. And I thought the evening would be one long pyrotechnical display!" Smigs had no business to give a dinner in a club after June 1. Furthermore, he was rightly served for his deliberate attempt to be jolly. His guests do not care for him; his liking for the guests was chiefly snobbish. They resented his desire to be amused by their endeavor; and he was sore because he did not receive the worth of his money. Why did the guests accept the invitation? Bored as he was, little Smigs will talk for a year about that dinner. He will begin, "Do you remember that night when—" or "I once gave a dinner party to—"

Heliogabalus was wiser in his invitations. He would invite a certain number of bald-headed men, or of gouty men, or of gray-headed men. Sometimes he would sit with them, sometimes he would watch them through a peep-hole and shake his sides. He was especially fond of the company of fat men, and he would crowd them together until they reeked. "One of his favorite diversions consisted in filling a leathern table-couch with air, instead of wool; and while the guests were engaged in drinking, a tap, concealed under the carpet, was opened, unknown to them—the couch sank, and the drinkers rolled pall-mall under the sigma, to the great delight of the beardless Emperor." An ideal host! Would that he were with us!

Why did not Smigs invite one doctor and six undertakers—a fair proportion? Or he might have asked officers of the Watch and Ward Society to meet the leading barkeeper of the Sport's Refuge and the publisher in New York of d'Annunzio's novels. If he had gone out into the highways and heiges and compelled seven men to come in, the evening would have been livelier than the one so carefully prepared by him.

The beauty of the young women was something on the order of that peculiar charm that idealizes the crook-necked squash in the eyes of a judge at a county fair in the rural districts.—*Helena Independent.*

P. B. A. writes: "I heard a singular expression in a Maine town the other day. I was talking with the landlord of a tavern and he spoke of the landlord of a summer hotel. 'Well, he does a fair business during the season, but he dens himself the first of September.' Is this a common expression?"

The verb "to den" (reflexive or passive) is of ripe age. It is found in literature as early as 1220. Lithgow in 1632 speaks of a pit in which "the Gunner lay denned." Galt in *The Entail* (1823) uses the reflexive form.

In the United States the form of the verb is usually "to den up"—to retire into a den for the winter, as a hibernating animal. But Tom Taylor spoke of "Chambers wherein we denied." "To den out" is an obsolete verb, meaning, to drive a beast out of its den, to un-earth.

The music critics of Boston and New York should sit at the feet of the young man who reviewed for the *Lewiston Evening Journal* the first concert of the Maine Symphony Orchestra. His opening is recommended to chess-students, dentists, and any industrious youth:

"Its opening concert was given in City Hall, on Monday night, amid flags that waved and bravos that smote the vibrant air. Its distinguished founder and conductor, William R. Chapman of New York, having escaped all rumors of the surgeon's knife, was there in person. Instead of being expected for the vermiform-appendix (as the woe-cry had him at tea time) he sat erect on a pillow made of the Stars and Stripes and chortled as a tom-tit on a poplar branch and himself led sinuous sounds through the pashan and the outcry and the pain and the suffering of that mighty first movement of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony."

June 11, 98

Boston, June 7, 1898.
To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

The tale-telling proclivity of my friend the Quietist reminds me of Madame Patti's farewell. It is irrepressible. In the midst of last week's weather—you may remember it—he waylaid me on the Common, when all was desolate as the wilderness toward Sibi-lath, and poured into my ears the Tale of the Explorer. The Tale has haunted me ever since. Aid me to lay the ghost by trusting it into the sunlight.

Yours truly,

C. M. W.

THE EXPLORER.

You are an explorer.

And you are a celebrated alienist. You have come to visit, to observe me. My doctor, a celebrated fool, has told you about me. You sit by my bedside in the dusk; your eyes behind your spectacles are like the eyes of an owl in a yellow tree. Doubtless your wisdom is

the owl's wisdom, doubtless, doubtless. "The owl is wise; it is Minerva's bird, is it not?"

"Quite true, Minerva," you say, nodding your head. I lie here keeping silence, and, O worthy observer, I observe you. By the Lord! but you are brave, little fat man with the owl's eyes! I say, by the Lord, you are brave!

"Indeed? Yes?" you say, leaning forward and smiling. You have gold filling in your teeth.

I make no answer, and you, too, are silent. You are not one of those fool-doctors, who question, question. And again I say, you are brave. You are an explorer, an adventurer in a grim and weary land, in the Shadowland, in the Borderland 'twixt sanity and lunacy. I that dwell therein am safe; seldom do the evil shapes, the sheeted shapes, the gesturing shapes, strike terror in me. Then do I shrik, and then my fool-doctor or the soft-slipped nurse comes to the rescue. How do you tread the pathway in safety? Do you not fear to lose your way?

Your owl's eyes are steady. But mine? You are looking in them now. Do you see far? Is your note-book ready? Perhaps you would like a pencil.

Of course, you intend to find out my peculiar form of mania. Perhaps I shall aid you.

If you were to lift this pillow, little man, you would then know—

Ah-h! Take your hands away!

How I am panting. Ho-o-o! Ho-o-o-o! You wished to feel my pulse. I thought that you wanted to lift my pillow, to discover my secret, my beautiful, shining secret. I got it only today. It has flamed before my eyes for years and ages, for all time, in darkness, in daylight. I can feel it now. I caress it. Pretty soon, pretty soon, little man, when you lean closer, I'll tell you about it, I'll whisper to you.

For you are an explorer, you lust to discover. Just put your head down here. Sir, you have been to Germany?

"Why, yes; to study; of course."

Did you learn to drink beer there?

You laugh, your little round belly shakes.

"Of course; of course."

I thought so; you are monstrously fat for a little man. Damn you—a little man all beer-fat has no right to live.

It seems to me that you are drawing closer; I do not think that I am mistaken.

It is growing duskier, duskier; your owl's eyes are peering into mine. Wait a minute—in a minute I shall—strike! There!

Good! One across the windpipe; and now one for the belly. Now you know my secret, little man.

But why did I yell when I struck?

Hear them out there, pattering up the stairs!

I have one blessed minute of contemplation. I lean on my elbow and observe you. There you are; sprawled abroad like a child's doll; the blood is running red and red from your throat; your head has fallen over in a funny way; and now there is something besides beer in your little round belly.

You were once a celebrated alienist. You came to visit, to observe me. My doctor, a celebrated fool, told you about me.

I see now that you are an explorer.
THE QUIETIST.

Or we seem busied for hours and days in peregrinations over seas and lands, in earnest dialogues, strenuous actions for nothings and absurdities, cheated by spectral jokes,

and waking suddenly with ghastly laughter, to be rebuked by the cold, lonely, silent moonlight and to rake with confusion in memory among the glib-ringing nonsense to find the motive of this contemptible cachination.

Boston's debt is increasing at an alarming rate, and has now reached the enormous sum of more than \$80,000,000. . . . The Mayor's expenditures for office expenses are ahead of last year. His appropriation was \$33,000, and \$16,558 46 has been expended. The cost of lunches at the Parker House is in excess of \$500 a month.—*Boston Transcript.*

Culture, as we have before remarked, comes high, but we must have it. That a small chicken in Manila costs \$1 was telegraphed lately as a sign of the prevailing distress in the city of cheroots. But what do you pay for a chicken in Boston, Miss Eustacia? Twenty-five cents a pound. And what do the Labyrinthians in small eastern cities of this great and glorious Republic pay? From 12 to 15 cents a pound.

We are sorry to learn that Mayor Quincy lunches so heavily. Why does he not content himself with a few slices of cold corned beef, a vegetable salad, a little bread and a half-pint of ale (or a glass of Rhine wine and seltzer)? This is enough for any far-seeing, deep-thinking statesman.

We are disappointed in the Yale Senior Class book. That Mr. Joe Jefferson of Buzzards Bay is the most popular playactor, that Mr. Hadley is the "brightest" of professors, that Mr.

W. L. Phelps, "the rising young English teacher," is the most popular of the instructors—these things are of slight interest. Where are the vital statistics? Do the students "go in for rum as a steady drink?" How many prefer plug to fine-cut? Has Dr. Jäger passionate followers? Why should these things, and such as these, be hid?

Custard pie should never be eaten in the glaring sun. Choose for the solemn sacrifice a room gloomy in dark oak.

A correspondent of a London newspaper draws attention to the fact that Mr. Gladstone died on the very day and hour when Vasco da Gama sighted India four hundred years ago. He adds that, curiously enough, the verses in which Camdens celebrated the event—Luslad VI., 92-96—are by no means inappropriate to Mr. Gladstone's own character.

He does not quote the verses. They are, indeed, noble lines. Listen to two verses, Englished by Richard F. Burton:

Amid such fierce extremes of Fear and Pain,
Such grievous labors, perils lacking name,
Whose fair Honor woeth eth shall gain,
Man's true nobility, immortal Fame:
Not those who ever lean on antient strain,
Imping on noble trunk a barren claim,
Not those reclining on the golden beds,
Where Moscow's Zebelin downy softness spreads;

Not with the novel vian's exquisite,
Not with the languid varlet promenade,
Not with the pleasures varied infinite,
Which generous souls effeminate degrade:
Not with the never-conquer'd appetite,
By Fortune pamper'd as by Fortune made,
That suffers none to change and seek the need
Of Valor, daring some heroic Deed.

June 12, 98

I was struck by the review that appeared in a late number of the *Lewiston Journal* of the first concert in that city of the Maine Symphony Orchestra. I quote from it, refraining from comment, preferring that the passages should shine in their naked beauty.

It was an auspicious night for the opening of this second tourney of the Maine Symphony Orchestra. It is the close of a long and dreary drizzle, the clouds weeping like an airy Undine, days and nights without number, and the skies still presaging more. June, too, is late for musical events, the mind of man and woman turning rather to the purple hills of peace than to the golden gates of song.

The opening Vorspiel was a memorable affair. Mr. Chapman is at his best in these Wagner compositions, and they evidently stir his musical feelings to the very centre. He started in by conducting with his back against the chair, but he soon had no use for any back except his own. Then, when the intricate finery from brasses and wood-wind began to unfold itself, he edged more and more forward in his chair, beating more wildly and fiercely all the time, until finally, as the tremendous crescendo arose from the brasses and strings, and Jack Flockton's kettle drums, the founder and director of the Maine Symphony Orchestra spurned the invalid's chair, as it were, forgot, as it were, how to spell "hospital," and rose to his feet as if he worked by electric button in circuit with Richard Wagner's astral soul.

The soloistic feature, as, of course, everybody within a radius of five miles knew who had ears to hear, was Gwilym Miles, and didn't he take them off their feet with his Goliath baritone! Seldom, if ever, have we seen a Lewiston audience so pleased, and well they might be, for he sang the prologue to "Pagliacci" with dramatic force and apparently endless powers of enormous tone-production that lifted up every listener. When Mr. Miles produces a tone, for all that he is a little man, he is a study for a sculptor. His chest seems to expand and expand, and his shoulders square away as if he were going to strike a blow with a sledge hammer. It would almost appear as if his shirt collar would have to be made of elastic, and his waistcoats of India rubber, so great is his expansion when he is exploiting his magnificent voice. This is the only way in which we can understand the tremendous effects of power-tone that he represents.

A complete list of the music sung at Gladstone's funeral May 28 may be of interest. The program was arranged by Sir Frederick Bridge and the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck. It included Mr. Gladstone's favorite hymns:

Before the service:
The Funeral-Equale for four trombones, by Beethoven.

(This Funeral-Equale, written in 1812, for four trombones, was played by the Trombone Quartet, namely: Messrs. Case, Hardfield, A. E. Matt and John Matt.)

Funeral March in B minor (Schubert).
Funeral March in A-flat minor (Beethoven).

Opening sentences:
From Grot's Burial Service.
Soft Psalm, to Purcell's Chant in G minor.

After the lesson:
"Rock of Ages," to Redhead's tune.
As the body is carried to the grave:
"Praise to the Holies in the Height," to Dyke's tune, "Gerontius."

After the committal:
God's Anthem, "I Heard a Voice From Heaven."

Before the grave:
Handel's Anthem, "Their Bodies Are Buried in Peace."

After the grave:
"O God, Our Help in Ages Past," to Croft's tune, "St. Ann's."
Voluntaries:
Dead March from "Saul" (Handel).
Marche Solennelle in E-flat (Schubert).

I have read in several English newspapers the reviews of "The Beauty Stone," an original, romantic, musical drama, libretto by Messrs. Pinero, Comyns Carr, and music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, which was produced for the first time at the Savoy Theatre May 28. All agree in saying that there were prolonged cheers for authors, composers and manager at the end of the performance; but the impression left after a perusal of these notices is that the operetta is a failure.

Here is the story condensed by reviewer: The period is mediæval, the period of armor, chivalry, picturesque frocks, and the Devil.

"There lived then in the old town of Miremont an ancient couple who had a crippled daughter, ugly and ill-favored. To them comes the Devil, who presents a stone to the daughter who has the power of making her beautiful. Complications with a frivolous young Prince ensue, with the result that the virtuous damself escapes with difficulty from his clutches. The young Prince goes to the wars, and in his absence the stone passes to the possession of a seductive Eastern girl, who desires to recover his lost affections. This she would doubtless have managed, but the prince is blinded in battle, a result which is disastrous to the Eastern lady, for he is immediately convinced that the only girl he ever loved is the ill-favored cripple. Accordingly he is enthroned together at the market place, and the Devil disappears with the acute remark: 'I'll get me hence. 'Tis but a sorry jest When love, though blind, hath wit to choose the best.'"

Reading the more minute account, I do not see the necessity of the introduction of the Devil. He is a flimsy little purpose and what is gained by his gift or his defeat? A dwarf is also introduced; he seems to be a superfluous creature. The opening scene appears to be charming, and when Mr. Pinero chooses to be clear, he is, as you all know, singularly lucid.

All the reviewers complain that interest is a steadily diminishing quantity, and that there is little or no humor. The pages are stuffed with "gramercy," "in sooth," "Holy St. Luke," "prithce," "Shalt sleep anon lazy-bones"—and all the phrases and terms so dear to our own Mr. Henry Clay Barnabee, when he is in his dearest mood. Here is a sentence—and there are many couched in the same phraseology:

"Through the town, she enforcing him by a crook o' the finger, he following with fixed eye and open mouth like one planet-struck. And at last came they to the south gate, and there she did link her arm with his and did lead him forth into the meadows, until she espied a pent-house under the eaves, warm and dry and overborne with climbing flowers. And when she had made him sit therein she did creep close to him, first bidding him, then entreating him, to yield his secret."

Now this will do perhaps for a mediæval story to be read in drowsy summer, but it is not for operetta. And the lyrics that I have seen are dull.

They all tell the same story about Sir Arthur's music. Beautiful, melodious, admirably made at the start causing one to realize the sense of tears in human things, this music is Sullivan at his best, perhaps a little more mature, a little more grave in his expression. But as the book begins to descend the abyss of duiness the Muse, frightened, leaves her servant.

"Here was the most masterly humorist in music of this generation," say Mr. Blackburn, "for whom Mr. Gilbert used to provide a most ample field for this particular sort of utterance unprovided with one single humorous sentence, one solitary humorous phrase."

Three of the chief comedians were born in this country, and Mr. Devoll is well known in Boston.

"As to the players, Mr. George Devoll as Philip, and Mr. Edwin Isham as Gutran call for little comment. They were not effective or attractive; this is all the greater pity, inasmuch as they

were new comers to the Savoy. Miss Pauline Joran—she was born in Cleveland—sang excellently, and if we caught an almost passionate tendency to pose, acted with distinction."

Calvé made her reappearance May in London as Carmen. To show how a man of true talent, sensitive to all impressions, overcame the disadvantage of familiarity and wrote with meaning after a performance, I quote the review from the Pall Mall Gazette of June 1st:

"It is, we think, an unmistakable pity that Mme. Calvé does not to her very extraordinary talents to study of some of Wagner's parts."

the capacity for the sublimity of
each achievement, and she chooses
content herself with easy victories.
A Carmen last night she was, of
course, splendid. There is no Carmen
like her alive. Whatever beauty the
art contains, whatever seductiveness,
whatever allurements, or whatever frag-
rance, these things she realizes with a
triumph that can never at any point be
doubted or resisted. She is the type, the
li-Purcent—if you like to give it a name
of the creature which Prosper Meri-
ée evolved, and which Bizet Al-
lured with music. In the first act she shows
a creature half gypsy, half woman-
-but wholly conscious of her far-
reaching charms, of the powers of her
flicking personality. Then, gradually,
to pass on rises in her which eclipses
all gentleness, all consideration for any-
thing but herself and her own imma-
-te desires. She develops this slow
infiltration of self to self in the suc-
-cession with astonishing subtlety, com-
-bined with an appearance of abandon-
-ment and all the momentary charm of
contingency. Then comes the lib-
-retto of all—her satiety with a former
-traveller, her disgust with her past,
-her tremendous anticipations for a fresh
-and renewed future still with the cup
-filled, her life to be lived, her
-sisters to be indulged. And, finally,
-the complete art, she presents the
-frenzied, the courage, the despair, the
-aim of the culminating tragedy. More
-in all this she brings to a part quick
-with all life her full vitality, a magni-
-ficent familiarity and a power of expres-
-sion that reaches a limit of beauty
-which never degenerates into violence.
-Last night it would seem as if she could
-do too much, and yet she knew ex-
-actly where to hold the heart a little in
-service, so that emotion never expends
-self in a disappointment of excess. If
-there is a little weary, a little over-
-tired, as it happened or seemed to
-open that she was in the second act,
-if there is the possibility of a pause
-she never pauses when the action
-or art is afoot—she falls back upon
-most natural and personal poses,
-and they suffice, they are always in the
-lecture. Then there is her humor, which
-is as unexpected as surprising and as
-overwhelming as it is delightful. She
-is one who does not know what it is to
-take an insignificant posture, a vacu-
-ous movement. She has the matter of
-the stage there in its completeness.
-There are very few living actresses
-who do not now and then show a pass-
-ing phase of Irish-ceremony, of preoccu-
-pation; but she never. Her extraordinary
-scent and vitality place her among
-the few artists of consummate pre-
-eminence that this time has seen, for
-that beauty and that vitality fill her
-all, her simulation, her voice, her mere
-manual gesticulation. The applause
-that greeted her from a largely crowded
-house was the just tribute granted to
-one who is the supreme exponent of a
-living art, the art of operating as an
-understood in these Wagnerian times—
-an art which, in her case, combines ex-
-actly vocal beauty with the Wagnerian
-essential of brains and quick intelli-
-gence. Therefore, we come back to the
-point from which we started, to express
-a hearty desire that she would take the
-trouble to conquer new fields; what an
-solace, what a Brunnhilde, what a Kun-
--rury were here! For the present, how-
-ever, we must be content with her
-lovely Carmen, her Santuzza, and the
-rest of her fine gallery of pictures."

Philip Hale.

NOTES.

The annual recital of the vocal pupils
of Mr. Robert N. Lister will be given
at Association Hall Tuesday evening.
Admiral Dewey's March, by Mr. E. C.
Curry of this city will be played at the
concert next Tuesday night. It
will be the first number of the pro-
gram.
The Commencement concert of the
Apple Square School was given at As-
sociation Hall June 8. Messrs. G. J.
Arker, Stephen Townsend and A. M.
Anrich assisted. Miss Edna Rudgers
has graduated.
The closing exercises this season of
the Paellen Pianoforte School will take
place at Stelnert Hall on the afternoons
of Monday, June 20, and
Tuesday, June 21. Three public recitals
will be given on each of these days
and 87 students are to participate in
the programs.
A song recital was given at the New
England Conservatory of Music Friday
evening by Miss Pauline Woltmann,
pupil of Mr. Augusto Rotoli. She
was assisted by Mr. Traupe, violinist;
Theobald, pianist, and a female
soprano. Miss Woltmann sang an aria
from Rossini's "La Cenerentola,"
and Guinod's cycle, "Blondina."
Her "Laudi alla Vergine Maria," the
songs taken from Dante's "Paradiso,"
sung in America for the first time.
In order of exercises, Commencement
exercises at the New England Conserv-
atory of Music will be as follows: Thurs-
day, June 16, graduates' recital of the
School of Oratory, 8 P. M.; Saturday,
June 18, reception to graduating class
Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Dana, 4
P. M.; Sunday, June 19, Baccalaureate
mon by Rev. Reuben Thomas in
Apple Hall, 4 P. M.; Monday, June 20,
recital of graduating class in Sleeper
Hall, 8 P. M.; Wednesday, June 22,
Commencement exercises in Tremont
Hall, 2.30 P. M.; alumni reunion and
quet, 7.30 P. M.

June 17
Master Fly, so young and small,
did you go to Spider Hall?
A sun streamed down where the door stood
wide,
silk tapestries hung inside;
pop of corks and the clink of glass
it hard for you, Fly, to pass.
At Santiago the inhabitants
often, and they are especially ad-
dled to gin, which is dealt out to
at an extraordinarily low price.
It appears that people can consume
a much larger quantity of spirituous

liquors here (at Santiago) without be-
coming intoxicated than they can do
in the North." The people begin the
day with a liberal dram and follow it
up through the day and night until bed-
time.

It is true that the Dutch drink raw
gin and recommend it to strangers, to
repel the fever and ague. See Stillman's
Travels, vol. 2 p. 166.

It is true that Mr. Sala recommends
for hygienic and antibilious reasons a
glass of gin after a hearty meal of
sprats.

O! 'tis my delight on a Friday night,
When sprats they isn't dear,
To fry a couple of score or so
Upon a fire clear.

They eats so well, they bears the bell
From all the fish I knows:
Then let us eat them while we can
Before the price is rose.

(Chorus-at libitum) O! 'tis my delight, etc.
It is also true that Byron was fond
of gin, whether it were Old Tom,
Cream of the Valley, Superior Cream,
The Right Sort, Kinahan's L. L., The
Dew off Ben Nevis, The Celebrated
Balmoral Mixture, or some other spec-
ies; and the noble Lord sang its
praises in the 10th canto of Don Juan:
Senates and sages have condemned its use—
But to deny the mob a cordial, which is
Too often all the clothing, meat, or fuel,
Good Government has left them, seems but
cruel.

It makes a difference, whether you
drink it hot or cold. Thus Artemus
Ward's friend, the landlord of the
Greenlon, at the lecture given by a
"Trans-Mejlm," fastened his left eye
on a fair and rosy young person in
the audience, and "Smilin lovinly upon
her, said: 'You may give me, my dear,
four-penny-worth of gin—cold gin. I
take it cold, because—There was cries
of 'Silence! Shame! Put him out! The
Skoffer!'" And no one knows today
why the landlord preferred it cold.

Plunged at once in the midst of Spring's
Intoxicant rapture, on untied wings,
Dazzled and drunken with sight and scent,
You scarcely knew, Fly, whither you went.

The Spider was big, and burly, and brown,
A country squire plus a man about town;
Polished now, now heartily bluff—
But his deep-set eyes they were cunning
enough.

He bade you welcome with cordial glee,
He shut the door (and took out the key);
He shuffled the cards, he let you win—
The wit went out, and the wine went in.

It is not that we despise dogsnose or
are horrified by Mr. Chevalier's coster
who "used to do a gin-crawl every
night." Nor are we influenced by the
economic arguments of Mandeville
against this "liquid poison." But in
war men should be heroes, and we have
Dr. Johnson's word for it that he who
aspires to be a hero should drink
brandy.

Gin drinking brings on gin drinker's
liver, otherwise known as hob-nalled
liver, or cirrhosis, which consists in
chronic interstitial hepatitis, with
atrophy of the cells and increase of
connective tissue. It is not a pretty
disease. In the first place, the word
cirrhosis is hard to spell. We remem-
ber that long ago, in the course of a
lawsuit tried in Albany, N. Y., the
proper spelling stumped Judge, law-
yers, experts and court stenographer—
and Judge Peckham, now of the United
States Supreme Court, was of the lead-
ing counsel in the case. They that suffer
from this disease have bleeding at
the nose and little desire to shoot guns
or to indulge in any violent exercise.
Santiago is evidently doomed.

A band of crickets and gnats he had hired,
Who played loud voices and never tired;
He had laid the floor all velvet-fine
With Persian lilac of scent divine.

Your boon companions were strangely dumb,
Never a flutter, nor buzz, nor hum;
He had sucked them dry as a spider is able,
And set them upright around the table.

The drug worked well and the luck went
wry,
At last you struck him and gave him the
lie.

There's a gruesome cellar beneath that floor,
And the shrivelled victims come out no more.
But, poor Master Fly, so young, so small,
Why did you go to Spider Hall?

Golf at the Myopia! And see how the
Willies are gathering: Willie Dunn,
Willie Hunter, Willie Campbell, Willie
Cann, Willie Collins, Willie Anderson,
Willie Smith, Willie Tucker. If you
wish to excel at golf, first change your
name to Willie.

This is Punch's description in "Ani-
mal land" of Paderewski: "This curi-
ous little creature never comes out in the
same place only about once a year—
that keeps his vallev up. They take
him round in a selloon-carrige with
his name very large on the outside
hermiltically seeld and dekerated with
maden-hare ferns and rare browcades.
They stop at the towns and let him out
to play for a few minutes: then all the

ladies in dabby dresses weep and
gasp and shreek out 'Divylne!' and get-
tra, and rush about after him till the
police steps in—then they kiss the legs
of the pnyanno and mone for a fortnight
after. He looks more like a mopp than
anythink I think."

The too free use of the knife, when
it does not happen to be quite free
enough, may result in a legal difficulty
of a very unusual character. That was
yesterday exemplified at Mnyrlbone
Police Court. A man had cut his wife's
throat all right enough, and had, ap-
parently, done his level best to cut his
own. However, though he had cut
through his vocal chords, he had not
been so successful with his arteries.
The consequence is that he is alive to
take his trial, but that he is incapable
of any form of speech beyond a sort of
whisper which no one professes exactly
to understand. The question then arose,
How was he to plead? He can neither
read nor write, and an incomprehen-
sible whisper would obviously not be
satisfactory. Further, how was he to
instruct his solicitor? By signs? The
solicitor seemed to think he might get
more signs than instruction. Then
somebody remembered an old case in
which deaf and dumb language had
been used for pleading. But, as the
Magistrate remarked, you can't com-
pel a man to learn the language merely
to plead and possibly to get convicted.
You can only ask him if he has any-
thing to say, and when, for obvious
reasons, he hasn't, just commit him.
Which was done.—Pall Mall Gazette.

June 14. 98
The conduct of myself is—what?
A bagatelle, a trifle, not
A matter for persistent care,
But something which, when I can spare
A minute, may, perhaps, be scanned
With profit. On the other hand,
The conduct of my friends, my neighbors,
Demands my best, untiring labors.
My ways, alas! are fixed, were fixed
When God first took the trowel and mixed
The mud of which He fashioned man.
A part of the predestined plan,
Fate ties my hands; I cannot move
Except in the appointed groove,
To grumble argues little wit;
I see my weird and bow to it.

A fine character, you say, a philo-
sophic, noble soul. You would not mind
the traditional desert island if such a
one were your companion. You would
look with favor on his courtship of
your eldest daughter, who has just
been "finished" at a female college.
This man will do cheerfully the duties
of a citizen; he will give his money,
yea his life, in support of the govern-
ment.

But hear the rest of the little poem.

But none the less can I desecry
My neighbor's faults with half an eye.
His little weaknesses I see,
And strive by every means to raise
My neighbor into wiser ways.
Nay, more, with other folk I run
His follies over, one by one,
Till all perceive each limitation
And pine for his regeneration.

So pure a joy is self-negation.
This is, indeed, "The Higher Altru-
ism."

It is a pity that the firm of D. Ap-
pleton and Company saw fit to clothe
George Moore's new novel, "Evelyn
Innes," in a hideous dress. The vul-
garity of the cover-design is beyond
description.

Was the plan of the Subway Station
in Scollay Square submitted to the Art
Commission? And is it true that the
Bacchante will be brought back to
stand on top of the singular structure?

Do you know of any tavern in this
city where corned beef is served in per-
fection? At the more pretentious inns
what is doled out as corned beef is
withered, wan, tough, eat in objection-
able chips.

An eminent statistician is convinced
that with the week ending June 11,
each soldier now enlisted in the army
of the United States was provided with
4½ abdominal bands, thanks to the de-
votion of the women of this country.
There can now be no danger from the
manchneal tree, and even the mach-
ete will find local and sturdy resistance.

There are times, however, when the wind is
in the east, and I am feeling highly strung,
when Cousin Richard's chatter produces in
me a state of nervous irritation bordering on
insanity—when I can with difficulty restrain
myself from putting my fingers in my ears,
from pitching the sofa cushions, books, the
tea-pot at his head—from anything that will
cause him to cease his intolerable chatter.
Also, I know of no greater torture than to
find myself within earshot of a conversation,
to which I am keenly desirous of listening,
and to have to endure cousin Richard's irrele-
vant and ceaseless tattoo on the drum of my
unemployed ear.

"Stroke" writes to the Journal: "I
am distressed to read that the Har-

vard crew is spending so much time
practising starts. Harvard crews al-
ways start well. Would it not be bet-
ter to practice finishes?"

Members of the Vegetarian Society
of New York had a delightful picnic
in Bronx Park last Saturday. There
were baskets of peanut-meal sand-
wiches and wheat, and each member
ate, besides these delicacies, two or
three almonds.

Mr. Haviland, the Secretary, does not
wear kid gloves, because the indulgence
in such a practice would necessitate
the killing of an animal. But he does
not go without leather shoes, for
leather is the waste product of an
animal brought about by the debauch-
ery of his meat-eating friends." This
is an Orphic saying. Will some rising
young vegetarian translate it?

We admit that a judicious vegetarian
may be more susceptible to spiritual
impressions, provided he uses tobacco
freely—than such a man as—Yousouf,
the Terrible Turk, who eats for his
breakfast 15 mutton chops, four cups
of coffee, and a dozen buckwheat cakes
about the size of an army blanket, and
for his dinner a steak measuring 18
inches in circumference, with a five-
pound cold roast of beef for luncheon.

But thin are the lines that divide
the vegetarian from the carnivorous.
If the former eat milk, butter and
cheese, they indulge, as Sir Henry
Thompson points out, in highly con-
centrated protoid-containing food of
animal origin, and eggs contain the
material of the developed chicken.

Have Spanish phantom fleets fright-
ened the sea-serpent from the Massa-
chusetts coast? Will the Sea-serpent
Club hold this year its annual dinner?

Animal trainers that pay special at-
tention to little boys and girls should
ponder the result of an experiment in
Berlin. Some benevolent Berliners
started about a year ago a children's
omnibus, which should collect the
children and take them from the sub-
urbs to the central schools. Thus
would they be free from association
with their elders and escape con-
tamination. Hurrah for the doctrine
of original sin! There were free fights,
thefts, tears, and language that was
"painful and free." Finally the bolder
of the urchins organized a private
crew. They determined that captives
should walk a plank. They, therefore,
dropped their inoffensive companions
into the mud. And then the German
parent came to the conclusion that as-
sociation with elder people was neces-
sary for the children of Berlin "on
moral, psychological and economical
grounds." The omnibus was restored
to its original purpose.

June 15. 98
But he said that life only became wrong
when it ceased to aspire. In an Indian
temple, it had once been asked who was
the most holy man of all. A young saint
who had not eaten for ten days had been
pointed out, but he said that the holiest man
who had ever lived stood yonder. It was
then noticed that the man pointed to was
drunk. * * * Ulick explained that the
drunkenness did not matter; it was an un-
important detail in the man's life, for none
aspired as he did.

Again that strange tingling in fingers
of the left hand. The Doctor told you
over a year ago that it was a symptom
and a warning. He said, "Stop Work-
ing for a time." You smiled grimly.
"Stop working!" And how were the bills
to be paid? Since he spoke another mouth
has been added to your family. Again
that strange tingling! And you again
hear the Lean Fellow sharpening his
scythe.

The Providence Journal will be pained
to learn that no one can wear in Hun-
gary a red cravat without exciting
suspicion. Mr. Max Schwartz, a law
student, took a train at Budapest.
When he arrived at Waltzen he was
arrested. He showed proofs of his
identity, but he was ordered to return
to Budapest, or he would be put in
prison. He was wearing a violent red
cravat, and the gendarme swore he
must be a Socialist.

Boston, June 13, 1898.
To the Editor of the Journal:
The New York Sun in its report of
Prof. Norton's recent address states
that "After he had concluded, Prof.
Norton stated that he would be pleased
to answer any questions upon the sub-
ject as presented by him."
"Mr. Allen asked: 'Had we, as a na-
tion, a right to ask Spain to desist from
her persecution of the Cubans?'"
"Prof. Norton answered, 'Yes.'"
"Mr. Allen—'Then how far should we
go after that, in the event of refusal,
toward securing that end?'"
"Prof. Norton—'Just as far as we
could without war. There is no condi-
tion which should require this country
to go to war on any subject.'"

Is not the reason and cause for this opinion plain? Prof. Norton is a Shakspearian scholar, he has read:

"Dogberry—This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name."

"Watchman—'How if a' will not stand?"

"Dogberry—'Why then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.'"

"Can there be any closer imitation of the immortal constable's advice than the professor's response to Mr. Allen?"

Verges.

Lincolnshire has voted a bronze statue to Tennyson, her son. This pleases Mr. G. F. Watts. "It is so simple," he said, to Lord Brownlow; "I see him standing there in bronze. It is so simple and easy."

We see certain men here in Boston standing in bronze or stone. It was simple and easy to put them there. Since it would be equally simple and easy to pull them down, why does not some lover of the beautiful do it?

One very good rule is, never to let any part of your house be bare. Don't let there be resin for work on the tables, or for walking up and down on the carpets. The fancy shops will assist you in the first, and in the second three-legged tables at one-eleven-three, and mixing stools at ten-and-a-half will prove invaluable. Any ladies' paper—"Home Horrors," or "The Nursemaid's Weekly Twaddler," or "The Imbecile's Domestic Instruction Book"—will give you explicit information as to the construction of the myriad accessories which go to make the hideous home. I myself am, alas! all unskilled in these arts. I cannot cut a pig out of flannel, stuff it with sawdust, and call it a pincushion. I cannot use enamel paint; the smell makes me ill. Art muslin has to be sewn, they tell me, and I cannot sew; and I never have any luck with wall-pockets.

At last! At last! Admiral Cervera's fleet is in the harbor of Santiago. Sampson himself has reported the news. Now if it were not for the phantom Cadiz fleet patriots of the North Shore might be able to let summer cottages to other patriots.

After the wedding.

Mrs. A.—"I am not so sure that Maria will be happy. When a man is 40 years old, it's pretty hard to break him in."

Mrs. B.—"Yes—but Augustus is thoroughly housebroken, I am sure."

We read this paragraph yesterday in the catalogue of an Edinburgh bookseller:

"Facetiae—A Legacy of Fun, by Abraham Lincoln, with short sketch of his life. 12 mo., newly half bound, uncut, 4s. 6d. London, 1865."

Is it possible that 500 years from now Lincoln will be regarded as a sort of an American Joe Miller?

Some Englishman asks, "Who are the Spaniards?" and answers his own question in sundry ways. He says that the earliest written reference to Spain is in the Bible (Genesis x. 4), where "Tarshish" stands for the Tartessus of Herodotus and others. The Greeks called Spain, Iberia. Then there is the river Iberus, the Ebro. In historic times the chief epoch in the history of Spain was the landing of the Romans (about 220 B. C.). Mommsen says, "When Augustus died the Roman language and habits prevailed in Andalusia, Granada, Murcia, Valencia, Catalonia, Aragon." He calls the natives "full of the spirit of the Cid and of Don Quixote," and says, "their valor was rather that of the guerrilla than of the soldier."

"As to the name Spain, or rather the Latin Hispania, no one knows whence it came. All we know is that soon after the Romans set foot in it they called it so. The most plausible guess is Humboldt's, that the word comes from the Pasque Espana, a border or edge, the peninsula being a boundary of the rope. But did the Iberians realize

patriotism should be its own reward. Americans are fond of beer; they drink it in vast quantities. The Spaniards are no friends or supporters of ale or beer. Yet when Philip II. arrived in England, he announced his intention "vivre de tous points à l'Anglais," and immediately called for some beer, which he drank. Do you talk of the "generous wine" of Spain? Go to! Unless you are invited to inspect some such bodega or wine cellar as that of Don Pedro Domecq at Jerez, you will find sherry at Seville or at Jerez a horrible mixture of fire and water. When Mr. Beatty-Kington was in Seville he found bitter beer figuring on the wine cards as "Pall-Halle." If the Spaniards had replaced each castle by a brewery, they would have governed Cuba in sweeter disposition.

O, finer far
Than fame or riches are
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this free
cigar!

Why
Should I
Weep, wail or sigh?
What if luck has passed me by?
What if my hopes are dead—
My pleasures fled?
Have I not still
My fill
Of right good cheer—
Cigars and beer?

The bar-keeper and his boss are loud in patriotism. There are flags in the street windows and in front of the mirrors behind the bar. Wherever you look there is a picture of Rear Admiral Dewey or an injunction to remember the Maine, or a hot wish for a still hotter future for Spain. Patriotism should not end here. Let the beer glasses be larger than they were before the war-tax; let them be filled to the brim; let the foam be watched, scraped off; let the glass be held again beneath the faucet for a second foam that shall crown the good work. What if the landlord should lose a little each month? The price should still be 5 cents a glass to the patriotic customer. Now is the time for the landlord to clinch, to rivet his own patriotism. Prosit!

What a noble stand was taken editorially by the Transcript the other night on this very point! Reading the strong and earnest (pathetic in earnestness) protest of our contemporary against smaller glasses and inferior quality was like drinking a quart or two of Hof-braü in its birth-place. The Transcript may stumble occasionally over some petty detail of patriotism, but when the great and living principles of national honor are at stake its voice is as a bugle blast, encouraging, strengthening, uplifting.

"Let me drink the beer of a country, and I care not who pays its taxes;" but the beer should be like unto the wife of Caesar or your own household.

Go, whining youth
Forsooth,
Go, weep and wail,
Sigh and grow pale,
Weave melancholy rhymes
On the old times,
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear—
But leave me to my beer!
Gold is dross—
Love is loss—
So if I gulp my sorrows down
Or see them drown
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
Then do I wear the crown
Without the cross!

To B. L. C.: The best shade are those that have been fed on brazil-nuts. The rose is firmer and sweeter.

Whenever a man is commended for his placidity of manner, we remember Herr Bunsen of Berlin, who used to sing Schumann's songs with great expression. A brother of the famous Bunsen, he was apparently of unruined temper and rare sweetness of manner. "Yes," said a woman, "I remember him when he was a consul at Rio Janeiro. His little household was held under firm control. One morning his valet remembered that he had forgotten to black Bunsen's boots, and he immediately fell dead with heart disease."

The New York Sun of June 15 published a silly story about Suzanne Adams, the singer. The early life and the first concert appearances of Miss Adams are well known in this city, for she is a Cambridge girl, and her musical career began in Boston. Nevertheless, the invention of legends concerning her while she is still young is a compliment to her success.

This reminds us that the extreme and furious Wagnerites in London are making faces at Mr. Jean de Reszko because he does not believe that ordinary flesh and blood can endure a performance of "Götterdämmerung" without cuts. The Committee of the Wagner Society is writing protests, and there is "hot indignation in many quarters." Mr. de Reszko is not as young as he was, and no wonder he

shrinks at howling for long and dreary stretches. Those who have perspired with joy at his "complete conversion to Wagner" may be pleased to learn that he is studying the part of Manrico in "Il Trovatore," and hopes to sing it next season.

Rosebery Avenue, East Finchley, possesses still a lady with a head of hair which would, one can imagine, have had attractions for Giorgione. At any rate, one gets the idea that it is much the sort of capillary attraction that the great George has put upon his Sleeping Venus. But they lack the Venetian eye for color at East Finchley. The lady made an appearance in the market place which led to her appearance in a police report, and in that report her hair is vaguely "red." But she said that the police officer who had taken care of her had addressed her as "Ginger," and the officer had to admit he knew her by that name. There was also something about cakes and ale, alleged to have been partaken of by the parties on happier occasions. The officer denied this. He was too virtuous—indeed, "a life abstainer." The Bench thought that that might be, and yet "Ginger" be too hot in the mouth. So they dismissed the case. This is why Rosebery Avenue keeps its Giorgione.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Charles L. Capen, who is well known in Boston and neighborhood as an excellent musician and teacher, will have a benefit concert Friday night, the 17th, at the North Avenue Congregational Church, Cambridge. The concert will be one of unusual interest, and it should be largely attended for its own sake, and on account of the purpose for which it is given. Miss Marie Nichols, Miss Zella Cole, Mrs. Mary J. Hubbard, Mr. Stephen Townsend, Mr. Francis L. Young, the Tremont Male Quartet and the Svendsen Club will take part.

June 17, 1898

Respectability includes all that vague and undefinable mass of respect floating in the world, which arises from sinister motives in the person who pays it, and is offered to adventitious and doubtful qualities in the person who receives it. It is spurious and nominal; hollow and venal. To suppose that it is to be taken literally or applied to sterling merit, would betray the greatest ignorance of the customary use of speech.

And one reason why you find your dreams especially distressful is because they represent your dead parents or wives as masqueraders. Thus your father was an "eminent financier." His walk was outwardly perpendicular. He served on committees. His name was signed to petitions, protests, congratulations. His portrait—one of Lockton's masterpieces—hangs in your parlor. He is in the act of shaving a note. 'Tis very lifelike.

But in the projection of a dream your smug father, with his respectable whiskers, is in court on trial for counterfeiting; or you see him in some grotesque attitude in an abode of sin; or he is beating your mother; or he is walking down the centre aisle with the collection plate and without clothes. People point derisively, sniggering thumbs at him. Policemen are dogging him. You are ashamed of him. You deny him. No cock crows, yet you awake with a start, and thank God that he is safe in his coffin.

The best title to the character of respectability lies in the convenience of those who echo the cheat, and in the conventional hypocrisy of the world. Any one may lay claim to it who is willing to give himself airs of importance, and can find means to divert others from inquiring too strictly into his pretensions. It is a disposable commodity—not a part of the man, that sticks to him like his skin, but an appurtenance, like his goods and chattels.

We should possess the Ladrones, if 'twere only for the beautiful melancholy of the name, which is useful for poetic or comic opera purposes; these, by the way, are not necessarily the same, not the same.

Fitz James O'Brien—does anybody remember his life in Boston—where he lodged, where he loafed, ate, and drank? Mr. T. B. Aldrich probably knew him at Pfaff's, New York—Fitz James O'Brien, as we were saying, once wrote a poem entitled "The Wharf Rat," the first verse of which ends with a haunting line:

"And a girl in the Gallipagos Isles is the burden of his song."

Ladrones! Gallipagos! Or perhaps you prefer the other name of the Gallipagian clunder-heaps, "The Encantadas." Do you think these Isles populous with beauty that, freights the minds of sailor boys so that they sing amorously near black and silent wharfs of an alien city? There are more tortoises there than women, although half-breeds from Peru may have sojourned with buccaners or watery tramps. And sailors believe that "all wicked sea-officers, more especially commodores and captains, are at death (and in some

cases, before death), transformed into tortoises; thenceforth dwelling upon these hot aridities, sole solitary lords of Asphaltum."

"Panama hats are ridiculously cheap." Yes, but are these hats the true article? The real thing years ago cost from \$50 to \$65. It outlived the wearer. And there was a hatter in New York who, for \$10, would return to you a 20-year-old Panama as good as new, although it "had been in the wars, and shipwrecked, and thrown into a lime kiln, a tan-pit, and a bucket of tar." (Mose was then alive, and hot-corn was eaten in the streets, and the Bowers Jov was one of America's proudest institutions.) The Spaniards believe that Panama is shot-proof. But we shall continue to buy our straw hats in Hanover Street, and 75 cents is to us a high price.

"Send books to the homesick soldiers." And do not forget to put in the bundle Erckmann-Chatrian's "The Conscript," and Walt Whitman's "The Wound Dresser."

Did William Hazlitt observe as a vision certain Bostonians in Faneuil Hall, when he wrote, "They would see the country ruined before they would part with the least of their superfluous ties. Pampered in luxury and their own selfish comforts, they are proof against the calls of patriotism, and the cries of humanity. They would not get a scratch with a pin to save the universe. They are more affected by the over turning of a plate of turtle soup than by the starving of a whole country. The most desperate characters, picked from the most necessitous and depraved classes, are not worse judges of politics than your true, staunch, thorough paced 'lives and fortunes men, who have what is called a stake in the country, and see everything through the medium of their cowardly and unprincipled hopes and fears'?"

If I could photograph my room for you it would be a shock, for it is terribly unlike the jumbled sameness of those drawing rooms of celebrities which you admire so much in your favorite journal: "Secrets Revealed or the Real Lives of the Aristocracy."

June 18, 1898

It would be a solecism for anyone to pretend to respectability who has a shabby coat to his back, who goes without a dinner, or has not a good house over his head. He who has reduced himself in the world by devoting himself to a particular study, or adhering to a particular cause, occasions only a smile of pity, or a shrug of contempt at the mention of his name; while he who has raised himself in it by a different course, who has become rich for want of ideas, and powerful from want of principle, is looked up to with silent homage and passes for a respectable man.

They talk of redecorating the ehle lounging room at the Porphyry Club. Old Chimes suggests this motto, to be carved on the mantel-piece: "Our run is better than our company."

Sir Henry Irving, the eminent stage carpenter, "delivered his inaugural address" at Cambridge, England, June 15. We hope that he did not forge in the excitement of the moment to commend his "dear friend, Miss Elsie Terry," to the audience.

Dr. Frank Harris has served faithfully and well as medical examiner for many years. Is it possible that he will now be removed because certain false statements have been made, statements inspired by one or two who are envious of his ability and reputation?

Choosing a summer cottage, you demand enough sun, but not too much sun. The ideal cottage is that known years ago to the Aphres, an interesting race with strange, yet sensible customs: "Their houses are made of wickers, and withes, wrought about treps, and in such sorte that they may tourne them rounde every waye."

Mr. Whanger has been a man of fiery patriotism. His flag is the largest and the finest in the street. His ta has been the loudest in the street. Mrs. Whanger has already sent three dozen abdominal belts to the brass soldiers, and a picture of Dewey on her dressing table. They all sat breakfast yesterday, Mr. Whang Mrs. Whanger and the little Whangers. "Ah," said the patriotic husband, "I see that tea will be taxed 10 cents per pound." His wife said, "Dr. Bore was saying last Sunday that we drank too much tea. This tannic acid is a dreadful thing, and even if you feed milk or cream out of the cup the danger is just as great."

"And they are going to tax beer per barrel," answered Mr. Whang. "This makes little difference to me. I am going to stop drinking beer for 1 for six months. I don't believe I agree with me. I think it aggravates my eczema."

Here,
With my beer,
I sit,
While golden moments flit
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by;
And, as they fly,
I,
Being dry,
Sit, my sipping here
My beer.

Now is the time for brewers to show their patriotism. Let the beer be sounder and fuller of life than ever, even though the tax on the barrel has been raised. Let there be no thought of glucose or old boot-heel. Brewing is an ancient and honorable profession. In England the successful brewer dies a peer. In this country

June 16, 98

"H—h! Tobacco! There's a heavy
s on cigars weighing over three
pounds. But I always smoke light
cigs."

"We have no telephone in our house,
ank the Lord, and whenever I send
telegram I mark it 'collect.'"
"Our lease runs for another year, and
a war will be over by that time."
"Yes," said Mrs. Whanger, "but I
fice that parlor car seats will be
sed a cent a piece." Mr. Whanger
ured at her. "Why shouldn't you go
at an ordinary car? Such cars are
ch cooler."

No one in the house used chewing
m or was likely to inherit money.
Whanger finally smiled. "Johnny,
if the flag is all right. This is
rious news from Santiago."

Co most playactors a benefit is in re-
ty an injury. They order these
ings better in France. The total
ount realized for Alice Lavigne was
367 francs. This has been invested
iculously so that Mrs. Lavigne will
elive an annual income of 6000 francs
ring her lifetime. The total expenses
the benefit, in which many actors
d actresses of the first rank took
rt, amounted to only 150 francs.

Eighty-one years ago tomorrow, Wil-
m Cobbett, who was then living on
ng Island, made this entry in his
ry: "Fine day. But now comes my
rm! The mosquitoes, and still worse,
e common house-fly, which used to
gue us so in Pennsylvania, and
hich were the only things I ever dis-
ed belonging to the climate of Ameri-
ca."

Mosquitoes are bred in stagnant
ter, of which here is none. Flies
e bred in filth, of which none shall
near me as long as I can use a
oval and a broom. They will follow
sh meat and fish. Have neither, or
very careful."

No flies bothered him that summer,
hough a friend in Pennsylvania
ught two quarts of flies in one win-
w in one day. But Mr. Cobbett re-
ected to tell us where flies go to in
e winter. For a definite answer to
is all-important question, we are
lling to swap his profound essay on
e culture of the Ruta Baga, "some-
nes called the Russia, and sometimes
e Swedish Turnip."

f certain deep thinkers have their
t riveted to the eternal rock of
th when they declare that malaria
ways accompanies mosquitoes, how is
that such villages on Cape Cod as
terville, where mosquitoes are so tame
at they settle on hands, faces, wrists,
cks, ankles, even at dinner, undis-
rbed by the clash of knives, the rat-
t of plates, and harse calls to the
iters, are wholly free from malaria,
cept that superinduced by reckless
inking of Jamaica ginger?

The Secretary of War should ponder
e words of Mr. J. N. Harris, who
ites for the Anthropological Review.
Harris declares as the result of long
servations on malarious coasts that if
had to choose men for service there
would have none but the red-haired.
All this is not necessarily hostile to
a supposition that the negro may
ssibly have been developed, through
atural selection, in the effort to resist
alaria; but it shows that among white
en at the present day the whitest is
st able to hold out against such in-
nces. And that is common sense
so, for we all know that dark per-
ns have more trouble with the liver,
hich is the part affected."

Is it historically accurate to say that
r races have always overcome the
rk, when the war has been on equal
rms? Some one makes this state-
ent in the Pall Mall Gazette. The
arsians overthrew the Babylonians
d the Assyrians. The Aryans con-
ered India. Alexander and his Mace-
onians were fair.

Our red-headed cavalry should of
urse be mounted on white horses.
a combination would be irresistible.

And yet brunettes, not blondes, are
e sooner disposed of in the marriage
art. Dr. Beddoes made pleasing ex-
periments, examining 737 women. "Of
ose who had red, flaxen, or light
own hair, 55.5 per cent. were mar-
ied and 37 per cent. single; of the dark
own or black-haired, 79 per cent. were
arried and 18 per cent. single."

June 19. '98
received a note from Mrs. Camilla
so the other day, saying that she
poses to live in Boston this summer
121 Newbury Street, where she will
ch the violin and give lessons in en-
able.

Why does not this accomplished vio-
list and excellent musician write her
moirs? Mrs. A. M. Diehl did not
tate to rush into print a year ago;
she told us that in Germany
thur Sullivan's "name in programs

a shoe qua noi. The shoe was made in
"Ars longa, vita brevis." Bettina Walker
wrote her experiences with Henselt and
others. Marchesi has advertised herself
and displayed her amazing self-conceit
in at least three volumes. Mrs. Urso is
too true an artist and woman to dress
the window of her own shop—but she
has seen much of interest in her musical
career since she played here as a young
girl Oct. 8, 1852. Before that date she
had played at "Mr. Chikering's Sal-
loon," Artot's "Souvenir de Bellini."
Mr. John Dwight wrote of this private
entertainment, "The little maiden is
plain, with strong arms and hands en-
larged by practice of her instrument;
yet her appearance is most interesting;
a face full of intellectual and sedate ex-
pression, a large forehead wearing 'the
pale cast of thought,' etc. Pity only
that such fine life must be lived out so
fast, and always in the blaze of too
much sun for plants so young and
tender!" This pity was wasted, for
each year added strength and musical
knowledge to the woman who was a
fiddler by birthright.

I should like, for instance, to read
Mrs. Urso's reminiscences of her con-
cert-journey with Sontag, down the
Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans;
of her adventures with Mrs. Macready;
the reader; of the time when Gotts-
chalk jumped upon his seat at a
Philharmonic concert, New York—was
it in March, 1863?—and proposed cheers
for her; of her adventures in San
Francisco in 1869-70.

There is, it is true, a little book en-
titled "Camilla: a Tale of a Woman,"
being the artist life of Camilla Urso,"
by Charles Barnard, which was pub-
lished here by Mr. Loring in 1874; but
much has happened since that book
appeared.

Of course, you remember Geraldine
Ulmar, who married Mr. Tilkin, other-
wise known as Ivan Caryll. She sued a
few weeks ago the New London and
Suburban Omnibus Company, Ltd., for
personal damages. Last year, Nov. 1,
an omnibus drove into her dog-cart.
She was thrown out, and she suffered a
compound fracture of the left leg,
near the ankle joint. An operation was
necessary, and she still uses crutches.

In the course of her testimony she
swore that she had incurred £333 16s. in
medical expense, and that she used to
earn on the stage from £40 to £100 a
week. Her last engagement was in
"The Geisha," 1896.

Dr. Keatley, her physician, said that
the fee for the operation was 50 guineas,
and the usual fee for attending her sub-
sequently at Twickenham would be 8
guineas. "In accordance with the cus-
tom, I would charge her less on account
of her being engaged in the theatrical
profession, but, as she earned such a
handsome income, it would not be very
much less."

And then Mr. Ruegg, Q. C.—Oh, sly
dog!—asked "would you have charged
the same fees if there had not been a
chance of getting them out of an
omnibus company?" "The witness—"I
always charge the same fee if people
are moderately well off. I am sorry
to say I have sometimes to modify
them downward. I should never modify
them in that direction for an omnibus
company."

The jury found for the plaintiff—
damages £750.

I have received the following letter
concerning the Handel and Haydn
Society.

"It is whispered that one of our mu-
sical organizations—an institution of
the acknowledged music centre of
America—being without a conductor, is
looking in distant parts for a man to
fill this important office.

"Perish the thought! It cannot be
true. Boston musicians, whether vocal-
ists, instrumentalists or conductors,
are in constant demand in all parts of
the country; capable teachers are gradu-
ated and sent forth in large numbers
each year; thousands of music students
are attracted hither by the fame of our
conservatories, teachers and splendid op-
portunities for study; all of our impor-
tant concerts are noticed by the lead-
ing music journals, showing how we
are regarded beyond the confines of our
own little world. And in the face of all
this we cannot supply a capable
conductor to one of our own musical
societies?"

"If this be true, then our great musi-
cal reputation and prestige is a sham,
and it were time to throw off the mask
and manfully acknowledge our lack of
resources. I cannot regard the report
seriously; it may only be a spiteful sug-
gestion emanating from the faction of
the society in question which has finally
and permanently been forced out of
power—their last little fling at the vic-
torious element, which is filled with
an earnest desire to march steadily on-
ward until—and this very soon—its or-
ganization is musically without a peer
in the land. No, a thousand times no,
I do not think that a Boston institution
ought to bow the knee to a foreigner.

But I think I would like the views of every
true Boston music-lover when I say
that our pride would thus receive a
severe blow, productive of anything but
sympathy from the envious cities of
New York and Chicago, who are only
too ready to belittle our efforts in art
and music matters.

"To be sure, of capable musical di-
rectors there is not a plenty, and Bos-
ton has but a limited number from
which, however, the right man can be
selected; but if, for reasons not ap-
parent to me at this moment, he is not
eligible or available, that matter ought
to be made public, so that our large
aggregation of musicians may at least
be free from the charge of incapacity."

The correspondent is undoubtedly
right in his position. There are at least
50 musicians in Boston alone who feel
themselves competent to lead "The
Messiah" to the complete gratification
of the officers and nine-tenths of the
audience. Inasmuch as the chief object
of this venerable society seems to be the
performance of Handel's work as Rob-
ert Franz thought Handel should have
written it, I do not see why the officers
themselves should not draw lots for the
conductorship.

In Germany Handel's "Esther," "The
Messiah," "Hercules," etc., are given
now according to Chrysander's version,
with an honest attempt to perform
these works as they were performed in
the composer's period. These perform-
ances excite attention; they are said by
men of authority to be interesting and
musically successful; and this should
appeal to New England thrift—money
has been made, not lost thereby. But
the Handel and Haydn is deaf to all
this news, and it has been for the last
few years. They have ears, but they
hear not. And O the pity of it!

When "Le Nozze di Figaro" was
given at Covent Garden, June 1, Mr.
Dolmetsch played the recitative ac-
companiments on the clavichord. The
Era (June 4) says: "We cannot re-
gard the experiment as of any great
value to the ensemble, and we may
take it for granted that had Mozart
lived in these days he would gladly

have availed himself of the improved
modern instruments. The tinkling of
the old keyed instrument had an ec-
centric sound after the full chords of
the Covent Garden band." H'm! If
Mozart were now living, he might ac-
company recitative, or his substitute
for it, with the orchestra. Nor did he
ever intend that this opera should be
sung in a room the size of Covent Gar-
den, or with so large an orchestra.
They order these things better in Mu-
nich.

Emma Eames was the Countess in
this performance at Covent Garden. I
would I had been there. To me it is
her one truly successful impersona-
tion. Her Juliet is cold—the girl was
never married; her Marguerite is like
her Santuzza, ladylike; in "Falstaff"
she appeared to be unbending gra-
ciously, to please the audience; but
this woman of Shanghai birth and
Maline bringing-up is an aristocratic
Countess of surpassing beauty, and she
sings the divine music of Mozart with
a fine appreciation of its inherent
melancholy. No wonder that Mr.
Blackburn suggested that Robespierre,
if he had seen her, would have or-
dered her to the guillotine.

Marie Elba celebrated her 300th ap-
pearance as Haensel May 28, at the
Crystal Palace; and "Le Papillon," a
Japanese Fantaisie in one act by Larch-
er, music by Thomé was then per-
formed for the first time in England.

"The scene is set in Japan. It is a
warm summer afternoon when Pierrot
visits his favorite garden, and he dis-
covers amongst the flowers a magnifi-
cent Queen rose of exceptional beauty.
He admires it, is attracted by its splen-
dor, and is overpowered by its perfume;
he thereupon idealizes it. He thinks
that the powerful rays of the sun are
harming it, and takes of his umbrella to
protect it, when he discovers a large
butterfly, which he is afraid intends set-
tling on his beloved rose. It, however,
disappears, only to return again at the
moment when he is about to write a
love sonnet to his queen. The butter-
fly disturbs his muse, and settling on
his nose, he endeavors to catch the fly,
but instead hurts himself. He then en-
deavors to catch it or drive it away
with his fan, which exhausts him. He
rests, and has an idea that if he plays
to the rose on his samosa he may suc-
ceed in awakening the flower in re-
sponse to his love for it. He therefore
plays and dances to fascinate it, and
avows his love, when, to his extreme
annoyance, he discovers that the butter-
fly has settled in the heart of the rose.
He becomes greatly jealous, for the
flower is unresponsive to his love and
has allowed the butterfly to kiss it.
Thereupon he takes his samosa and
strikes the butterfly, whilst to his cha-
grin he at the same time destroys his
rose, the petals of which are strewn on
the ground. The butterfly is maimed
and gradually dies. Pierrot is greatly
distressed, and when about to leave the
garden he is prevented by myriads of
butterflies, who come to avenge their
dead comrade. Pierrot says to them,
'Wait, wait, and you will see. I will
dig a grave and bury your comrade,
and cover him with my lost love, and

so make amends to you all.' He does
so, and buries the butterfly in the grave,
which he digs, and, taking the rose
petals to cover it, sings his chant and
begs forgiveness of all the butterflies.
He then retires regretfully at the death
he has caused and the love he has lost."

The one character in the piece was
played successfully—they say—by Miss
Rose-Belwick.

A ballet pantomime, "Le Papillon,"
by Legrand and Larcher, music by
Thomé, was performed in Paris at the
Lyrique as long ago as Dec. 27, 1880. Is
this the same piece as the Fantaisie at
the Crystal Palace? Or is the latter an
episode, a scene from the earlier work?

Justin Clarice, a South American,
has written the music for a new piece
by Arthur Sturgess, which will be pro-
duced at the Prince of Wales Theatre,
London.

The Era tells this story of Ardit's
dog: "Madame Ardit has a favorite
dog called 'Chiquito.' He measures but
one-quarter yard from nose to tail. He
has crossed the Atlantic five times. On
one occasion when the dog was cross-
ing, in 1892, Signor Ardit was arrang-
ing a concert on board, and Chiquito,
who had been smuggled in, had made
his first appearance on deck, as Madame
Ardit had remained below for some
days. All the ship's officers seemed
studiously blind to his presence, but
when the captain appeared he fixed his
eyes continuously on the small dog. So
Madame Ardit promptly articulated
him with, 'If you say anything to Chi-
quito, Captain, there will be no concert
tonight,' and with laughter he con-
fessed his defeat. Madame Ardit has
also a white poodle, trained to answer
questions by picking up and bringing a
tin label bearing the word 'yes' or
'no,' his decisions being largely influ-
enced by an understood sign from Sig-
nor Ardit. Madame Ardit had occa-
sion to suspect that her cook possessed
that ranc, a 'follower,' and arranged a
special poodle performance for the ser-
vant's benefit. After various feats the
vital question was raised, 'Has a man
been in my house?' 'Yes,' replied the
poodle. Sensation among spectators.
'Was it a soldier?' 'No,' said the dis-
criminating dog. 'Was it a policeman?'
was then asked, when the fatal 'yes'
label was selected. The cook arose and
exclaimed, with a solemn gesture of
despair: 'That dog is the devil.'"

The music to Ford's play "The Brok-
en Heart," revived by the Elizabethan
Society June 11, in London, was played
on instruments of the period.

Louis Kelleher, a singing comedian
in opera-bouffe, died June 1 in the Char-
ing-Cross Hospital, at the age of 41.
Beginning as a choir boy, he made his
début at Liverpool when he was 18, as
Prince Paul, in "The Grand Duchess."
He once visited this country with Lydia
Thompson.

Philip Hals.

NOTES.

A picked chorus drilled and led by Mr.
William L. Whitney, sang Brahms's
Shickselsiedel and a cantata by Bach at
the New England Conservatory June 11.

Pupils of the Daudelin School of Mu-
sic, assisted by Mr. Van Veatchton Rog-
ers, harper, gave a concert in Associa-
tion Hall June 16. Miss Frances Ha-
bera, singer. Miss Anna Wargwick
Clarke, violinist. Mr. J. S. Leavett, Gar-
ringtonist, and Mr. Harry G. Yeomans,
cellist, took part.

At St. Peter's Church, Meeting House
Hill, this evening at 8 o'clock, a chorus
of 100 voices under the direction of Mr.
Charles McLaughlin, will sing a "Te-
Deum" (Airs) by George B. Whiting.
The occasion is a reception to the pas-
tor, Rev. P. Ronan, who has returned
from an extended tour abroad. Mr.
Whiting will be the organist.

June 20. '98

Where madness is connected, as it often
is, with some miserable derangement of
the stomach, liver, etc., and attacks the prin-
ciple of pleasurable life, which is manifestly
seated in the central organs of the body
(i. e., in the stomach and the apparatus con-
nected with it), there it cannot but lead to
perpetual suffering and distraction of
thought; and there the patient will be often
tedious and incoherent. People who have
not suffered from any great disturbance in
those organs are little aware how indispen-
sable to the process of thinking are the
momentary influxes of pleasurable feeling
from the regular goings on of life in its pri-
mary function.

We regret sincerely that we were
unable to attend the last meeting of
Sorosis. 'Twas the last meeting of the
season, for Sorosis has adjourned until
October.

The discussions were of unusual in-
terest. Thus Mrs. Louise Downs took
a bold stand, declaring that "the pur-
pose of life is life."

Mrs. Fanny H. Carpenter spoke on
"Woman and the Drama." She asked
toward the close of her remarks, "In
watching a play, when does the first
real thrill of interest come? It comes
with the rustling of a woman's skirts."
Not always, not always, Mrs. Carpen-
ter. There are plays in which the
young ladies wear no skirts and the

ruffling is confined to the front rows; as when the orchestra strikes up the dear, familiar music to the March of the Amazons.

But, strange to say, no allusion was made at this meeting to the Sorosis shoe, although there was a report some weeks ago that the club proposed to bring an injunction against the manufacturer who had dared to use the sacred name. The fate of Orpheus was recalled: there was remembrance of the punishment meted out to the male intruder at the festival of the Bona Dea.

Men are not as sensitive. Would clubmen in Boston rage if they should hear of "Somerset suspenders"—without any reference to Lady Henry—or "St. Botolph cocktails," or "Country Club knickerbockers," or "Papyrus blotting paper," or "Tripe and onions à la Tavern Club"? Would they not take this commercial familiarity as an honest, if coarse, compliment?

We are inclined to believe that woman is not a clubbable being, according to the Johnsonian definition.

It is true that in a Russian town—we cannot pronounce the word, and we have forgotten how it is spelled—feminism claims to be eminently triumphant: the women not only bake and brew, are their own mayor, corporation, and police, they also have a club and practical latch-keys. But feminism thus vaunts itself for only nine months in the year. "The Collective Adam evacuates Eden every Spring and goes to Smolensk and other big towns, to occupy himself with whatever may be his idea of the serious business of life." When he returns to hibernation, the women turn out to meet him, and it appears that the chief occupation of these same women during his absence has been to prepare for his coming. "Only the hopes of him has made feminism possible. So true it is that feminism is always feminine."

Sitting in a flat these warm, delightful afternoons, the drowsy but Earnest Student of Sociology mistakes the sound of the busy pile-driver for the animation of the mowing machine, which turns and clicks on some sun-bathed field and lulls the nicotineized and fly-bitten city exile on the piazza of a pretentious "cottage." There is no summer resort like unto Boston.

Why should there be such a fuss about brave Piper Findlater playing his pipes in London music halls? The Queen offered him the position of gate-keeper at Balmoral; but Mr. Findlater prefers the tents of wickedness. The manager of the Alhambra recalls the fact that Pennington, who sounded the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, appeared at various places of entertainment all over England "with much success and no opposition."

Advice to young and ambitious play-actresses: To mimic a Frenchwoman so that managers will wear overcoats on account of the box-office draught, say "Zec!" constantly and shrug your shoulders. The press agent will at once declare that you have the "true Gallic spirit." Miss Clara Lipman, with her fine, fruity German accent, is an example, a model.

"Failure" is comparative. We have not heard that young Mr. Leiter has been obliged to deny himself "claret wine with sugar," a drink that delights the ultra-fashionable of Chicago.

Time and the Hour declares that "Sir Arthur Sullivan's music and Mr. Comyns Carr's libretto have made 'The Beauty Stone' a success at the Savoy."

The leading London journals did not take such a cheerful view; but Time and the Hour may have seen the performance under more favorable circumstances.

By the way, did not Mr. Pinero write the greater part of the said libretto?

A correspondent of the Transcript made this statement June 18: "Rossini wrote four operas founded on Shakespeare's 'Othello.'"

Rossini did nothing of the kind. He did write an opera "Othello" founded on Shakespeare's tragedy. It was first produced at Naples, Dec. 4, 1816. It was sung in New York by Garcià's company, the season of 1825-26.

The death of Burne-Jones reminds us that our dear friend and valued contributor, the late Edmond de Goncourt, was in the habit of alluding to him knowingly as "John Burns."

We have received the second number of the Twilight, edited and published by Mr. Yone Noguchi in San Francisco. We observe that Mr. Noguchi thus refers to Spring, price 10 cents.

"Pring, unvirtuous Spring, my heart loves thee
Oll, sweet rotten Spring."

Mr. Noguchi's poem is no doubt tender and sweet, and it is surely subtle, but we are barbarous enough to prefer a description of spring—the missing season in New England—that we read the other day in the Pall Mall Gazette:

Who passes by our road so late,
Hey ho, Spring is come;
She rattles at the garden gate.

With kirtle kilted to her knee,
Hey ho, fresh and fair,
Ivory and emerald well agree.

O not in any country lane,
Hey ho, meadow-sweet,
Is she so fair, is she so fair.

Her feet are dabbled in the dew,
Hey ho, in the brooks,
Fresh as the daisies that they knew.

Through arches of green, sun and shade,
Hey ho, gold and green,
She rides, Pucelle, a peerless maid.

The town has gotten a new gown.
Hey ho, gray is sad,
Because the Spring is come to town.

June 26, 1890

It was a shady and sequestered scene, Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio, Planted with his own laurels ever green, And roses that for endless summer blow; And there were fountain springs to overflow.

Their marble basins; and cool green arcades Of tall o'erarching sycamores, to throw Athwart the dappled path their dancing shades;

With timid conies cropping the green blades.

Happy the man who sees such pictures through his windows! Happy the man whose summer home is far from neighbors, railway, pier, Sunday excursionists! Thrice happy he who is not hunting distraction or pleasure, who knows not loneliness by sea or mountain save when he is surrounded by a jabbering, prying crowd!

Yet they are few who, building a summer cottage, turn the landscape into interior decoration. Your architect should first of all plan a windows with reference to the view commanded by each. For the landscape seen through generous panes is a lasting yet constantly changing joy. You tire occasionally of the picture you bought, although the painter was honored in the Salon; you hang it here, you hang it there; you seek a light that will reveal something new; but the mountain, or the woodland, or the sea is to you infinite in variety of shades; nuances, feeling. Build your windows accordingly, so that from lounging-room, or dining-room, or sleeping-room you can without exertion watch sun and clouds and rain at work a-mixing colors or painting at will, sometimes ironically, as though to confound alike the orthodox and the impressionist.

Mr. Boggs takes pictures with him from his city house. When you visit him at Rockcrest you see on the walls of the dining room admired pictures of flesh and game, the Russian Wedding Feast, or Dutch pictures of rough eating and drinking. You expect to find eggs served next morning in a china hen, and some preparation of fish in an ingeniously counterfeited cyster-shell; and you were not disappointed. Mr. Boggs believes in having "everything in keeping." But the windows of that room are mean affairs, and they look out on clothes-trees and a dog-kennel. There is a beautiful valley—and to see it you must go out-doors or into the cook's bedroom.

And you will find that Mr. Boggs—who is a shrewd business man—insisted on a straight path from the front door to the main road, and he rejoices in the fact that it is of concrete. Three sturdy trees were cut down to carry out his wish, and their old companions are still wondering at their owner. Mr. Boggs does not like the ocean. It makes him feel uncomfortable!

Our host is rich, brutally rich. He has horses, all manner of carriages, properly-appointed coachman and footman. You hear somebody practising horn-calls in the stable. Alas! all the horses are docked as to their tails, and the woods are full of fierce, vicious flies. The practice is an old one. Marco Polo found out that in the Province of Caranzan the leaders in society disliked the sight of a horse moving its long tail, so they cut out carefully a bone of that part and thus made the tail immovable. When the Emperor Maximilian invaded Italy, he was mocked there by simple people because his cavalry was mounted on tailless horses, inasmuch as the ancient Germans and Flemish thought thus to make the animals fatter and stronger of spine. François de la Mothe le Vayer long ago urged his friend not to try to make his horses more beautiful by following the fashion of cutting mane, tail or ears, "a fashion that shows the depravity of the human race which is never so ridiculous as when it pretends to be able to correct Nature."

Is musical as he passes the hotel, and, smiling sweetly upon the ladies and children on the balcony, expresses a distinct desire to be an Angel, and with the Angels stand. After which he leaps nimbly into the air, and imitates the war-cry of the red man.

M. A. C. writes, "How can devout Americans invoke the aid of the God of peace in waging war with all its horrors?"

An old question, Madam. We invite your attention to certain chapters of "Miscellanea Philo-Theologica" (1637), by Mr. Henry Church, a godly man, "for as he chose Maries Part, so hee was careful of Martha's; a good Christian, and a provident Husband; his delight was in his Closet, with the Law of God, hee prevented the dawning of the day and with David meditated of God in the night-watches." See page 150.

"God is said to be the God of peace, Heb. 13, 20, Rom. 16, 20; how is He then the Lord of hoasts?"

"He is the God of peace to his Church, yet the Lord of hoasts for his Church. A Prince may be at peace with his owne subjects, yet at warre with his and their enemies: Hee is the Lord of Hoasts, yet with us, Psalme 46, 7.

"Is warre lawfull, or no?"

"Yea, it is lawfull; for God directes them concerning warre: Deut. 20, and approved a Stratagem of warre, Joshua 8, 4, 5, 6, compared with verse 18. Abraham rescued Lot by warre; and the Judges of Israel saved the people often by war. God is stiled a man of war."

Also consult "The Holy State" by Thomas Fuller, D. D. (Chap. xxxv.).

"A soldier is one of a lawfull, necessary, commendable and honorable profession; yea, God himself may seem to be one free of the company of soldiers, in that he styeth himself 'a man of war'. Now, though many hate soldiers as the twigs of the rod war, wherewith God scourgeth wanton countries into repentance, yet is there calling so needful, that were not some soldiers, we must be all soldiers, daily employed to defend our own, the world would grow so licentious."

We are now told that Mr. James Russell Lowell did not like the work of Jane Austen. Mr. Lowell, for that matter, never appreciated the work of Mr. Julian Hawthorne.

Jean Jacques Henner, to whom the Grand Medal of the Salon has been awarded, was born in 1829. "He was so poor in his youth that he painted portraits for 10 francs a head." Now he is rich, but he still paints with bitumen.

June 22, 1890

When all the chairs are ostriches
And all the tables trees,
And luggers sail to hunt the whale
At any time you please;
And greenhouse palms in tropic climes
Are waving in the breeze;
When Fritz, the dog, and Fluff, the cat,
Are pumas, spitting fire—
What can you have to grumble at?
What more could you desire?

But when the sofa springs a leak,
And sharks are in the bay;
When Indian spies, with fiery eyes
And faces painted gay,
Go lurking round the corridors
To grab you on your way;
When grizzly bears infest the stairs,
As fierce as fierce can be—
What shall we do for dinner then?
Where can we go for tea?

Another "leading citizen" of New York is "unable to go to the front," but he "has helped to send there a young Italian."

Do you remember Mr. Slinkers, editor of the Bugle-Horn of Liberty, published at Baldinsville? It was at a war meeting that he spoke as follows, Artemus Ward, reporter:

"Human gore is flowin'. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir—to the tented field."

A voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blowhard?"

"I am identified, young man, with an Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!"

Mr. Thomas Collins, one of the gallant 600—there must have been 60,000—who charged at Balaclava, and was afterward incidentally convicted of manslaughter, is now in an Alabama jail. "An old man with shattered nerves, he scans every bit of war news, and often catches some error in the strategic operations and explains how he would direct the campaign." There are hundreds of Thomas Collinses right here in Boston, so far as the quoted description is concerned.

There is a "phenomenally large harvest of blue claw crabs" in Eastern Connecticut. After eating heartily of them, pronounce quickly the name of your dish. You will be under suspicion, although your breath may be free from the smell of fireworks.

Old Chimes was talking about these crabs last night, and he thinks of visiting the Thames Valley before it is too late. "A noble dish, sir, a noble dish. I do not care for lobster unless it be broiled and I then receive the tail. Fried lobster is not bad—for a young man with an athletic digestion. But plain lobster—no; I do not care for scavengers of the sea, feeders on floaters. Oysters—they are always good; don't be silly and ruled by stupid tradition. There is one place in town, in a narrow street, a lane, where I eat them with delight the year 'round. If the lobster is a low, dirty fellow, the oyster is a gentleman. He is the ever welcome guest; he always sits at any good man's feast. I remember Grimod de la Reynière's affection for them, and his word of advice against too passionate inclination: 'This prelude to the feast often costs too high a price, on account of the indiscretion of guests who put their whole pride into putting them by the hundred into their absurdly vain stomachs—yet these greedy ones have no real pleasure, for it has been proved beyond doubt or peradventure that oysters cease to give delight after you have swallowed five or six dozen. The oyster is the most delightful of table companions; he does not get excited, he has no emotions, he would see his own dear love by his side without making a scene. It should be the ambition of every man to model his conduct on that of the oyster. Then there is that patient creature, the clam—the philosopher of the sea. He knows the meaning of Milton's line, 'They also serve who only stand and wait.' He waits, accepts what comes, does not fret, despises hustling."

"I see," continued Old Chimes, "that my friend Harry Chamberlain believes that Mr. Hooley may again be rich 'because,' as he writes to the Sun, 'anybody who can accumulate a fortune of 15 millions in less than a twelve-month by his own efforts is not likely to be effaced by a single collapse.' I am fond of Chamberlain and I have great respect for his judgment, but I do not accept blindly his opinion in this instance. I believe that the sudden accumulation of an immense fortune is in nine cases out of ten an accident. Strip many millionaires of everything they possess, pitch them into a strange city, and tell them to start again. The majority would flounder about, wriggle, try to thrust heads above other heads—like worms in a bottle—lose courage, eat heart with envy, and finally accept the poor-house or kill themselves. How often does a man who was once incredibly, preposterously rich, ever shine pecuniarily, after his failure? As for myself, I deplore great fortunes and hold them dangerous to owner, community and the world at large. In my ideal country, wherein, of course, I am Tsar, the moment any merchant is rated as worth over \$500,000 he will be visited by a committee suitably disguised—masks or black hoods would do—and removed from the face of the earth without any disagreeable scene, without fuss or squeaking. His property will then be divided justly among his heirs."

"Yes," said Old Chimes, as he refused—rare thing—an irrigatory invitation (probably because it was ostentatiously expressed)—"yes, the world is out of joint. Sometimes I scarcely blame King Alfonso, the astronomer who said that if God had called him to his council when he made the world he could have given him some good advice. Some say, however, that Alfonso used softer speech, 'That if God had made the world such as is supposed in the Ptolemaic system, good advice might be given him for another time.' And yet the Castilian King was punished for his presumption, for he was a poor governor of his own realm and his people and son rebelled against him; and Father L'Enfant tells us that the King had scarce uttered this blasphemy when the lightning fell into the bed, where he lay, which consumed his wife and two of his children and ashes, that he fled through the chambers of his palace followed by the lightning, which burned his shirt, and would in all likelihood have done the same by his person, if he had not prostrated himself on the ground to ask pardon of God for his crime. It seems to me that man might be deterred providentially from any act of meanness, from any crime. Thus if he were meditating a knavish bargain, he should be seized immediately with wind-colic, which drives all thoughts of gain, glory, love from the brain (No one can be a hero when wind-colic stabs him.) At the first touch, Man would raise his hands toward heaven, and say: 'Please stop; I'll be good.' How easy such a contrivance. And yet the basest criminals are often of rude health; and the cruel Duke of Alva died in peace, comically tranquil, sometimes the guest in the night goes quietly to bed before the reckoning for his supper is brought to him to discharge."

June 23. 98

Bid me but bow, and I will bow
To thy sedate decree,
Or bid me stop and question how
The world is treating thee.

A youth as dull, as neatly dressed,
As any youth can be—
Though ten times shyer than the rest—
That youth I'll seem to thee.

Bid that youth dance, and he will dance,
One waltz or two, or three;
Or bid him wither with a glance,
He will do so for thee.

Bid me to brave, and I will brave,
Frock-coated crowds at tea;
And, having done, yet will I crave
Another cup from thee.

Bid me receive, and I'll receive,
"At home" cards willingly;
Or bid me dine, and I will leave
The club itself for thee.

Thou art my love, I'm bound to say
My heart, my life maybe;
But still I will not come and pay
Brief formal calls on thee.

You are shocked when you read of wanton destruction in a house by an unknown hand." It appears that while Mr. and Mrs. Gunnison and the little unisons of Roxchester were on a visit to Grandpa, who lives at Pumpkin Hollow (and his eye sight is as good as ever it was), some "malicious" person entered their house—residence, in newspaper language—armed with an axe. On their return they found the carpets had been cut to pieces, the piano, a fine instrument, presented by officers of the company, was reduced to kindling wood, other furniture had been hacked and chopped, handsome oil paintings had been torn from their frames, etc., etc. The police are baffled, for the Gunnisons are popular, and they suppose they had not an enemy in the world." This theme, with slight variations, is played often in different towns. And you shudder and say to yourself, "How in anyone be so spiteful?" You do not stop to think that Gunnison's house may have been furnished with execrable taste, and that the destroyer was a high-toned man or woman of artistic temperament and a true friend to the household. Mark this fact: the invader is always "some one who is not familiar with the house." You, for instance, like your own house, you have furnished it with care and pride; your wife still haunts Japanese shops, second-hand furniture shops, action-rooms; it was only the other day that she brought home in triumph a Nuremberg church candle-stick three feet high. Your wall-papers are pronounced, and there are many pictures—some "The Absinthe Drinker" to "The Birth of Venus." Your friend, Lucian Motte Smythe, a rising young aesthete, cannot abide your house. He values your friendship, he admires your life, but he feels that, after the glaring exhibition of your taste, his own appreciation of art will be ruined by association with you. He either must buy himself your company or correct your taste. Art has its heroes that are kin to image-breakers. Your rooms offend him. He cannot sleep. He knows your little visit. He seizes the opportunity—and an axe. The piano is sent to a Chickway. It is in ruins, and mythe weeps tears of joy. No more will he be vexed by the hideous patterns on the carpets. He sees soft rugs in their place, for, of course, you will consult him in the work of restoration. Ever again will the portrait of your great-grandmother in a mob-cap stare him with sign-board rigidity of disapproval. The curtains are rags. The lot of furniture that was a great bargain is kindling wood. Unmeaning and impertinent bric-à-brac is smashed. The Nuremberg candlestick is twisted beyond recognition. And now young mythe is happy, for he can spend his evenings at your house without loss of self-respect.

Set eggs under your hen, for there is a new moon; abstain from cutting rugs until the moon is just past fullness.

When the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment returned from a hard two-days' march from Camp Alger to the Potomac and back it was found, the dispatches tell us, that but two men had left the ranks on account of prostration and five because they were footsore, though in Michigan regiment accompanying the Ninth 69 men had dropped out on the way. This leads a veteran to say to the Journal: "I was once in the same brigade with a Michigan regiment. We were all green troops and untired. They thought we couldn't march and we thought they couldn't fight, but before the war was over both of us found that we had made a mistake."

Think of it! We have been breathing poison and crypton all the time without knowing it.

It was reserved for a New York newspaper man to discover that "enormous quantities of tea" are drunk at all the Boston clubs. He should have carried his exploitations above the basement kitchen.

June 24. 98

I went to a dance. I had leisure to observe the humors of the crowd, for I had injured my foot earlier in the day during an excursion into domestic carpentry, when a saw which had grudgingly disputed every inch of its appointed work suddenly cheered up and went to business in a manly and generous spirit. I was unprepared for this, and when the board gave way before the saw's sudden realization of the beauty of cheerful labor, the saw, still quivering with its new enthusiasm, buried its willing teeth in my foot. So I could not dance. I sat, a black wallflower, and noted the demeanor of the dancers. The first, last, and throughout the dominant impression was one of deep and settled gloom. The host was bored, the hostess was bored, and all the guests were bored exceedingly. In the slow circlings of the waltz bored faces turned and weary-looking bodies gyrated mechanically. We danced nothing but the valse now in the suburbs. Nobody laughed, few smiled; except, of course, in the pauses of the dance, when politeness exacts a smile or two from the least gay.

Prospects are brighter for the summer season. The discovery of a mermaid—even a dead one—by Mr. Norcross off Quidnet Beach restores confidence. Even while we write the sea serpent may be near Marblehead.

Master Samuel Guttman, eight years old, is suffering from neurasthenia. He ate a "whisky-biscuit" and dreamed that night that somebody was trying to kill him. The next morning he was taken to Randall's Island. A "whisky-biscuit" is made of cake, jelly, and whisky. It was undoubtedly the jelly that worked the mischief.

The New York Times of June 18 published a well-written review of "Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman." This paragraph is only one of several that are worth pondering:

"First and foremost of all things, he was a man, and he is a poet for men. There is no dilettanteism in Whitman. There is no tinkle of the elegant lyre of the salon. There is no song for the lady of fashion. If there is an Isolde of the desert or a Brünnhilde of the mountains with a soul that prefers damp grass and the whistle of wind-swept branches under starry skies to the rustle of silk-lined ball skirts under yellow chandeliers, here is a man for her—a man who will talk to her with all the grandeur of primeval humanity. But he is for all that a poet for men, because the immensity of his personality throbs in every page."

But why "an Isolde of the Desert"?

We want what is due to us, so we can pay for our bread and paper. This living on wind and water ain't just the thing.—Southern Ulster.

If you are invited to dine at 7 o'clock, and you fear a wet evening, eat heartily about 6 o'clock of boiled cabbage. The Egyptians—who knew everything—believed that this vegetable would carry off wine from the stomach if it were eaten before the drinking began. Aristotle, Pliny and other deep thinkers also recommend it. An amethyst ring is a preventative of intoxication, but cabbage is surer and cheaper.

Pliny knew other remedies: "Is a man disposed to drink freely and to sit square at it? Let him before he begin, to take a draught of the decoction of rue leaves, he shall bear his drink well and withstand the fumes that might trouble and intoxicate his braines."

Here is a commentary on the present condition of Italy. The post of communal chimney-sweep in the Canton of Grisons—for in Switzerland the sweep is an employee of the commune, receiving a fixed salary and controlled by the Government—was opened to competition. The salary is \$160 a year. The candidates were numerous, and they were mostly village schoolmasters from Italy. (The chimney-sweep in Switzerland, by the way, wears a plug-hat every day in the week.) "Better," said L'Italia del Popolo, "be a chimney-sweep in Switzerland than a schoolmaster in Italy." And then L'Italia del Popolo was suppressed.

Figures were given to us by a wise and beneficent Providence to enable us to obscure the truth and conceal the state of our affairs.

N. H. A. asks: "Can you explain why it is that in Canada musical copyright is granted by the Department of Agriculture? Surely the Canadians cannot think that all their composers are farmers?" Will some reader give the explanation?

London is not given over wholly to problem plays. A "new sensational sketch" was produced there, some weeks ago, entitled "The White Demon, or the Morphine Maniac." Among the incidents were a swinging knife—you remember Poe's "Pit and the Pendulum"—and "a madman in flames."

An Italian who, losing at Monte Carlo, blew himself up by means of a dynamite cartridge, is censured severely, although he is no longer sensitive to either praise or blame. If he had used a revolver—but dynamite may injure others. "The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" may come to have a new meaning.

Do you think that Argilomania is a recent vicio in this country? As long ago as 1818 Cobbett wrote, when he saw an ox roasted on the Delaware: "The fables of England are copied here, and everywhere in this country, with wonderful avidity."

June 25. 98

But to have a swell wedding costs lashings of money.

De whole of it meanin'—as vell we know
De mainspring of vulgar minds is—Show!
Videlicet—monstrari digito,
To be dalked about—no matter py whom,
To be pointed at in every room,
To be stared at in any company,
No matter how low de stagers may be.
And oh vot ropturous etereal vapor
Dey breathe at seel'n deir names in de paper
E'en if dey send dem in demself,
No matter—dey're dere—on de public shelf!
Mit dieves and American millionaires,
Bolice reports and all fancy wares,
Und similar trash with noding in it,
No matter—deir names are dere, in print!

When you give a cigar to the janitor, avoid the appearance of conferring a favor. The janitor is inherently suspicious and cynical. At the same time, do not be outwardly sycophantic, for he will despise you. Do not hesitate in drawing the cigar from a waistcoat pocket, lest he suspect you of searching for cheaper tobacco than you yourself smoke. Approach him firmly, hold up your head and look him straight in the eye as though you were his equal and say in a clear, bell-like voice, "Have a cigar, John? I suppose if this war keeps on we'll all have to smoke cabbage leaves."

Heard at the Porphyry.

Old Harvard Graduate: "No, sir, it is not enough to say that our crew did its best at New London. What that crew needs is a good scolding when it is back at Cambridge. This patting on the back and saying 'Poor fellow' is all wrong. When a Yale man loses, he hangs his head for shame, and the college passes him the ice pitcher, but he grits his teeth and works like a cart-horse to redeem himself. He is on the crew to win. The Harvard man is on the crew; that gratifies his ambition; if he happens to win, he is pleased—that is, if he didn't have to work too hard. I am a patriotic Harvard man, but I tell you, sir, the present condition of things in rowing is all wrong. Lehmann is all right, but even he cannot be superior to the influence of cliques. Boston boys grow up together, go to the same school, stick together in the university, and inferior men are sometimes put on the crew because they are good fellows or are of Brahmin ancestry. And I tell you, they don't know what real work is; that for every hour they put in, Cornell and Yale put in two. You are a Yale man; you know there is a healthier atmosphere in New Haven."

Old Yale Graduate: "Well, I don't know. When I was in college, there was no favoritism, and money didn't count. We lived a simple life in simple rooms. Bath tubs were a luxury, and we used to steal baths in the Theological Building. I remember that when Montgomery Sears came to college, a Freshman, we all pitied him, because he was rich, and he wore an apologetic face through the four years. The boating heroes in my day—Cook, Kennedy, Kellogg, Woods, and those fellows were neither swells nor well-to-do; they were the best oarsmen in the college, and if their names had been Flannigan, Mandelbaum and Company they would have been on the crew just the same. But of late years, I am told by Yale fellows, there is a different feeling. I am told that Payne Whitney, for instance, had no business in the boat."

There was silence; there was thick gloom. Then there was a call for a walter. Soda was squirted into Scotch. Yale and Harvard looked at each other. This toast came simultaneously from each mouth:

"Damn Cornell!"

Alas, you never can count on certain men, when you wish to use them for copy. The other day there were a few lines to be filled in this column. When in doubt, write something about Mr. R. H. Davis or Dr. Depew: this is a golden rule. We chose Depew, and we wrote something like this: "What was the matter with the eminent Dr. Depew yesterday? He was not interviewed." Then we went home and slept peacefully. The next morning, lo and behold, prominently displayed in the paper was a long and comprehensive interview with Dr. Depew! We turned red and thought, "What a break!" But the

light-editor, a most accomplished man, a Napoleon in an emergency, had killed our little paragraph and thereby saved us from the laughter of the ungodly and from the songs of drunkards in the streets.

It is dead night. Wife and children are sound asleep. Hark! There is the creaking of a door. A man, pale, with drops of sweat on his forehead, creeps from some closet on the first floor to the dining room. He puts a dark lantern on the table. He takes his plunder from his pockets. Ten doughnuts, four cookies, and two lunks of chocolate cake. And he eats greedily, as one that snatches a fearful joy. It is the head of the household, who has been sternly forbidden all muner of sweet things because he has Bright's disease.

There are certain speeches that incline to murder: as, "I don't understand why you didn't get the letter; I mailed it myself"; or, "Why don't you let your beard grow? I think it would be very becoming."

June 26. 98

Perhaps you remember Mr. Busoni, a pianist of remarkable ability, who dragged out in Boston a pitiable existence for some months, poor, neglected except by a few musicians (for instance, the members of the Kniesel Quartet), doomed to teach beginners at a music school. His life here was a pathetic story, a biting commentary on musical appreciation in Boston. "He was applauded at a Symphony concert," you say. Yes, dear madam, you had already bought your ticket for the series; he was thrown in; you were not obliged to go out of your way; but when he gave his recitals in Union Hall, did you go, did you help this pianist of commanding rank who was sorely in need of money? I did not see you there.

Now Mr. Busoni is a power in Europe, and in the course of his journeyings he played lately in London at a Richter concert. His appearance provoked a letter from "An Old Admirer of Richter" to the Pall Mall Gazette. "A word of protest must be entered against the performance, at a high-class concert, of such an atrocity as Liszt's travesty of Schubert's great 'Wanderer' fantasia. It was certainly finely played by the pianist, Mr. Busoni; but it is a matter for surprise that Herr Richter should have allowed such a piece, that must shock the feelings of any real music-lover, to figure in a selection that included the dainty 'Cassenoi-sette' suite, the prelude to 'Parsifal,' and the 'New World' symphony."

Do you suppose that Mr. Busoni after reading this note went to his room and wept? Mr. Busoni is of a polemical turn of mind. He loves an argument, and he is handy with a pen. Here is his reply:

"Dear Sir—Allow me in a few words to answer an 'attaque' made by 'An Old Admirer of Richter's' in a recent issue of your paper, regarding my choice of the Liszt Transcription of Schubert's Fantasia."

"To begin with Herr Richter, he is free from all blame in the matter, for when a conductor considers an artist worthy of place on his program, he naturally respects that same artist's taste and aim, apart from the fact that he must take into consideration the latter's repertoire; only in most exceptional cases does the conductor oppose the choice of the soloist."

"According to the opinion of your correspondent such a case has occurred! That Liszt was an artist of undoubted taste men such as Chopin, Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner have repeatedly admitted and acknowledged with unbounded admiration. His interpretation of classical and modern works counted and still count as unsurpassed; particularly to the compositions of Schubert he devoted his entire love, his whole heart and his unlimited power; these, like many others, has he created and made adaptable for concert use by playing them in public. Why should now just this transcription prove the contrary to these facts? In England it is that for the first time I have met with opposition with this piece. Everywhere else it is proclaimed as ingenious, and enjoys, particularly in Germany, for instance, a classical and exemplary reputation. On the occasion last year of Schubert's centenary, by special request, I was invited to play this piece at many musical societies in important towns; amongst the pianists of my acquaintance—who all enjoy celebrity in England—also is not one who differs in opinion from me, and few who have not played it in this guise. Finally I ask whether the authority of Liszt, his life work should count for so little as to be outraged by the personal taste of 'An Old Admirer of Richter's' and whether the respect due to such a Maestro should not be defended against the attacks of the uninitiated and the profane."

Mr. Carl Loewenstein of New York proposes that Mr. Paur should cultivate assiduously the musical garden in New York. These are his plans as manager: 12 subscription concerts in the Astoria; a series of "very select" and subscription chamber concerts in the Astor Gallery of the Astoria; 6 symphony concerts in Carnegie Hall and 5 in Brooklyn; and a series of 24 Sunday

light concerts in Carnegie Hall at popular prices, "for the musical uplifting of the masses." Mr. Paur will conduct these in addition to his work with the Philharmonic.

The New York correspondent of the Transcript is doubtful concerning the success of these schemes. He need not fear that Mr. Paur will break down, for this excellent conductor is in sound health and his mind is buoyant. He is a man of sane and normal life. His nights are not given to poker; he is not a "wine opener"; and, unlike Mr. Niekisch, he did not seek to excite interest here by delicate, consumptive hands or aesthetic pallor of countenance. He's all right. Mr. Loewinstein is the one who should be anxious about his health.

The greatest musical activity of late has been in London. There they hear opera, operetta, and concerts, when the sound of the gridding is low in happy Boston.

A "grand allegorical" ballet entitled "Glittering Gold" was produced at the Crystal Palace June 7. The music was by Theophile Hillemann, who conducted. The chief dancers were Miss Deihul from the Monnaie, Brussels, and Miss Natalie Martin of Marseilles. And the same afternoon Mr. Hal Merritt, "just arrived from America," gave imitations of a motor car in motion and a graphophone.

Mr. Arthur Reginald Little, "an American pianist," gave a recital at Queen's Hall June 8. "He displayed ample technical ability, but he has yet to acquire the styles of individual composers."

The Carl Rosa Opera Company, Ltd., lost £6007 and odd shillings and pence the past year.

An application was made June 6 to commit Mr. Ivan Caryll, composer, musical director at the Gaic; and husband of Geraldine Ulmar. They say that he owes over \$2000.

"The Greek Slave, a Story of Ancient Rome," musical comedy in two acts, book by Owen Hall, lyrics by Harry Greenback and Adrian Ross, music by Sidney Jones, was produced at Daly's, London, June 8. The Pall Mall Gazette speaks of it as follows:

Mr. Owen Hall's new musical comedy is brilliant in color and arrangement, but it cannot be described as particularly amusing. There is too marked a strain of false passion running through it, too obvious an aiming at lofty love sentiments, which fit neither author, composer, nor members of the company, for it ever to succeed in really entertaining. It has, of course, amusing passages, but they are almost entirely due to Heliodoros, so admirably played by Mr. Huntley Wright; almost everyone else in the cast is in the throes of a deathless passion, a condition by no means to be despised, but of which a little goes a long way in musical comedy. There is Antonia, who has never known what love is till she meets with Diomed, the Greek slave, masquerading as Eros, when she certainly makes up for lost time; there is Diomed, positively consumed with hopeless longing for Maia, repulsing the unfortunate Antonia with fatal, unhappy gestures; there is Maia, absolutely in thrall to Diomed, and falling flat as a heroine of grand opera when she finds him carried off elsewhere. These are all excellent subjects if properly treated, but neither mere words, nor mere orchestration, however skillful, express passion, and, treated as they are, they seem rather out of place at Daly's. The successor to "The Geisha" should have been precisely what "The Geisha" was—graceful, gay, even trivial; "A Greek Slave" gives us the exact impression of a light comedian trying his hand at tragedy, or perhaps of Capoul making a desperate effort at Siegfried. So much may fairly and properly be said in depreciation of Mr. George Edwardes's latest venture; but in praise, much must be added. It is, in the first place, quite the most beautiful theatrical production we can recall; the scenery, the scheme of color, the grouping, the stage management generally, are faultless. Such comedy as there is, too, is excellent; as Heliodoros, Mr. Huntley Wright has never been seen to better advantage,

nor ever excelled his wonderful tipsy song and dance at the end of the second act. In the somewhat minor part of Iris, Miss Letty Lind is fitted to perfection; she has some small, rather malicious things to say, to which she gives all possible point, and her song of the frog and the owl is an exact type of the song she can best sing. Miss Hilda Moody is, we believe, almost a new comer; she plays and sings with a certain girlish freshness and charm that give her performance an unexpected touch of pathos. But undoubtedly the chief success in "The Greek Slave" is Miss Marie Tempest's; her charming voice seems lately to have gained in power, and if she cannot quite reach the heart of the situation intended for her at the end of the first act her acting throughout is that of a true comedian. As Diomed, those who are familiar with Mr. Hayden Cole's method will not expect from him any great measure of sincerity in the expression of affection; probably his lengthy runs in which he figures so far from the improvement of his acting, but he for the most part retains the beauty of his voice and sings his part as effectively as ever. Mr. Cole and Harrington succeeds in making a certain amount of comic capital out

of the rather thankless part of Marcus Pomponius, and Miss Gladys Homfrey is both imposing and amusing as Melanopis.

For the music, Mr. Sidney Jones receives much assistance from Messrs. Harry Greenback and Adrian Ross, and where the lyrics are best Mr. Jones is at his best, too. The song of "The Last Melod," the trio "Whirligig," the song "The Island," the song and chorus "A Frog He Lived in a Pond," and Mr. Huntley Wright's song, "Stuttering," are perfect examples of what such trifles should be; they owe something, no doubt, to Sir Arthur Sullivan, but for all that they have a certain originality and melody which are the composer's own. In more ambitious numbers Mr. Jones is seen to most advantage in "The Girl of My Heart," in the striking processional march and chorus at the end of the first act, and in the "Hall, Antonio, Hall!" that forms the close. But where Mr. Jones is worst served by his librettists is in the more passionate fragments, and there, where they get out of their depth, Mr. Jones, as might be expected, gets out of his. Still, on the whole, the music of "A Greek Slave" is a distinct advance on anything Mr. Jones has yet done.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote me the other day about the opera in London. He was pleased mightily by Milka Ternina, the great singer and actress who, when she visited this country, was sacrificed in a measure on the altar of Klafsky's jealousy.

"I have excepted," says Mr. Blackburn, "the name of one who deserves very singular and special praise for her presentment before London of the most beautiful and glorious Isolde that has yet been seen in this country—I mean Miss Ternina. I have often heard her at Munich, and have reckoned her among the greatest artists of her time; but for some reason or other she has not played Isolde there for some time, and her revelation of the part came with a swiftness and a surprise of success that was simply overwhelming. Vocally and histrionically, following the part in all its variety of moods, its passion, its tenderness, its climax of tragedy, she made it live with a supreme vitality that absolutely checked criticism."

I hope that you read Mr. Huneker's masterly article on George Moore's "Evelyn Innes." It was published in the Musical Courier of June 22. Mr. Huneker not only sums up in acute and wholly admirable fashion the book itself; he dissects the character of the author, of whom he has a species of shudder, enthusiasm, although he does not hesitate to charge him with insincerity.

It appears that Puccini "conceived" most of his music when out shooting. Does he take his gun with him in self-defence?

The following paragraph from the Pall Mall Gazette may be of contemporaneous human interest:

A representative of the Pall Mall Gazette yesterday called on M. Jean de Reszke to ascertain his views on the "cuts" in Siegfried that have caused such a commotion in high musical circles. Unfortunately, the incomparable tenor was not to be drawn.

"I have," he said, "nothing to refuse to a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette, if only because of your invariable kindness to Edouard and myself; but I cannot take part in a controversy. A singer's business is to do the best he can before his audience and not to argue in newspapers."

There was no discussing the propriety of this point of view, and no further pressure was used. But if silent on this topic, M. de Reszke was perfectly willing to give information on other matters, and, writes our representative, I am in a position to announce that "weather permitting," as the steamboat circulars say (the present example is playing havoc with the voices of artists), he will sing Siegfried in the intermediate cycle without cuts, to Mr. Van Rooy's Wanderer, and that M. Edouard de Reszke will resume that part for the last cycle.

M. Jean de Reszke finds it impossible to visit London next season in view of the work before him for the Bayreuth season. M. Edouard de Reszke will come alone, and it is quite possible that some revivals of old Italian opera will be made for the sake of the famous Polish bass.

Philip Hals.

June 27, 1898

Boston, June 25, 1898.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:
Yesterday I met my friend, the Quietist, under the walls of the Charles Street Jail. He had left the Common—to get a drink. I hear you say, "There is a drinking fountain on the Common." True, and the Quietist uses it early in the morning—for his bath. When I met him he pointed to a doorway of the jail. "There was an execution here last night," "Indeed!" said I; "I heard nothing about it. There's nothing in the papers but war news. Did the condemned man eat a good breakfast and thank the jailer heartily for his kindness?" I asked eagerly, "Come along," said the Quietist, "and while we walk in this fine, warm, June sunshine, I'll tell you about the execution."
Yours truly,
C. M. W.

THE CONDEMNED.

Then he went to the doctors, and they told him the truth: both lungs were affected; he had, at the most, a year to live. That night he wrote a letter:

"Dear Charles—It was only two days ago that I came home from sea to hear the news of Dick Elliot's trial and condemnation. You remember that in our college days we called him, and with good reason, the Evangelist. How did he ever come to murder anybody—and all for the sake of a woman! But I don't intend to preach or moralize, or throw out vain sympathy, or even condemn. Dick is already one of the condemned, and I, I am also of the condemned. I want to tell you the curiously personal way this grim news about poor Dick affected me. After the shock of surprise and grief I was filled with a most understanding sympathy for Dick. He is one of the condemned; he stands on the frontier of life, with the end of the road in sight; and he is fighting the terror that lurks there. I am with him. Yesterday the doctors told me what I already knew: both my lungs are affected; I have, at the most, a year to live. In the course of a month or so I suppose I must take to my bed—I am one of the condemned. Dick is condemned for his sin—or crime, if you prefer that word. I also am condemned for my sins. The harvest will be as heavy as the sowing. Now I know you see Dick. Tell him about me, tell him I am by his side in the front rank of the condemned. But don't remind him that he is guarded and watched while I am at liberty to travel mercifully at a fast pace to the goal, while he must creep his way."

He addressed the envelope, and he went out into the street to post it. The moist, chilly night air and the East wind cutting through Boston town set him a-coughing. He leaned against the mail-box, coughing, shaking, spitting mucus and blood. His lungs were shot through with biting pain. His bleeding lungs itched as though a bed of ants were mining there.

He staggered into a bar-room and drank whisky straight. The stuff quieted him for the time. He bought a flask of it and left the place, and walked slowly down Washington Street toward.

He could not think coherently. His confused brain evolved only disconnected thought-pictures, blurred scenes of past days, or words tangled into meaningless groups. But these tangled words and sentences began to be dominated by one idea that reigned mistily over all shattered thoughts, and these now grouped themselves before this dominating idea and became endowed with purport and reality. "I am one of the grim company of the condemned." * * * Yes, but what were the last words of that letter? Ah, now he has it. "While I am at liberty to travel mercifully at a fast pace to the goal." And again the busy but misty thoughts quoted his own words to him: "In the course of a month or so I suppose I must take to my bed." And the busy but misty thoughts whispered to him: "Really? Do you propose to lie abed, coughing, and hacking, and swilling medicine for a few weeks till you die? You have a few hundred dollars left in the world; will you spend them for a few weeks' lease of a blood-spitting, suffering life? Would it not be better for your wife to have them for a bit of a start when you are gone? Eh?"

And what said the letter? "While I am at liberty to travel mercifully at a fast pace to the goal, while he must creep his way."

"Who's creeping to a goal? Ah, he is standing under the wall of a morose jail. Dick Elliot is in there, condemned for his sin, waiting to be hanged. Somebody is out here in the street, condemned for his sins, but he is not obliged to wait. He starts to cough again, but he drowns the impulse in whisky. Then he pulls out a revolver.

He had been to the doctors, and they had told him the truth: both lungs were affected; he had, at the most, a year to live.

He had been condemned. The sentence has been executed.

THE QUIETIST.

Some anonymous writer writes us, invoking the "shades of Webster"—Noah probably, not Daniel—and asking where we found the word "jrevcnlative," which was used in this column the other day. You will find it, fair sir, in "A Standard Dictionary of the English Language," Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, 1895, vol. 2, page 141. You will also find it in many books written by men of authority, who are not necessarily prigs.

C. R. writes, "I was surprised to find you noticing that Nantucket mermaid story; you surely do not believe that there are any such things as mermaids."

What, no mermaids? Madam, the proofs of their existence are overwhelming. In 1569 Father Henriques and Dimar Bosquer, physician to the viceroy of Goa, saw near the island of

Manar seven mermen and maids, who had been brought up at one draught of the net. The physician examined them carefully and dissected them. Ferdinand Alvares saw a young merman come out of the water and steal fish left to dry on the shore. In 1430 the magistrates of Haarlem provided for the education of a mermaid, who was found in an overflowed meadow, embarrassed in the mud. She was taught

to spin, and she soon learned the meaning of words, although she would not speak. She lived thus for 18 years and finally received the rites of burial in a church yard. Her picture was still hanging in the town house of Haarlem in 1706. And these are only a few of countless well-approved instances.

We prefer the French term "siren" to "mermaid." Some years ago the sirens were seen in great quantities at Martha's Vineyard.

They are not fond of fresh water, and when they are found in rivers they seldom ascend beyond the head of sloop navigation.

June 28 1898

Dark red roses in a honeyed wind swinging,
Silk-soft hollyhock, colored like the moon;
Larks high overhead lost in light, and singing:
That's the way of June.

Dark red roses in the warm wind falling,
Velvet leaf by velvet leaf, all the breathless noon;
Far-off sea-waves calling, calling, calling:
That's the way of June.

Sweet as scarlet strawberry under wet leaves hidden,
Honeyed as the damask rose, lavish as the moon,
Shedding lovely light on things forgotten,
Hopes forbidden:
That's the way of June.

Do not eat much meat in hot weather. Avoid heavy roasts. Broiled chicken will do, but we are inclined to prefer the delicate bird known as the tutissimus ibis, which was so dear to the Egyptians that they worshipped it.

It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. Spike Sullivan of Boston, in his late encounter with Mr. Dal Hawkins, who came out of the West,

Nothing common did, or mean Upon that memorable scene. Mr. Hawkins "talked continually during the fight, and did not act very gentlemanly." Mr. Sullivan denied himself the applause that follows conversational fluency and sparkling repartee; he concentrated his mind on the boko the bread-basket, the daddies, the gullet, the ivories, the lamps, the listeners the mazzard and the pins of his loquacious opponent.

Signor Totero, on behalf of the Italians of the East Side, New York, then rose, like a tower-of-Pisa—and pronounced the following eulogy on Sergt. Schulum:

"Sarge Schui he a good-a man. He damn-a good police. He make-a d law damn-a fine. He put-a d' tief in priz, an' make-a de lost babe found jus like a good Sarge. He like-a de Ital He like-a much-a plent' work. He not a lazy. He better p'liceman d' Inspec Byrnes. He a damn good man. That' all. He damn-a fine. Good night."

The New York Sun rubs its eyes at the success of Milka Ternina as Isolde in London. It remembers that she sang "several years ago" in New York "without having any appreciable effect on the weather." As a matter of fact she sang in New York in 1896. She was not appreciated in that city, chiefly because her rival, Mrs. Klafsky-Lohs was what is known as "a good fellow and enjoyed eating sausages and drinking beer with the critics, either before or after one of her hurricane performances. The Isolde of Ternina was marvelous impersonation two years ago. As George Moore well says in his last novel, "After all Isolde has to be woman a man could be in love with and that is not the impact and the shriek of a gale from the southwest."

Our Boston Jacobites are not alone in their devotion to a hopeless cause. Mass was celebrated at St. Roch, Paris, July 12, in memory of Louis XVII who, as some believe, escaped from the Temple Prison, 103 years ago. "Fifty days previously a timid and half-dead little creature named Tardiff had been substituted for the royal child." At least 300 people attended the mass among them Charles de Bourbon, descendant of Naundorff, and know to his friends as Charles XI.

This reminds us that a most singular novel, "Le Roy," by Albert Delcour, is now publishing in the Mercure de France. It is the story of "Louis XX., son of Charles XIV."

And to the June number of Mercur de France Remy de Gourmont contributes a short article on the Amer

Spanish war.

Why should not the people of the United States," asks Mr. de Gourmont, entertain a sentiment analogous to that which armed Europe 70 years ago in favor of the Greeks? I see no unreasonableness, nothing contradictory in what we know of the psychology of the Northern States. Why should not people who throw each year hundreds of millions into the establishment of universities, libraries, museums, spend much, or even ten times as much, satisfy a political fancy?

"This war is none the less deplorable; it may give to a nation, which has thereto been pacific, the knowledge of its force, the taste for adventure, the desire of glory. . . . When the United States shall have a fleet and an army in proportion to their population, England itself will be obliged to make such custom-house concessions that Canada will sooner or later, without any row, cease to be an English colony. The Antilles and the Canaries will no doubt have a similar fate, and Monroe will bless his children from the top of Popocatepetl."

Mr. de Gourmont insists that journalists "of every color" confound languages and races. "There is no necessary relationship between a language and a race. The world is full of people who do not speak the language that represents the exact state of their race or blended races of which they are the product: such are the Spaniards and the French. The first are a result of an exceedingly complex mixture of Ligurians, Cantabrians, Iberians, Celts, Lusitanians, Latins, Gauls, Vandals, etc.; the Latin element is in the proportion of a seventh, an eighth, according to the province." There is perhaps a tenth of Latin blood in the Frenchman of northern France; there is less in Norway. Mr. de Gourmont concludes: "There are no Latin races, and Italy is the only country of Latin tradition."

Pursuing this subject, he makes the following interesting statement: "The European type in America tends constantly toward the Indian type in spite of all crossing; the soil necessitates this, and nothing, they say, can preserve the American of today from becoming in the course of centuries and according to the latitudes, an Iroquois, an Aztec, or an Inca."

June 28 2948

PIPE-DREAMS.

With my third pipe proffered by the sardonic Chinaman, I had a vision of an immense and empty sundrenched plain of vivid green herbage ambiguously smiling. And the plain was traversed by four white roads starting from out the horizon, from the four chief points of the compass. These roads met finally in a central empty space. Now this central empty space impressed me most strangely. I regarded it uneasily. Why did this empty, ambiguous space of barrenness and universal green so affect me? I do not know. It was a round, unblinking eye staring at me. I know not what it was. A dumb mouth yearning for kisses it should ever receive. It was a strange hostel, and I felt there was a host there, although I could not see him, anxiously waiting—but for whom? I saw a flurry of dust on the four white roads; four cavaliers were riding proudly to be first in the central, empty space. I felt like shrieking to warn them of it; yet was I consumed by curiosity to know what would happen there. Surely, I thought, I surely something strange and amazing will befall. But what? Everything faded. The sardonic Chinaman handed me another pipe.

"The Cuban auxiliaries with the advance forces seem utterly worthless. They sit in the shade all day, and at night smoke cigarettes and gorge on Uncle Sam's rations."

This reminds me of an episode in the life of Artemus Ward.

I saw a nigger sitting on a fence a-playing a banjo. "My Afrikan Brother," said I, "sing from a Track I once red, 'you belong to a very interesting race. Your masters is going to war exclusively on your account.'" "Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish 'em to be in a war, 'cause I can't play no banjo, lardin' all over and openin' his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old-fashioned wheeled chaise."

You can hardly blame these Cubans for smoking the "Honradez cigaritos." They have not seen any for years. Do you remember them? On the chromolithographed wrapper that surrounded each bundle of 25 cigarettes, you read: "Mis hechos mi justifican"—"My works shall justify me." Other cigarettes were boastful; thus some shouted wrapper-proclamation: "All praise be to me," "My fame is world-wide." These were the chief cigarettes of 25 years ago, smoked by swells. In colleges the students rolled their own cigarettes, carrying pouches of Lone Jack Durham, and some, more hardened, to shame, carried tobacco loose in a shirt-pocket. Then came the "made cigarettes." One of the first American brands was stiff with perique, and it was named after a helpless Saint. "What? Do you smoke the vile

things?" asks a member of the Robert Reed Association. No, madam. We prefer a T. D. pipe and cut plug.

The Waterbury American, speaking of Col. E. C. Smith, the Republican nominee for the Governorship of Vermont, mentions the fact that he was a member of the class of '75 at Yale, and states that many of the class have been prominent in politics. Yale men begin to study politics the day they enter college, oh, beloved contemporary, yea, they pack crowds and choose officers with reference to collegiate honors before they are out of the preparatory schools. Wire-pulling is the feature of the Yale curriculum, and it will be, as long as the secret societies flourish.

A thoroughly well-educated Yale man could give even Mayor Quincy points, although Uncle Amos may regard this statement as incredible.

The life of Alphonse Daudet, as told by his son Léon, has been published in Paris, and from it newspaper men and other literary fellows may learn lessons of wisdom.

"The action of cold water in the morning on the brain," Daudet would say to his son, "is in itself a great problem. He who, after a sleepless night, does not rinse or wash himself is capable of the worst absurdities and incapable of all reasoning."

His heroes were Napoleon and H. M. Stanley. His favorite authors were Montaigne, Pascal, Chateaubriand and Rousseau. (And yet he had evidently read Dickens assiduously.)

He left his bed at half-past seven, worked methodically, and always went to bed at eleven, except on Thursdays, when the poor man held receptions.

"Never take up your pen unless you have something to say." But newspaper men would have headache and indigestion unless they were allowed by humane publishers to write column after column.

"Style is an intensity. The most things in the fewest words. Do not fear to repeat yourself. There are no such things as synonyms." Throw your Crabb, your Soule, your Roget into the waste-basket.

Any yellow journalist should rejoice in this defence proposed by a man and writer of honor: "Truth is the perfect accord between the writer and that which surrounds him, between what he conceives, perceives and what he expresses. Even the dream has its side of truth."

We regret to learn of a high-handed outrage committed on Mr. Thomas Palmer, one of the most gentlemanly of boxers and a brilliant ornament of the ring. Mr. Palmer, familiarly known as "Pedlar," went into a public-house in the Victoria Dock-Road, and, calling out "Where are all these fighters?" struck Mr. Thomas Tighe, a laborer, two beautiful blows in the belly. Afterwards, exclaiming that he must keep up his reputation, he hit Mr. Tighe twice in the face, knocked him down, and kicked him. And as the result of this earnest endeavor to preserve his reputation at any cost, Mr. Palmer was sentenced by the Cadi to imprisonment for 21 days without the option of a fine. What inducement will there now be in London for any rising young pugilist to keep his honor unsullied?

They were talking about Mr. Kipling at the Porphyry. "Ah," said the poet, "what a masterpiece is his 'McAndrew's Hymn'! How Kipling ennoble labor! How he puts the engineer on a heroic pedestal! How proud and grateful such machinists must be!"

"I don't know about that," answered the naval officer. "I showed the poem to a Scotch engineer who had crossed the Atlantic 70 or 80 times, and I asked him what he thought of it. He read it slowly, and then he said, 'Well, Captain, it seems to me like a blatherskite of words!'"

W. L. W. writes to the Journal, commenting on the efficacy of boiled cabbage taken in large quantities before a wet evening. "I add that salad oil (olive or sweet oil) taken 'before he begin,' say an ounce, more or less, is said to be a good remedy; and you can add it to your list as a modern remedy."

June 30.

To be weary of life is but a small portion of the misery of the man oppressed with the boredom of existence. For one wears even of the beckonings of Death itself; one becomes dubious as to the attractions of this applauded Master of Ceremonies. Suppose that, accepting Death's invitation, one should enter into only a wider sphere of disillusionment, a more acute stage of boredom? And the fear comes chillingly that the released soul eyeing the revealed mystery of the crimson descending sun, marvelous as the miracle of the Pentecost, would only shrug its shoulders and pass on, sighing endlessly, unconvinced, seeking an interesting spectacle, one managed with more exciting appeal to wearied senses.

If one could only scan Death's credentials

the Master of Ceremonies.

It is strange that no effort has been made by the Boston Public Library or the Harvard Musical Association to secure the A. W. Thayer collection of relics of Beethoven, which is now at the house of Mr. Thayer's niece at Cambridge. The collection includes eight autograph letters, several sheets of music in manuscript (among them the trombone parts of the 9th Symphony), two oil paintings, books, articles of wardrobe, photographs, etc. These things were given to Mr. Thayer while he was collecting material for his "Life of Beethoven"—which, alas, is unfinished and un-Englished. Mrs. Fox thinks of sending the collection to London, for Sir George Grove has assured her that he can dispose of them there to her advantage.

There are also in this collection letters by Süssmayer, who finished Mozart's Requiem, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Chopin, Berlioz, Brahms, von Bülow, and other famous musicians, and manuscript music by Schuher.

Why should these interesting things be allowed to cross again the Atlantic? The room in the Public Library Building that now contains Mr. Allen A. Brown's noble gift to the city of Boston might draw many pilgrims from afar if it were known that a shirt of Beethoven—properly washed, starched and ironed—were on exhibition beneath glass.

A music hall agent in London sued Miss Flo Bank ten days or so ago to recover commission due on an engagement procured by him for her. Miss Bank, through her father, had requested that the engagement—chief boy in a pantomime—should be canceled. On trial, the plaintiff replied to the defendant's counsel that the father said it was impossible for his daughter to play in tights, as she had something the matter with her knee.

Mr. Armstrong—"You must not say that."

His Honor—"Let him explain; he is telling you what you asked."

Mr. Armstrong—"But I must protest, sir. See what this means! Here is this man in open court, giving out the statement that my client, whose shape is everything, is knock-kneed. (Loud laughter.) She is now engaged for a pantomime at a bigger salary, and that statement will frighten all the managers, and they will want to cancel her engagement."

And what did His Honor say? His Honor said (smiling): "Oh, no; if the manager has any doubts he can easily see the lady in tights and satisfy himself as to her knees." And when the father of the young lady, who did play the part, said it was not easy to get a "principal boy" with straight legs His Honor said: "I suppose not." And a good judge, too. Judgment for defendant, with costs.

When you receive a stiff bill from a physician and are convinced that he was of no avail, that he does not even now have any definite idea of your case, you may find comfort in remembering certain words of Arthur Young, the economist. His dear daughter "Bobbin" died at the age of 14; he buried her in his family pew, under the spot where he always knelt, and was melancholy all the rest of his life. He accused himself of her death, for he called in many doctors and tried to reconcile various treatments. "I did it for the best, and spared nothing; but had she been a pauper in a village she would, I verily think, have been alive and hearty. Such are the blessings of money; it has cost me £100 to destroy my child, for I do not think one shilling was bestowed which did not in one way or other do mischief."

We saw you at an auction, Miss Eustacia. You were examining "old furniture," a lyre-shaped sofa, oaken chairs, with mocking heads, dragons, strange claws. Were you wondering who had sat on the pictured upholstery? Were you thinking of the sad event that led

to dispersion of household gods and goods? Be comforted, sweet lady. There is such a thing as new old furniture, sofas that are virginal, chairs that have never held even moth-millers. Mr. Isidore Spielmann—oh, favoring name!—has written to the London Times concerning the manufacture of antiques; how gimlets act as worms, and acid puts back the age of armor. But Mr. Spielmann also shows how one old article becomes many. "You take an old clock, for instance; you remove its dial, and fit that to a cunningly-faked new affair. You do the same with the works and the case, and there you have three genuine antiques. It is as simple as lying, and not very different. After all, there are points about being a Philistine and caring for none of these things, or a poor but honest individual who can't afford to care."

So cop and down, denn roomin' p...
Like waves on de beach at play,
Und still ash a yoompin' back,
Our fancies flit away.

When you read of the money made by "Charley's Aunt," remember also statements made by Jules Claretie at the annual dinner of the Dramatic Society in France. Goldoni received 12 francs a night for the performance of one of his comedies. Désaugiers produced a piece, "La Chatte Merveilleuse" at the Variétés, it ran 500 nights and drew 400,000 francs. He and his colleagues received in all \$1000 apiece. The Society now collects annually for its members about \$750,000. It spends in relief among its members about \$10,000 each year and provides 120 pensions of \$200.

July 1. 1896

Und although it is said: Eacien tont hawk at viles, still dere is som' who catch at brinter's errors, et cetera, und hint dem all on de author—although he may have corrected dem three dimes ofer—as has often happened to me, mineelf; now to optige dem, I hafe gemaket several dings all wrong: yooat to help 'em along—may der Lort prosper oos all in our kindly intentions! So dot if de reader find anyding dot did not gefall or please him, I peg him to remember dot it vas poot in mit Absicht or fell intention.

Old Chimes does not know where to go this summer. He has received invitations to visit, but he is a wary old fellow, and looks shrewdly after his comfort—so that the superficial call him selfish. Last year he spent one day at the house of a married niece—one day—although he had been invited for a month. "It was a cool, pleasant house, and my bedroom looked out on the ocean. The table was excellent, and the cigars and beverages were irreproachable; but dinner settled me. Young Augustus, the only son, kept staring at my yellow cravat. His mother said, 'Gussie, dear, why don't you eat your soup?' The little cub paid no attention to her. He kept staring, and he finally shouted, 'I wish I had a dagger.' I am naturally afraid of boys, and I share Charles Lamb's opinion that they are fine fellows in their way, but unwholesome companions for grown people. Still, I tried to be pleasant, and I said, 'Why do you want a dagger, Augustus?' His glare was positively ferocious, and he screamed, 'I'd like to dag somebody.' That boy had murder in his heart. I had frightful dreams that night, and I took the first comfortable morning train for Boston."

Old Chimes continued: "All my life I have been a little brother of the rich, so far as visiting was concerned. Only the well-to-do can put you at ease. In their houses there is no creaking of domestic machinery. You never feel that the claret was ordered especially for you; that a bottle of Scotch was brought from town in a travelling bag especially for Uncle George, and that each glass is counted as you drink it. It is better to be driven to the railway station than to run for a steel car with an eccentric time table. It is better to be in a spacious bedroom with thick walls than in a cheap imitation cottage where you are forced to hear such domestic conversation, as 'I wonder how long the old ass is going to stay,' or 'Do you think he would put up with hashed mutton for dinner?' You know we ought not to afford more than one roast a week." It is torture to be in a house where the hostess has a careworn face and excuses herself for leaving the table to confer with the cook, where the table-girl is distracted, or where the host says, 'No ceremony, old man; you must take us as we are; you are welcome to what we have.' You feel like saying with the guest in the old reading book, 'And is this your humble store?' And a half of this do you offer to a stranger? Then never saw I hospitality before."

Young de Bang interrupted the flow of wisdom: "I say, Mr. Chimes, why don't you go to Whoopering Point? That would suit you to a T. It's an exclusive place. There are only two classes there—the tight and the loose."

Old Chimes did not decline to answer. "As I was saying, gentlemen, visiting is hazardous. If you must visit, go to the houses of the rich, and then only when they adopt the fashion of inviting you for a fixed stay, unless you have the nerve of the Chevalier Strong, who went with a carpet-bag to Sir Francis Claverling's for a week, and stayed for at least three years. But even then you will soon miss your independence, your liberty to growl at the meals and the service. You will eat and drink and smoke too much if your host is convivially inclined. Young girls in the house will remind you that you are old, and if there is a widow on the piazza, you will recall Mr. Herford's adage—a little widow is a dangerous thing."

"I admit that there are comfortable sea-side and mountain resorts. But there are people there. If you go to an inn, choose one where all the guests frankly dislike each other. Avoid all places where the young women go about with arms over each other's shoulders, where those more mature huddle together in frenzied gossip, where the men call each other Jack and Bill. You will be freer and happier if the guests look scornfully at each other, for there will then be no quarrels after intimacy or regrets for absurd confidences. For this reason I should advise an inn frequented only by respectable Bostonians. After all you are more comfortable in your own lodgings. There you may let the morning pass without shaving, there you may lounge in pyjamas, and you are not forced to hear war news or infallible plans for ending the war in two weeks. If Mr. Doogue would only secure a hubbub for the Public Garden!"

"And yet I think I'll go to Ferguson's for the Fourth. They tell queer stories about the way he made his money, and he pronounces his name with a sharp accent on the second syllable, but he has no children to wake you up at an unearthly hour with cannon crackers, and his punch is a wonderful example of art and nature in combination. If he would only promise not to go coaching! I don't blame the villagers for geying his coaching parties, for the man that toots the horn must have a chronically cracked lip. Let me see. Ferguson has asked me and the Intelligent Foreigner, and the Historical Painter, who is just finishing his masterpiece, 'The Bombardment of Santiago,' from sketches made at Hull; the Earnest Student of Sociology, and Mr. Auger. I wish he had asked Miss Eustacia, but she doesn't get along with Mrs. Ferguson; she says she is too violently persecuted."

July 2, 1898

Chant me now some wicked stave,
Till thy drooping courage rise,
And the glow-worm of the grave
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

Fear not thou to loose thy tongue;
Set thy hoary fancies free;
What is loathsome to the young
Savors well to thee and me.

Alas, with the best will in the world, we cannot oblige you; we have forgotten the old songs and stories, and we have heard no new ones worth repeating. Even Puck has abandoned the goat as a mainspring of humor. The silly season began yesterday. Let us today be statistical and instructive.

H. I. asks: "Why are not all apartment houses furnished with balconies? A man that owns or rents a house can sit on the doorstep and enjoy the cool of the evening; but what a boon a balcony would be to those that are now stifled in flats."

The poets are with you, Madam. When Tom Clinch rode stately through London streets to be hanged, The maids to the doors and balconies ran, And said, Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man.

The loving wife of Mr. John Gilpin smiled him from a balcony. Byron compared Venetian dames "leaning over the balcony" to Venuses of Titian. There are instances galore. O balconies, guitars, serenades, the fall of a handkerchief or rose, stock incidents of operetta! And it is indeed a joy to smoke peacefully thus suspended in air after sundown, dropping matches or tobacco ash on those passing under. Then the close presence of the adored one in the dusk, with murmurous conversation, with the sense of isolation!

But there are coarse, prosaic men in petty authority who look askew at balconies save for purposes of revenue. Thus at Münster in Westphalia the town council has decided to put a tax on balconies—\$50 for those which project beyond the walls, and \$12 50 for those that are less ambitious. "The Council has decided that the balcony is frivolous, lends itself to idle gazing, a spirit of criticism, and a tendency to impractical flirtation." This sounds as though it came from the Connecticut of earlier years. But our friend the Classical Scholar assures us that the owner of the first balcony built in ancient Rome taxed personally his tenants. "Merius, a Roman citizen, let his house to the censors, Cato and Placcus. He then built out a balcony and came into personal residence there, in order to keep an eye upon them."

There is no liberty in France. Parisians are not free. Here is an instance of the tyranny of the police of that city. The Prefet gave an audience last week to scorchers on automobiles. "He imprudently upon them the necessity

of moderating their ardor. This, he said, was both in the interest of themselves and of the public." He threatened rigid measures, if his advice were not followed. "One of these was to compel every automobilist to have a huge number painted on the back of his machine. In case the police fail to make a reckless automobilist stop, if he is going too fast, they will at any rate be able to note his number." Think what an outcry there would be in this city if the police were to attempt to put down scorching, if they were to insist on bicyclists using bells and lanterns! In this civilized town the street is the bicyclist's, and the fulness thereof.

Mr. Hugues le Roux of Paris has broken out again in a fine frenzy. Exasperated by the motor-car, the tricycle and the bicycle that disturb his walks abroad, he wrote to the préfet of police: "I am one of those who think that security no longer exists in the streets of Paris. And since your agents declare they are incapable of dealing with the terror, I have the honor to inform you that on and after present date I shall take my walks abroad with my revolver in my pocket, and that I shall fire upon the first mad dog who, riding an automotor or petroleum-cycle, flies away after having exposed me and mine to the risk of being run down or run over." And now there is another terror to the Parisian pedestrian.

"Dr. Liddon told me of a Presbyterian minister who was called on at short notice to officiate at the parish church of Crathie in the presence of the Queen, and, transported by this tremendous experience, burst forth in rhetorical supplication: 'Grant that as she grows to be an old woman she may be made a new man, and that in all righteous causes she may go forth before her people like a he-goat on the mountains.'"

A woman died recently and bequeathed her fortune to the Bear-pit of Berne. (You know they are fond of bears 'n Berne, because a bear killed in the chase showed the Duke of Zähringen the site for his new city.) She was not the first to prefer animals of four legs to men or women. There have been innumerable bequests to cats and dogs. A peasant of Toulouse left his money to his horse, which he gave to a nephew. The will was approved; Claud Serres, professor of law at Montpellier, gave the opinion "The simplicity of the villager should insure the execution of his last wish, and since he mentioned his nephew, the nephew should be the heir." Apes have inherited. Nor have fish been forgotten, for in 1825 the Comte de la Mirandole left a handsome legacy to a carp that he had nourished for 20 years.

No doubt these benevolent persons believed with Mr. Dupont de Nemours that wherever there is intelligence of any degree, there is a spark of divinity. "There is one in the polypus, perhaps there are several. There is one in the oyster; there is a very respectable one in the elephant; and there was a sublime one in Confucius."

The Leipzig Tageblatt devotes a column to the marriage market. An advertisement published lately was as follows: "A son, elderly, solid, and serious, is seeking for his father (a strict and solid man in a quiet business) an alone-standing widow and maiden with some ready money. Offers, with full statement of particulars, to be addressed —. The son can be interviewed by appointment between the hours of nine and eleven." He evidently wishes to see applicants in full sunlight. But where does Papa come in?

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You read in the papers glowing accounts of the great opera company that will appear at the Metropolitan next season under the management of Mr. Grau. In truth, it is a noble list of singers, and the reappearance of Marcella Sembrich will be awaited with keen interest, for beyond doubt she is one of the exceedingly few mistresses of bel canto now living.

Will Mr. Grau bring this most expensive company to Boston? Already there are rumors about a season at Mechanics' Building, or Mechanics' Building Auditorium (as though this high sounding name necessarily alleviates the rank discomfort of the place when opera is given there in the sight of the people—who are fortunate enough to sit near the stage).

But have you heard of the possible production here of any new or middle-aged yet unfamiliar work? Oh, no. Nor is it likely that any new opera will be put before the American public by so experienced a manager as Mr. Grau.

In Paris there has been for a long time complaint against the scanty repertory of the Opéra.

In the Revue Internationale de Musique—an interesting fortnightly, by the way—Samuel Rousseau explains this scantiness, without apologizing,

however, for the managers. According to him the expense at the Opéra for each performance is 21,000 francs. The subsidy of the Government reduces this sum to 17,000 francs. Consequently every opera which brings in less than 17,000 francs is immediately condemned, and one of the four or five operas which are sure drawing cards takes its place. "The true guilty person in this affair is the good public, which is always ready to chaff the poverty of the repertory, demanding loudly the novelty that it abstains carefully from seeing."

Mr. Grau might justifiably use this reply of Mr. Rousseau, and he could say in addition that he receives no subsidy from State or national Government.

Nevertheless new operas are produced in Paris. Thus one after the other, d'Indy's "Fervaal," Rousseau's "Cloche du Rhin" (for the first time on any stage), and Puccini's "La Bohème" have lately been performed.

The name of Samuel Rousseau is not well known in this country, and yet he is a man of indisputable parts.

Here in Boston, so far as music is concerned, a dead ass is preferred to a living lion—or even a live ass.

Rousseau was born at Neuve-Maison, June 11, 1853. The son of an organ-builder, he amused himself at the age of four by trying to make little musical instruments out of material in his father's workshop. When he was 12 years old he entered the Paris Conservatory, where he took the first organ prize (pupil of Franck) in 1877. The next year he was a second Grand Prix de Rome. He took the Cressent prize in 1878, and he took the City of Paris prize in 1891 with his opera "Mérowig," first performed at the Trocadéro in 1892, and given later that year at the Grand Théâtre. Chapel Master at Saint Clotilde, he has devoted himself chiefly to sacred music, although his opera "Dianorah" in one act was produced at the Opéra Comique in 1879—and sung five times. His chief religious work is a Messe Solennelle.

His opera "La Cloche du Rhin," in three acts, text by Montorgueil and Gheusi, originally entitled "Nunziata," was produced at the Paris Opéra June 3. The subject was suggested by a few lines in Victor Hugo's "Le Rhin."

"The scene is on the banks of the Rhine, in the fifth century, at the time when Christianity had already overthrown nearly all the strongholds of paganism in Germany. Hatto, a pagan king, finds himself in his last refuge, a ruined village. There the old chief lives with his grandson, Konrad, worshipping Odin, whose savage priestess, Liba, encourages him in his cruelty. Near Hatto's castle is a convent of Christian virgins. The nuns sing canticles that trouble Hatto's mind, and the old man has also heard the sound of the mysterious bell—the Cloche du Rhin—affixed to some miraculous agency to the pinnacle of the monastery, where an angel's wing is believed to set it ringing. None hear this bell but those whose end is nigh, and when a member of the Kingly family approaches his end, its chime has never failed to portend this event. One of the chief's Lieutenants, Hermann, returns with his troops laden with booty, and bringing captive a fair-haired Christian girl, one of the nuns, named Hervine, who has allowed herself to be taken prisoner in the hope of converting Hatto. She confesses her religion, and as she knows that the bell has rung his death knell in the old man's ears, she reminds him of the legend, exhorting him to repentance. Hervine's beauty wins the heart of Konrad, but the savage old chief, excited by Liba, draws his sword to immolate her on the altar of Odin, when the bell again rings, and he falls dead. In the second act Konrad has become a king; his love for the Christian saves her and he avows his passion, offering to renounce the faith of his ancestors if she will but yield to his love. Hervine is about to succumb, when the canticle sung by her sisters in the convent rises to her ear, and she tears herself from the young man's arms. But the Christians attack the village, Konrad places himself at the head of his soldiers, and during his absence Liba, the Druidical prophetess, who watches the progress of the battle, instigates the people to offer the Christian maiden as a sacrifice to their gods. Hervine is thrown into the river; the followers of Odin triumph; the convent is set on fire, and its bell sinks beneath the waters of the Rhine. In the third act Konrad has abandoned his village, and wanders in a forest by the banks of the river, bewailing Hervine, his only thought being to rejoin her. When Liba comes to sacrifice the Christians on the altar, he breaks the sacred vessels and overturns the altar. His former subjects rush upon him, strike him down at the foot of the altar and depart. The bell of the Rhine sounds beneath the river, on whose surface Hervine appears in the moonlight, and gliding toward the dying youth, takes him by the hand, leading him to eternal joys, the reward of his martyrdom and her own.

In the above-quoted article published in the Revue Internationale de Musique, Mr. Rousseau, before the first night, talked frankly about his music. "I desired for a libretto a pathetic and lofty legend which should yet be profoundly human, where the interest was born from the shock of passions rather than from the frequency of incident; few characters; in a lucid story a happy mingling of violence, charm,

tenderness, poetry, and, if it were possible, through and above it all a touch of the mysterious or the fantastic."

He liked the libretto presented him, nor was he disturbed because there was little opportunity for scenic contrasts and display. He thinks too much attention is paid the upholstery of opera and that money is wasted thereby.

Yes, like so many ultra-modern Frenchmen, he used the leit-motiv ("invented by Grétry") because he could thus "and thus only" obtain unity.

"I furnished each of the four chief characters with a characteristic theme; I added a barbarous Pagan theme and a mystic, Christian theme, symbols of the two contesting religions. And brooding over the entire work is the theme of the Bell: three notes of the Dies irae harmonized tragically. And the seven leit-motiv, not only intended to appear from time to time with their primitive figuration, but also in fragmentary form, transformed, shortened or lengthened by rhythm of structure, would form the bottom of the morceaux which I thought would thus be connected intimately with the work. Thus, for example, the legend of the bell sung by Hervine begins in E flat and ends in E flat; it is an aria-horresco referens—but the whole accompaniment is made out of the mystic Christian theme." . . . I have tried

to satisfy at the same time the ear of the public and the brain of the musician; to sing and to comment; to move and to interest."

Mr. Fernand Le Borne, composer, and a man of modern feeling and tendencies, deplores Mr. Rousseau's desire to please everybody, and thinks that the opera would be a greater work of art if the composer had considered only his own intention and followed relentlessly his own convictions. Yet he praises in Le Monde Artiste many pages of the opera and calls the work as a whole one of the most musical and interesting scores of the young school.

Mr. Hugues, Imbert in Le Guide Musical, was highly pleased, although he complains gently of an overuse of dissonances in the first two acts.

Mr. Arthur Pougin, a critic of more than ordinary authority and the mainstay of La Ménestrel, found the libretto empty of action, color, character. "Let us go back frankly into human life, let us abandon these insipid legends with which the public is now saturated, . . . let us return to real and natural action, and characters that are alive, really of flesh and blood, whose acts, speech, sentiments, vices even, can move and thrill us, and excite in us that interest which is the first condition for the existence of any scenic work." And he finds, also, that "music with color, poetry and passion is here rarely heard, that modulatory rage is almost unceasing."

Thus do doctors disagree, and Mr. Rousseau is critic as well as composer; for he is one of the staff of the Eclair.

The cast was as follows:
Hervine.....Miss Aekté Liba.....Mrs. Héglon Konrad.....Vaguet Hermann.....Noté Hatto.....Bartel

There was not such a difference of opinion concerning Puccini's "La Bohème," which was sung in French at the Opéra-Comique for the first time in Paris, June 13. The same Mr. Imbert found that all the episodic and descriptive music was written with youthful fire, incredible vivacity, and remarkable orchestral skill and scenic understanding. "The personality of the composer is less sharply defined when he deals with purely sentimental scenes," yet he praises the death of Mimì, for soberness in detail, and he finds the conclusion of the fourth act "poignant."

And good Mr. Pougin had a beautiful time. He makes faces in his review at the Wagnerites, he attributes the great success of Puccini's opera to the fact that the public is tired of antiquities and legendary battles and symbols and poems without action and never ceasing orchestra; that it demands music, music frankly making its way to the heart.

He indulges himself in reminiscences. He tells how Henri Mürger was paid only 15 francs for each feuilleton instalment of "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," when it was published in the Corsaire; how Mürger sold the story in book form for 500 francs to a publisher who sold 70,000 copies of it. He gives a carefully compiled sketch of Puccini. And then he reviews the work at length. The libretto is skillfully put together, varied in emotion, "reproducing the characteristics of French opéra-comique."

"The opera is not a chef-d'œuvre but it is a sincere, emotional, most honorable work, one that says what I wish to say, one that is without ex-

It is interesting, and one of distinction; the mind as the ear of the hearer is satis-

chief comedians were Miss Guir-
Miss Tiphaine, Mareschal, Fu-
(Schaunard), Bouvet, Isnardon.

Kenzie has finished a Manfred
for orchestra: Astarte, Pastorale,
Flight of the Spirits. H-m! Did
Schumann write music to Byron's
m?

Mascagni's new opera, "Iris," will be
duced next fall at the Costanzi-
ne. The two parts will be sung by
Darclee and de Marchi. They say
Mascagni will receive \$2000 for the
phonetic poem for the Leopardi Festi-
at Recanati.

Thomson has been appointed
fessor of violin at the Brussels Con-
servatory in the place of Ysaye.

The London correspondent of Le Guide
ical says of Jean de Reszke's Sleg-
"He sang entrancingly, but he
no idea of the part or the charac-
As for Nordica, she was utterly
satisfactory."

Calvé's Marguerite (in Gounod's
Faust) staggered London. The Pall
M Gazette of June 17 spoke of it as
mows.

Last night, at Covent Garden, we
re introduced to a very novel inter-
station indeed of Gounod's Mar-
celite, taken by Mme. Calvé, who, it
understood, made an extraordinary
station in the part last year in the
at s. We are inclined to think that
e will make no less of a sensation
it in London, for reasons which
all be expounded. So strange and so
saying was this interpretation, that

propose to make a more or less
ning commentary upon her version
the part, and to sum up the whole
clusion at the end. She chose, then,
like Mme. Eames, to represent Mar-
rite as a blonde, and at her first en-
ence she immediately showed her cu-
s originality. Faust addresses Mar-
rite on her way from church. Mar-
rite modestly passes him by with a
of phrase. Calvé's Marguerite passed
by modestly enough, but not until
a swift and most comprehensive
nce she had altogether realized the
ifications, physical and other, of
her. It was a minor stroke of genius.

Her next appearance is, of course, in
Garden scene, when her singing of
"Roi de Thule" song was trans-
mended under her treatment. She sang
exceedingly well; but that was not
anything, nor yet more than a frac-
n. She has the wonderful power of
using the sentiment of her drama
to her voice. In this instance, she
se to be absorbed in her meeting
th Faust, and by the most subtle
ety of voice she indicated that ab-
sorption here and everywhere. At the
of the first stanza she frankly left
spinning wheel alone, and sang to
self with a thousand hints of her
ence of mind. Then in the Jewel
her frank delight was beyond the
tormary delight of the conventional
r guerite; she took an exquisite
asure in jewels, first for their own
te, and second for the sake of her
n beauty. Such a little matter as
a contemplation of her wrist with a
culet hanging there was a sign of
r extraordinary self-identification
th the part. Then upon the entrance
the old serving-woman nothing could
ve been more significant than her
ling the necklace under her gown.

"Then the open and eager development
her love for Faust was beautifully
ggested. She loved him, that sufficed,
ad all her reserve was ready to melt
fore the fire of his passion. The hesi-
tation was momentary, but she made
ou feel that there could be no
lay, there must be no delay;
ad few more engrossingly charming
enes can be imagined than that in
hich she finally surrendered to Faust.
he cathedral scene was equally well
ted and sung by this fine artist. Her
ssion and terror were once more em-
odded in her voice, and her action
as incomparably significant. In the
cene of Valentine's death there is, of
course, scope only for the actress and
ot for the singer; and here her repul-
on of the curse of her dying brother
as full of tragedy and the true hor-
or of a deeply superstitious sentiment.

In the prison scene, however, she rose
to even greater heights. Here is the
opportunity for passion such as this
artist possesses among the very few.
Every gesture, every movement, were
distinct with the spirit of weariness,
of helplessness, of penitence, of remorse.
One could only admire the genius of
he artist, and confess that here was
one who, after making the art of opera
ment not only possible, but also prob-
ably went on to make it touching and
amantly tragic. The delirious scene

of this act scarcely bears thinking
about. At the moment it was certainly
an intense expression of the most ab-
solutely essential emotion possible to hu-
man beings. To sum up, then. We con-
sider this to be by far the most dis-
tinguished and exquisite Marguerite
we have seen in London, fine yet never
sensational in the vulgar sense, nobly
pathetic, yet never wantonly sentiment-
al, conceived fully from every point of
view with a rare intelligence, and as
fully carried out to its last logical con-
clusion. Never in many ways, it was
rather the novelty of greatness in art
than the novelty of eccentricity or per-
versity."

Philip Hale.

July 4 98
And when old Chimes went to buy his
ticket at the Union Station, he found Mr.
Jules Renard waiting for him. "What! Are
you back from Paris?" asked the hearty old
buck. "Yes," said the amiable foreigner,
"and I'm going down to Ferguson's with
you for the 4th. Do you mind getting me
a ticket? I haven't anything less than a
\$100 bill."

Old Chimes was blue and he did not join in
the noisy talk after they were all seated in
the smoking car. The Historical Painter
proposed to sketch him as a study for Silence.
"Stop your chaff," said the old man, "I'm
thinking of my nephew, Miss Eustacia's
brother. He's with the Rough Riders, and
I'm wondering what sort of a holiday he is
having."

Mr. Renard was at once sympathetic.
He asked the number of American troops
engaged and began to compute the mathe-
matical chances of the nephew's escape from
death. "Even if he should lose a leg, he
might do as well afterward as my old play-
mate Fabricien, who left our little village
to fight against the Germans. I'll tell you
his story; it's a short one. By the way, have
you a good cigar? Those I bought are not
fit to smoke." And the amiable foreigner
beguiled the way as follows:

THE MODEL PLANTER.

They thought the battle was over
when one of the last bullets, a spent
ball, struck the right leg of Fabricien.
He was obliged to go home with a
wooden leg.

At first he took pride in it whenever
he entered the village church, stamp-
ing on the stone floor so loudly that
you would have taken him for a suisee
in a large town.

When curiosity was appeased he
mourned for a long time, ashamed, and
he thought he was good for nothing.

Then he searched obstinately for
something to do, and he often deceived
himself.

But now that he is on the road of
modest comfort, without despising his
leg of flesh and bone, he has a weakness
for his wooden leg.

He hires out for the day. They show
him a garden patch. Then they go
away and leave him at work.

His right hand pocket is full of beans,
red or white, as it happens.

Furthermore, there is a hole in it, not
too small, not too big.

With a steady gait Fabricien goes
the length of the patch. His wooden
leg digs a hole with each step. He
shakes his pocket. Beans fall to the
ground. He covers them up with his
left foot and walks on.

Thus does he gain honorably his liv-
ing; the brave fellow, hands behind his
back, head in air, as though he were a-
walking for his health.

A correspondent sends the Journal
an original poem, "suitable for all patri-
otic purposes," but there is a stumbling
block to publication; he makes July
rhyme with Dooley. And yet there
should be a poem today. The choir
will now sing four verses from page 18
of the Heart and Home Songster, com-
mon metre, to the tune Ortonville.
Please all rise and join in the singing.

Father, what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?

It is the noise of cannon, child,
The glad shouts of the free;
This is the day to memory dear—
'Tis Freedom's jubilee.

I wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire my cannon, too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, father, why don't you?

I'm getting old and weak—but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witness'd many a day like this—
Shout you aloud, my boy.

We have always regarded—that is,
since we came to years of alleged dis-
cretion—we have always regarded beg-
ging as one of the few truly genteel
professions. How many men, for in-
stance, desire aid in making their way
to Providence, a most respectable city
and the home of the Cravat and Frock
Coat editor par excellence (as they say
in Canada) of the press of this country.
How courteous and cordial to the great
unwashed are for the moment the
patrons and the patronesses of art,
who dislike to spend their own money,
but, Vespasian like, find no evil smell
clinging to the dollars of the upper-
middle, the middle, or even the lower-
middle classes. But the Germans are
still masters in this art. Pleasant morn-
ings in summer you may see a cab
driven in Berlin streets toward the
Thiergarten. A man, who is a cripple,
and an old woman, his wife, alight.
They pay the driver 50 cents, and then
stand opposite each other by the
Luther Bridge, where they ask charity
in the name of the Most Merciful. They
live undoubtedly in a villa and drink
weiss beer three times a day.

The new annual report of the Regis-
trar-General of births, deaths and mar-
riages in England contains much curi-
ous information. The marriage rate

was in quite a marked manner in 1897,
and as compared with that in the imm-
diately preceding year was, we learn,
"accompanied by a rise of 5 per cent.
in the value of British exports, a rise
of 5 per cent. in the value of imports,
and a rise of 13 per cent. in the average
price of wheat per quarter." Both men
and women are now, judging from the
statistics, marrying later in life than
hitherto. The chances of the unmarried
women over 25 are distinctly better.
The measles death-rate in 1896 was, with
the single exception of 1887, the highest
on record, and it is very doubtful
whether, judging from published medi-
cal reports, the figures for the current
year will be much more favorable. Can-
cer is rapidly increasing, particularly
among males; last year supplied the
highest death-rate on record.

Ye that believe in circumstantial evi-
dence, listen to a tale, which comes
from Berlin. Somebody was stealing
cigars and small change from overcoat
pockets in a large insurance office. A
professor, a deep thinker, was consult-
ed. He put a certain aniline powder
in the mouthpieces of cigars. The ci-
gars were then put back. The next day
those suspected were summoned. "Show
your tongues and let's see if your lips
are blue." One young man had aniline
jaws and a discolored mouth. It was
shown that he had been buying a large
quantity of alum as an antidote.

July 5. 98

Thus, sometimes, even in the public ways
and streets I taste these glorious dreams,
sensations, illusions. I have wandered in
boundless deserts under the Algerian sun,
moon, and stars, a rapt beholder of beatti-
ful mirages; when in grim reality I was step-
ping through the mud of some unkempt,
brick-lined Boston street. And I have seen
the vision of the seven purple stars, and
the vision of the three-branched candelab-
rum, and the vision of the masked cavalier
who could not speak his message although
I begged him on my knees. And being a
faithful disciple, I have saluted that mystic
sea you wot of, ascending and descending its
monstrous billows in a passion of pursuit
and flight, a wild energy of ascent and de-
scent. Yes, I am rarely gifted, and yet my
wife's family are even now petitioning the
law-givers to force me into a gold-cure
asylum.

We hoped to hear from Old Chimes
and his friends, who spent the Fourth
at Ferguson's. We called at his lodgings
last evening, and his landlady—a singu-
larly attractive woman, who, as Arte-
mus Ward puts it, is between thirty
years of age, smiled and said that she
did not expect him until Tuesday.

"Street musicians must hereafter pass the
censorship of the Boston Music Commission
before they are given a license by the Police
Board."

We hope this is only the beginning
of a strict supervision of all music
within the city gates. Next season
there should be only a limited number
of concerts. Musicians proposing to
give them should be required to pass
a rigid examination. The strength of
pianists should be tested by a machine,
and all who succeed in moving a cer-
tain number of pounds by stroke of
finger should be classed as "dang-
erous" and be under constant police sur-
veillance. The throats of singers should
be examined at least once a week by
a specialist, and lung power should be
carefully tested. We are not sure but
that it would be well to require all
musicians to wear numbered badges
when they leave their rooms for busi-
ness or recreation.

Inspectors should be present at con-
certs. If a singer wander from the
pitch or present a program made up ex-
clusively of songs by Brahms, his or
her license should be revoked. The
same penalty should fall on any too
athletic pianist. Boston may yet be a
musical city. For once we thoroughly
indorse the policy of Mayor Quincy,
who, the New York Sun assures us, is
a fine musician.

A Mr. Edwin Hauswald is the prime
instigator of a singular social experi-
ment at Frankfort-on-Main. He and
his followers have formed themselves
into the Wider Intercourse Society, and
they propose to operate in the great
towns of Europe. They say, "A good
half of our town population is made up
of the stranger and the pilgrim, the
squatter and the bird of passage as op-
posed to the resident respectable by
reason of long tenure and family vaults.
The problem is how to bring these social
poles, Arctic and Antarctic, together.
It is to be done by the new Intercourse
and the new social code. Members in
all lands are to belong to the society
and subscribe to the code. They are all
to wear an elegant external badge and
to be a brotherhood and sisterhood
comme il faut. When the badge is
worn that means: 'I am a member of
the Wider Intercourse and we are
brother badgers. We will share ideas,
but we will not share purses.' Here the

family of nations can... Should...
the other hand, the affable brother de-
sires to be left alone he has only to re-
move the badge, and all members are
bound to respect his privacy." This is
the society for Hungry Joe; he would
soon change the constitutional article
concerning purses.

And might not a branch of the so-
ciety be established in Boston with ad-
vantage to the town. It is true that
the Chimes have done good missionary
work, but Brimmer Street and St. Paul
Street are not yet met together, neither
have Marlborough Street and Cortes
Street kissed each other.

When my nerves are excited and my mind
harassed by the worries of social and domes-
tic life, no relative that the doctor can sug-
gest does me so much good as a visit from
my friend Mrs. B. A soothing calm radiates
from Mrs. B. You feel it as soon as she en-
ters a room, and it has an almost instant
effect in allaying your mental irritation and
soothing your worried nerves. Her person-
ality is like down cushions, and her voice
lulls you to security like a cradle song. There
is a feeling of infinite leisure and infinite
space about Mrs. B. As soon as you come
within the light of her presence you feel
that there is plenty of time and plenty of
room. And if you come to think of it, it is
the lack (imaginary or real) of time and room
that is responsible for most of what we call
the small worries of life.

Part V. of "The English Dialect Dic-
tionary" has been published. The part
includes "Chuck-Cyut," and we turned
at once to "Corker," hoping to find
at last a satisfactory derivation. The
word is there, as is the variant "caak-
er," used in Northumberland, as is the
variant "cawker," known in Yorkshire
and Lincolnshire. A goodly term for
anything astounding or astonishing,
anything big or fine of its kind; and
it is in use in Ireland, Westmoreland,
Cheshire, Derbyshire, Warwickshire,
other shires, and English colonies.
The same old derivation, "from an
original form 'caulker,' but has also in
some dialects been associated with the
word 'cork.'" We still cling to Eu-
gene Field's discovery that "corker"
comes from the Greek "korka," mean-
ing the adorable one.

The discussion over Rodin's statue of
Balzac is still hot in Paris. They that
weep because the statue is not "beau-
tiful" should recall Captain Gronow's
description of the novelist: "The great
enchanter was one of the oillest and
commonest looking mortals I ever be-
held, being short and corpulent, with a
broad, florid face, a cascade of double
chins, and straight, greasy hair. The
only striking feature in that Friar
Tuck's countenance was his eye—dark,
flashing, wicked, full of sarcasm and
unholy fire."

And now there are two more gases in
the atmosphere which you have
breathed without knowing of their ex-
istence: metargon and neon. The for-
mer shows a green line spectrum, the
latter has a fine red and yellow spec-
trum. This probably explains the fruiti-
ness, if not the grit of the Boston air,
as it comes into your mouth and nose
and ears and eyes over these filthy
streets.

To be scrupulously careful when taking a
crossing or rounding a corner is to rob
life of much of its fine unexpectedness, of
many splendid moments of surprise, adven-
ture, romance, tragedy, comedy. For he who
invariably casts a wary glance around,
alert to spy oncoming trains, drays, bicycles,
mad dogs, creditors, policemen, will always,
unless indeed Madam Fate is out awalking
that fine day for her health, will always, I
say, escape those accidents, incidents, rencoun-
tres, adventures that fall to the lot of the
man not criminally careful. Yes, criminally
careful, for life is gray and dun and drear
and he that steals purple moments from it
is a robber. And consider how your care-
fulness wrongs that most estimable and in-
dustrious person—the newspaper reporter!

Old Chimes had little to say about his
4th of July visit to Ferguson—Ferguson
who accents sharply the second syllable
of his name, and thus thinks, poor
wretch, to achieve distinction. "It was
the same old thing: piping hot weather,
punch, too much smoking and eating,
thunder storms, punch again, awful
noises, frightened dog, more punch, fire-
works, glad to get to bed—and then
the morning desk to read the list of
accidents. But I remember a queer
ghost story that the Earnest Student
of Sociology told us just before we
separated for the night. He said he
heard it from the Quietist!"

THE TOOTHACHE.

George had lived alone with his moth-
er ever since the death of his father.
The income was enough for their sim-
ple needs. He was studying, hoping to
be an electrical engineer. They
owned a modest house in the suburbs.
They delighted in a tiny rose garden
and two apple trees. The mother did
the housework. After they had eaten
supper, George would play the flute

and his mother would look at him. The passing trains would shake the house, but they were not noticed by this happy couple. The only source of amiable discord was the recurring toothache from which George suffered.

Yes, George ought surely to go to the dentist, for his teeth were sadly in need of repair; but he was in this respect a coward. A bungling dentist had tortured him when he was little, and George preferred to suffer the pain of recurring toothache.

One evening he came home mad with the pain. He could not eat. He threw himself on his bed, where he tossed about and moaned. His mother was distressed. "Haven't you any drops?" He shook his head. "I'll go to the drug store at the corner and get you some medicine. I'll be right back." She loved him too much to say, "If you had only followed my advice!"

The ulcerated tooth tortured the young man. He fairly shrieked. He shouted, "Hurry up! Why are you so long?" He heard an approaching train. It sounded as though it were going through the room.

His mother came in and lighted the gas. He smelled carbolic acid.

"Here, George, lift up your head." She placed a bit of saturated cotton-wool in the tooth. George dropped back again, face downward. The pain went away immediately.

"Now, rest yourself, dear," and then she said, in a singularly tender voice, "Good-by, my darling boy."

What strange words! And what a strange voice! George lifted his head. The room was dark. There was no light in the room. There was the smell of carbolic acid—nothing else—nobody else.

"Mother!" he cried. No answer. He called again. He got up from the bed, his heart thumping, his hair stirring. He remembered old games of hide-and-seek. He groped in the dark, trying to find his mother, trying to say laughingly, "Mother, where are you?"

The words choked in his throat. There was nobody in the house. He went about the house. There was nobody on the doorstep or in the little dusky garden.

He ran up the street. He crossed the railway tracks. There were staring people in front of the drug store on the corner. They made way for him. He elbowed his way into the drug store.

His mother was there, but she did not speak to him. She did not even smile. In one of her hands—where was the other?—was a little bottle of toothache drops. The train had been on time.

George never went to the dentist—in fact, he never suffered again from recurring toothache.

"Dear, delightful" Mrs. Sherwood wrote about Fitzjames O'Brien in the New York Times of Saturday. And why? For was he not one of Pfaff's crowd in the days before the Civil War, was he not reckless and a Bohemian? But Mrs. Sherwood is careful to give her excuse early in the article; O'Brien was "really very nearly connected with some of the best and most noted good families of the Irish peerage."

And a gentleman with a three-barreled name—Mr. William Sidney Hillier—re-chases for the same number of the Times familiar incidents in the life of the brilliant writer and gallant soldier. He tells one story, however, that is not familiar and is now of local interest. Mr. T. B. Aldrich was "then a small salaried clerk in George W. Carleton's bookstore on Broadway. O'Brien was in the habit of dropping in to see Aldrich, and one day came in rather more than half-seas over. Aldrich decided to take him across the street to a hotel and put him to bed. Cautiously and carefully he led O'Brien, but before he had got half-way across a friend stopped him and asked: "Why do you want to bother with the fellow. Let him go." "I will not," replied Aldrich; "he borrowed a dollar from me a few days ago and I can't afford to let anything happen to him."

There is a tendency among mortals to take narrow rather than wide views of each other. To overlook the large and fasten their attention upon the petty points in a character—this is the disease in carping criticism. How often I have heard it said of Mrs. B., "But she never says anything amusing!" She may be strong one feels moved to reply, "I think so, he soothes and comforts!" Or "She is so hopelessly inconsequential. It is impossible to follow her." Oh, wretched, carping spirit, that must find fault with everything, one feels inclined to say, will never content you? Is it not enough that Mrs. B.'s smile and brilliant chatter should create a bright spot in this murky world wherever she goes, but you must worry about so small a thing as inconsequentiality?

"Edward Harrigan may appear in a

revival of the "Milligan Guards' Picnic" with Puglist Fitzsimmons interjected in a minor role." Alas, poor Harrigan! Has he come to this? It was not so long ago that Mr. W. D. Howells, the intrepid discoverer, was comparing Harrigan with Shakespeare and Goldoni—and to the disadvantage of the Englishman and the Italian.

Perhaps you shrugged incredulous shoulders, when you read that the crew of the John Bramble, which arrived at Philadelphia June 20, was affected seriously by moon-blind.

"For three weeks the vessel was in the region of the equator, where the moon shone brilliantly at night. The weather was exceptionally clear. The sky was cloudless for almost the entire time. One after another of the crew became stricken with partial or total blindness, and in severe cases delirium developed. The vessel drifted helplessly for more than a week. On May 10, three degrees south of the equator, J. William Hargraves, a sailor stricken with total blindness, died in a delirium and was buried at sea. One other man tried to jump overboard, but was restrained. All the severe cases of blindness were attended with violent delirium."

But this disease is nothing new. In Martin's "Western Islands of Scotland" (1716) you may read of a man who lost his sight at every change of the moon, which obliged him to keep his bed for a day or two. In Egypt and Arabia the natives cover their eyes when they sleep in the open air. John Carne in his "Letters from the East" (1826) writes: "The moon here really strikes and affects the sight, when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun; indeed, the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night would soon be utterly impaired or destroyed." Or go further back. The Talmud refers the words "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," to him who "Sleeps in the shadow of the moon," and pray, what means the Psalmist by the sentence, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night?"

And as she brushes her husband's clothes, preparing them against moths, she sings sadly, "There are no coins in last year's vests."

Here is another queer story from Berlin. A German landlady had a physician for a lodger, and he owned only one pair of boots, which one night disappeared. The landlady was the cause of the disappearance. Perhaps he owed her money, perhaps she was afraid that he would shoot the moon, or that he would be lowered, like Saint Paul, in a basket. The doctor, remembering the famous worm, turned; he claimed damages from her on the ground of unjustifiable imprisonment. She had interfered with his liberty, even if she had saved thereby the lives of his patients. The Court was called upon to decide this question: "The bootless man, is he morally or materially hindered from pursuing his daily walk and avocation?" The first tribunal held the hindrance to be a material one; "the second tribunal decided the boot was what logicians call a separable accident in the making up of man." The doctor lost his case, which leads an English commentator to observe, "He had not a leg to stand upon, no need, therefore, of boots to put them in. Q. E. D." Yes, but did the doctor ever recover his boots?

King Lear is eternal. He appeared lately before the Court of Appeal at Budapest. A pedlar, he is unable to work, for he is old and sick. He asked that his three daughters should support him. Three sons-in-law appeared and said that they were jointly ready to make an offer. The first would contribute board, the second lodging, and the third, a street porter, spoke as follows: "The other members of our family have undertaken to provide board and lodging; it therefore becomes my duty to make an offer of clothing. But unfortunately the uniform I wear does not belong to me, but to my employer, and I have no other. If the old man is determined to have something from me there is only one thing I can contribute. I will give him his daughter back again." Lear refused Cordelia, and accepted the first two offers. This reminds one of the scene in Zola's "La Terre," where there is a dispute as to whether the old man, who has divided his goods among his children, should be allowed sugar in his coffee.

This Rule will I follow, not seat one Rich man by another, a Youth by a Youth, a Magistrate by a Magistrate, and a Friend by a Friend; (for such an order is of no force either to beget or encrease friendship and good will, but fitting that that wants, with something that is able to supply it, next one that is willing to instruct, I will place one that is as desirous to be instructed; next a

more one good natured, next a talkative Oldman, a Youth patient and eager for a story; next a boaster, a feeling, smooth Companion; and next an angry man, a quiet. If I see a wealthy fellow, bountiful and kind, I'll take some poor honest man from his obscure place, and set him next, that something might run out of that full Vessel, into the other empty one.

Listen to the pathetic story of Mr. Frank Graff of New York. Hot, parched, irritable, he sought comfort in a restaurant, which he chose on account of its coolness and its loneliness. He sat down at a small table where he could be alone; he ordered a lettuce salad and a tall glass of iced coffee. An elephant of a man entered and passing by the unoccupied tables, seated himself directly opposite Mr. Graff, thus intercepting the breeze from an electric fan. Not content with this impertinence, the stranger, Mr. McClernor, insisted on talking about base ball. To quote Mr. Graff's description, which was published in the New York Sun, Mr. McClernor's "face was like the lobster, his collar was wilted, he wore heavy clothes and a silk necktie that looked like a bed quilt." To aggravate his impudence he ordered fried ham, fried potatoes and hot coffee. When these dishes were brought Mr. Graff could no longer contain himself. He asked him politely if he wouldn't sit at another table, for it was hot and he wished to be alone. Mr. McClernor reached over and slapped Mr. Graff on the back, saying, "Come, friend, be neighborly and share my fried ham and potatoes with me." Mr. Graff thereupon swatted Mr. McClernor, who brought him before the Cadi on a charge of assault.

We hope that the Cadi discharged the prisoner, and commented severely on the conduct of the complainant, who was the true offender.

A man has no doubt a legal right to order and eat fried ham and hot coffee when the mercury is at 98 in the shade, but he should not be allowed to disturb others by his outrageous conduct. There should be separate stalls for such incongruous feeders.

There is no hotter place when the dog-star rages than a so-called cool restaurant. There may be whirling fans and other ingenious contrivances, but to the sensitive man the sight of much of the food is as that of a parched field at glaring noon, and the ceiling of the chamber is as brass. The idle chatter of a mere acquaintance is intolerable, and even the confidences of an intimate are a burden. Your friend may call for cold roast beef, lettuce and tomato salad, and iced tea, but think of the hot yellowness of the mustard with which he smears his meat; you forget the cooling acidity of the lemon, and wish its skin were green or ultra-marine; and you are in constant dread of hearing him ask the waiter for custard pie. The color of food should never be in literal harmony with the season. And in trying weather, man should eat by himself, following the example of that sager animal, the dog, who takes his bone with him under the barn, where he may gnaw and be undisturbed.

The publisher of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's new journal, M. A. P.,—"Mainly About People"—told an interviewer that "all sorts of titled ladies are to write for it under the veil of anonymity; efforts to conceal the writers of Society paragraphs are carried to such an extent that even I am not to be told from whom they come. I am to draw all checks as payable to Mr. O'Connor, and he is to keep the accounts of contributors under initial letters."

The Referee says that this is the veriest film-flam. "There has never been any means yet discovered of getting people regularly to write for a paper whose business it is not so to write and to make money by it." And it describes "the man in society with his note-book" and the Duchess contributing "her naughtiest bits of boudoir gossip" as myths. "Whenever you find Society rows in any newspaper, even the best informed, you may take it that it is done, not by a person in Society, but by an ordinary hack, picking up his news as best he can from servants and others, and perhaps from one or two authentic members of the upper circles with whom he has managed to scrape an acquaintance. The person in Society has no time, and above all no inclination, for writing Society news as a piece of task-work every day. A person known to write would very soon be cut by his acquaintances as dangerous."

This general rule admits of exceptions in this country. The Society Editor of a prominent New York paper some years ago was a member of a well known and firmly established family, welcome in several clubs, a graduate of Yale. He was hard up, and he wrote in fairly respectable English about the parties and balls to which he was invited; he chattered amiably

in print about engagements, weddings, summer plans. And thus he made himself still more popular. But the Referee might answer with a show of truth, "There is no society in America, and we hear that the fashionable people, so-called, are frequent contributors to the newspapers, and even give publicity to their own costumes, wedding gifts, guests."

"But," as a great philosopher has remarked, "why go into this subject, when it seems but to advance the course of dephosphorisation in modern villager and cause a comodulation of universally recognized truisms to drift into that declamatory tropological hypotheacation so inwardly voiced by the poet who sang:

"As friendship weeps at the couch of woe,
I see the milkman come and go,
And it is wise it should be so
Till minds forget to ebb and flow."

July 9.

Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling.
Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard,
Give me a field where the unmow'd grass grows,
Give me an arbor, give me the trellis'd grape,
Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving animals teaching content.

With plenty of money, with a check-book provided thoughtfully with revenue stamps, with a mind free from the distraction of wife and children, you cannot accept these gifts immediately when the train leaves you at the little station. Neither you nor your city neighbor is a "serene-moving animal." There is a rush for the barge—as though it were a matter of life or death to be the first. A pompous man gains the seat next the driver. If he had not achieved this honor, he would sulker for seven miles. He is the traveler that always sits at the captain's table, knows intimately the landlord of the tavern, gets a special dish in the dining-car, prefers a box in the theatre. The barge goes through the woods; the scrub-pine trees send out sweet odor; the descending sun is benignant; the sky suggests illimitable space; the farm-house seems asleep; everywhere is peace, except on the driver's seat where the pompous man talks constantly that all may hear him. He has a pet-dog. He encourages it to be restless, to yelp at passengers and birds. The dog is naturally amiable; he would go well with the landscape, if he were left to himself; but his manners are fast corrupting through association with his master. And this master is here for a long sojourn in your little village. The fact that he is here irritates you, even if you do not see his strut, even if you escape his strident voice.

This man wears aggressive summer clothes. His outfit is special, as though it had been ordered for a masquerade. It would be hard for you to make objection in detail, to complain seriatim of boots, knickerbockers, shirt or hat; but you feel that the wearer has prepared himself as though for a photographer. You remember you once saw in a photographer's case a picture of this same man in a fur overcoat, sealskin gloves, and a snow-storm. He does not deceive or delude the villagers; in fact, at the store they call him a chump. The cows, returning from the pasture, do not notice him. The mosquitoes do not prefer his blood.

(When and where, by the way, was the familiar back-breaking stage first known as a "barge"? And why "barge"?)

And yet this pompous man proclaims on the piazza that he is fond of nature. He pretends to be an observer of animal and vegetable life; he prattles knowingly about mushrooms and the best way of serving them; he is a golfer with as many tools as are in a dentist's cabinet, and with a bag of solid leather. A superficial observer and sportsman! He talks, for instance of butterflies, but he is unacquainted with the discovery of Mr. J. W. Tutt, a brilliant lepidopterist, who is convinced that butterflies are addicted to drink. According to Mr. Tutt, the Polyommatus Damon, sits for hours motionless, except for the movements required for absorption. "He invariably selects for these periods of debauch the no infrequent intervals when his spouse is busy elsewhere in the discharge of her family duties. The female butterfly has no sympathy with thirst." Mr. Tutt assures us that the male is hydropter. This leads a commentator to remark, "Tut, tut!"

There should be in cities training schools for the reasonable enjoyment of the country. Many men and women are afraid of the country; they are di-

concerted by the imperturbability of trees, they are vexed because Nature does not appreciate their respectable lineage and approved social standing—vexed as a Bostonian in Chicago. They are uncomfortable as they look up at the stars which they have been accustomed to regard as trifling sparks, inferior to electric lights. They cannot understand the deliberate movements of the village carpenter, dress-maker, post-master. They learn slowly the lesson that hustling is a disease, a mania. They fret because they cannot read a morning newspaper at breakfast.

Possibly, by living in close communion with indifferent Nature, they become gradually hardened to tales of far-off tragedies. The news comes long after the event. There is no possibility of whetting legitimate as well as morbid interest by reading bulletins.

But when there is personal anxiety, how maddening the delay! The earliest account of the sinking of La Bourgogne inspired hope with horror. There is a chance, you said, that your friend is among the saved. He was young, vigorous, brave, an expert swimmer, and he was traveling alone. Only a few weeks ago, full of ambition, he told you of his plans. You recall the faces of those admirable musicians of the Symphony orchestra, faces familiar to you through regular attendance at the concerts. Perhaps, you knew them as men, and you respected them, were fond of them. They were enthusiastic in their art, in their musical likes and dislikes; they were men of simple, honest, blameless lives. And you faint would learn at once their fate, demanding certainty, racked by the delay.

The New York Times almost ruined its warm appreciation of Mr. Fred Holland Day's "Ebony and Ivory," reproduced as a photograph in Camera Notes, by speaking of him as "Mr. Daly." The Times says, "It is the composition which impresses you. Anybody can hire a boy and give him a plaster cast to hold, but it is a man with a chaste and at the same time comprehensive knowledge of art who can so cleverly arrange his subject. It is not too much to say that in photography and photogravure we have never seen anything to excel this print in the Camera."

Mr. Hoyt's "Stranger in New York" has been produced in London at the Duke of York's Theatre, and the Pall Mall Gazette is moved to say, "Every one engaged in the latest musical comedy from America would appear to have talent, except, perhaps, the author thereof; even he may be credited with ingenuity, if only for the opportunities he affords his interpreters."

And how did the Pall Mall Gazette like the piece? "The whole entertainment is disreputable, or perhaps we should say non-moral; all the characters, men and women, drink; the women are chorus-girls or second-rate actresses, or society ladies doing detective work, while the men are of the fancy-ball swell type, just one remove from Champagne Charley. There isn't one word to be said in defence of the entertainment, or the taste of the author; it is all detestable, but how enjoyable and amusing! In short, to those who occasionally feel Rachel's 'besoin de s'en caillier' 'A Stranger in New York' may be cordially commended. The whole entertainment, vulgar, tasteless and amusing to a degree, was received with incessant laughter and applause."

Signor Gallazzi, a distinguished pick-pocket, was interrupted rudely in the practice of his profession, and obliged to appear in court at Zurich. In the course of the tiresome legal proceedings, he appealed to the Court for the loan of a razor. He was refused, for there was suspicion of suicide. The next day the Signor appeared before the jury clean-shaven. He said in explanation that he felt his beard had been against him and might prejudice the jury. He had converted his metal spoon into a razor. This leads the commentator to remark, "Unfortunately, although he now faced his fate, he did not escape his sentence—not even by a close shave."

Messrs. Pourtau, Jaquet and Weiss, who met death suddenly and cruelly by the going-down of La Bourgogne, will be long missed here not only as musicians but as men. Their musical skill and accomplishments were known to all, and it is perhaps now idle to praise their art.

Mr. Pourtau was as conspicuous for his true musical taste and feeling as for the indescribable beauty of his tone and the brilliance of his bravura. His solo playing was an explanation of

Beethoven's cult of the clarinet, and in ensemble the musician never gave way to the virtuoso. Mr. Jaquet had won renown before he was called to Boston to take the place vacated by Mr. Molé. As a solo player he was chiefly known here by the solos incidental to orchestral works, and these were performed by him with unfailing accuracy, and modest but full command of the resources of his instrument. As an orchestral player he was exceedingly well equipped, and he contributed much to the high reputation of the orchestra under Mr. Paur. Mr. Weiss, although he was not so prominently placed, was an artist from sole to crown, a man of thorough and sound training. His taste and skill were recognized at once when he appeared at a Kniesel concert last season.

These men were honored and respected in the community. Mr. Pourtau was of a singularly sweet and lovable character. As a painter he showed indisputable talent, and, indeed, he was inclined toward painting as a profession, esteeming it above the branch of the profession in which he had won the first distinction at the Paris Conservatory. He was interested in modern French literature, especially in the ultra-modern poets and prose rhapsodists. And above all he was enamored of Nature. He found delight in hot landscapes, the glory of autumnal leaves, the white isolation of winter. He was generous in praise of colleagues or composers; he was kindly analytical in disapproval. I do not believe that he knew the meaning of the words envy and jealousy. In public and private, he was a man of delightful simplicity and honor. He ennobled the art that made him famous.

I speak of Mr. Pourtau from personal knowledge. I am told that Mr. Jaquet and Mr. Weiss were also high-minded in life as well as in art, and they too are mourned as men and as musicians.

The loss of such men is not confined merely to the orchestra or the immediate friends; the whole city shares in this loss; for they embellished a profession which is held here in high repute chiefly on account of the art and the character of such as these who last week met an untimely death.

The Daily Messenger (Paris) speaks of "Mrs. Hardy, née Caroline Mihr, the well-known American soprano." Mihr? Hardy? Did you ever hear of her?

Mr. R. A. Freeman in his "Travels and Life in Ashante and Jaman," which was published lately, says that the drum music of the Ashantis and Bon-tukutus is not mere indiscriminate thumping, but there is a beat for all manner of occasions, which the natives recognize at once.

The Pall Mall Gazette did not care for Mr. Bispham's performance in "Ade-laide" or for the play itself:

"We have a genuine kindness for Mr. Bispham. He is a genuine artist, with real intelligence, with large artistic resources and with a fine vocal power. But we are bound to confess that the play in which he appeared was not a very stimulating or a very convincing production. This stage-Beethoven found it almost impossible to speak with straightforwardness. His method of telling the lady of his heart that he was deaf was to pass the sentence through a roundabout maze of words, which in the end culminated in the remark that 'the gates of his chief sense are closed against him,' or some phrase to that effect. And his rhetoric, seeing that history makes of Beethoven the most arid of talkers, is worthy of a music master. He talks with prophecy upon his lips, withrodomontade in his brain, and his views of musical criticism are expressed with vigor. His critics are described as snarling curs; and he is quite confident that in future times they will raise marble monuments to the 'dead man,' whom living they despised. It will be seen from all this that there is something more than a touch of inevitableness in the play, and the gush of rhetoric with which it is accompanied is, we must frankly own, an unpalatable dish. Against these points there is this to be urged: Mr. Bispham made up to look as like the original as mortal man could possibly be. He made the likeness even more than wonderful. His acting, too, though touched with amateurishness, and inclined to lean, in vacant moments, on the support of reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving, was good, and he uttered his flowers of speech with sturdiness and self-confidence."

This version by Messrs. Hein and Bispham was produced at St. George's Hall, London, June 20. An adaptation of Dr. Hugo Müller's play was produced at the Vaudeville, London, July 5, 1887, when William Poel was the Beethoven and Mary Rorke was the Countess.

Mr. Blackburn will not bend the knee to Brahms. When Richter led the "Schicksalslied" in London, June 20, the reviewer was thus impressed: "At the risk of all the puny thunders of those who hold a different opinion—and to hold an impartial opinion about Brahms is to risk we scarce know how many puny thunders—we have to say again that this work is by no means all or nearly all that its admirers have claimed for it. Dr. Richter played it beautifully; that is, he gave us every

ounce of beauty which the work contained, but not Richter himself could rescue the choral passages from the dullness and obnoxiousness which are theirs by right, and which really belong to the period of Mendelssohn's 'Elijah.' The worst of it is that when you say these things one half of Brahms's blind admirers—we say blind, for we are among his sincere admirers with certain definite provisos—do not believe that you mean it, and the other half dismiss the matter in the belief that you have not yet reached the depths of that great soul. To the latter we can only reply that our complaint in this case is that the choral passages are not deep enough, but are dull precisely because they are so obvious."

Nor did Mr. Blackburn lose his head when Saint-Saëns led some of his own works at the Queen's Hall June 23, among them the Symphony in A minor.

It is impossible not to feel a certain kindness for this composer. He is exceedingly clever. There is no style in which he is not proficient. His mere learning must be immense. He has sympathy with almost every period of music, and he can sing you a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Weber, a Wagner (all signed Saint-Saëns) with the utmost unconcern and joy in life. There surely never was so numerous an individuality before. He is a sort of sublimely placed Fregoli. His transformations are complete and quick, and the versatility with which he changes his costume and his manner cannot be sufficiently admired. Take this symphony for example. The first movement has an antique solemnity about its fugue, its orchestral chasing of instrument after instrument, and the counterpoint is altogether irreproachable. It was extraordinarily clever, and quite attractive, in an irresponsibly amusing fashion. Then comes the adagio, a brief movement which the composer evidently purposed to be impressive in proportion to its brevity. But, as a matter of fact, although the melody is quite delicately orchestrated, with intelligence and insight, it has not the least depth or reality of sentiment. Thence we pass on to the Scherzo, which last

night was encored. Here, it seems to us, we have this composer at his essential worst and at his manufactured best. The chief melody is as absurd a piece of trifling as was ever sent away by a composer on an errand of pure entertainment. Its musical value is absolutely of no consequence. Yet it is not easy—it requires, indeed, a sternly alert sense of criticism—to refuse acknowledgment of the prettily brilliant costume in which it is dressed. It is not an unfamiliar, not a strange costume, but it is crowded with bright trivialities, with shining tinsel, and with imitation jewelry. The last movement is, perhaps, not so flagrant an example of trivial and vacuous phrases set among the daintiest possible details, but it belongs to the same order of work. We remember that some years ago, just before the production of an opera by M. Saint-Saëns, the composer, for excellent reasons of his own, created a week's sensation by taking a holiday without leaving any address behind him. He disappeared, and for a brief period the world wondered. Now that little historical fact seems to us to contain a very serious parable in respect of M. Saint-Saëns's musical achievement. You listen to this music, and you ask wonderingly—Where is M. Saint-Saëns? He literally disappears behind a veil, leaving behind him a mass of cleverly constructed music, versatile, various, and sometimes brilliant, but without a single personality behind it. We have heard that M. Saint-Saëns is one of the most exquisite of musical parodists. It has been said publicly that there is no style which he is incapable of imitating with the most humorous sensitiveness. Such a statement we most readily believe. His music at all times bears upon it the signs of an inspiration which, however full of gaiety, of quickness, of brightness, never takes upon itself a deep and individual thrill, a special, a separate, a private emotion."

Ternina has been crowned with the laurel in London, not only as Isolde, but as Sieglinde and Brünnhilde ("Siegfried"). Of her Sieglinde, one acute critic writes: "Madame. Eames conceives the character as one that drifts along a sad and weary current of fate. To Madame Ternina, Sieglinde had as much of the sheer woman in her composition as of the tool of a relentless disposition by 'high decree.' * * * Vocally she was as nearly perfect as could be. She has that power, which belongs only to a very modern school, of indicating the change of a thought—not only of an emotion, which was the ambition of an elder school—by a subtle change in the voice. This is as much as to say that she is a human singer with real and even remarkable brain-power. * * * Her acting, too, was free, astonishingly free, without any of that monotonous sort of statue-posing, which so many German singers have striven to impose upon us."

Of her Brünnhilde, the same critic writes: "Even as some of her predecessors have shown us how the part might be sung and should not be acted, so this noble artist showed both how it should be sung and should be acted. She stood intellectually within the character, and directed all her actions with absolute appropriateness. We knew not which to admire most, her spontaneity or the critical sense which im-

posed her to impersonate—no other phrase is adequate. So she passed royally from the joy of her awakening to the sorrow of her helplessness, and on to the supreme exultation of her final absorption in the heart, in the love, in the being of Siegfried. Not a slight emotion, not a right development of thought combined with emotion which this singer among singers, this actress among actresses, did not express fully and subtly."

Chevalier Scovel has undergone at Vienna a series of painful operations for some trouble in his right ear.

Miss Janotha, Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Cragie ("John Oliver Hobbes") played Bach's Triple Concerto June 17. The critics, stunned by this "unparalleled combination," forgot to criticise.

Paul Klengel, who will succeed Heinrich Zöllner as director of the Liederkreis, New York, is a brother of Julius Klengel, the celebrated cellist.

Poor old Sims Reeves is hard up. A letter "signed by several noblemen and gentlemen"—it appears that these terms are not synonyms—calls for subscriptions for the purpose of raising an annuity. Jean de Reszke has contributed \$500, and the London public may yet forgive him, even if his sacrifice of beard and mustache did not move their hearts in "Siegfried."

Philip Hale.

July 11

With music strong I come—with my cornets and my drums,
I play not marches for accepted victors only—
—I play great marches for conquer'd and slain persons.
Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?
I also say it is good to fall—battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.
I beat and pound for the dead; I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.
Vivas to those who have fall'd!
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!
And to those themselves who sank in the sea!
And to all Generals that lost engagements! and all overcome heroes!
And the numberless unknown heroes, equal to the greatest heroes known.

Our friend the Historical Painter says that there is no unknown hero, that the hero is always known.

The hero for whom the mob throws up caps is in the limelight. He is a spectacular figure dominating the scene. Thus you have heard of the piper Findlater of Darghal, who, because he plied after he was wounded in battle, received the Victoria Cross, was invited to be gatekeeper at Balmoral, and for a time gained money by piping in music halls of London.

The Engineer says that Lynch, the stoker, who made a heroic attempt to save a comrade on the occasion of the Thrasher disaster, has been seriously sick at the Stonehouse Naval Hospital and is now developing consumption. He has not been decorated, he has not been offered the position of gatekeeper at Balmoral, he has not been asked to do a turn at a music hall. He was a stoker without a limelight. He is unknown to you—but, the Historical Painter to the contrary notwithstanding—is he any the less a hero?

And there are heroes all around us—but they are not in the limelight, and Mr. Richard H. Davis has not deigned to use them for copy. You find them in the fire engine house, at the life saving station, in the tenement house. A pale, consumptive clerk works without a murmur to support his mother or his sister. Do you remember the humorist who, dying of cancer of the tongue, still ground daily his grist of quips and jokes, that his family might not suffer? He died not many years ago—and do you recall his name?

The Historical Painter is wrong. War is a mighty spectacle, and lucky are they whose walk or pose is in the glare of the limelight. More heroic are they that perform their tragedy without an audience, that hear not the applause or the recall. There are heroes of the first side.

Or is Cervara less heroic because he was defeated?

You know that Robert Evans is called "Fighting Bob?" Do you know the nicknames of the stokers in his ship?

There have been weddings in balloons and caves, and on mountain summits, and not long ago the old Public Library Building was hallowed by a marriage ceremony provided thoughtfully by Mr. Atkinson for the entertainment of lions and tigers, apes and snakes. There have been bike weddings. The latest variation is an electric wedding, which is reported by the Pall Mall Gazette. The contracting parties were an electrical engineer and a "lady telegraphist". They had wire

their love passages, and flashed proposal and acceptance. They went to church in electric motors, and when the voice that breathed o'er Eden was testing the staying properties of the roof, it was an electrical organ that accompanied it. A phonograph played out the happy pair with the Wedding March from "Lohengrin," and electricity carried them home to the wedding breakfast, every dish of which was indebted to the same fluid for its preparation. Later on, the lightning express carried the bride and bridegroom away for the honeymoon. By and by, no doubt, there will be a burst-up.

Some have claimed that the bicycle would restore men and women to a state of nature—not necessarily in dress, we hasten to explain—but in feeling and sympathy, and in disregard of the artificial and the unreal. We are therefore the more pained to read in the Cycle that the steady demand for false hair can be put down to the popularity of cycling. Artificially curled hair suffers, and you see in the window, "warranted secure in all weather fringes for cycling." Is it possible that some women who now give delight on the wheel have purchased "shapes"?

"William Blake's original drawings to illustrate Young's 'Night Thoughts,' nearly 500 in number, have been discovered in a London lumber room, and will soon be offered for sale."

This is a curious story. Blake was engaged in 1796 by a bookseller named Edwards, to illustrate an expensive edition of Young's "Night Thoughts," and it is said, Edwards paid him as designer and graver only a guinea a plate. The edition, which was to have been issued in parts, never got beyond the first, which appeared in the autumn of 1797, and included 43 plates, which had occupied Blake a year. Gilchrist adds, in his life of Blake, "A complete set of drawings for them had been made, which were afterward sold by Edwards for 20 guineas, and passed ultimately, I am told, into one of the royal collections."

Miss Eustacia, some of your sex in London are wearing a hat of biscuit-colored straw. It is made in a wide-brimmed sailor shape, and trimmed all round the crown with a full ruffle of white net, over which large spots of black chenille are scattered. High in front there are two white curled quills, sprinkled with glittering silver paillettes, while underneath the brim, grouped so that they rest upon the hair, there are three or four bunches of cherries, with cherry foliage, the stems tied with bows of black velvet ribbon.

To F. A. W.: The name of your politician rhymes with "bay."

The dreamy sunlight slips between the leaves,
Touching the tree-trunks in faint squares of gold.
And hangs about the silent poppy-sheaves
That sleep entranced, waiting things untold.
The birds are silent; scarce an insect flies.
The air is heavy with its own repose;
And in the grass in careless passion lies
The crimson petals of a fallen rose.

We have received letters, written in good faith, protesting—some of them shrieking against the policy pursued by the Trustees of the Public Library with reference to the old building on Boylston Street.

There is an appeal, "Save the old Library." Save it from what? From being a place of amusement in a season when there is a dearth of amusement for the thousands that are obliged to stay in the city? And then there are so many things to save here in Boston.

Several of these letters show acute hysteria. One of our correspondents—he does not sign his name—attempts to prove logically that such "desecration" will lead inevitably to overwhelming destruction, and that Boston a century hence will have disappeared from the face of the earth—with only a hoop-skirt or a tomato can to show where once stood the proud palaces of the Back Bay. His course of reasoning reminds us of the sermon preached by Mr. Jones in Cleveland, when Artemus Ward was of the congregation.

What's the dancing there's fiddling—what's the fiddling there's unrighteousness, and what's the unrighteousness is wickedness, and what's the wickedness is that's Jones.

We do not think that the Trustees need defenders, and we believe that they are able to justify all measures suggested by them; for they are not men who rush to a resolution without discussion or are blind to the true interests of a great public institution or are without civic pride.

Would they have allowed the carnival to be held at the Zoo if they had been satisfied abundantly as to the character and morals of Mr. Atkinson?

Another correspondent indulges himself in pleasing digression. "Was it not enough that our Music Hall, the temple of Art, was desecrated by cake walks?"

But a well-conducted cake walk, good sir, is a form of art. Hundreds of years ago a cake was the reward of grace and beauty. Turn to Plutarch's Symposiasts, Book VIII., Quest. 15, which treats of "Three parts in dancing, Motion, Gesture, Representation." What is the first sentence? "After the match of Dancing was proposed, and a Cake was the prize, the judges were Meniscus the Dancing Master, and my Brother Lamprias for he danc'd the Pyrric very well, and in the Paestral none could match him for the graceful motion of his Hands and Arms in Dancing."

The cake walk, as practised by our talented colored brethren is, perhaps, the highest form of classic dancing. It is true that some walk with more heat than art, but the cake is not handed to such as they. The true masters of the art, whether they show their skill in the straight, the comic, or the fancy, remind the well-informed of figures seen on ancient vases and other monuments of antiquity—compare the illustrations in Maurice Emmanuel's "La Danse Grecque antique" (Paris, 1896).

It would be well if these exhibitions were more closely studied by the white young men and maidens of this city. Harvard students might thus be persuaded to abandon the singular lops that has been cultivated for some years at Cambridge.

We recommend for family reading a new book written by a German educationalist: "Corporal Punishment Among all the Nations of the World from Ancient Times up to the Present Date."

The citizens of Omaha presented the First Regiment of New York Volunteers with cookies as it passed through that city on its way to Hawaii. This was, indeed, hospitable, if the cookies were the kind that mother used to make.

The Leipzig Tageblatt considers Mr. Poultney Bigelow to be the chief disturber of the friendly relations that have existed between the United States and Germany. And will these nations go to war on account of Mr. Bigelow? Perish the thought!

And now another pretty story, one that has been told since the night when the Jockey Club turned the first performance of "Tannhäuser" in Paris into pandemonium is exposed as a legend. It has been believed that the Princess Metternich, sitting in a box, broke her fan in vexation and anger at the cruel reception of Wagner's opera. Jules Janin wrote a pathetic feuilleton, a veritable elegy, beginning, "It is broken, the beautiful fan!" and he improvised a prose poem, abounding in rococo thought that would have delighted the literary amateurs of the 18th century.

And now the Princess is writing her memoirs. "The story that I broke my fan in anger was a fantastic invention of Jules Janin. I certainly was angry, but not angry enough to break a fan to which I was attached."

As a matter of fact, the Princess denied the incident in 1861. The Journal des Débats, speaking in her name, said: "The Princess refrained from breaking her beautiful fan; but she said when she left the theatre, 'In 25 years Wagner will be applauded by all Paris.'"

Captain Adrian C. Anson left the New York club because President Freedman "showered him with notes during the playing of the games, giving directions and suggestions. This Anson could not endure."

Mr. Charles Courtney thought of resigning his position as coach of the Cornell crews, because he was annoyed by suggestions of Professor Wheeler. Inasmuch as Mr. Courtney has promised never to forsake Cornell, it is fair to suppose that Professor Wheeler made a humble apology.

There is no story just now about Mr. Bob Cook.

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea.
I will go down to her, I and none other,
Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me;
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast;
O fair white mother, in days long past
Born without sister, born without brother,
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

The sea does not remember you, although you thought a year ago that you were on intimate terms with it. You went last week to greet it cordially. You had looked forward to the meeting. You put on a new bathing suit to maintain the favorable impression you made last July. But the sea was indifferent, cold, almost surly. It behaved as

though it had never met you in society, as though you had never been introduced; as though it were bored and wished to be alone. You were chagrined. You stammered, trying to quote complimentary speeches by Byron and Swinburne and Walt Whitman. The beach is now covered with stones, and, as you cannot swim, and are, therefore, obliged to jump up and down aimlessly or trudge with your arms to keep yourself warm, you were uncomfortable and ill at ease. You forget that the sea is old, very old; that it has allowed thousands and ten thousands to take liberties with it. Sometimes it is seized with a violent fancy for a man or woman and, jealous, will not allow any separation. Sometimes in anger, annoyed by excursion boats with violent brass bands, war vessels, ships of commerce, tyrannical masters and the frivolous, who complain of its appearance or compliment it, it exerts its strength, or, in lazy mood, it calls fog to its aid.

And you were not fully yourself until you were within the bath house, away from the eye of the sea. The bath house is warm. It reeks of humanity. For the bath house, too, is old, and its receptive wood has absorbed the exhalations of many mortals. It has tried to clasp in its arms the peerless beauty, Miss Eustacia. It has moved as far away as possible from Mr. Soaks, a fine old rounder, who bathes for his health. For the bath house is as common as a barber's chair. It envies its neighbor, which has known only one owner, the pale brunette with mournful, haunting eyes, whom the sea welcomes to its embrace with a hoarse shout of exultation.

The entertaining writer of a department in the Pall Mall Gazette entitled "The Bran-Pie of Current Literature," warns all good Christians against the infection of anthropology. He cites the sad case of Mr. Andrew Lang. He insinuates that in its sequelae indulgence in anthropology, ethnology, etc., is more deleterious than a debauch in the literature of golf. He reads Professor Haddon's "Study of Man" and finds that, like absinthe, it titillates the palate and undermines the constitution.

"After glancing through the opening pages the reader is fired with the desire—that is the first symptom—to study his fellow-man according to the rules of the game. The author provides him with all the apparatus, and explains its uses in the simplest of terms. The terrible consequences of the disease become immediately apparent. You measure the friend of your youth and tell him that, being hyper-dolichocephalic and slightly prognathous and obviously cymotrichous, you cannot guarantee that he is not of Polynesian origin or remotely connected with the Hairy Ape, and you lose his regard for life. You tell the partner of your joys and sorrows that she is leptorhine, and that her nasal base is reflected. She remarks that you are a Beast, and retires in tears. It leaves you unmoved, except to mark down her nasal index. It is no use explaining afterwards that all you meant was that you saw 'her slender nose tip-tilted like the petal of a flower,' only that Tennyson had a crudely unscientific way of putting things."

They were talking at the Porphyry about the solitary American citizen at the Ladrone who woke in the morning to find that he was Captain General. The musician said that he was reminded of the promotion of Fritz in "La Grande Duchesse." And Mr. Auger, with a tremor in his voice and with bugging eyes, exclaimed, "Think of it! He may be appointed Postmaster!"

The Irish jaunting car is the most extraordinary vehicle in the world, seeing that it is the only conveyance in which the wheels are protected from wind and weather at the expense of the traveler's legs.

The cruelty of justice! No wonder that even in Paris they talk of suppressing public executions, and here is Delbler, the executioner, threatening to resign his office. A correspondent writes: "The absence of Mr. Delbler will rob the executions of much of their horror. A more weirdly repulsive figure it would be difficult to conceive than this old, old man, limping about under his old dilapidated silk hat, built in the fashion of 1848, with his methodical beard and black surcoat (the last of the surtouts), his squinting, villainous eyes, and sensuous, pendulous, Fagin-like nose, and infinite morgue." His hands are dyed with the blood of over 500 wretched fellow-creatures, murderers doubtless, but the pride and joy of the man in his loathsome occupation is horrible beyond description."

Mr. Delbler should write his memoirs. He might tell stories in rivalry with Marwood, the hangman. For the de-

meanor of persons about to be executed varies much. Mr. Pritchard of Glasgow, the murderer, said to the doctor who stood near him on the scaffold, "It's a very cold morning, doctor; oughtn't you to put on your coat?" Mr. Wainwright, who had been a Scripture-reader, was obscene and blasphemous. Mr. Peace did not allow his mind to wander. When Mr. Marwood had put the rope round Peace's neck, and was running up the washer to keep it in its place, Peace observed: "Aren't you a-pulling of it rather tight, Mr. Marwood?" "Oh, no," was the reply. "I won't hurt you."

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:
I told the Quietist this noon that over in London a number of women are forming a club to be limited to members that have studied in the Latin Quarter. They are bent on thus rediscovering Bohemia, that delectable land with many ports. I asked him, "Will they drink beer from the bottle and smoke short clays, or will they indulge themselves in the wilder dissipation of pink tea and violet-scented cigarettes?"

The Quietist refused to consider the question. "Never mind those foreigners," he answered; "let me tell you about a real Boston Bohemian whom I met the other day." Yours truly, C. H. W.

THE BOHEMIAN.
His collar was ambitiously climbing, his cravat was violent, his cuffs were obtrusive. His eyes surveyed his person and said plainly, "It is good." He ordered two Manhattan cocktails, and remarked loudly to his companion—a plain young man whom the cows were still missing—"Yes, my boy, a cocktail is the thing before dinner."

It was 1 o'clock, and they were in a hot and flaring restaurant. At the next table, a fat man sat without coat or waistcoat. His suspenders were wet. Behind their table was a pimply fellow with purple rings around his eyes, drinking lithia water and smoking a T. D. Colored paper hung from the ceiling. The flies that were not on the tables harassed the landlord's sleepy bull-pup. A humpback was peddling flowers. Somebody outside was fiddling to a harp accompaniment an imitation of a Neapolitan ditty.

The cocktails were drained, and the order, "New England boiled dinner for two and two beers," heard by a yawning waiter with a blue shawl, was passed along.

"You always dine here?" asked the countryman.

"Usually," was the answer; "here or in some other place where I can get my beer—have to have my beer. It's different here than to home, ain't it, Jack?"

He smiled, showing gold-plugged teeth. His hair was parted in the middle—evidently much against its wish.

"You see when I came to Boston I made up my mind to see life, and I soon got in with a fine crowd—regular Bohemians. One of them has something to do with the theatre and he knows a thing or two about the stage. He's promised to introduce me to Birdie Beeswing, who sings 'Twas different when mother was young.' O, I don't know! Heh Jack!" And he poked Jack in the ribs.

"And there's a reporter in the same house with us. You ought to meet him. He's a regular Don Juan. Brilliant fellow, too. They think the world of him at the Bugle office. I tell you, when you come to the old Hub for good, I'll show you about; I've summered and wintered with this city and been through it with a dark lantern. There that tall man going by is Mayor Quincy."

He looked about, he looked the look of one wishing to show his ease in a strange place. Dirty-aproned waiters were bearing soap-dishes filled with things to eat. There was the noise of hurried feeding. You heard German as well as English. Some one dropped a cent in the slot of a mechanical banjo, which thereupon plink-planked and plunked a mechanical penny tune.

"Most of the chaps where I work are poor things; they eat at a milk and sandwich place. That doesn't suit me. Give me a Bohemian's life!"

He threw out his chest, and his nostrils steamed tobacco smoke.

The pimply fellow with purple rings around his eyes cried suddenly, "Cash!"

The Bohemian started from his chair. He saw a man entering the restaurant. "Good Lord! There's my boss! If he sees me, I'm done for."

He dropped his cigarette and reached for his hat. The Bohemian edged his way toward a side door that opened on the alley.

The rude countryman again cried "Cash!" The countryman looked at him, and they laughed pleasantly together.

THE QUIETIST.

London police court records tell many s of harassing domesticity. Early a month a man made an application a magistrate for advice as to what could do with his dear wife, who s in the habit of screaming "Mur- thereby causing him much an- nance." The magistrate said he did not stop her from screaming urder," if she were so inclined. If should strike him, he could help n. And then he pronounced this sol- n dictum: "It is the duty of a hus- and to keep his wife in order, but I not tell him how." And when the etched husband spoke passionately a variation of "Won't you tell me w, Robin?" the magistrate said that could have his wife examined by o doctors.

July 15

As you look up from your book to light ur pipe—it went out in that exciting pas- sage in the 24th chapter—the church clock strikes twelve, and you are conscious of the llence around about you. It is so quiet hat the purring of your pipe is loud. The adwellers are asleep; even the piano in No. 2 is still. You return to your book, a book hat tells tales of fighting men. And in the 1st chapter again your pipe goes out, al- though you are breathing quietly. This time ou do not light it. You hear running foot- steps in the street, you hear husky oaths, fastening to the window, you cool your head a the night. Right below your windows— hat luck!—two night-prowlers, a cabby and a tramp, are scrapping beautifully in the ght of the interested and admiring moon. ou enjoy yourself hugely for three or four minutes; you regret the intrusion of a police- man, though you look forward to the rush of he patrol wagon. It comes, it goes. Oaths re fainter; they die away. Then you close he window. Your book lies on the floor, he book that tells tales of fighting men. ou look it aside contemptuously and go com- fortably to bed.

Commodore Schley addressed Ad- miral Cervera in "perfect Spanish." The correspondent of The Associated Press says he did, and of course the correspondent knows Spanish when he ears it.

A man killed himself the other day. The final sentence of the account of his death was as follows: "He was despondent, although he had \$800 in his ocket." You see there is still the de- sult that happiness is merely an af- air of money.

This reminds us that there are rich people now in their cottages who ne- gected to pay bills of small amount be- fore they left the city. The music cacher, the humble dressmaker, the obbler, the carpenter that put on a ale lock, the washerwoman—in a word, al that did small jobs and sent in "trifling accounts" will not receive the money due them until late in Septem- ber or October.

C. H. W. writes to the Journal: "Graceful bowing is fast becoming one of the lost arts. Few are proficient in t, and, indeed, the difficulties are many. Perhaps you are fat, tubby; you wear a twenty-inch collar, and you find that even a mere inclination of the head is a burden, for it induces disagreeable rushes of blood. Or you are tall, lean, scraggy, and, when you bow, being a sensitive plant, you think of stringed marionettes and dread the smile of the man in the street. You can remember times when the critical moment has ound you unprepared; your hands were n your pockets. Or you recall the time when you were wearing a cap and you clutched instinctively and vainly at a nat-brim. Even now you flush, remem- bering grotesque poses and involuntary caricatures of the line of beauty."

But this is a digression. We were speaking in artless fashion of riches, happiness, and the contemptible forget- fulness or meanness of certain well-to- do persons.

It is with great pleasure that we now publish an original poem written especially for the Boston Journal by J. Gordon Coogler, Esq., of Columbia, S. C. This masterpiece of rhythm, color and imagination inculcates a healthy moral, and it can be read to the children after supper without provoking embarrassing questions. This cannot be said of certain poems by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Byron, Swinburne or our own Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The title of Mr. Coogler's poem is

FATE WILL MAKE ME POOR INDEED. What tho' I gain the glittering gold of earth, Pile high that shining dust around my feet, Yet Fate will make me when I lay me down to die, As poor as the poorest wretch that walks the street.

What tho' my mansion here on earth be fair, And I sit in the broad chamber of revelry, Yet naught am I but the guest of a few sad hours, While the carriage, Death, waits at the door for me.

What tho' I feel my riches are great While I shun the ragged form that pass me by; Yet I'm not great, but rather small, indeed, For they may have lived a nobler life than I. Then I shall strive to live in view of that bright home, Where the poor of earth are clothed in gar- ments fair— O'er my lone tomb place no shining marble slab— Let the hand of love plant sweet violets there. I'd rather know some loving feet were ling'ring near That lonely mound where lies my tired form, Than to know that o'er my head a monu- ment of stone Towered unto heaven, withstanding ev'ry storm.

J. GORDON COOGLER. Columbia, S. C.

The Chief Surgeon has recommended

that all members of regimental bands should be instructed in hospital drill and first aid to the wounded. Would it not be well for members of some of our concert and theatre orchestras to sub- mit to like discipline for the possible benefit of audiences? But we bow re- spectfully to any decision handed down by Mayor Quincy and his Music Com- mission.

Even the saintly women of New Eng- land a century and a half ago knew the saving grace of good looks. Thus Es- ther Edwards, the eldest sister of Jon- athan Edwards, entered in her diary Sept. 18, 1725, "Business so urgent have not been able to make any remarks these two days—today comeliness of person, stirred up to bless God for that and other of his favors." An entry made years later reads: "Thanked the Lord for more than usual comeliness of countenance." Nor did she scorn the assistance of dress. She made this en- try Sept. 9, 1725: "God's presence—con- siderable sense of spiritual things. I was also in the evening stirred up to thankfulness by a new garment."

July 16

A man of letters despises the public to such a degree that he writes for the public things that he himself despises.

The object of a summer vacation—which is taken often with inconvenience and at considerable expense—is to find and keep rest—in spite of slamming blinds, mosquitoes, ill-bred and tyrannical children, sour bread, an imperfectly organized but violent piano, early risers who sleep or pretend to sleep in the room over you, shouting players of whist, the young man in the crash suit to whom a woman once said, "I had rather hear you whistle than hear any- body else sing," the table girl with stertorous breathing apparatus, and things and persons like unto these.

Why does a man with thick boots per- sist in getting up at half-past six in the morning? There is nothing for him to do; the beach is not near the house; he never goes gunning or fish- ing; solitaire—even Napoleon with the 40 cards—is incongruous at such an hour; the breakfast bell does not ring until 8 or 8.15, according to the mood of the cook. Pondering this question, you remember sentences of Hazlitt: "The stress laid upon early rising is prepos- terous. If we have anything to do when we get up, we shall not lie in bed, to a certainty." You recall that Thomson the poet was found late in bed by Dr. Burney, and asked why he had not risen earlier. To which the poet replied, "I had no motive, young man." What motive has the distur- ber? Now you have it. He exercises on the piazza under your window. Tramp, tramp! No wonder that at 8 or 8.15 his appetite makes the keeper of the boarding house tremble.

The ideal summer cottage has no piano. There is a piano, of course, at Deadville, for though you wander along the coast or scramble through forests, like Don Juan you never find your ideal. The piano is out of tune. "Then, of course, nobody plays on it."

O ingenious Madam! In a sketch by our old friend, Jules Renard, the hus- band of a woman who has a salon—o thinks she has, it's the same thing—pours out his soul to a young fellow who has been advised to go into so- ciety, if he would prosper.

"They swarm in my house, they scarcely look at me, they smoke up my cigars, they paw my books, they drink all my beer and Scotch. I nail down the rugs to prevent them from jolting their bi-monthly linen; but they would dance on my belly. I put the piano out of tune; but they would play on a set of false teeth".

The smaller amateur knows not that he would stammer through a nocturne by Chopin if le Pachmann were in the room. He not only does not know the whole of any tune; he does not know that the piano is out of tune. His en- joyment is thorough, honest, long-abid- ing.

The women annoy you. Not by their charms. These knitters in the sun, gos- sips on the piazza, screamers at cards are no doubt estimable maids or de- voted mothers. But your eyes are not feasted.

You look with relief at the maid-ser- vant from the city. Tall, willowy—we promised a dear dead aunt in the days beyond recall never to use the word "evette"—watch her, as she raises her arms to trim the hanging lamp, as she bends to nurse the fire. If you should surprise her carrying a pail of slops, the lines and curves of her pliant fig- ure would still awaken the envy of the visitors with their elaborate summer- costumes. The black-corset of the art- less maid is covered by a shirt-waist of kindly thinness. You choke with emotion when you ask her for fresh toast. Your admiration, however, is buried deeply in your heart, for your spouse described her the first day of your sojourn as "a pert thing." Pert? The very type of gentleness and amia- bility. You recall the happy life of friends who married "beneath them." And then there was King Cophetua.

And this maid is at the beck and call of every one. A woman in one of Pré- vost's stories said, "There are two classes of men whom it is necessary to treat with insolence, if you wish to get anything from them: Servants and men in search of a wife."

There are women that are not as generous. They would say two classes, without the limitation of sex in the first instance.

You wish that the note of Sala to the world "help" in the first English edition of "Artemus Ward, His Book," were true today. "The word 'servant' grates harshly on an American ear".

And see how prettily the hair with its amorous curls grows on the creamy nape of the maid's neck!

We just now mentioned Hazlitt's name. His essay "On the Pleasure of Hating" is an admirable, consoling book for summer reading. Did you go to Deadville or Whooperup Point with an old and trusty friend? "The most amusing or instructive companion is at best like a favorite volume, that we wish after a time to lay upon the shelf; but as our friends are not will- ing to be laid there, this produces a misunderstanding and ill blood between us." Did you take with you a favorite book—Dugdale's "Monasticon"—or Donovan's "Complete Barkeeper's Guide"? Hazlitt answers you: "We take a dis- like to our favorite books after a time, for the same reason. We cannot read the same works forever. Our honey- moon, even though we wed the Muse, must come to an end; and it is followed by indifference, if not by disgust." And then your liver is sluggish, for it is too hot to exercise, or rheumatic twinges attend the down-pour of rain "that is worth thousands of dollars to the farm- ers". And you are first really happy when you came to Hazlitt's conclusion:

Unravelling the web of human life into its various threads of meanness, spite, coward- ice, want of feeling, and want of understand- ing, of indifference toward others and igno- rance of ourselves—seeing custom prevail over all excellence, itself giving way to infamy—mistaken as I have been in my public and private hopes, calculating others from my- self, and calculating wrong; always dis- appointed where I placed most reliance; the dupe of friendship, and the fool of love; have I not reason to hate and to despise myself? Indeed I do; and chiefly for not having hated and despised the world enough.

July 17

MUSIC.

There is little or no news concerning new works, dramatic or orchestral or choral, for the season is over. From Paris we learn that Massenet's "Cin- derella" and Paul Puget's "Much Ado About Nothing" are in rehearsal at the Opéra Comique, and the successor of Pierné, late organist at Sainte Clotilde, is Charles Tournemire, who took the first organ prize at the Conservatory in 1891. There were 30 competitors for the church position.

Do you ask, Is there no news nearer home?

There are rumors, madam, concerning the conductor of the venerable Handel and Haydn—and when of late years have there not been rumors concerning this institution?

Mr. Frank Deane, of New York, has been invited to give the thrilling performance of "The Me- lissa" in Music Hall. Others say that the coy, amorous reluctance of Mr. George W. Chadwick may at last be overcome. After all, what does it mat- ter to the infinite?

Our old friend Mrs. Emma Eames, as well as Milka Ternina, has won ap- plause in London at Covent Garden. Mr. Blackburn performed a brilliant crescendo of praise in her honor. When he first saw her in June as Sieglinde, he admired her in a certain kindly spirit.

"It seemed to us that she had con- ceived the part with a most intelligent care. If you come to think of it, Sieg- linde can scarcely be conceived as a human creature at all. She is no more than the implement of destiny. Be- yond the activity of a fated love there is nothing of impulse in the part. She is as classic, in the cant sense of the term, as any personality of Greek trag- edy. She is there to fulfill ulterior is- sues, issues of but small importance to herself, but of vital interest to the world of Wagner's immense conception. It was this point of view which Mme. Eames seemed quite rightly to as- sume. For this reason she ap- peared as a creature swept along by no personal volition, but by an exterior doom, against which it was all in vain to struggle. From the vocal standpoint she was exceed- ingly good. It was delightful to hear this music sung by an artist who cares only for beauty of expression. Without effort, without strain, she sang these phrases turn by turn, showing that Wagner wrote for the voice as surely and as certainly as did any artist, even Mozart himself. Those who think that Wagner's music is fitted only for drea- mation and not for the exercise of a pure, true, and sympathetic voice should listen to the new Sieglinde. If they would have their views corrected and set right, Mme. Eames, by the way, should surely set a fashion in the costumes of future Sieglindes; there is grace in her raiment combined with many subtle suggestions of a barbar- ous time which show at least a careful and intelligent attention to effective de- tails."

When he heard her again in "Die Walküre" with Ternina as Brünnhilde, his admiration was turned, as he him- self said, into something like enthusi- asm.

"Still retaining her ideal of Sieglinde as she first showed it to us, she now infuses into it a noble personal passion, a fine abandonment of feeling. After this display we shall refuse to listen to the silly catchword which has too long followed the trail of this artist—that despite the splendor of her voice, her acting is cold and insignificant. She is Wagner's Sieglinde, and both acts and sings the part with extraor- dinary beauty and intelligence. We are certain that she surprised the house, which showed its appreciation in a very marked way; she did not surprise us, for we were convinced, after her first performance of this part, that she only needed to throw aside a certain veil of nervousness to make her completely successful. That she has now done, and it only remains for her to give us more and greater interpretations of greater parts conceived in the same spirit of intelligence and thoughtfulness."

We find Felix Weingartner—the great conductor whom the "Cabinet" in the Boston Symphony Orchestra did not wish as successor to Mr. Paur—we find Mr. Weingartner hearing a per- formance of "Die Meistersinger" in London and eulogizing the performance, in spite of absurd cuts and the fact that it was sung in Italian—a language that disturbs nobody but an ultra American-German Wagnerite. He praised the Eva of Emma Eames in no uncertain tones, although he confessed that inferior German singers were more temperamental Evas.

For Mrs. Emma Eames is cold, Mr. Blackburn, she is substantially, inher- ently cold, although she was brought up in Maine.

And how warmly Mr. Weingartner praised Luigi Mancinelli for his con- ducting.

"He led with so much temperament and energy, with such an accurate com- prehension of the melos, with such fine understanding where the orchestra should be supreme and where it should be subordinate (and all this without nervousness, without any affectation of the fatal tempo rubato), that I wished many German conductors had been here to learn from him."

This is the same Mancinelli who was so flippantly abused in New York by impassioned Seidelites. If my memory does not betray me, they called him "Dago!" But their conversion to Wag- ner was of recent date, and they really believed that Mr. Anton Seidl was the only one who knew just what Wag- ner wished.

Weingartner, by the way, has fin- ished a symphony in G major. Rich- ard Strauss and Humperdinck are at work on symphonies, it is said.

August Klughardt of Dessau has fin- ished an oratorio, "The Destruction of Jerusalem."

You may remember that Mr. Richard Kohl of New York played his decide-

ness, and at the first performance of Mr. Lothar's "Death of Tintagiles." It was the first appearance of the instrument in any symphony concert. The inventor is now in Europe, where the instrument has excited attention and won the hearty approbation of Messrs. Richard Strauss, Nikisch and Mottl.

They are holding a "Grand National and International Musical Congress" at Turin this month.

"Zinnobier," a humorous-fantastic opera in three acts, libretto and music by Siegmund von Hausegger, was produced at Munich for the first time on any stage June 13. The libretto is founded on one of E. T. A. Hoffmann's stories. The young composer, conductor at Graz, had already written a one-act opera and a symphony.

A feature of the orchestration of Mascagni's new opera "Iris," which will be produced at Rome in October, will be 24 tom-toms, "tuned chromatically," which will be used in a chorus sung at a Japanese festival.

The performance of Auber's "The Pumb Girl of Portici" at Berlin reminds one of the critics of a remark of von Billow, who was once asked in Vienna how he liked the pantomimist who took the part of Fenella. He replied, "Excellent! She is the only one who is not off the key."

Alfred Bruneau has finished two acts of his new opera, "The Storm." Zola wrote the libretto, and the piece may be produced at the Paris Opéra next winter.

There seems to be no prospect of the new municipal opera house in Paris. The municipality announced that it could not afford to lose the \$16,000 which was the yearly rental of the theatre desired for the project, and was, of course, less prepared to offer the necessary subscription of \$60,000. The members of the Municipal Council voted against the plan almost to a man.

Miss Clara Butt, a favorite contralto in London—she is over six feet in height—sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" at the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Blackburn did not like her or it.

"The song is one which clamors to be ended; the less of it the better. But Miss Butt sang it as if it were a funeral march. And the long-drawn phrases given thus became intolerably monotonous, making one all the more inclined to intolerance when the singer showed as full and as intense an emotion here as she did earlier in the concert when she sang so purely and so delightfully Handel's exquisite 'Thou Shalt Bring Them In.' That she sang this air exceedingly well must be most freely acknowledged. The worst of it is that she really does not seem to know the difference between good and bad music; that is, she shows the same emotion and poignancy in the bad as in the good, thus making the bad far worse than even it deserves to seem."

These remarks may well be pondered by local and shorter singers.

Mr. Timothee Adamowski played Bruch's "Scotch" Fantasia at a Philharmonic concert in London June 23. The Musical Times says of him: "The solo part was interpreted with a pure, silvery tone and a style in which dignity and brilliancy were happily blended."

I hope that Mr. F. W. Wodell of Boston will publish the address he delivered in New York June 24 before the Music Teachers' National Association. Certain extracts that I have seen are full of good sense. For instance:

"American pupils are intelligent and quick of perception. They lack, however, seriousness in their views of vocal study. They too often choose teachers without common sense or discrimination. They find it hard to labor and to wait, and are not willing to subordinate themselves to their instructors. Vocal teachers should preserve the dignity of their office, and not pander to the notions of their pupils, and thus alone can they secure obedience and respect."

"The unfortunate habit of so many American students of changing teachers is a hindrance to good work on the part of the pupils, and does a grievous injustice to the teachers. Its cause can be found mainly in the presence of an inordinate conceit in the pupil. Teachers are, however, sometimes to blame in bringing about this state of affairs by publicly criticising other teachers' work. A persistent effort should be made to educate parents and pupils to look upon the choice of a teacher as a serious matter, and to discountenance frequent changes of instructors."

"Pupils hearing grand opera artists and inferring that of course these are the models to be followed, determine to follow some one of these and try to imitate a peculiarity of voice or expression. This tendency obviously is one which would be a source of danger to the pupil and of trouble for the teacher. Teachers should insist on pupils following the instructors without reference to the grand opera artists' voices or performances."

"Modern European composition in opera has enthroned the voice and elevated the orchestra, owing to the way in which prominent artists brought out the operas have done their work. Vocal pupils have been encouraged to loudly applaud impassioned singing as though it were good singing. They have noted that singers have been persistently off the key, have been unable to exhibit a genuine legato,

and yet, because of their musicalship, their passion and fervor, have been greatly praised. Therefore the pupils return to their studies under the impression that they, too, must strive for loud, intense tones, no matter whether they sing with good quality or not."

I hear that Mrs. Camilla Urso is writing her memoirs, telling her adventures in the fifties, when there was not so much widespread interest in music in this country as there is today.

Mr. Aldo Antonietti has signed a contract with Mr. Wolfsohn for a tour in America during the season of 1899-1900.

There was a special interest attaching to Rose Caron and Van Dyck's appearance together in Brussels, on the occasion of M. Joseph Dupont's jubilee as conductor of the Symphonic Society for 25 years. They made their debuts together in Brussels at the popular Concert on April 8, 1883. Mrs. Caron, then unknown, sang "Elizabeth's Prayer" and Isolde's "Liebestod." A few days after she was engaged for the Théâtre de la Monnaie. Van Dyck, then a simple student, sang, under the initials M. N., the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" with such success that the following year he was engaged by M. Lamoureux for Paris. A lack of knowledge was shown by a writer on the subject of the above jubilee in the Critique Musicale. As a compliment to Dupont the orchestra played the choral from "Die Meistersinger," "Glory to Our Sachs," which was reported to be "a triumphal ode in honor of M. Dupont."

Charles Lecocq may live in a leading case in French law. When he married the wife from whom he was divorced a year ago the marriage contract declared that the parties should share in common all property that might be acquired during their married life. The divorced wife brought suit for half of the composer's author's rights and royalties on all works composed during that period. The Paris courts have decided in her favor, holding that intellectual works are products of the husband's trade, and in the eyes of the law are not to be distinguished from the material products of commerce or industry, and that under such contracts the wife has a right to an equal share in the profits of the husband's writings, plays, compositions, paintings, or sculpture. Moreover, though divorced, the wife continues to be a business partner, and must be made a party to all future contracts involving the use of author's rights in works produced during the period of wedlock.

Hillemacher's new lyric drama, "Circe," has been handed to the manager of the Paris Opera-Comique.

Haydn's "Seasons" was produced lately at Toulouse—as a novelty.

Mr. Blackburn was "not very much attracted" by Nordica's acting of the part of Isolde. "Though she sang for the most part exceedingly well, she does not communicate that peculiar and poignant thrill which distinguishes the impersonation of the Croatian artist (Ternina). * * * Isolde is a character that requires the most tremendous sincerity, and we regret that Mme. Nordica is a little lacking in stage sincerity. She can simulate, but she never disguises the simulation so completely as to create an atmosphere of actuality. Still, for her fine singing everything has to be forgiven her."

Philip Hale.

July 18

Boston, July 14.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:
Your talk about heroism the other day and your acknowledgment that Cervera was not less a hero because he was defeated prompts me to send to the Journal verses that may look like a pro-Spanish poem. But it is not a pro-Spanish poem; it is simply an endeavor to emblazon, as befits the occasion, the heroic moral, a thing that, I take it, is wider than any country or creed.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

LOS CONQUISTADORES.

Not a flag was struck on any of the Spanish vessels and the crews went down fighting the guns.—Account of Battle of Manila in New York Herald.

Tears! for the love of Spain,
Tears! for the proud foe slain,
As the smoke blows back,
From war's black wrack,
On the far-off Asian main.

Tears! for the hopeless cause,
For despairing valor's pause,
That won its crown
As the ship went down
Into the deep's black maws.

Tears! for their glory's shroud,
Than conquering guns more loud
O'er the battle-cry
Swells the pean high
For the foe that can do or die!

A correspondent asks excitedly in the name of justice why the names of great and good men are used to push along cheap cigars. Probably to show that fame is only smoke.

They practised medicine thoroughly in old New England days. A physician showed us yesterday a letter written in 1660 to Dr. John Winthrop, Jr., of Pequot, Ct. "I wish you would send more medicine for my daughter. The medicine you first sent was very effective. First it roft her upwards, and then it roft her downwards. Please send some more."

A physician of the same period was not always cock-sure. Witness this admirable reply to a patient seeking advice: "If the conditions are not known, it is dubiousome to do."

There is, naturally, discussion concerning the proper diet for the gallant troops in Cuba. It seems to us that imitation of the habit of living observed in New Orleans would be more healthful in Santiago than the blind following of the diet in Northern cities. Thus the July day should begin with coffee and a roll—or an egg, if one prefers. Breakfast should be eaten at 10 or 11 o'clock. Liver is a good dish, cut thick and served hot. Mushrooms, truffles and garlic should be used constantly. Sweetbreads, oysters, and brains are healthful, if eaten in moderation. Venison, chicken and squirrel are to be preferred to roast beef or mutton. Claret should be consumed freely—in a large tumbler half filled with ice and diluted with water.

Mr. Quiller Couch says that he pronounces his name "Cooch." He adds that his hair is red. Such definite information is welcome, for now we can all go to sleep.

You remember, no doubt, Bret Harte's poem about the singular bird with a manner absurd, the Australian Emu.

Old saws and gimlets
Its appetite whets

Like the world-famous bark of Peru.

(We quote from memory, and we hope that somebody who uses the newspaper as a waste-pipe to his intellect will write a sneering letter of correction.)

Bret Harte represented the bird as hard-hearted and greedy. Yet the Emu can be emotional. Witness this tale originally told at a meeting of the Aborigines Protection Board in Sydney: An old "gin" named Louisa, who died a short time ago in the Aborigines Reserve at Balranald, had two emus as pets, and when she was taken ill they were much troubled. When she died and the relatives were removing the body for burial, the birds became excited and insisted on following. The mourners strove to keep them back, but one bird succeeded in evading restraint, and marched solemnly with the funeral procession. A river had to be crossed, and it was thought that the distaste of the emu to deep water would stop it, but the bird plunged in and swam across, and was present at the burial of the body. Since then both emus have wandered about disconsolate.

Is there a Ninoff in Boston? This Brazilian mind-reader, who has excited Europeans, is not obliged to clutch you wildly, nor does he drag you about the room, raising dust and perspiration. He is blindfolded, and all you have to do is to think—just think. "He takes the particular banknote you are thinking about out of your pocketbook, and writes down what you think is the number of it. He follows your thought audibly through a collection of locks of hair and states as correctly as you

can remember the particular carum caput every specimen was grown upon. All he asks of you is concentrated thought." This is surely an improvement on the peripatetic, athletic school of mind reading.

We learned the other day that a son of the late "Brick" Pomeroy can recite Milton's "Paradise Lost" without a single error, and yet lives on \$1 a week and has no visible means of support. We fail to see the logical connection of the two clauses, and are interested chiefly in the feat of memory. Mr. Pomeroy has had illustrious predecessors. Last year an Italian recited in public the whole of Dante's "Divine Comedy." Such a feat is not so wonderful perhaps as that performed by William Lyon, an itinerant player at Edinburgh in the last century, who for a crown bowl of punch (a liquor of which he was very fond), repeated the whole contents of a Daily Advertiser from the beginning to the end without making a mistake.

For a good 10 minutes I industriously and persistently hunt the bore in cousin Richard—pursue its phantom now along one blind alley, now along another, till I begin to have a baffled feeling suggestive of a nightmare. And all the time I hunt to the accompaniment of the click of my own knitting-needles, the flicker of the fire, and the ceaseless, monotonous sound of cousin Richard's voice. Every now and then I am recalled from the hunt by his asking me whether I do or I do not think so. And I smile vacuously and

say I do or I do not, which, it comes to, is the tip of my tongue, trusting that he will not press the inquiry. He seldom does. For, as a matter of fact, he cares little whether I do or I do not think so—his immediate aim being, not to elicit my opinions, but to relieve himself of as many of his own in a given time, without concerning himself as to where they go or how they are received.

Mr. Auger cannot understand it. "Only a few months ago people would not go to Portsmouth and its neighborhood because the Spaniards were coming. Now they rush there in crowds because the Spaniards have landed."

Here is an extract from a volume of essays entitled "Musings": "The diraditions of atlantean cocoonery is an unsophisticated spatterdasher of symbolical proverbialism, and a zanthidium of natrotile demarcation. The paleography of tumerle albugo is ever disturbing the languishment of your matriculation, and urging you on to the battlements of Eastern snobbery, until in absolute titillation you find yourself in a typographical tornado of hydrology." It is only fair to your intelligence for us to admit confidentially that the book was written by a clergyman while he was confined in a private lunatic asylum.

Andrew Lang is at work on an edition of the "Arabian Nights," which Longmans, Green & Co. are to publish.

This being interpreted, means that Mr. Lang will contribute a preface giving several reasons why he does not think much of the book.

J. S. asks: "Who was the author of the saying 'An army moves like a serpent upon its belly.' We are just out of miscellaneous information today, and even if we had a choice stock, there is very little ice in the refrigerator. Our impression is that Frederick the Great was the deep thinker, but it may have been Doctor Watts or the late Artemus Ward. Some read 'worm' for serpent."

You go a long journey, and you spend much money to see the Alps. Mr. Stephen Gwynn's "Memorials of James Northcote"—an entertaining book, just published—tells us that when the painter crossed Mount Cenis he pulled a nightcap over his eyes that the horror of peak and gorge might not offend him. "But the taste for mountain scenery," says Mr. Gwynn, "was still accounted an affectation in 1779." And this was the same Northcote of whom Hazlitt said: "I have lived on his conversation with undiminished relish ever since I can remember—and when I leave it, I come out into the street with feelings lighter and more ethereal than I have at any other time." We doubt whether Northcote would have talked with Hazlitt in an Alpine pass. The gloomy grandeur would have chilled his chatter. Perhaps, after all, Hazlitt's idol was a painter, not an artist.

"Dagonet" writes in the Referee—in the columns known familiarly as Custard and Mess—"I had a smile at my own expense when I read this in the Westminster Gazette anent the Press Bazaar: Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree recited Dagonet's 'Told to the Missionary' with great feeling, after which the Duchess of York left."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in a "Book of the Week" article in the Sun (London), points out a coincidence. The story of "The Cat and the Cherub," now playing at the Royalty Theatre, was carried out almost in detail in Formosa. The story is told in Mr. W. A. Pickering's "Pioneering in Formosa."

Miss Lizzie Delesderier, "a cowboy young lady" of Western Oklahoma, has offered her services and those of 42 other perfect ladies to President McKinley.

And here is another paragraph for the pleasure of those interested in natural history. A bird belonging to the Rev. J. W. McKenzie, vicar of Whitwick, Leicestershire, early this month accomplished a wonderful performance in a homing race from the Shetland Isles. The distance is 513 miles, which the bird covered in 10h. and 25m., or a speed of 1453 yards per minute.

This reminds us that a Miss Forrest likens Admiral Cervera to a "dear old Yankee farmer," while other careful observers are sure that he is sensitive because he is obliged to wear "an old black derby," and lights that are several sizes too large for his noble legs. The Historical Painter is already at work on his masterpiece (No. 543).

July 20

THE LAST DESIRE.

Out of the ultimate silence cry to me,
Out of the deeps whence all thy waves do come;
Mother to child, come forth and whisper me
The things whereof thy wonted songs are dumb.

...and with liquid utterance softly speak
...byline words that only I may guess.
...as thou my face and feet as mothers do,
...And murmur low above my bending head
...the mysteries hidden away from mortal view.
...The secrets none unravel but the dead;
...hence, these being told, O take me to thy
...breast.
...old me, thou Sea, to thine eternal rest!

We agree heartily with a correspondent who claims that the endless chain-ness is "onerous, burdensome, extensive, a thing to be discouraged." We aim in turn that whatever the object may be, whoever the starter of the ailsance may be—whether he live in Brooklyn, Boston, Manchester-by-the-sea, or Beverly-by-the-Depot—the endless chain is a rank impertinence.

Mr. Edward Atkinson proposes to exhibit a specimen of his own handicraft, an Aladdin cooking apparatus made from an old trunk, such as could be found lying about in almost any house. We ate a piece of liver the other day that was curiously like an old-fashioned trunk-hinge.

A wretched being, no doubt overcome by the heat, said yesterday that if a reeking company could not save the colon, it might try to preserve at least a semi-colon. This shows to what the assonate indulgence in mineral waters will bring a strong man.

This reminds us that a member of the transcript staff finds that Kate Neill's treatise on punctuation "will be found very helpful to all who write for the press." Does he not know that we who try to punctuate are as clay in the hands of the proofreaders?

It is a special correspondent of the transcript who discourses entertainingly about Princes and Jukes as though he or she dined with them daily on jeweled meats and claret. Here is Prince rouhetzkof—or letters to that effect. The prince is indebted to Mrs. Barney, who was instrumental in raising him from the somewhat undesirable social-stratum to which he was introduced on his arrival at Washington. "Undesirable social-stratum"? Made up of Senators, perhaps. No doubt our old friend whose name is Mud, is in this "social stratum." And, mind you, Miss Eusacia, all this snobbish nonsense is in a neat and glorious Republic with a glorious Declaration of Independence.

Dr. Koch of Berlin says, "Wherever mosquitoes exist, malaria prevails."—I'm! The doctor should go to Oyster-bay—originally Oyster Bay—Barnstable Co., Mass. Even visitors from New Jersey hang their heads and say they ever saw, heard, or felt such mosquitoes; and yet malaria in that delightful village is merely a dictionary word.

By the way, if you will rub a leaf of the Nicotiana glauca or Langsdorffii your grocer knows the kind—over your hands and face, the greediest mosquito will avoid you. If you smoke what is left in a pipe, your friends and creditors will shun you.

So the Handel and Haydn felt obliged to find a conductor out of New England. There are men in Boston who are certainly competent to lead the society. We name a few in alphabetical order: George W. Chadwick, J. Wallace Woodrich, Emil Mollenhauer, George L. Good, Augusto Rotoli. Strange to say, the name of Reinhold L. Hermann, the "distinguished conductor," is not in Hugo Riemann's "Musik-Lexicon" (1894), although we find there the names of Messrs. Zerrahn, Lang, Chadwick and Foote of Boston.

Mr. Charles A. Ellis has certainlyathered together an opera company of unusual strength. Melba, Ternina, Gadski, Alvarez, Bonnard, Kraus, Pandolmi, the chief singers, are well known; the baritone Stury is well spoken of, and Miss de Lussan has many friends. Jbert Raymond Alvarez sang in the French provinces before he made his first appearance at the Paris Opéra as "Faust" March 14, 1892. He created parts in "Thais," "La Montagne Noire" and he has sung as Romeo, Lohengrin, Ramon, Don José, Siegmund, etc. Bonnard of the Monnaie, Brussels, is a favorite in London.

We read in the Daily Messenger, Paris, that the mad Fakir is again moving along the Upper Swat, preaching a jihad against the Government."

The spectacle of Mr. Félix Faure smoking a cigarette at a garden party has given rise to "much comment in the French papers." "He is the first French president to smoke." The Republic is alarmed in danger. The Empress-Dowager of Russia, the Queen of Italy, the Queen Regent of Spain, the Empress of Austria, the Queen of Roumania and

the Queen of Portugal all smoke cigarettes, says the Paris Liberte. To be sure, the Paris correspondent of the Daily News, who evidently goes into society, puts his hand on his heart and swears in a fruity English voice that the Queen-Regent does not, and he doubts whether the Empress-Dowager does.

Mr. George R. Sims is authority for this strange story: "I have a letter in my possession written by Mrs. Dyer when she was awaiting trial for the murder of a number of innocent children. She murdered them systematically, and from purely commercial reasons. In the letter she asks for her work-box and her woolen shawl and for certain books. One of the books is 'East Lynne.' I know, as a fact, that the incident she loved in 'East Lynne' was the death of Little Willy. This she read again and again, and always with sympathetic tears filling her eyes and rolling down her cheeks."

July 21, 98
As Plato says in his Republic—we quote from the chaste and nervous translation by Bellai G. Montgomery, Esq., of Prout's Neck, Maine—"The chief aim in life is to GIT THAR."

And do not be weary of teaching your children the necessity of concentration. Read to them every night after their simple supper of hulled corn and milk the life of Mr. Andrews, who devoted himself entirely to billiards, sacrificing days, nights, weeks, months and years to it. At length—so his biographer tells us—he arrived at such a degree of perfection as well in the theoretical as the practical part of the game—that there was no player in Europe who could equal him, except one, Mr. Abraham Carter. "Mr. Andrews ate, drank, slept, walked, nay, talked but to promote the system of the balls. His regimen was tea and toast and butter, for breakfast, for dinner and for supper."

J. and M. L. Tregaskis, London, advertise "Relics of Queen Victoria." But is she not herself a relic? They also advertise a lock of hair that once adorned Napoleon I. It will cost you 10 guineas to buy it. Cut at St. Helena, it was for a long time preserved in butter.

This reminds us that a lock of hair once belonging to Edward IV. was sold at auction in London for 8 guineas. The silken undershirt worn by Charles I. on the scaffold was catalogued, but as it "had not arrived" it was not sold.

Has anyone in his collection a dress-shield that once belonged to a Spartan mother?

This curfew business is no doubt "beautiful" and "poetic" and "characteristic," and all that; but have you stopped to think of the cruelty that a curfew law would inflict on sweltering children in foul tenement houses owned by churches, philanthropists, and leading citizens?

Truth (London) draws this appalling picture of female bicyclists in France: "The abrutissement, or stupefaction caused by the fatigue of cycling, is constantly repeated. The jeune femme abrutie becomes indifferent to all the proprieties. She tumbles into a seat, she sticks her elbows on the table; she eats gluttonously when not too tired to eat, and she drinks like a young Duchess. She unties her cravat, unbuckles her belt and is the image of sans-gêne at the table d'hôte." But is this the fault of the bicycle? It was only yesterday that we saw a soberly-dressed and bulbous female scorching without fear of the muggy weather or the police. The mercury jumped in thermometers in the drug stores that she passed. But was this the fault of the bicycle?

H. H. asks: "Will you have the kindness to give enlightenment in your columns to many readers, including a rural visitor to Boston, who has within a few days for the first time seen the Granite Column surmounted by a bronze Eagle, and with the fractured bronze plates near the base of the column, which now stands on the northerly side of the State House extension?"

If we are not mistaken, the column is a reproduction of a monument erected in 1790-91 on the site of a beacon on Beacon Hill. The tablets were for years in the Doric Hall of the State House, and the eagle was placed in the House of Representatives above the chair of the Speaker. If all this is wrong, you will find correct accounts in the "Dictionary of Boston," edited by Mr. E. M. Bacon, or in Drake's "Old Landmarks of Boston."

Some have claimed that Richard Carlisle (1790-1843), the free-thinking publisher, was the inventor of the nickel-in-the-slot automatic machine that amuses you while you are waiting for something or somebody. You will find in the Dictionary of National Biography this

...take. His shopmen were afraid so frequently that he sold his books by clockwork, so that the buyer was unable to identify the seller. On a dial was written the name of every publication for sale, the purchaser entered and turned the handle of the dial to the publication he wanted; on depositing the money the book dropped down before him."

But Hero—not Leander's friend—Hero of Alexander, B. C. 117-81, wrote in his "Pneumatics," "If into certain sacrificial vessels a coin of five drachms be thrown, water or wine shall flow out and surround them." And this is the explanation of the mechanism: "The vessel contains another holding the liquid, and near to the latter is placed a vertical rod about which turns a well-balanced beam. When the coin is dropped through the slot it falls on one end of this horizontal beam, which, being depressed, opens a valve suspended from a chain at the other end, and the wine begins to flow out through a pipe. When the beam has been depressed to a certain angle the coin falls off, and the valve or lid, being counterweighted, again descends and closes the outlet so that the discharge ceases."

You will find other queer machines and automata mentioned in this treatise: "A steam boiler from which either a hot blast may be driven into the fire, a blackbird made to sing, or a Triton to blow a horn;" "libations poured on an altar, and a serpent made to hiss by the action of fire;" a group on which "an apple being lifted, Hercules shoots a dragon which then hisses," etc., etc. What a pity that Hero did not live in Richard Wagner's time!

July 22, 98
(Singular shadows hang about the worn-out panes.)

And thy Venetian mirror, deep as a cold fountain in its banks of gilt work; what is reflected there? Ah! I am sure that more than one woman bathed there in her beauty's sin; and, perhaps, if I looked long enough, I should see a naked phantom.

Wicked one, thou often sayest wicked things. (I see the spiders' webs above the lofty windows.)

When you go a-visiting, choose a friend who lives by inheritance or purchase in a stately, old-fashioned house by the sea, a house that accepts without blushing or laughter the term "mansion," a house of huge, bare, cool chambers. This house should know creatures of flesh and blood only in summer months; for in winter it belongs exclusively to shadowy tenants who need no credit at the grocer's, who are careless concerning the absence of the ice-man.

Your host has many houses, like unto the Kings of Persia, who lived in winter at Sardis, in summer at Susa; now at Persepolis, and now at Pasargada: "variety of secessus as all princes and great men have, and their several progresses to this purpose."

This summer house visited judiciously by you was built years ago by a man of stately name who remembered the spacious chambers of palaces seen by him in diplomatic service. The walls are covered with old and cooling paper, which, figured chasteily or quaintly, brook no oil painting, water-color, etching, or engraving. There is, however, the picture of pictures—the open sea, with passing vessels; with fixed, assuring light saying "Have no fear;" with hysterical, flashing light, shrieking, "Keep away!" And there is also the picture of immemorial trees and grass and old-fashioned flowers. There is a sun-dial. There is an arbor.

There is no heating clutter of bric-à-brac. Solid furniture, too cumbrous and engrossing for ordinary rooms, invites contemplation and discourages chatter or argument. There are only a few books on the table, thin quartos, old books of travel and adventure. The Indian chess-men—elephants bear the castles—perfume the air.

There is no gas on the floors above. Your host lights candles, which stand on the marble mantelpiece. He shows how the heavy shutters may be thrown open and fastened. You are alone with mirrors, broad, tall gigantic mirrors on three sides of the room. You look upward, holding your head well back as though you were visiting a cathedral. The bedstead is of wood that knew a long voyage. It examines you, comparing you with others whom it has entertained. There are dark, fantastical corners in the chamber. Outside the sea moans, for the East wind is rising. You put the candlesticks close together. The light is dim, very dim.

You remember the bed-room that Charles Reade gave Mr. Severne when

...the ...manly ...of ... Vizard ...
...There were three brass bedsteads in a row, only four feet broad, with spring beds, hair mattresses a foot thick, and snowy sheets for coverlets, instead of counterpanes; and that, if you were hot, feverish, or sleepless in one bed you might try another or two. Thick carpets and rugs, satin-wood wardrobes, prodigious wash-hand stands, with china basins four feet high. Towel-ropes nearly as big as a donkey, with short towels, long towels, thick towels, thin towels, bathing-sheets, etc.; baths of every shape, and cots of every size; a large knee-hole table; papers and envelopes of every size. In short a room to sleep in, stily in, live in, and stick fast in, night and day.

You remember that there was also an ante-room, with bathroom, studio, library, piano and a harmonium. How prosaic, how commercial the description now seems to you, as you sit in a deep chair before undressing. A room for a restless, hustling person, who is constantly writing letters of complaint or advice to his favorite newspaper!

But after you are in bed you notice two eyes watching you curiously, two glow-worm eyes peering at you from mirrors. They finally, satisfied, close their lids, as though they, too, would sleep. In spite of your host's welcome you feel that the true owners of the room resent your intrusion. Stern old men in costumes of formal elegance gaze at you. They wonder at your Madras shirt, your crash-suit, a bargain at \$3.88, warranted against thunder storms. They marvel at your impudence in wearing a 5-cent yellow piece of tape instead of paying them the honor of a stock. There are fairer faces, yet they, too, are proud and disdainful. Is it the swish of a silken petticoat, or is it the sea you hear? Nonsense, you say to yourself, and you stare into the darkness. Surely there is the sound of carriage wheels on the private road. The carriage stops. Guests at such an hour? The carriage drives away. And you remember that your host at dinner spoke of acoustical delusions that frightened servants. Immediately all the ghost stories that you have read or heard crowd your brain. You wish you had never bought "The Night Side of Nature," or read that awful tale by Bulwer, or heard the names of Hoffmann and Poe. You rush for the matches. As you light the candles you hear faint, well-bred laughter. What business you, a confirmed flat-dweller, in such a room? You try to reassure yourself. But your sleep is perturbed, and not until the dawn do you rest. At breakfast the hostess says, "I hope you slept well." You answer, "Like a top, although the coffee kept me awake for awhile. I ought not to have yielded, but it was delicious."

The Philadelphia Press thus describes coffee in New Orleans: "I watched the most famed cook in the city make it one morning, and this was how it was done. It had been partially roasted at the market; but she put about two cupfuls in a pan with a lid and roasted it a bit more. Heat brings out the flavor. Into the coffee mill it went and the fresh grounds were put into a tin dripper. This dripper she laid over a brown stone jar, which was entirely warm, and then poured the boiling water into the dripper. She placed the stone jar in front of, not on, the stove. Only a little water at a time was poured over it, and two or three times the whole contents of the jar were poured through the dripper, for extra strength. The result was a coffee that was rich, brown and fragrant. The cup was poured only half full, the rest made up with hot milk."

July 23, 98
Festivals would be held to honor me. Priests, black-clofed and linen vested, would bring me offerings of fruits and fish and seaweed and rice-cakes and rice-wine—masking their faces with sheets of white paper, so as not to breathe upon my food. And the Mikos their daughters, fair girls in crimson hakama and robes of snowy white, would come to dance with tinkling of little bells, with waving of silken fans, that I might be gladdened by the bloom of their youth, that I might delight in the charm of their grace.

"Mr. Hoar has found so far only one wounded Massachusetts soldier in need; he was wearing a set of pyjamas in the hospital."

"Wearing a set of pyjamas!" And in "need"! Ah, we have longed for pyjamas for years, but have never been able to afford them. When we become rich, as the result of untiring use of pen, ink, shears and mutilage—and the grateful and substantial appreciation of publishers—we propose to have at least six sets of pyjamas, a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers, Burton's edition of the Arabian Nights and a house and lot in Japan, where we may finally arrive at the honorable and desirable station described above. Col. W. J. Bryan, who was once sug-

gested for the Presidency, is in the South mounting stone hitching blocks, barrels or any old thing from which he may talk. Patience! Patience! Some Spaniard may soon shoot straight.

Mr. Auger is amazed at the impudence of Spanish prisoners who demand a bottle of wine with dinner. He forgets that these Spaniards have been accustomed to wine from their youth up, and that in Spain wine is almost as cheap as water. By the way, when Mr. Auger was in Europe he complained bitterly because he could not obtain succotash and iced water.

The farmers who are grumbling about the dry spell may find consolation in these verses published lately by an English newspaper.

IN THE COUNTRY.

God is good, so good;
Little should we complain.
But O the rain, the rain,
The dull, continuous rain,
The chill, implacable rain,
That falls and falls again!

God is very good,
And if one understood
Enough to see things plain,
This doubtless were no bane,
But O the rotting wood,
The cattle's sudden doom,
The high impassable lane!

E. H. writes: "I was talking with a barkeep the other day, and he said that a certain show in town was 'fierce.' Not wishing to lose caste in his eyes, I tried to look intelligent and I changed the subject with infinite tact. At dinner I asked my son Augustus—who, I regret to say, is addicted to slang—and he said 'fierce' means 'rank,' 'rotten.' Can you tell me the origin of this application?" No.

The authorities have at last been awakened to appreciation of the ugliness of the subway-house near the statue of Mr. Adams. For have they not covered it partially by advertising-boards?

An ingeniously ingenuous person in Long Island City sends us his memoirs and wishes in return "the benefit of some little gratuitous advertising, by inserting the little advertisement, which is herewith appended, in the columns of Your most esteemed paper."

Listen to him. "I believe, that a paper will lose nothing by inserting now and then such a little advertisement, even though it is done gratuitously. It

gives the paper the appearance of a really valuable, practical, far reaching advertising medium. For some people such advertisements are of more interest than the general run of the usual every day news, murders and the padding up with cheap jokes of some papers."

We should be delighted to comply with his wish, but we must conform to the policy that distinguishes all truly metropolitan journals, viz.: To discourage advertising in every form, no matter how great may be the pecuniary inducement to deviate from this rule.

What has become of Mr. "Pierre Loti," who some weeks ago was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the citizens of the United States? The last that we heard from him he attended at the Opéra-Comique a performance of a Polynesian idyll taken from his novel, "Le Marlage de Loti." He then describes with a minute analysis of his own sensations, how he sat there hidden in Queen Nathalie's box, and watched this unreal presentment of actual scenes in his own youth; saw an actor answer when the island princess called from her garden "Loti!" and watched somebody else do the love-making in his name. And strangely enough this happened on the evening of the very day when he quitted the navy, and the dominant impression in his mind was one of anger at seeing the cherished epaulets worn by masqueraders who had no right to them. Mr. Loti is more interesting, as well as happier, when he talks about himself, in which he remembers closely 99 men and women out of a hundred.

Enoch Arden turns up about once a month. His last appearance was at Rome, according to the Pall Mall Gazette. About 5 o'clock one evening a funeral procession of the third class was seen passing down the Via Cavour. On the funeral car a wreath of flowers, and pendant from the wreath a ceremonial ribbon with inscription: "To my regretted and adored husband." Behind the hearse a lady in deep mourning, weeping profusely, two lady porters on either side, and there were some 30 assistants. Suddenly, however, a Jupiter Tonans, a middle-aged Roman citizen of imposing proportions, approached the widow and ad-

dressed her with winged words. "Tell me, Madam, how long have I been dead?" The widow, says the report, stood petrified, and one figure to oneself the surprise of the assistants. The deceased husband, who was so very much alive, was removed by the Sergeants, and the sad procession went its way. The simple explanation was, of course, the usual one. The legitimate husband, disagreement and divorce, and then the "husband in the sight of heaven," now deceased, and referred to by the ribbon on the wreath. But Spouse No. 1 had seen what was "in the sight of heaven his own funeral," and the situation had been too much for him.

"The Polish voice is one of languorous melancholy; it is the voice of a proud and oppressed nation." If you don't believe this listen attentively to the newsboys inviting courteously your attention to headlines.

July 24-98

MUSIC.

If Mr. Reinhold L. Hermann should make up his mind to accept the invitation of the Handel and Haydn Society, he will at the beginning of the season be brought face to face with this problem: How to turn this bulky chorus into a practical working body.

No conductor can achieve great results with the chorus as it is now constituted.

No conductor of knowledge and experience will envy Mr. Hermann his task, unless the Board of Government should come to the rescue. The officers of the Handel and Haydn, who are undoubtedly sincere and zealous in working to the best of their abilities for the pecuniary and artistic advantage of the society, should recognize these facts, and at the very start be ready to support the man of their choice, although there may be groaning and lamentation.

The society that has for years been a pride to the city, that has been reckoned justly as a "Boston institution," should not be allowed to degenerate into an Asylum for the Aged and Decrepit.

Notwithstanding the interest in the performances of the Nibelungen Ring at Covent Garden, Melba's appearance as Rosina in the "Barber of Seville" on July 7 seems to have been one of the most brilliant events of the season. Mr. Joseph Bennett, the critic of the London Telegraph, wrote of this performance as follows: "Not often nowadays is Rossini's 'Barber di Siviglia' taken down from its place on the operatic shelf. However, when a prima donna of Mme. Melba's eminence speaks the word, the dust is shaken from the pages of the well-worn score without complaint from any quarter. There are many chambers in the House of Art, and it is well that, amid the press of so much that is modern in complexion, we should be reminded now and then of the lyrical days when the voice soared triumphantly over a groveling orchestra, and when no one gave ear to the fiddlers so long as a favorite cantatrice was bombarding her audience with florid and roulades. Mme. Melba stands almost alone among those singers who maintain upon our operatic stage the old Italian traditions. One could hear her sing scales and exercises with unfeigned delight, so superb is her voice and so rare is her method. Her Rosina last evening was as magnetic as the 'Ring' itself. Covent Garden could not contain all who came to listen to the artist; and the huge audience cheered the prima donna with a warmth that must have recalled for many present the palmiest days of the star system. Nothing, indeed, could have been finer than Mme. Melba's execution of a familiar fragment from 'Lucia,' while Massenet's 'Sevillana,' and yet another piece, which the artist sang to her own accompaniment, also made the elastic 'Lesson scene' the crown and glory of the evening. The remainder of the cast had necessarily to rest content with second honors, but Mr. Bonnard, always a well-graced and agreeable singer, bore himself bravely as the scheming Almaviva, while as a matter of course Mr. Edouard de Reszke was more than equal to the demands made by Basilio's music. Mr. Carbone bustled through the part of Don Bartolo with due appreciation of its humors, Miss Bauermeister and Mr. Campanari also being of the company. Mr. Mancinelli conducted."

Nor is the Era's review of the performance of "La Traviata" (June 28) with Melba, Bonnard and Albers without humor—chiefly unconscious:

"As for the heroine, we always expect to see Violetta in modern dress and covered with jewelry. It is an opportunity to display the costly gifts of Kings and Emperors, and a prima donna who respected herself would recoil to depart from the customary traditions. After all, there is no great harm done by these eccentricities, and the patrons of the Royal Opera are quite willing to excuse them for the

sake of such pretty music and such exquisite singing. Mad me Melba was in fine voice, and the most celebrated of all 'Traviata' heroines, Madame Patil, was there to applaud her from Mr. Alfred De Rothschild's box. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Devonshire headed the brilliant assemblage of royal and aristocratic visitors. It is doubtful if the graceful melodies of Verdi were ever given with so much effect, for Madame Melba, cultivated in the good, old-fashioned method of vocal art, is now almost perfect. Such singing has a charm that cannot be resisted, and with all the faults of the old operatic system its admirers could be easily excused when we remember the delightful vocal triumphs of those days. Dramatic opera has encouraged a school of singing by no means attractive in itself, and after hearing vocalists too often uncertain in their intonation, and indulging in the tremolo and other abominations, it was refreshing to hear a prima-donna who had conquered every vocal difficulty, and who gave each note with bell-like distinctness, and each scale with pearly brilliancy. Madame Melba was splendidly effective in the chief air of the first act, and the ball scene was another triumph. She delighted lady visitors in the second act with a hat of gigantic proportions adorned with flowers in profusion, and her appearance in the ball scene was simply gorgeous. In the last act some alterations in the stage details must be regarded as improvements. Instead of Violetta being seen in bed, she reclined on a couch at the side of the stage, and in place of standing before the looking-glass to sing, the heroine uses a hand mirror, and the effect is quite as natural and certainly more pleasing. Some may say that Madame Melba's acting was not sufficiently realistic, but they must remember that when a popular prima donna a few years ago strove to act the part in the manner suggested by Alexandre Dumas there was a general chorus of complaints against the 'immoral opera.' Clergymen wrote to the papers to protest, and Mrs. Grundy was shocked. Therefore we think the somewhat subdued method of the charming vocalist and her perfectly ladylike conception of the character was to be commended, as it pleased everybody and offended none. It only remains to record the enthusiastic reception of the prima donna, who was recalled four times after the first act and many times in the course of the opera."

Joachim and Leonard Borwick gave a concert at St. James's Hall, July 1. The Pall Mall Gazette thus spoke of it:

"Last night, at the St. James's Hall, Dr. Joachim and Mr. Leonard Borwick gave a most charming concert, a concert which probably deserves the title of being the most exquisitely artistic we have had this season. The contrast, after all these days and nights of Wagner's glorious thunder, was little short of overwhelming. One's ears had grown accustomed to the wonderful orchestra of Wagnerian creation, barely suddenly we were thus confronted with something as it were in attenuation, barely whispering to the heart. Here, indeed, was a lesson in art. In the 'Thousand and One Nights' you have the story of the genie who, confined within the narrowest compass of a flask, spread himself to the height and breadth of the skies when released from his narrow prison-house; or, in the inverse process, to use Mr. Henley's phrase, that which filled the earth was bound 'within the compass of a ring.' In either form here is the precise allegory of the art of music as its greatest masters have expounded it during the last two centuries. And it was a radiant experience to come from the interpretation of Wagner in his mightiest and most authoritative attitudes to Bach and Mozart, in their poignant, intense, gentle, sweet, tender, sorrowful and joyous moods; add to these Beethoven, if not at his most characteristic, at all events at his most beautiful moments, and some idea may be formed of the separate place of peace—as a praying shrine—here built amid the hurly-burly of 'Der Ring des Nibelungen.' And what may one say that does not sound excessive of the two artists who provided this shining program? On the whole, we are inclined to think that the Mozart (Sonata in A major, No. 17) was the most brilliantly played thing of all. It is a work which, lying however cold and unsympathetic on the printed page, even shows its creator in the height of his glorious spirits and in the amazing variety of his mel-

lodie genius. But wakened to life by two players who understood the deepest intimacies of meaning that belong to the composition, and who also are so far in absolute sympathy with the musician and with each other that the combination of instrument with instrument makes a perfect union, the work became consummately glorious. Joachim was throughout the concert at his best; one can only use the old words about him. When he is at his best the ravishing sweetness of his tone and the extraordinary depth of his feeling are matters that hold you entirely in thrall. It is difficult to write about this violinist without a seeming commonplaceness of expression; and yet he is perhaps the most personal artist, with the least communicable and most individual style among living violinists. He cannot be said ever to surprise his hearers by any amazing feats; he does not even approach at any time to the side of violence. All his art is restrained and beautifully proportioned; it is an art equipt upon splendid levels, just edged with an extremely delicate humor. His is a gently great accomplishment; he is touching without being harrowing, he is gay without being sentimental. Although, as we have said, he was in his most brilliant humor in the Mozart last night, in the Beethoven (Sonata in C minor) he probably, however, touched the deepest point in his great capacity for emotion; in this his almost

perfect sense of rhythm was so strikingly apparent. In the Bach (Sonata in E Major) he was only less good than himself at the finest. We have often expressed in these columns the warmest admiration for the pianoforte playing of Mr. Leonard Borwick. Of his collaboration on this occasion with Herr Joachim it will perhaps suffice to say that he was worthy of his great associate in interpretations. So far as he was concerned, though he played both the Bach and the Beethoven exceedingly well, he was undoubtedly at his best in the Mozart. He understands with peculiar fullness the vital quality of flight which belongs to all Mozart's greatest music. In this case he made the phrases fly on wings without a flaw in the grace of their movement, without a halt in their continuance of pose. In a word, the concert was, to come back to the point from which we started, a rare and fascinating presentment of some of the rarest and most fascinating music in the world."

A writer in the London Musical Courier says: "I am sorry that we are not to see and hear Calvé again, especially as the Spanish gipsy in 'Carmen,' for she is without a rival in the part. But much as I admire Mme. Eames as a singer, I cannot wax enthusiastic over her impersonation of Micaela. She is too much of a grand lady for the simple, girlish part. She is never coy or playful, but always dignified and at ease. She condescends to sing Bizet's music with perfect good-will, but there is always the quite-improper-to-be-carried-away manner about it all. And yet her voice moves me as no other Micaela ever has."

Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann* has been translated into French by Marcel Remy, and will be given at the Opéra Comique, Paris.

Isidore de Lara is writing a new opera, "Messalina," which will be produced during the winter at Monte Carlo under the same patronage as that which "Mofna" enjoyed.

Georg Liebling, the pianist, has been initiated into the mysteries of Free Masonry.

Jean Gerardy will be in England in October to take part in the Patti provincial tour, and he will play at the Liverpool Philharmonic concert on Dec. 6.

Mr. Henry Wolfsohn, the well-known concert manager of New York, said to a reporter: "I have engaged Mr. Moriz Rosenthal as my chief pianist for the forthcoming season. After making several appearances in England early in October, he will sail from Liverpool on the 15th of that month, and will remain until May, visiting all the principal cities of the United States. My other pianists will be Miss Adele aus der Ohe, who returns for next season, and Mr. Siliti, who will be there from January to March. Among my Violinists are Mr. Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian, who will stay for the whole season, and Mr. Marteau, who will remain during the spring only. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies will sing at the Worcester and Maine festivals in the autumn, and will revisit the United States for the spring of 1899. Mr. Hugo Heinz, the German baritone, will also visit America, leaving England in January, and Mr. Whitney Mockridge leaves in December for the season. Miss

Cecile Lorraine, the American soprano, who during the past year has been one of the leading singers of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, will be one of my chief attractions. I have also arranged with Mr. Nikisch to visit the United States in the spring of 1899, with the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin, provided a sufficient number of engagements can be guaranteed. I think the forthcoming season in America will be a good one, and, on the whole, the prospects seem favorable for a better season than we have had for years."

July 25

Boston, July 21.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:
Dear Sir—I discovered that my friend, the Quilest, has been a passionate theatre-goer. "I seldom go now," he said to me last Monday, "for I am afraid of crowds and heat, and my clothes do not fit me as well as they once did, and I think my friend Harry Clapp is right—the theatre has degenerated. Nevertheless, I'd like to see 'Venice Preserved' once more before I die."

I spoke to the Quilest of Mr. Mansfield's acted childings and chided acting; I spoke of his superb stage laugh.

"Stage laugh?" answered my friend; "let me tell you what a stage laugh did for a young woman I once knew." Yours truly,
C. M. W.

THE STAGE LAUGH.

She discovered her talent accidentally and unconsciously, although she had been to the play the night before. It was a dull day in the shop, and she was stealthily reading a novel. Mr. James Mulcahey said to her,

"Rubbernecking over another love story, Bess?"

Mr. Mulcahey was in the "Gents' Furnishing" department. He advertised freely collars, cuffs, cravats on his own body. He was proud of his wit. Bessie had been complimented on her repartee.

"Oh, I don't know! There are others."

And then she laughed.
Mr. Mulcahey jumped. "Where'd you get that laugh? Think you're an actress, do you?" But a floorwalker was eyeing him. The girl at the counter with Bess said, "Was that you laughing? Honest-to-God I thought it was an actress! That's a regular stage laugh!"

Bessie thought it over all the morn-

She practised the laugh at noon
could manipulate it at will. 'Twas
high-pitched staccato followed by a
rill chromatic run. A French adven-
turer laughing with the villain in a
beer restaurant!

All the day she dreamed of theatres
and applauding mobs. She felt herself
strictly superior to her fellow clerks,
remembered that her mother's
soud cousin sang in a comic opera
corus; and she had read that dramatic
lent ruins in certain families.

That night she read every line of a
dramatic journal. She tried her laugh
fore a mirror. Her cheeks were
flow. The next morning she bought
box of face powder "used extensively
actresses."

Again her mirror.
She locked the door. She put on short
irts, and skipped and hopped and
sked. Yes, Nature had been kind to
r. She rehearsed her laugh.
And when she went to work her waist
is an inch smaller, her dress was
awn tighter over her hips. She
ught popular songs, and she learned
em. She bought cheap books of
eaper dialogue. She entered a gym-
sulum patronized, she was told, by
ay-actresses. She took lessons in
age dancing from a Mme. Valentin,
o lived and simpered and coquetted
ghastly fashion in a dingy house in
e West End. Some of Madame's pu-
s lodged in the house, and men visit-
with blotched faces and cans of
er.

Bessie's mother objected to Mr.
mes Mulcahey and cigarette smoking.
Bessie left her to lodge at Mme.
Valentin's. Sometimes the daylight
rprised the girl with painted cheeks,
and the minotaur that likes to go shop-
ping often stopped before her counter.
His wiles were not new or strange to
r. She had formerly passed them by;
ow she laughed—but the laugh was a
age laugh. She began to neglect her
ork. She was discharged.

The manager of a burlesque show,
issing through the town, advertised
r chorus girls. Bess answered the ad-
rtisement and found the manager
one. He was a little man with a bald,
imson head and thick, dirty fingers.
olling in his chair, he questioned her
harply. The room was small; their
airs were close together. He smiled
fat smile when he leaned forward and
acked a coarse joke, and he looked to
e what she would do. This was his
st question. It had sent many young
omen away from him with flaming
eeks and angry hearts. Bessie threw
ack her head. She fluttered a moment,
and then she shrieked her stage-laugh.
Under the name of Dolly Darlinton she
ent on the road with the Parisian
olly-Club Girls. Her youth and fresh-
ness were appreciated. Her laugh was
scribed as "rippling"—but can brass
pple? The press agent assured a con-
ding world that she was a "com-
dienne," that she had danced before
rowned head at the Ambassadors,
Idorado, Scala, Aquarium and other
ashionable resorts in foreign cities.
Her laugh is contagious and irresis-
ible. Her chic is Parisian."

A year or two—and Bessie's mother
ted. When Bessie heard the news she
as at supper after the show. She took
hisky to brace her—instead of the
hampagne that an opener had ordered,
and after that she preferred whisky.
"You are passing through a street in
hick prowling, bird-of-prey cabmen
top before shabby taverns and flashy
estaurants. The street itself has a fur-
ive, sneaking air. There is everywhere
he thought of closed shutters. You
ear popping of corks, the burden of
vulgar ditty, a young fellow shriek-
ing out a defiant declaration of alco-
olic enjoyment, the high-pitched
olces of women quarrelling. A car-
riage is driven hurriedly. The horses
re pulled up before a door. The legend
Ladies' Entrance" shines in red. A
oman violently perfumed with musk
s helped to the sidewalk by two nois-
y young fellows ostentatiously in even-
ing dress. Their entrance is greeted

with cheers from those waiting. "Here's
Dolly Darlinton, the best kicker in
the business!" And above the shouting,
the yelling, the clash of glass and the
dramatic row you hear a stage-laugh.

THE QUIETIST.

And if there is the inextinguishable laugh-
er of the gods and if there is the laughter of
pleased child, so there is also the laughter
the stage that at times suggests the man-
ic. No wonder that Baudelaire condemned
laughter and sold his condemnation at a
high price. See also Baptistus Sinabaldus De
litate, iv. iii. 16.

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low sufficient to a well-mannered man is a
y little, and he doth not breathe hard
in his bed. Healthy sleep cometh of mod-
erate eating; he riseth early and his wits are
in him; the pain of wakefulness, and colic,
griping, are with an insatiable man.
If thou hast been forced to eat, rise up
in the midst thereof, and thou shalt have
it. Hear me, my son, and despise me not,
at the last thou shalt find my words true.

You smiled a superior smile when you
read that Aguinaldo's proclamation
dealt chiefly with the insignia of offici-
als; that he, as President of the Council
appointed by himself, will wear a gold-
en collar with a triangular golden pen-
dant on which a sun and three stars
will be engraved; that he will carry a
golden whistle and a stick with a golden
tassel. You smiled, remembering
Andrew Johnson looking toward the
diplomatic corps and exclaiming in an
alcoholic rhetorical burst: "You-uns
there with the gew-gaws on!" You un-
derrate the value of orders, medals, and
all manner of external decoration; but
look about you; are all of your enlight-
ened fellow countrymen free from this
weakness? Count, for instance, the
buttons, ribbons, pins, etc., indicating
that the wearer is somebody, has done
something, or is supposed to be some-
body or to have done something, which
you may see in the course of a working
day.

We like to think of the distinguished
insurgent wearing a mystic golden tri-
angle with engraved sun and three
stars. We commend his modesty. There
are men who would insist on a repre-
sentation of the whole solar system.
The stick with a golden tassel may be
carried gracefully, but we draw the
line at the whistle, which is to us the
abomination of desolation, whether it
be the factory whistle that impertinent-
ly reminds the sleepy that less fortu-
nate men and women must work, the
chromatic whistle that gives a rude and
inadequate imitation of popular German
singers in Wagnerian parts, the shrill
piping whistle that is supposed to con-
trol the movements of that superior
animal the dog, the vacuous whistle of
the summer boy who is "fond of music,"
or the whistle in Ben Franklin's wear-
some and painfully commercial story.
Aguinaldo should give orders with the
assistance of a slide trombone.

And yet there are occasions when a
natural whistle saves temper and men-
tal damage. We were standing at a
corner the other day, waiting for a car-
the characteristic attitude of the true
Bostonian. Car after car went by. A
young man and a maid—to every man a
damsel or two—came running, puffing,
sweating. Two bells—and the one, par-
ticular, only car started. "Oh, Jack,
why don't you whistle?" The youth
puckered his lips; there was a faint
sound like unto that of the suspicion
of mind through a keyhole. "I never
could whistle," answered sulkily the
hitherto-adored one. The girl stamped
her right foot. "I thought all men"—
and there was a withering accent on the
fourth word—"I thought all men could
whistle. What can you do, anyway?"

We do not, however, approve of a
female flatdweller who bought a
whistle that she might call to her aid
the maiden of all work. The said
maiden resented the metallic command
—that is to say, she discreetly never
heard it. Do you blame her? And yet
which one of us is not compelled to
answer the whistle of some one, male
or female, though the sound be as
inaudible to the bystander as was the
voice that told Lucy she must not
stay.

In Eastern lands the camel-bell is
used by some as the symbol of ap-
proaching, inevitable death. But why
should the winding, not to mention the
sight, of a camel frighten terribly a
horse. Horses as well as other
quadrupeds have a hereditary fear of
a bear, for cave bears long ago are
said by deep thinkers to have dined
freely on raw horse meat.

We know a man that is the unhappy
owner of a house—"residence" in the
advertisements—on the North Shore.
Burdened with material things, he does
not look favorably on the profession of
burglary, although he is a broker. He
did not respect the local police, so he
engaged a private watchman, a fine
sturdy fellow, and after he had sat up
for two nights to see his protector
make the proper rounds, he breathed
regularly in sleep. Occasion drew him
to a distant city. On his return he in-
quired after the watchman. "How is
the honest fellow, Lucy? For once I
felt that you were all safe."
"Do you mean Hillman? Why didn't
I write you about it? He's in jail, for
breaking into a store and stealing
cigars."

July 27

Your little sister-pig has gone away
Far from our love to that insipid shore
Where oats and sawdust are not any
more,
Nor care, nor cats, nor happiness, nor
hay,
Weep, eighteenpenny pigs, the joyless day;
For many another pig your hutch shall see,
But never a one so tame, so beautiful as
she!

This is the first verse of an elegy on
the death of a favorite guinea pig. Do
you think the lines would be appre-

ciated as much by a boy who tips
with pigs as by the grown person who
remembers sadly his youth, the long-
ing for guinea pigs, the parental ob-
jection, the unwilling consent, the
financial treachery of a youthful part-
ner, the discovery of ingratitude on the
part of the pets, the final neglect, con-
tempt, abandonment?

Outside, her body's grace makes fair the
snow,
And the sun shines, and she is dead, is
dead!
How can ye mock the songbirds over-
head,
While she is lying songless down below?
The cabbage crunches, the bran mashes go,
For one must weep although one's dearest
dies,
And weeping is not good for black boot-but-
ton eyes.

Some one stated the other day that
it is not the happiest boy who likes
poetry, and he that seeks the happiest
poem for him errs grievously. "We
think to meet them with fit verses on
the high road of action, bluff with
movement and a fresh wind; but poetry
finds the boy in the sidings of boy-
hood, shunted off, whether by illness, or
delicacy, or the discouragement of a
day, or a slight continuous depression
of physical vivacity, or a mental sensi-
bility still mysterious." There are men,
now healthy and happy, who as boys
were infatuated with that grim picture,
"The Court of Death" by Rembrandt
Peale, if we are not mistaken; and,
by the way, did Peale spell his name
with, or without, a final "e"? Never
mind, the picture in either case was
indiscribably ghastly. The one we re-
member distinctly was in a physician's
office.

Yet weep for her, bereft of bran's delight,
Or if for her will rise no bitter tear,
Weep for her mate, that other one most
dear.
Bought in the Dials on a rainy night,
A spotted one, if I remember right,
Hush, mocking voices, check the sordid
thought;
There are not many more like him where he
was bought.

We once went to school with a power-
ful young fellow who disliked study,
stood low in his class, excelled in out-
door sports and could whip any boy
in the town—this last fact he was
never weary of proving. He was fond
of the stories of Mayne Reid and
Ballantyne, but his favorite reading
was the early poetry of Tennyson, and
he would recite "Caribael" and "The
Lady of Shalott" and "Mariana" with
the keenest delight. He grew older
and stronger; he became a mighty
hunter before the Lord. We met him
last spring. He is now 42 years old,
a locomotive engineer in Colorado. We
had not been together 15 minutes be-
fore he began to spout, as from the
thin old-fashioned book with a Boston
imprint—a book that we still remem-
ber, lines about Haroun-al-Raschid.
The melody of those early poems
haunted him. He did not care for
Homer's bragging heroes, or the
sneaking, sanctimonious Aeneas, or
Campbell's sea-songs; and he said he
was too old to make the acquaintance
of Mr. Kipling. He preferred Mr.
Tennyson's booming beetle and ex-
quisite rhythm. He did not find
pleasure in the adventures of Arthur
Guinevere or any knight of the Round
Table. And in daily life, a most prosaic
man.

Weep for them all—the round, the plump,
the fair,
Swift dying glories of that lovely line,
All little spotted pigs with manners fine,
With shining eyes and very bristly hair.
Seek out the family tomb and sorrow there;
Alas, sorrowing, I shall sorrow most by far,
For no one else can see how precious guin-
eas are!

Epitaph.
Here, where nobody must dig,
Lies the little guinea-pig.
Spotted child of spotted mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Half so well worth eighteen pence,
Time shall drag thee, squeaking, hence.

Try the experiment. Read this
elegy to your children. Ten to one they
will be impatient after the first verse,
and after the second they will beg you
to stop. You are an intelligent per-
son—we assume this proposition—and
you wonder why they do not share your
pleasure, especially as "It was written
for children." No—here we differ with
you; it was not written for children.

Neither was "Gulliver's Travels"
written expressly for children; neither
were the immortal "Thousand Nights
and One Night;" nor was "Robinson
Crusoe." But you wonder at a boy who
does not revel in them.

For the pleasure that men derive from
the noble or sublime are but minor things.
The subtle but the venomous taste of
the flowering of a daffodil, all rooted in
the elder time of appetite, and their joy
in the radiance of a cloudless day—to
see the mountains shift their things to the
wheeling of the sun—to watch the passing
of waves, the fading of sunsets to find
charm in the blowing of plants or trees—
all this is of the senses. Not less truly of
the senses is the pleasure of observing ac-
tions called great or beautiful or heroic,
since it is one with the pleasure of imagi-
ning those things for which men miserably
strive in this miserable world, brief, less
and fame and honor all of which are as
empty as passing rain.

And now they say that if the Prince
of Wales ever puts on the crown he
will be a weak-kneed monarch. His life
has not been a happy one. He has been
obliged to do much disagreeable work—
to attend all sorts of stupid dinners,
meetings, ceremonies—yet there have
been pleasant episodes, as when he was
introduced to Hortense Schneider and
Mr. John L. Sullivan. Then there was
that unfortunate card-party! And now,
after years of weary waiting and offi-
cial boredom, he will probably be afflic-
ted with a game leg for the rest of his
life. In this case wandering Ameri-
cans will be able to distinguish him
from Mr. Henry James, who was once
an American.

Mr. Lewis Warner exclaimed with
pride, "I'm the gamest man of my age
in this town." And then he chafed be-
cause the officers would not allow him
to go to a base ball game. We remem-
ber Mr. Warner well. We remember
when Mr. Bodman and a few others
started the bank that Mr. Warner
wrecked. In those early days of his
career Mr. Warner was viewed askew
by the conservative officers of the First
National Bank and the Northampton
National Bank. Even then he prided
himself on being "game," and there
were some who thought a "y" should be
in that word.

He was eager for the reputation of
being "a good fellow." He was glad
when men called him "Lew," and he did
not stop to discriminate between the
applause of the judicious and the ap-
plause of the foolish and the frequent-
ers of pot-houses. Even in a small
town, where soberness in dress had
been a characteristic and where a dea-
con of rigid, gloomy, theological views
was a leading tailor, he excited some
attention by cheap extravagance—we
are speaking of 25 or 30 years ago—and
he was not wholly unacquainted with
the world, the flesh and the devil. A
city man might with justice have
called him a "cheap sport."

Northampton went through the change
from a characteristic old-fashioned
New England town to a small
New England city. Many of its elms
were cut down that tar walks might
be the straighter. The power and the
influence of the clergymen—of the min-
isters of the Old and the Edwards
church—became largely traditional.
Judge Dewey, Judge Forbes, Dr. Bar-
rett, Judge Lyman, the lawyers Spauld-
ing and Delano, Squire Baker and their
honorable fellow-townsmen of their
generation, one by one, passed away.
Sharp practices in business began to be
regarded as indisputable evidences of
ability. Perhaps the old town was as
stupid as it was respectable. The new
town, so far as business, legal and
purely commercial, was concerned, was
not as high-toned, and its pleasures
were cheap and flaring, when they were
not cheap and surreptitious. The change
to a city government brought anxious
interest in peanut politics, although it
must be confessed that in town-meeting
days there was a pretty ring with Col.
Luke Lyman as boss. And in the
new order of things Mr. Lewis War-
ner was a shining light.

He bought drinks and cigars for the
crowd; no one, of course, asked whether
he could afford it; for he was a good
fellow, and that was enough. He was
evidently living beyond his means; and
although he was holding positions of
pecuniary responsibility and pecuniary
opportunity, no one asked questions;
for he was a good fellow. He was
successful in politics; for he was a good
fellow. And because he was a good
fellow, he robbed all those that trusted
him.

And because he is a good fellow—
for he is the same man that he was
30 years ago—he shows no remorse. He
has only one regret: that in future he
may not be able to gratify every selfish
or sensual want by spending money
that belonged to others.

We remember that some years ago
a man was charged in Northampton
with arson, and although he belonged
to one of the oldest and most respected
families of the town he was obliged to
sit in the prisoner's dock. There was
no sentiment; there was no gush; there
were no flowers. He with others was
acquitted, and, as a result of the incom-
plete evidence, the verdict was no doubt

But there were no congratulations; there was no reception; there was no ringing of bells. The man left town as soon as possible.

And what will be the fate of "Lew" Warner? New England towns have in many cases lost their time-honored ideas of what is right and what is wrong. Here you will find a treasurer who is allowed to "make things straight" after he has put both hands in the treasury; and there you will find "deep sympathy" expressed for some sanctimonious, white-haired scoundrel who robbed the widow and the fatherless. No doubt the heelers of Mr. "Lew" Warner say, "He's all right; he was generous to a fault; he had hard luck; it would be a shame to put a man like that in jail." And you may hear men who ought to know better, saying, "He was unfortunate in business; I don't believe he meant to do wrong."

For Mr. Warner was "a good fellow," although they whom he robbed may be rude enough to contradict this statement.

Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil. Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and prolong his days, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him; but it shall not be well with the wicked, neither shall he prolong his days which are as a shadow; because he feareth not before God.

To view man or nature with delight, we must see them through illusions, subjective or objective. How they appear to us depends upon the ethical conditions within us. Nevertheless, the real and the unreal are equally illusive in themselves. The vulgar and the rare, the seemingly transient and the seemingly enduring, are all alike mere ghostliness. Happiest he who, from birth to death, sees ever through some beautiful haze of the soul—best of all, that haze of love which, like the radiance of this Orient day, turns common things to gold.

Captain Donovan of the steamer Selma, which belongs to the Mobile Transatlantic Line, saw this July in the Sargasso Sea a monster. Its head was between 30 and 40 feet long, its eye was in proportion to it and resembled that of a "duck-like leviathan," its bill was of extraordinary length, it had an immense fin, and the body back of the head was covered with a long shaggy mane, "which looked something like dirty seaweed." The terrible thing puffed out a stream of water from its mouth, "not up like a whale, but forward and horizontally."

When discovered, it roared in a horrible manner, made wild gestures at the pursuers, and then ran up a tree and disappeared, taking the tree with it—but, stop; this does not seem to tally with the first part of the story.

We welcome such tales and believe them from A to Izzard. They encourage travel and copy. Mr. Oliver Herford was led to exclaim by reports of war correspondents before Santiago, when it was a Spanish city, "Truce is stranger than fiction." The traveler of late years has met with few adventures, and the old saw "Travelers tell strange tales" has well-nigh lost its meaning. Africa seems no further than Rye Street, and Manila is nearer and more familiar than Harwich Port, for even the neighbors at Oysterville are ignorant of the precise location of the latter sea-town.

Switzerland, for instance, has been for some time without romance, save for the yearly tumble of an Alpine climber. The tourist eats his bread and glycerine-honey, is confident that the admired glacier has been cleaned since he last saw it, and he yawns in the face of the oldest and most respectable mountains.

What a relief to know that there are dragons in the Alps: dragons with and without legs, with and without wings with and without crests; dragons with the faces of cats, human beings, and other beings; dragons that breathe fire and dragons that do not breathe fire.

This Mr. John Tinner saw a terrible serpent, black and gray, seven feet long, with a girth like that of an apple tree, with a head like that of a cat, and with four feet. He slew it, with the assistance of his brother Thomas, in the Hailwellen near the Frumensberg mountain.

This Mr. John Bueler, a member of the Ecclesiastical Assembly in the Parish of Stenwald, saw near the place called the Kalenbach "an enormous black beast emerging, in a state of the greatest amazement, from a thicket, and landing upon its four legs, with a tail of no excessive length."

The girth of this dragon was about the thickness of an apple tree, and it bore a crest, half a foot long, on its head.

Thus Mr. Christopher Schorer, prefect of Lucerne, a man of sterling worth and integrity, contemplating the beauty of the heavens by night, saw a bright and shining dragon issue from a cave in Mt. Pilatus, and fly about, and flap swiftly its wings. "It was very large, its tail was long, its neck extended, its head terminated in the serrated jaw of a serpent. While it was flying it threw out sparks, just as the red-hot horseshoe does when hammered by the blacksmith. My first impression was that I saw a meteor, but after careful observation, I recognized that it was a dragon, from the nature of its movements and the structure of its various limbs."

We urge on the proprietors of mountain and seaside resorts the necessity of importing dragons for the advantage as well as the pleasure of guests. The expense need not be great; a couple, just as a pair of gondolas, would do the first season. The second season there would be good gunning. At present, especially along the Cape, cats have deprived sportsmen of rabbits, squirrels and birds. Summer cottagers see a kitten playing near a farm house. They say, "Oh, the dear thing!" and they beg or, in extreme cases, buy it as a decoration. When they go home in the fall they leave the poor cat to its fate. It takes to the woods, eats what it can find, and if it lives through the winter, it anticipates the destructive work of the city sportsman. A cat would be no match for a young dragon, and a few years after the first pair blew flame from nostrils—ah, why was the frenzied form "nostrils" allowed to die?—marsh and cave would be stocked with game fit for Nimrod.

Then consider another advantage. When you go to some quiet seaside or mountain village, dear madam, taking with you the young Augustus or your fair haired little Messalina, you shudder at the thought of possible sickness and the vague assistance of a venerable and dotty doctor who puts his trust in calomel. Now if there are dragons in or near the place, there must be dragon-stones, jewels cut out of dragons' heads when they are asleep. The dragon-stones is a sure remedy against plague, dysentery, poison, diarrhoea, hemorrhage and bleeding of the nose. Thus the dragon inspires confidence in the breast of a mother.

Familiarity with dragons might make the famous scene in "Siegfried" less ridiculous; but let us not wander from the practical to the purely aesthetic.

We forgot to state that these Swiss dragon stories were told by Professor Scheuchzer, who correspond with Sir Isaac Newton. He is hardly of our own time. But the man who introduced the Swiss to the law of gravitation and argued for the abolition of the death penalty for witchcraft is surely worthy of belief today, a man not easily deceived. And are not dragons mentioned in the Bible?

July 30
As I wend to the shores I know not,
As I list to the dirge, the voices of men and women wreek'd,
As I inhale the impalpable breezes that set in upon me,
As the ocean so mysteriously rolls toward me closer and closer,
I too but signify at the utmost a little wash'd-up drift,
A few sands and dead leaves to gather,
Gather, and merge myself as part of the sands and drift.

There are few books that stand the test of reading out of doors. Go down to the sea with a novel by the ingenious Mr. W. C. Russell; the book seems unmake-belief, although Mr. Russell undoubtedly is correct in his detail. Read to the sea the story about a frozen pirate or the story about the young woman who wore diamonds in her ears while she was cooped in an ice-bound ship for six or seven months, and the sea smiles good-naturedly or laughs ironically, or breaks out in a coarse guffaw. For the sea is sometimes a buffoon with practical jokes and foul suggestion.

But when you read to it, "What did our arrogance profit us? and what good have riches and vaunting brought us? Those things all passeth away as a shadow, and as a message that runneth by; as a ship passing through the billowy water, whereof, when it is gone by there is no trace to be found, neither pathway of its keel in the billows"—when you read to the sea such passages, it listens respectfully, and if it moans it moans in acquiescence. For the sea has a master, the tyrant knows the All-powerful.

The above quotation, Miss Eustacia, is from "The Wisdom of Solomon," a book that you probably have never read. You were told by your pious Aunt

Lucinda that the Apocrypha was full of foolish stories. The wretched print of the old editions deterred you from judging for yourself. Now there is no excuse for your ignorance. Professor Richard G. Moulton has arranged and edited Ecclesiasticus, The Wisdom of Solomon, and Tobit so that you can read them with literary enjoyment, as you read any poet or essayist. Would that he, in the canonical books as well as in the Apocrypha, had preserved the old familiar text and passed by the half-hearted, less poetical version finally agreed upon by the revisors!

Take a famous passage in Ecclesiastes, for instance: "And the almond tree shall blossom, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and the caperberry shall burst." What is the caperberry to you or to the caperberry.

Or compare the two versions of the noble passage beginning "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God" in "The Wisdom of Solomon."

There are certain books that should go with certain places; yet when you put them to the test they fall miserably. There is "Cape Cod" by Thoreau, who made such a fuss about paying his taxes. We defy you to read it with any enjoyment whatever when you are on the Cape. In Richmond, Virginia, or in Calcutta, it might be a treat; we speak cautiously, for we are not enamored of the book. We should not advise you to read "Cape Cod Folks" in the village chosen by the author for her observation. Just as you should not drink sherry in the town from which the wine took its name, or eat Parmesan cheese at Parma, or expect the best lobsters at Heligoland, so do not attempt to fit the book to the locality. It is better when you go down to the sea to take some torrid work on Equatorial Africa.

Yet the sea accepts tributes paid it by Walt Whitman, although it is sure that the Kosmos of Manhattan stole from it the rhythm of such lines as, "Rise o days from your fathomless depths, till you lofter, fiercer sweep." It will listen by the hour to Algernon Charles Swinburne's "Triumph of Time," the choruses from "Atalanta in Calydon"—not "in Georgia," as a correspondent once insisted—and it loves with surpassing love "Hesperia." Out of the golden remote wild West where the sea without shore is, Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with the fulness of joy.

From the bountiful infinite West, from the happy memorial places Full of the stately repose and the lordly delight of the dead, Where the fortunate islands are lit with the light of ineffable faces, And the sound of a sea without wind is about them, and sunset is red.

And they passed this man by for Mr. Alfred Austin! Oh Mr. Austin.

We saw a man the other day—a man rich in lands and beeves—close to Nature, perfumed by pine-trees, with the sound of the sea in his ears, absorbed in the study of bookkeeping for his amusement. We know a man who finds the quiet of a sea-village delightful because he can concentrate his mind on a cook-book. Another finds that earth and sea and sky do not distract him from a treatise on political economy, the dismal science. Thus do men take variously their pleasure.

After all, you can get along very well without books, if you take two packs of cards with you. A foggy day, you can amuse yourself after the fashion of Napoleon, with the game of Forty. Thus you harm no one, you do not learn many things that are not true, you are not swayed by men who had axes to grind, you are not dazzled by splendor of rhetoric. Your mind thus calmed finally accepts the fog. The trees strangely draped have a fantastic beauty. The sea is mysterious. Is it sulky or resigned? Perhaps it is remorseful. Perhaps it is plotting against the human beings that take liberties with it.

The "endless chain" schemes, therefore, do not invite fierce attack, but it will do no harm to point out their economic absurdity. The ordinary "chain" secures from each participant the sum of 10 cents for the charity to be benefited. But, besides the dime, he or she must spend 8 cents for postage stamps, and more, rather than less, than 2 cents in addition for stationery. The expenses of collection, therefore, not counting the vast amount of labor involved as anything, are at least 100 per cent. That is simply an abuse of generosity, and convicts everybody connected with the "chain" of complete ignorance of the fundamental rules of beneficence as of business.—N. Y. Times.

It was the Empress Jingo who once conquered Korea.

Already there is talk of the tumultuous welcome to be given the sailors

and the troops returning from Cuba, Porto Rico, and Manila. That highly civilized people the Japanese believe that extreme pleasure is best expressed by perfect silence. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn tells of two impressive silences in Kobe during 1895: "The second was on the return of the victorious troops from China, who marched under the triumphal arches erected to welcome them without hearing a syllable from the people. I asked why, and was answered, 'We Japanese think we can better express our feelings by silence.'"

July 31. 98

MUSIC.

What news there is tells of opera and operatic things.

The most important announcement of last week was that Anton van Rooy has been engaged for the Metropolitan, New York, for next season. Van Rooy is a Dutchman, a wandering, and probably a flying Dutchman. He sang in Amsterdam, then he made a sensation at Bayreuth, which place under the fostering care of the Widow Wagner is now the nursery and playground of Wagnerian mediocrities. He appeared at Covent Garden this last season, and the highest praise was awarded him; for judges of authority declared that Wotan as impersonated by him was no longer a bore. It has been reported that he is engaged for several seasons at Berlin, but this report was lately denied.

I regret to say that Marie Brema will return to this country. Let us hope that she will be truer to the pitch and surer in rhythm. All her antics, posturings and facial unrest will be as naught unless she has during her absence mastered some of the rudiments of song.

Yes, I know that she has been applauded in Paris, Brussels and other cities, but this fact reflects the taste and the knowledge of the audiences that applauded.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink will also be at the Metropolitan. She is a German woman, who, I understand, sings Wagnerian parts in conventionally German fashion.

Miss Brugère has been "rehearsing" under the direction of Mr. Victor Capoul. There was a time when hundreds of women would have envied her.

Mrs. Meisslinger, if I am not mistaken, was the Witch in "Hänsel and Gretel" when that bombastic fairy-opera was produced at the Hollis Street Theatre.

It is a great pleasure to know that Mr. Mancinelli will be one of the conductors. They that like to take naps at the opera will welcome the return of Mr. Enrico Benvignani.

I read somewhere the other day—it was probably the New York Sun that enlightened us—that Jessie Bartlett Davis, "with all her popularity and talents is wholly unable to compete with any beauty that comes into the company, and when by chance one does get into it she never remains long." There is truth in this sour assertion—ask Mr. Barnabee or Mr. Macdonald—although I am inclined to dispute the statement that Mrs. Davis has talent to any marked degree. When she began her career she gave some promise, but she reached the high-water mark in "O, Promise Me," the tune that Mr. De Koven lifted with ease from a gentleman named Gastoldi. The acting of Mrs. Davis is always sadly conventional, and her stage personality is without distinction.

They say that Sibyl Sanderson-Terry is almost cured of her sickness, and she may return to the stage. This charming woman and true artist never had an opportunity to show her abilities in this country. She was not in health—but she was handicapped still more by the absurd size of the halls. Neither the Metropolitan, New York nor the Mechanics' Building, Boston was a fit place for her or Massenet's opera. "Manon" is veritable Watteau music, and it demands a small theatre in which intimate relations may be at once established between singers and audience. Mrs. Terry was as unfortunate in this country as was Frances Saville or Sigrid Arnoldson. Nevertheless, her visit was successful in this: I gave Mr. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune an opportunity to play the prude, denounce Manon's charms and write virtuous sentences about morality in art. And yet it seems to me Manon is a more lovable as well as a more decent woman than Siglinde or Isolde who are held in high esteem by our good friend, especially when they are impersonated by stout and shrieking German persons.

way of intemperance, I quote from New York Times.

"American voice" has been called a good deal, and a teacher of the gentle speech in New York is usually one of many who will train in speaking voice as other vocal technicians for singing. Only girls blessed with nature or by early training with useful voices can afford to look with indifference upon the course of musical vocal gymnastics destined to change soft tones to deeper notes, shrill speech that low voice which is an excellent thing in woman. The object of the ding metropolitan teacher of the cult not so much to change voices as it to control them, although, of course, a measure the two go together. In a code of this teacher there is one for a drawing room, another for dinner table, one for use in small rooms and one which is the only right one for use in the street. Thus shall a gruff or the squeaky become the polished and the dulcet.

They did not care much in Paris for *Edécir Le Rey's* new opera, "Sister Artha." They said the music was respectably put together, but where there was occasion for stirring or passionate music the composer did not grasp the opportunity.

The story as told by a correspondent is as follows:

A young naval officer about to start for America to join Lafayette returns his home in Brittany to bid his family farewell. There he sees a young girl who is about to become a nun. He falls in love with her, and in order to win her love decides to make use of the experiments of Mesmer, who has just revealed to the world the theory of his power. After resisting the temptation to influence the young nun to obey his will the soldier tries his powers of mesmerism, and she reciprocates his love. The chief absurdity of this mysterious story comes in the last act, when in order to decide what fate may be in store for them, the nun tries to act as a premature Miss Coudon. The vision which she conjures up shows her at an age dressed as a courtesan, where she sings a song about a girl who was deceived by her lover. This was too much for her religious scruples, and she dies from the shock of the prophecy.

"A brother of Frances Saville will make his debut at the Opéra-Comique," as he been trained by Victor Maurel? Marcella Sembrich is studying the art of Micaela in "Carmen." Will he dress it properly? I have never seen a Micaela who did not put on white satin slippers to make her way to the smuggler's camp. The most absurd dressing seen in Boston of late years was that of Emma Eames as Antuzza. The poor deserted woman was rigged up in masquerade finery, wonder if Emma Eames saw Duse in the play founded on Verga's story. If in the same opera is never pressed correctly in this country. His clothes are too good, too picturesque.

"Hero and Leander," by Mancinelli is not wholly a tank drama.

For the opera there is no overture, and twenty orchestral measures lead to a chorus of priestesses and sailors, and then the three chief performers appear in Ariopharnes (High Priest of the Sacrifices), Leander of Abydos (the lover in an athletic contest), and Hero Priestess of Venus). The High Priest vainly presses his suit upon Hero. When repulsed he pretends that the oracle has pronounced for the re-establishment of the worship of Aphrodite in the lonely seagirt Tower of the Virgin, and at once he appoints Hero his fiancée. She is sworn to remain free from all earthly stain, and is informed that death will be the penalty of violation of the oath. In the meantime the

lovers have interchanged declarations of deathless affection. In the third act, in the Maiden's Tower, Hero shows a torch at the window to light Leander on his way, and toward the close of the love duet which ensues a terrific storm bursts. Trumpets announce the approach of the High Priest, and Leander leaps from the tower into the sea only to be dashed back lifeless on the rocks. The spectacle of his bruised body kills Hero, and the chorus proclaims that henceforward the shore will to mortals ever be sacred.

Gemma Bellincioni will create the part of Fedora in Giordano's opera founded on Sardou's play, and she will also be the heroine in Puccini's "La Tosca." Will she not come to this country before she is old, played-out, a wreck? They did not care for her in London, but in that city they discuss seriously Zélie de Lussan's Carmen, and Antoinette Sterling still charms thousands.

When Duse was last in Boston, she gave as a double-bill "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Goldoni's "La Locandiera." An opera has been written on and about his latter piece, and the music is by Pomilio Sudessi, a Venetian. Let us hope that he will not traduce the state.

Materna has been decorated by the Emperor of Austria. She has room enough on her person to display many decorations.

Calvé may now find fault with audiences of London as well as New York. In London they revived Thomas's "Hamlet" for her. There is only one scene in this dreary opera worth seeing

or hearing the mad scene of Ophelia. But there, as in this country, the theatre was nearly empty when it was time for her to put straw in her hair.

Auber's "Bronze Horse" will be revived in Paris. There was a time in this country when the overture to this opera was a favorite show piece of organists. One tune in it was stolen bodily by an ingenious American who set these words to it:

I hear their hoofs upon the hill,
I hear them fainter, fainter still.
They stole, they stole, they stole my child away!"

Perhaps it is not "their hoofs"—perhaps it is "the horse" or "the horses on." But the theft was no less flagrant.

The Revue Internationale de Musique, published in Paris, started off bravely. But the last number that I have seen—June 15—is a strong narcotic. Guy Ropartz takes 14 pages to assure us that the place of César Franck is by the side of Bach, and he says nothing biographical or critical that has not been said before. Mr. Combe—he is not fine-toothed—maunders on about Tolstoy's theory of art, and there are articles of keen contemporaneous interest about Mozart and Albrechtsberger and the Esterhazy. The one article of real worth and interest is "Les Troyens" de Berlioz en Allemagne" by Julien Tiersot.

"Mascagni explained to the committee in charge of the Leopardi celebration that in the symphony composed by him in honor of that event he tried to express the emotions he felt at reading the poems of Leopardi, and in chronological order the emotions which he believed inspired Leopardi, such as his regret at the rapid passing of youth, the disenchantment which love brought to him, his burning affection for his country and his overwhelming conviction of the uselessness of life. The symphony was played by 85 students of the Rossini Conservatory in Pesaro, of which Mascagni is the head. Every movement had to be repeated, and at the close of the performance the entire symphony had to be played over."

And yet I am not convinced as by a flash of lightning that this symphony—it was announced originally as a symphonic poem—is an inspired work.

Mascagni has done nothing of value since "Cavalleria Rusticana." Why does not some composer of sympathetic intelligence as well as musical skill, write an opera like "L'Ami Fritz"? Mascagni's version with the exception of the cherry-tree duet is nothing but sound and fury. The play with music by Julian Edwards was more effective, and Marlon Manola's recitation of the old Bible story still haunts the memory.

Philip Hale.

Aug 1. 1898

In our great cities, beauty is for the rich; bare walls and foul pavements and smoky skies for our poor, and the tumult of hideous machinery—a hell of eternal ugliness and joylessness invented by our civilization to punish the atrocious crime of being unfortunate, or weak, or stupid, or overconfident in the morality of one's fellow-man.

Old Chimes smiled when he read that Dr. W. M. Polk, "the eminent gynecologist," had presented the army hospital ship Relief with a set of surgical instruments. But the patriotic doctor probably looked beyond his specialty.

They say that Mr. Grau will choose either Mr. Emil Paur or Mr. Walter Damrosch as conductor of the Wagner operas at the Metropolitan next season. It seems to us improbable that Mr. Grau will put his old rival in so prominent a position. Surely Mr. Grau knows that Mr. Damrosch is not the man for the place. Mr. Damrosch plays tasteful piano accompaniments, his lectures are amusing and he is shrewd in business, but he is not an intelligent or a sympathetic conductor of grand opera. Mr. Paur has had much experience in the opera house, but with all his engagements in New York, in concert halls and hotel parlors, will he have time for proper rehearsal of musical-dramas? It is a singular fact that Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who has succeeded Mr. Paur as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has no reputation in Europe as a purely orchestral conductor. His fame—and that was local—was established by his work in the Court Opera House of Vienna. It is a pity that he has no opportunity to lead opera in this country.

We read last week that low russet shoes are no longer considered fashionable by authorities in dress, and that all yellow or tan shoes, of high or low degree, will soon disappear. We do not believe that anything of the kind will happen. Not necessarily because these shoes are comfortable and sensible; but because there are many lazy men in the world.

There are men, estimable citizens, not entirely devoid of common-sense, who allow conventionalty or fashion to destroy their comfort in hot weather.

When they buy soft shirts, leading pattern and artistic coloring, but they, standing in fear of Mrs. Grundy, insist on starched collars and wrist-bands. Now starch is the one thing to be avoided.

A starched collar in a hot day, whether the collar be a stand-up or a turn-over, is a vain thing. Unless a man provides himself with extra-collars, carrying them in his coat-pockets, he is a loathsome object by noon; we do not see how he can maintain his credit in the street; nor are we surprised when we hear that his wife is contemplating divorce. Where there is starch, there is corruption.

And yet a lawyer tells us that he would lose clients if he should dress comfortably and reasonably in the summer. They prefer, then, to see him with wilted, discouraged collar; dirty wristbands, sweaty shirt-front. He has made one concession to common-sense; he no longer wears a stove-pipe hat for Sirius to grin at; but he came to this determination only after long reasoning and a sleepless night. What do you suppose he now wears on his head? A Derby.

We confess that we hold Mayor Ziegenheim of St. Louis in high respect. He eschews waistcoats in summer, and his favorite shirt is "a blue checked Madras, that causes the white suspenders with their brass buckles to show up in bold relief." The Mayor says, "I believe in being comfortable." And a good Mayor, too, even if he wears suspenders instead of a belt.

But we should remember that it is not given to everyone to wear comfortable clothes. There are men who would lose all their dignity, their force, their reputation for benevolence, if you should strip them of plug hat, frock coat, expanse of shirt front, and stand-up collar. Did not the majesty of Louis XIV. consist in his wig, high-heels and clothes?

You may have observed of late several pathetic instances of dying women trying to shield their guilty husbands from the law. In one instance the wife had been abused shamefully by the husband; in another he had shot her when he was drunk, and she was in bed with her new-born baby. Women, beyond doubt and peradventure, are, as a rule, less selfish than men. Yet there is something more than blind devotion, than heroic generosity in their attempts to save men from just punishment. Few women are willing to admit publicly that their instincts were deceived when they chose a husband. They can endure neglect, a blow, or even long-continued and extreme cruelty better than the half-contemptuous pity of their more fortunate sisters. Hence they play well their part upon the stage, sometimes melodramatically, sometimes tragically, until the mask becomes the face, and the speech that at first was learned laboriously is at last the expression of absolute conviction.

"The new quick lunch establishment saves several minutes by the arrangement of the guests." Yes, and it may shorten the guest's life by several years.

Do you ask, Madam, "why this eternal chatter about food and clothes?" Because these trifles, as you consider them, play a mighty part in the career of a soul on this earth. Does not a hurriedly prepared, poorly served breakfast ruin you for the day? Do you not take a low view of your neighbors—especially of the chemical blonde across the street—a most respectable woman, the widow of Maj. Hawkinson of Hawkinsville? Are "the whiteness of the tablecloth, the glitter of silver and crockery, the crispness of the toast, the cosy warmth of the breakfast rolls" mere trifles?

Of all the meals it seems to me that lunch is the heaviest, the dullest, the most unnecessary. It lacks the courtly dignity which generations of old port and polished mahogany have given to dinner, and is hopelessly bourgeois. It is a meal to be got through as best one can—to be taken alone, with an open book beside one to distract one's attention, and a cigarette, by way of solace, to wind up with. When partaken of by way of entertainment in another person's house with a crowd of other people it is to my mind appalling. The half-hour in the drawing-room that supervenes, when the skin of one's face grows tight with boredom, and one furtively watches the clock and longs for the hands to reach a point when one may with decency go home, is simple purgatory.

Can anyone solve this problem: Why does a dress suit case weigh more when it is empty than when it is full?

Again we learn lessons of worldly wisdom from the Southern Ulster:

Mr. Nathan Townsend has been setting out some 500 plum trees up on his farm.

Nate says that pays if you only have the mun to pay for the trees.

Many of us in the West will have to learn our ethics over again from the common people. Our cultivated classes have lived so long in an atmosphere of false idealism, mere conventional humbug, that the real, warm, honest human emotions seem to them vulgar; and the natural and inevitable punishment is inability to see, to hear, to feel, and to think. There is more truth in the little verse poor Yuka wrote on the back of her mirror than in most of our conventional idealism: "Fly one keeping the heart free from stain, virtue and right and wrong are seen clearly as forms in a mirror."

Sir Thomas Browne drew up a catalogue of things that one should like to see, and in the list were three "passionate draughts" by a historical painter. One of these draughts, we remember, was of Bajazet in his cage, and, we believe, another was that of a gentleman in Grecian mythology, who had just been told that his son was the chief meat at a family dinner. We commend to our dear friend, the Historical Painter, after he has finished his immortal portrait of Colonel W. J. Bryan (mounted on a foaming charger and flourishing a real sword), a recent scene at Louisville, Ky. "The parting between the local detectives and Lewis Warner was very affecting." The Chief, Mr. Sullivan, should be consoled by this time, for he has received a draft for \$1000. A companion picture will be "Mr. Warner meeting the depositors that had trusted him." The authorities of Northampton will undoubtedly recommend Memorial Hall as a suitable place for the display of these two noble works of art.

Good news for the chorus girls of the United States! Leopold II., King of the Belgians, will visit this country.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling says of Bismarck, "I admire him and keep still, just as I keep silent in the presence of the pyramids." That Mr. Kipling is kept still is the highest tribute to the cause of such silence.

And yet Bismarck was a personality, as well as an individuality, that might well have awed even Mr. R. H. Davis. We saw him in the eighties in opera house and on parade; but the deepest impression made by him was when he was on horseback, unattended save by his huge dog, leisurely making his way through the Thiergarten in Berlin. The poorest man whom he met there would draw himself together and make his bow. To this courtesy Bismarck would return a military salute. At that time if you asked a citizen of Hamburg, or Hanover or Munich about Bismarck, he would use the language of bitterness and gall.

The father of the present Kaiser was an imposing figure; so was the Red Prince; and the bearing of Humbert of Italy is that of a soldier and a gentleman. The old Emperor Wilhelm I. had a kindly face, especially when the opera—his favorite was "The Daughter of the Regiment"—went to his taste, and when the ballet girls were not too old or too scrappy. The King of Saxony looked—we are speaking of the eighties—like a respectable and amiable person; but the King of Wurtemberg had a weak, almost foolish face. Wagner's friend, the Mad King of Bavaria, during the winter of '84-'85, was seldom seen by his people. We remember once in Munich the loungers in a street assumed a respectful position. A carriage was driven hurriedly toward the opera house. A face was vaguely seen in the dusk through the closed carriage windows. 'Twas Ludwig on his way to solitary enjoyment of a music-drama by the composer for whom the King in his madness taxed heavily the resources of Bavaria.

Planists whose finger tips crack easily on account of incessant practice now have the opportunity to wear rubber thimbles. Why should not the keys of a piano be made of rubber? They might encourage elasticity of touch.

Professor Daniel Batchellor lectured at Jackson, N. H., on "Universal Harmony"—a rare thing at any summer resort.

It appears that Mr. Cosme Stuart, who courageously married Marie Tempest, has been an "angel." Now that Marie has caught him, she will be foolish if she clips him. She should say with Mr. Emerson's Brahma (slightly altered), "When I would fly, his are the wings."

The Jukes and Earls continue to deny the allegations made by Mr. Hooley. After all, they are human, and their memories may be as weak as those of public men who "deny indignantly" their language in published interviews which they granted eagerly.

An officer of the venerable Handel and

Haydn Society thus describes Mr. Reinhold L. Hermann: "He is a man that says nothing about himself, but when a man talks little about what he has done and can do, we usually feel certain that he does not have to talk, because he himself is the best proof of what he has been, is and will be." For deep observation of human nature and for peculiar force of expression, this authorized statement may be put by the side of any opinion delivered by the late Captain Kingsby.

Aug 3, 1898

The hot weather last week exhausted our correspondents. Old Chimes scrawled feebly on a scrap of paper "Impossible," the Intelligent Foreigner and the Earnest Student of Sociology left town Wednesday and gave no address; the Historical Painter is still at work on his portrait of Colonel W. J. Bryan, but he hopes to leave next week for the Northampton Jail; Mr. Jules Renard smiled when we asked him for a story; the sun of Saturday drove the Quetist from the Commission.

But Q came to the rescue, Q, like the seraph Abdiel,

"Faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he."

'Tis a humble story, a pathetic tale of every-day life; and yet there are the characteristic touches of this great master of prose.

the glass eye

and they met on Blackstone St Boston both from dry towns now Billy Blinker what are you going to have I will take a cannon ball rye, the same here says Rob Rye So they took a stand where they administered stock Mr Rye being acquainted with the bar man made the drinks go better, the war was discussed the big wreck of the La Bour-gogne also and how dusty Sullivan fell asleep on a door step and was arrested and fined \$5 give me a pint in a bottle says Mr Rye, and we will be of we have enough to go by the Electricks says Mr Rye to Blinker you had better sleep with me tonight and have a Shock from this bottle in the morning and you will feel good in the morning all right do as you say Billy so they slipped of their shoes went up stairs, maked no noise, before retren Blinker took out his eye put it in a tumbler of water and was snoring in ten minutes. Next Morning Mr Rye awoke erry He roused Blinker they both im-bibed, went casuous down stairs and Separated Mr Rye to look after His horses Mr Blinker reached the Rail-road station when behold He missed his glass eye So back He went Knocked at the door a girl came says blinker would go up Stairs to Bobs room and bring me my eye out of a tumbler of water the girl gave a scream and fell in the hall Blinker mad a dash down the street when assistance came the neabors rushed in, reported the saw a Man Sprintin down the Street one said He was six feet tall another said He was a short man. When in walked Bob Rye when told about the trouble He walked up Stairs found the glass eye put it in his poket and kept mum Q

Mr. Bliss Carman, deciding the fate of George Moore's "Evelyn Innes," says: "One ought to praise his (Moore's) wonderful knowledge of music." But Mr. Moore, whenever he deals in statements of fact concerning music—as in his superficial antiquarian research—is apt to make sad breaks. It is in criticism of stage-performances that Mr. Moore reveals himself as acute, sympathetic, original, and, we are tempted to add, unerring.

The local merchants of Santiago are not as listless or stupid as Northerners have reported them to be. "They allow only 50 cents on an American dollar, while they value the same dollar at 75 cents when paying it out in change." There are men in the United States who would call this financiering. The gallant Col. Bryan and his devoted friends would call it statesmanship.

We observe that a contemporary describes "Her Last Rehearsal" as "a petite play." When did the word "play" become a feminine noun? Plain, vulgar people would use here the adjective "little."

Here is the dear old Transcript speaking of "the disregard of rhythm" shown in "Leaves of Grass." "Can it be," says the book reviewer, "can it be that English critics who have placed Whitman at the head of American poets have been taken seriously?" And it was only the other day that the Transcript published a fine editorial appreciation of Whitman as a lofty and at the same time subtle poet. Possibly this reviewer palpitates with the rhythm of Pope and Dr. Holmes.

eternal silence laughs along the shore
And spectral negroes whiten on the floor.

And our old friend Mr. W. D. Howells

has now discovered an "illimitable bourgeoisie" in New York, a "bourgeoisie" "peculiarly American." The Americans of this class "await here their discoverer, whose fortune they will make when he comes. It is a rare talent that knows how to divine and to reveal the delicate and elusive charm of the average."

This of course is a roundabout way of stating that Mr. Howells is at work on a novel about life in New York.

The New York Sun has referred two or three times of late to Thomas Walker's "Original" as a "gastronomic" journal. The characterization is not founded on fact. Walker's articles on eating and cookery are interesting and at times singular, but travel, health, prize fights, books, social and economic questions are also discussed at length by him.

Aug 4, 1898

There are three sorts of people in the world—the low people, the middle people and the high people. The low people and the high people are alike in one thing: they have no scruples, no morality. The low are beneath morality, the high above it. I am not afraid of either of them, for the low are unscrupulous without knowledge, so that they make an idol of me; while the high are unscrupulous without purpose, so that they go down before my will. Look you, I shall go over all the mobs and all the courts of Europe as a plough goes over a field. It is the middle people who are dangerous; they have both knowledge and purpose. But they, too, have their weak points. They are full of scruples; chained hand and foot by their morality and respectability.

We are told by a passionate reporter—is he or she our old friend the passionate press agent in disguise?—that Sir Henry Irving, the eminent stage-carpenter, has "an aristocratic touch of sureness"; that he gives you the idea of "good birth," chiefly because he paints "a crescent of pale bright blue under the lower eyelashes."

The reporter-press-agent asked about "Coriolanus." Sir Henry answered: "You were perfectly right. I did intend to do Coriolanus. I have changed my plans, I and my friend, Miss Terry, ladies and gentlemen."

The reporter-press-agent burst into tears. "The question is inevitable: 'Why?' but no; there are others to consider and—in his sensitive, chivalrous way—Sir Henry forbears."

Tableau: "The Forbearance of Sir Henry."

Slow curtain.
Music: Braga's "Angel's Serenade" pp.

But Sir Henry is not always so forbearing. The London Year-Book of '98, describing local theatres, stated that "frequently Sir Henry's voice at the Lyceum cannot be heard by half the audience." Sir Henry has begun a solemn libel suit.

We have had no difficulty in hearing Sir Henry in the Lyceum or any other theatre. The trouble was to understand what he was saying. Saying is hardly the word; juggling is better.

What are the hindrances to equality in the United States? The most obvious hindrance, and perhaps the most important, is the great and ever increasing inequality in the distribution of wealth. Great wealth in the hands of private persons is incompatible with equality. It is so for two reasons: first, because it makes a gap between those who have it and those who have it not; and, second, because its effect is, among people at large, to lower and confuse their ideals, to make a man respectable and respected, not for what he is, but for what he has.

A pleasant book for summer reading, is "The Cry of the Children," by Frank Hird. Here is one of his pictures, a sack-making alley: "forty two-storied houses facing a filthy brick wall; on each side of every doorway children sewing sacks; all along the wall women and children working at enormous lengths of sail-cloth, fixed to ropes, and lying flat along the brickwork; opposite to each doorway, and against the wall, a bucket or dustbin giving forth an insupportable stench of rotting fish and vegetables; flies, dirt, dirt, flies." You breathe in the scent of the pines, mingled with a whiff of ocean, and turn contentedly to another page. A girl of 15, after 10 hours in a factory, brings home 12 dozen belts at 6.30, collects her little sister and three other children, all of whom have been working all day, and works with them at these belts for four hours. They get 1s. 3d. the gross, threepence a child, or three-quarters of a penny each an hour. Fashionable bead-trimming is paid for at 5 farthings for 20 yards. One woman and five children earn 1s. 2d. a day at box-making. Why, the stories told are more thrilling than those invented by nine out of 10 novelists! And you light a fresh cigar.

"Who is this Frank Hird?" you ask.

"The man is a sharp observer." And you read this passage aloud:

A little girl of eight was laboriously stitching at a sack which a younger brother of seven was holding at the proper tension from a hook. She pushed the needle through the thick jute very slowly, very carefully, and then pulled the twine as tightly as she could, smoothing down the edge with her left hand. . . . It was quite raw, the jute having rubbed the skin from the under side of the thumb and the two first fingers, and all along the hem of the sack were little specks of blood. The child's mother and two elder sisters and another boy were hard at work upon a barge cover, fixed to the wall immediately behind her. Whilst the woman, whose clothes were in rags, and whose neck showed gaunt and bare above the top of her burst bodice, sewed the cover along the top, the two girls sitting on the stones were binding the bottom, the boy sewing at one of the sides in a squatting position. A piece of leather fastened round the palm of the hand acted as a thimble, the needle being pressed through the unyielding material with its help; the muscles on the woman's bare arm stood out in great knots, and the tension of the children's hands at every stitch made me shudder.

"Not bad. Flemish detail." And do you suppose for a moment that there are not similarly cruel scenes in New York or Boston?

Aug 5, 1898

Boston, Aug. 5d, 1898.
To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

Dear Sir—I saw the Quetist this morning. He was reading the Journal; he was sitting and smoking and reading on a bench in the Common. "I do not like public discussion of my private affairs. Whose business is it whether I am here or at an auction sale or swinging my idle legs off a wharf. As a matter of fact last Saturday morning I was—but did you ever meet Mr. Cyrus Gunter? Let me tell you about him."

Yours truly,
C. H. W.

THE AMATEUR NOCTAMBULIST.

"What a cold Mr. Gunter has this morning! What a red nose! And his eyes are like plover's eggs! Surely the respectable Mr. Cyrus Gunter of the respectable firm of Gunter, Hogg and Bylow is not a rounder!"

By no means. Mr. Cyrus Gunter is a man of exemplary habits and simple joys. In the evening for amusement he walks abroad; or he goes to the play—though he prefers a lecture; or he makes calls. He is a baritone, and in every family he finds a young musical genius—the pride of her mother—and the young genius is delighted to accompany him. (Mr. Gunter is happiest, however, when he is singing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," without the aid of "the instrument.") The club never sees him after half-past eleven. At 12 he goes—like Mr. Uttersen in Stevenson's romance—"soberly and gratefully to bed."

"Truly a godly life! But why is his nose so red? And where did he get that graveyard cough?"

Mr. Gunter is of a romantic temperament and he is a man of fine sensibilities. Hence trouble has come to him, yea sorrow has visited him. Last Saturday night as he was about to go to bed, having closed his book—it was Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights"—he indiscreetly looked out of the window. Trees stand near his window, plane trees, and slender, maidenly birches. The errant night winds sang through them—to repeat Mr. Gunter's prelude words—"just like an Arabian harp, sir!" Perhaps they sighed like unto the cedars of Lebanon. And a yellow moon shone through them; it was a golden apple tempting him so that he did eat. Thoughts of bed were distasteful. The closed house oppressed him. He had already taken off his collar and cravat. The only hat he could find was his high and shining plug. Yet did he tiptoe down the stairs and bravely adventure forth into the night.

The first half-hour of vagabondage was delightful. He would have sung aloud, but he could think only of "America." It is war time, and Mr. Gunter is a Tory. He felt like a poet, a romantic, open-road poet. He regretted that the firm of Carman and Hovey, manufacturers of verse, already had invented and patented songs from Vagabondia, for he felt that much remains to be said on the subject. He sketched the night in phrases. He compared the wind in the trees to the songs of the Sirens; he called the moon "golden" and the stars "silvery." He thought himself Prince Florizel—Mr. Gunter is a portly man and a great smoker of cigars—and he peered down dark streets for Colonel Geraldine, and he listened expectantly for the rumbling wheels of the hansom cab—the cab that bore Lieutenant Blackenbury Rich to the midnight rendezvous. A silk-hatted dilettante in noctambulism, he walked the empty streets, thrilling at the dark shadows of things, and at the threatening mouths of yawning courtyards and narrow streets, dusky shapes that are traps for half-real fears. He felt a fine contempt for the sleepers in the silent houses; mere

large and snoring Philistines called them. With pleasant uncertainty he debated whether or not he should eat a sausage in a night lunch wagon. But Mr. Gunter is only an amateur hero. Besides he does not like vinegar in his mustard.

He rambled thus until he began to be weary. The respectable and prudent Mr. Gunter sat down on the damp grass of an open square. But o the joy of unconventionality! He was even about to lie down to contemplate the stars; he was about to repeat phrases from the mystical book of Molinos:

There are four and twenty lamps in the tabernacle. . . . And the high priest is Silence, and the thurifers are the four winds from the four corners of the earth.

When he heard the sound of approaching steps. He rose to his feet. He passed a policeman under the gas-light on the corner and he then regretted the absence of his collar and cravat, but he was consoled in a measure by the thought of his plug hat. His echoing footsteps annoyed him excessively and he became aware of the fact that even the most respectable of noctambulists may be an object of suspicion to the police, for the officer slowly followed him. Mr. Gunter was cross. What if some belated acquaintance should meet him! How could he explain to any business associate his absence of collar and cravat and the surveillance of a policeman? Then it was late, and business hours in Western lands are inconveniently early. The church clock struck two. The suspicious policeman eyed him into the house. And as Mr. Gunter crept up the stairway, boots in hand, he felt uncomfortably like an illustration to a joke in Life. Fortunately for him he is a bachelor.

And this is why the nose of Mr. Cyrus Gunter is so red. And this is why he has that graveyard cough. And this is why his eyes are like unto the eggs of the plover.

THE QUIETIST.

Mr. R. A. Barnet—who is only ungrammatical in name—is in a Cape Cod village pondering a tragedy in five acts, which will be a compromise between the formalism of the ancient school and the realism of Ibsen et al. He assured us the other day that Job's comforters are still alive. "As you see, I have a bad cold. I was sitting on the piazza, barking away, when Col. Shrieker from Nebraska came up with a sympathetic face: 'Look out, Barnet, my boy, look out. I know a young fellow like you out home. I spoke to him at half past four; he took a bath at five; at six o'clock he deposited some money in the bank, and at seven o'clock, at seven o'clock, sir, he was dead.' And now I am trying to find out what killed him; whether it was taking the bath or making the deposit."

Aug 5, 1898

For do not think that Old Age is therefore evil spoken of and blamed, because it is accompanied with Wrinkles, Gray-Hairs and Weakness of body; but this is the most troublesome thing in Old Age, that it staines and corrupteth the Soul with the Remembrance of Things relating to the Body, to which she was too much addicted; thus it bendeth and boweth, retaining that Form which it took of the Body.

They will not let the Venus of Milo alone. Not long ago it was settled—at least to the satisfaction of the discoverer and his friends—that she was not a Venus but a Victory. Now comes Mr. Salomon Reinach, who declares that she is an Amphytrite. Name the statue as you please, the marvelous rhapsody of Helne will not suffer.

This reminds us that another Parisian goddess, Miss Jeanne Plerny, whose temple is the Folies Dramatiques, was sued lately for 4229 francs, her bill for new hats furnished during September and October, 1896. She must have had a hat for each day.

This story is going the rounds in Germany. The Kaiser paid a visit to a famous surgeon at the very moment when he was engaged in amputating a leg. Moved to admiration by the coolness and dexterity of the anatomist, the Kaiser expressed himself in loud and forcible terms. With a low bow the surgeon replied: "Perhaps your Majesty would like to have the other leg taken off also."

It seems to us that we have heard the story before. We prefer the illustration of socialistic philosophy published in the current issue of Simplissimus. A poor devil in a pelting rain looks at a sumptuous carriage standing before a palace gate. And this is his soliloquy: "It is right in the ordering of the world that there should be a difference between the rich and the poor. It is not every one that can have money; there must be poor people. But that I should be one of the latter class is a dirty trick of Fate."

A thunder storm calls for the finest

golden. It is he who
row in a cruet tent—you want
your children pleasure—you may
with friends or relatives in a sitting
n, or you may be alone in bed
in a summer-hotel. Your one
light is, "I may be hit." As though
this disturbance of the elements,
amazing pother in the sky, were
poetic and planned to do you harm,
though the lightning were looking
you, Mr. Johnson. The guilty lovers
Pippa's asses were prime egotists,
at special thunder storm thought no
of them than of any grasshopper
lizard.

C writes: "I should like your opin-
of the inquiries proposed in the
lost communication:
I suppose at the present time it
reason to say anything against war
the abstract or concrete, but since
Spanish-American war has been
slag I thought many times of those
s of Longfellow, written on a visit
the arsenal at Springfield:

ere half the power that fills the earth
with terror,
ere half the wealth bestowed on camps
and forts.
en to redeem the human mind from error,
here were no need for arsenals nor forts."
Of course, when a nation gets crazy
the subject of war, all such moraliz-
is considered out of date; but,
nevertheless, there is a good deal of
th packed into these lines. Do you
ak the time will ever come when,
world over, 'the sword will be
ten into a plowshare and the spear
ok a pruning hook, and nations shall
rn war no more? And on the whole,
the world growing any better?

It strikes me that the present out-
k is not very favorable to the theory
evolution of the human race, from
animal to the spiritual, that has
late years been so confidently pro-
mised.

I remember of reading a sermon
each by Theodore Parker in Music
all, Boston, in the year 1858, in which
gave the following statement: "There
nothing real or substantial for the
ngs contained in the Bible. They
st on the said-so of somebody who
new no better than we, and who
ok his dreams of the night or his
lmselves of the day for the facts of
universe." At the time these words
were uttered, they were considered but
ie better than rank infidelity. But
is it now? Have not a good many
our divines advanced to the posi-
on then occupied by Theodore Par-
r?"

We regret to say that we are unable
answer these questions. Our own
opinions concerning war are miscellane-
ous and uncertain. At times we bow
Cornelius Agrippa, who declared that
war is nothing but a general homicide
by robbery by mutual consent; neither
Soldiers other than stipendiary
leaves arm'd to the subversion of the
monwealth." At other times re-
membering that Plato praised war, that
us affirmed that it is as necessary
agriculture, that Saint Augustine
ad Saint Bernard approved of it, we
earn with desire to rush to the fray,
though we are handicapped by super-
fluous flesh.

Nor are we strong in theological
discussion. We were brought up strict-
in the Congregational fold in a little
wn where men, women and children
ood during the "long prayer" and
here caraway-seed perfumed pews. In
e old church we learned many les-
ons; some of them, alas, were soon
otten; but one, at least, remains—
a vain thing for laymen to discuss
wspapers the religion of any land
y man.

Theatre, Lyons, he was always search-
ing for soloists, because virtuosos were
unwilling to exile themselves in the
provinces. Pourtau, disgusted with
Paris, accepted the position that was
offered. And he accepted it for this
reason: he wished to paint at his leis-
ure. He was late at the rehearsal, the
day that there was the trouble which
led to his resignation, because he had
miscalculated the time necessary to go
from the Ecole des Beaux-arts to the
Châtelet. Painting enticed him, took
possession of him. The moment he was
free he went with his paint-box into
woods near Paris. There he copied
nature, never satisfied, always disgust-
ed with himself; but whenever he had
learned a difficult solo and had played
it well, he would say to his friends:
'What a bore this music is! Once you
master a piece, you know you will
never be able to play it any better;
there is nothing more in it to be found.'
He almost blushed at being a musician;
music was for him nothing more than
a means of getting a living. One day
he played in a concert. An American
impresario heard him, wondered, and
made a superb offer for concerts in
Boston: 60,000 francs for three years
with the privilege of renewing the con-
tract. 'Twas a fortune. Pourtau after
three years of exile was returning with
his wife to see again his native land
and friends; he could not realize his dream.
To prove to me that he had not for-
gotten painting he sent me from Boston
two years ago an exquisite little pic-
ture on a visiting card: a road by the
riverside. Pourtau was a very dis-
tinguished 'pointilliste'; but he did not
go too far; his choice of method gave
to his canvas intense light and vibra-
tion. His paintings sold well in Amer-
ica."

Now it is true that Pourtau was at
times impatient with music, and he
preferred the art of painting to it, but
remember that when he made the
outbreak recorded above, he was in
Conservatory routine work, or in the
drudgery of the operatic orchestra at
Lyons. I know that in Boston he
was interested deeply by works of the
modern school, works by Richard
Strauss, Loeffler, Rimsky-Koraskoff
and others. And although he loved
painting and still preferred it, he had
a greater respect for music, partly, no
doubt, on account of the greater op-
portunity afforded him of playing and
hearing, and this respect was growing
day by day. That he was not by
nature a poetic, imaginative musician
is nonsense. His clarinet playing was
an immediate refutation of the charge
that he was merely a man of technic
and routine.

The story of his engagement by an
'impresario' is a pleasant fable. Pour-
tau may have received \$50 or \$60 a week
each season; "60,000 francs" for three
years would mean \$4000 a season.

Pourtau, according to the Ménestrel,
was born at Bordeaux, Nov. 23, 1868.

He exhibited his paintings once or
twice in Boston; but the sales were
few.

Joseph Luigini, father of the Lui-
gini mentioned above, died July 8 at
Paris. He was a celebrated conductor
at Lyons—he was there 40 years; at
Paris, at the Italiens, where he brought
out, besides other pieces, "Aida," and
at Rouen. For several years he had
been blind and paralyzed. Two years
ago the Figaro organized a benefit for
him; but when he died his money was
gone, and his widow is left in utter
destitution.

The Apollo Club has sung part songs
by Max von Weinzierl. This composer,
born at Bergstadt, Bohemia, in 1841,
died at Mödling, near Vienna, July 10.
A pupil of the Vienna Conservatory,
he was conductor at the old Comic
Opera House in Vienna; from 1882 to
1884 he was conductor of the Wiener
Männergesangverein and of a singing
society made up of railway employees.
He wrote several operettas, but it is
probable that he will be longest known
by his male part songs.

The composer's life at Buenos Ayres
is not always a happy one. An operetta,
"The Marquise That Laughs," by Alex-
andre Canepa, an Argentine, was pro-
duced there this summer. One of the
local journals, the *Theatralia*, said,
"After the performance the majority of
the audience was convinced that it
would have been a wise precaution to
send the composer to the mad-house
and the manager to jail."

Evangeline Florence will make a tour
in this country in the winter of 1899.
Unless I am gravely mistaken this
singer went to England from Boston or
a neighboring town.

Wolodia Roujitzky, a Russian pianist
who made his first appearance in London
July 5, is not eight years old.

David Bispham sang July 8 for the
first time in England at a setting by Mr.
H. H. Huss of New York of "All the
World's a Stage," a dramatic scena

composed expressly for the singer. It
is said to be part of a greater com-
position.

Frances Saville is at Spa. She will
sing at Vienna this winter.

Antoinette Sterling has a concert com-
pany. It will devastate the English
provinces in the fall. According to the
prospectus, "a grand pianoforte and
organ will accompany the party."

Lillian Russell, they say, will receive
\$15,000 for 30 evening concerts at Berlin.
Spiro Samara's "The Martyr"—first
produced at Naples in 1894—was per-
formed for the first time in Paris at
the Variétés July 21. The creators of
the leading parts were Bellincioni and
Stagno. At Paris Jane Dhasty, Mrs.
N. O. Elly-Millaud Martopaura and
Henri sang. The cheerful plot, as told
by the Daily Messenger, is as follows:

There is neither overture nor intro-
duction, and when the curtain rises on
the first act, we see the port of Salina,
and among the dock laborers Tristan,
who has to listen to the bitter re-
proaches of his wife for leaving her
without a penny. Martha, their little
girl, is dying, and the distracted mother
begs of him to come home. But Tris-
tan is smitten with the charms of Nina
Fleurette, a music hall singer, on
whom he spends all his money. The
scene of the second act is laid in the
Music Hall. Nina Fleurette has a tre-
mendous success, and whilst she is
carried in triumph round the hall by
Tristan and his drunken companions,
Nathalie appears and informs Tristan
that their child is dead. In the final
tableau we are in Tristan's lodgings.
The body of aMtha is lying in the
adjoining room, and poor Nathalie is
preparing a little charcoal fire to put
an end to her miserable existence.
Her agony is terrible, and at the mo-
ment she drops down lifeless. Tristan
enters and gazes horror-stricken at the
body of his wife.

Our old friend, the gallant Colonel
Mapleson is at it again. He proposes
to give Italian opera in London, open-
ing Oct. 10. "All our contracts are

long ones; some of them extend over
five years, so we shall be able to offer
the best singers at popular prices," says
Mr. Fleming, the manager. "We intend
to employ English talent wherever pos-
sible. Unfortunately, our music factor-
ies—such as the Guildhall School—pro-
duce very few artists, but all the work-
men and nearly all the orchestra—some
300 people—will be English, and I hope
presently to be able to engage English
singers. Blame the aristocracy here
for letting the English artists starve.
They will employ few without a foreign
name."

The syndicate will "present a novelty"
at the Tivoli, London, August 16. Alfred
Soffredini, the master of Mascagni, will
bring a complete opera company com-
posed of boys between twelve and six-
teen years old, and they will present
to Londoners all sorts of new operas,
some of them by Soffredini.

All this reminds us of a paragraph
in the *Era* of July 23:

On Wednesday Messrs. Debenham,
Storr & Sons sold by auction at their
rooms, King Street, Covent Garden, the
extensive operatic wardrobe lately the
property of Col. J. H. Mapleson. The
dresses and properties sold had been
prepared by the Colonel for a grand
operatic tour in America some two or
three years ago, which, however, did
not come off. Most of the costumes
were quite new, some having never
been worn at all. Among these were
many expensive articles of attire for
principal parts in various operas. For
"Lohengrin" alone at least 150 cos-
tumes and 300 hats had been ordered,
and had to be disposed of in practically
the same condition as when they came
from the makers. "ices ruled low.
The maximum sums obtained were for
six colored plush costumes, trimmed
with plush lace, £4; and a similar
amount for six drab and brown cloth
scale-armor costumes; five black velvet
and blue and red plush costumes
fetched £3 5s.; five plush and satin cos-
tumes, £3 3s.; while other items were
disposed of at prices far below the cost
of manufacture.

The lots included a large quantity of
music, amongst them being the scores,
chorus parts, principal parts, and the
hand parts of "Maritana," "Falstaff,"
"Fra Diavolo," "Carmen," "Fidelio,"
Gounod's "Faust," and several other
operas. The total amount realized by
the sale was about £250.

But Colonel Mapleson was over here
'96-'97. We all remember his appearance
at the Boston Theatre.

There was natural curiosity concern-
ing Mancinelli's new opera "Ero e
Leandro," produced at Covent Garden
July 11, for he is favorably known here,
and Emma Eames was the heroine. The
Pall Mall Gazette reviewed the opera
as follows:

It is a very curious fact in connection
with the opera season this year that we
have to be within a fortnight's spell
from the end before a single novelty
has been presented to the London pub-
lic. That, of course, is all part of the
Wagner tornado, which during this
year—and alas! it seems for this year
alone—has turned out neck and crop
not only the wise men of other genera-
tions, but also the aspiring composers
of our present time. So, with a "gasp
and a quiver," we are just able to pause
upon the verge of the opera's finish in
order to welcome one or two works
which are new to Covent Garden au-
diences, and last night the first of these
was given in the shape of Signor Man-
cinelli's *Norwich Cantata* of a year or

operatic form. That Signor Mancinelli
the librettist should prove so full on
guarantee that the book, at all events,
is distinguished by a cogently and by a
fine sense of literature. That Signor
also approached his work with a certain
sentiment of humor, with a modern
thought, with an independent feeling of
criticism on the subject of the legends
of mythology is to be cheerfully, nay,
delightedly, recognized. The original
utterance of the libretto at the end
of the first act is alone sufficient to
prove this. Moreover, close as so much
of the libretto is, it is still a composi-
tion containing poetry, a fine sense of
sound and the language of music.

When, however, you come to the
music, there is another story to tell.
We find it practically of no real value.
Whatever breath of inspiration has ap-
proached it has been blown through
dust and flowers blown through long
faded. Curiously enough, that music,
nevertheless, shows singular passages
of musicianly feeling, without, however,
coming at any time near greatly origi-
nal expression. It would, therefore, not
be easy to imagine anything more tire-
some, or (may one say?) more dusty.
So many of us have emotions which
border upon the musicianly, so few of
us are able to express those emotions
with any fullness, that to meet with a
work which falls in this respect seems
almost like meeting a personal failure,
than which nothing could be more ex-
asperating. Melody followed melody,
chorus, and all the rest of the tale was
told with a sort of inevitableness that
became more and more dreary as it con-
tinued. Every ordinary fault accer-
lingly touched this music, not any fault
which wanders toward greatness, not
even the dullness which comes to labor
largely fulfilled—an almost inevitable
drawback in such a connection—but at
all points you receive a cheapness, a
weakness, a sincere completion of ideas
which are not really worth completing.
At the same time it would be idle to
deny Signor Mancinelli's industry, his
occasional quickness of dramatic effect,
and the generally right feeling for the
orchestra which he undoubtedly pos-
sesses. For Mancinelli, in his own line
of expression, is really a great con-
ductor, and, with his experience, added
to a certain positive proportion of
creative genius, he can scarcely do
other than good at definite intervals.

The cast last night was exceptionally
good, so far as the names went; and
M. Plancon was assuredly the hero of
the evening. He sang superbly, and
with the profoundest belief in the
beauty and adequacy of his music. We
shall not be suspected of any lack of
interest in Mme. Eames's remarkable
gifts when we say that last night we
found her profoundly disappointing.
The exquisite Elsa, the wonderful

Sieglinde, here gave place to a being,
as it were, without real volition, with-
out impressiveness, almost without in-
tention. We do not blame her very
seriously. Her music, her part were
sufficiently unstimulating. Yet, despite
her lovely costumes, despite a great
final effort, she was as dull as her
intelligent spirit would allow her to
be. We have never heard her magni-
ficent voice used to so small a profit.
M. Saleza took the part of Leandro to
Mme. Eames's Ero, and was not very
interesting. He seemed tired and in-
different. The chorus, indeed, which
had a great deal both to sing and to
act, and which was most neatly
groomed and attired throughout, be-
haved itself admirably and rattled
through its work with great spirit and
alertness. But, take the performance
all round, we regretfully record a dis-
appointment, which was great in exact
proportion to our admiration of Signor
Mancinelli and of the artists who were
engaged in the interpretation of his
work.

The 22d annual festival of the Sulli-
van Musical Association, will be held at
Newport, N. H., Aug. 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.
Mrs. Kileski Bradbury, soprano, of
Boston, Miss Marlon Ward, violinist,
of Nashua, Mr. E. C. Towne, tenor, and
Dr. C. E. Duff, bass, of New York, Mr.
C. D. Mooney, pianist, of Newport,
Mr. Charles T. Grilley, humorist, of
Boston, and the Mendelssohn Orches-
tral Club, of Boston (Mr. Mahn, con-
ductor), will take part. Mr. H. G.
Blaisdell will be the conductor of the
festival. The chief choral work will be
Gade's "Psyche."

Philip Hale.

Aug 8. 1898

So silent is the world tonight
The lamp gives silence out like light,
The latched windows, open wide,
Show silence, like the night, outside;
The nightingale's faint notes draw near
Like musical silence to mine ear.

The empty house calls not to me:
"Here, hut for Fate, were thou and she!"
That glibe for once is checked: tonight
Silence is queen in grief's despite;
And even the longing of my soul
Is silent in this hour's control.

C. H. W., a young man of singular
fancy, sends us a sketch entitled

BY THE MILESTONE.

At the turn of the road a white mile-
stone stands, holding guard in the dark-
ness over the secret of the distance to
town. I halt there to rest, and I light
my pipe. The flame of the match re-
veals the secret of the milestone: it is
fourteen miles to Boston-town. A
carved hand points down the dark gray
road.

Now I propose to reach the town to-
night. I shall sleep in Boston Common,

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Ménestrel of July 17 published
an article of melancholy interest con-
cerning the late Léon Pourtau. The
title is founded on information given
a correspondent in Lyons.

We learned by the newspapers of
entrance into the clarinet class of
Rose (at the Paris Conservatory).
attended these lessons for two years
and then took the first prize (1887). He
was engaged for the Colonne orchestra,
a fine day because he was late
at rehearsal there was a violent dis-
cussion he resigned. Alexandre Lui-
gini, conductor at the Opéra Com-
ique, was then conductor at the Grand

or in a freight car down by Huntington Avenue, or I may be a guest of the Salvation Army. Meantime it is good, resting here by the roadside, by the white milestone, this faithful sentinel.

Shall I count the stars? Or shall I exchange confidences with the moon? No, not tonight, for she would scorn me. The moon is a coquette; she has a history of many amours, she has smiled on many lovers, she has listened through the centuries to serenaders. But tonight she is sad, remembering Babylon, and behind gray clouds she dreams morosely of old kisses. So I turn again, and I look upon the face of night, upon woods and fields and the open, winding road, old friends and old companions, older and yet younger than I.

Over the way quartermen are silhouetted against a brush fire by their shanties. I smell wood-smoke and new-mown hay. I hear running water and the croaking of frogs. There is a lighted window down the road, and across the fields other, far-spread lights shine out. An old man passes slowly, tapping with a stick. A boy goes by, whistling shrilly. And young men and young women ride by on bicycles. Now and then I hear gay voices and soft laughter.

The road is soon deserted; its dust is stirred no more; the light in the window goes out; the fire of the quartermen dies, and now it is a red flower in a dusky garden, the dusky garden of the woods and fields. And again the white milestone is a sentinel, the guardian of a secret.

I swear that disembodied voices are a-talking in the tree tops, in this hedge, where grow unripened blackberries, in the grass that is starred with daisies and with yellow snapdragon. Dumb shapes beckon in the wood. The trees throw shadows of unknown things, and the words of the night voices are untranslatable. Shall I stay here and sleep soundly? Shall I go to the town tonight? Already I am dozing, already I dream dreams.

With a start I am wide awake. It seems to me I heard a bell. I see moving shapes on the road. Two forms ride up, a young man and a girl. They stop. The man says "Good night, dear." The young woman answers softly. He kisses her and rides away. She walks with her wheel towards a gate. She trips, the bicycle falls. I jump up and raise it. "Thank you," she says, and she gives me a frightened look. The dim light bathes her face in cream. Ah, she is fair! I glance up and down the road; it is empty and silent and gray. I stand still. She says again, "Thank you, sir." Her eyes are frightened, her voice trembles, her breast heaves. And yet I do not stir. I stare into her eyes. Ah, she is very fair! I swear that there are voices a-talking in the dark, that dumb shapes beckon in the dark. The girl asks—and how her voice flutters—"Is the bicycle hurt?" I bow to her. I answer "Not at all." She thanks me again; I roll the wheel to her; she goes quickly through the gate. I stand and look after her. Will she be unusually thankful in her prayer tonight?

I fill and light my pipe. "Ah, old pipe, she was very fair!" I tramp down the road, the dust-gray road, the fourteen-mile road, the road to Boston-town.

You may remember that passionate Wagnerites in this city, as well as in New York, were at last convinced that Mr. Jean de Reszke was a great tenor when he set himself at work in "Tristan" and "Siegfried." They mopped their foreheads in their enthusiasm. "Here is a great tenor, an intellectual tenor! The stupid parts in Italian operas do not satisfy his soul!"

They will be pleased to hear that just before the eminent and intellectual tenor left London for Paris he spoke as follows to a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette: "When I come next year I hope to make a return 'all'antico,' and take up a long-neglected Italian repertoire, the early Verdi operas, and perhaps a Bellini and a Donizetti one."

We still hope to hear Mr. de Reszke as Thaddeus in "The Bohemian Girl."

As the Polish refugee he would act and sing in a spirit of gentle patriotism.

It is not often that Mr. G. W. Smalley, the hearty old English squire, writes anything that can be approved of by Americans. It is, therefore, the greater pleasure to applaud him for his declaration of the practice of condensing novels—for an example take Mr. Edith D. Harris's condensation of "Rob Roy." These condensers strike out everything that seems to them superfluous—as "lengthy descriptions of scenery," "historical portents," etc. Thus they put themselves by the side of purveyors of quick lunches, electric lunches, and perhaps of lar lunches.

A striking instance of this shameful practice is an edition of Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," published in that famous literary centre, Chicago. Whole chapters, not pages merely, are omitted, and the result is that Reade's marvelous study of a by-gone age is as bald and dry as any legal digest.

Aug 9. 91

Those that have the responsibility of the prosperity of the kingdom on their shoulders have not overlooked the most important part played by the lobster in his green and red states. Professors have passed their lives in painful anxiety over him; commissions have sat with wet towels round their brows, thinking out all things that might be for the lobster's good; Cabinets have framed laws to please him, and Governments tottered because he threatened to withdraw himself, and consequently his support, from certain quarters. Fevers may sweep off swine, foot and mouth disease decimate cattle, and the Frenchmen may win all our gold cups and the Russians run off with all our Chinese bric-a-brac, and the Anglo-Saxon people will not rebel, but the one thing they will not allow is that the lobster should be disturbed in the peaceable possession of his ancestral halls.

Old Chimes called on us yesterday. "Yes," he began, "I did not feel like contributing to your column during the hot weather: not because I was exhausted—as you intimated—but because I was on my vacation."

We looked at him coldly, severely. "But Miss Eustacia wrote us that you positively refused to leave town."

"She is right—Miss Eustacia is always right—I have been in town, and I have also been on my vacation. You see my sister Vashti gave me the run of her great, old-fashioned house on Beacon Hill, and left the cook and a maid and a man to take care of me. So I imagined that I was visiting at the houses of friends and stopping at seaside inns and mountain cottages. 'Twas very easy. I slept in different beds and I had these beds made up in different ways. The Monday morning of each week I packed a trunk, and Wednesday night I unpacked it. Sometimes I would play that there was no bath tub in the house. Sometimes I would persuade the man to walk up and down heavily for half an hour in the room over my bed chamber while I was trying to get to sleep. One night I gave the cook a dollar to send up lukewarm soup, sour bread, beef roasted till it was leather, greasy gravy, and a salad with oil that was a little queer. The next night I would go to an electric restaurant or a railway station for my dinner, and the third night I would dine as though I were at the house of a rich and well-fed friend. Sometimes I would be called at 6.30 A. M., with the word, 'You have only half an hour, sir, before the train goes.' One day I went up Bunker Hill monument, saying to myself 'This is Snag Mountain,' the next day the Nantasket boat was a private yacht. I visited L Street beach. Haven't I a good color? Feel of that arm! The only trouble is that the man servant must have written to Vashti, for I got a letter from her this morning, saying 'My poor, dear Brother: I fear the heat has affected your head. I return by the next train.' And yet I have been enjoying a typical summer vacation and at a trifling expense."

The lobster is an aristocrat to the tip of his toes. He is great in life as he is great in death. When he walks he is a procession. Leisurely he saunters on at the bottom of the sea, with some few fathoms of cool green waters washing over him; he trips along on the tips of his toes, nimbly, fastidiously, elegantly, his nipping claws held out in front of him, and slightly raised above his head, and he waves his long feelers aloft like living streamers, and below his two shorter feelers, like pikes, straight out before him. All the time his eyes keep watch in every direction, and his tail is spread out behind and carried so as not to come into contact with the harshness and slime of the sea bottom. He is nothing short of a gaudy procession, and struts round with quite a patronizing air among his friends and enemies.

Here is the Criterion accusing George Bernard Shaw of not being in earnest. Thus does Mr. Shaw suffer because he is brilliant and not dull. The Criterion man should read the preface to the "Unpleasant Plays." We believe it was Thomas Corwin, who standing with his son before a monument, said: "My son; that man was solemn, stupid, an ass. Monuments are raised in honor of solemn asses."

It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. Carl Zerrahn speaks enthusiastically of his successor, Mr. Hermann, the new conductor of the venerable Handel and Haydn. It was not long ago that Mr. Zerrahn was speaking enthusiastically of Mr. Lang.

Of course you have either read or read about the play "Cyrano de Bergerac." You know the author, Mr. Rostand, has received \$200 for each

performance in Paris, fees from the company playing in Belgium and the French provinces, sums for the rights to adapt the drama for England, Russia, America. You know that Mr. Richard Mansfield went a long journey expressly to see Coquelin in the part, and that Miss Gertrude Hall, formerly of Boston, is translating the play for him.

The ingenious Mr. George R. Sims, remembering how sensitive Cyrano was about the enormous size of his nose, prefers to call the play "Cyranoise de Bergerac" and he discourses pleasantly.

"Of Coquelin as Cyranoise it may be said, 'He came, he was seen, and he conquered.' His nose was a triumph—he has made long noses fashionable. I never saw so many huge noses in an audience before. When the men came round between the acts selling false ones they stared at the real noses and retired humiliated."

He even puns wildly—one might say internationally. "I don't think Sir Henry Irving will ever play Cyrano. If Coquelin were to ask him why not, Sir Henry would probably reply 'Je n'ose pas.'"

And he finds that the story of the play has been told by Thomas Hardy in "Life's Little Ironies." You remember the young barrister who falls in love with a maid-servant because of the lovely letters she writes him, and marries her. But the girl couldn't write and her mistress wrote the love letters for her. The mistress fell in love with the barrister while writing the maid's letters, but the maid married the barrister, and he discovered the truth too late." We bow to Mr. Sims but we fail to see a close resemblance.

Aug 10 1898

Even to this hour how men toy and labour Day and Night! scribbling continually of all sorts, Commentaries, Forms of Elegancy, or Phrases, Questions, Annotations, Animadversions, Observations, Castigations, Centuries, Miscellanies, Antiquities, Paradoxes, Collections, Additions, Lucubrations, Editions upon Editions.

We received yesterday a letter from the Earnest Student of Sociology, who is pursuing his trade in a Cape Cod village. We regret to say that the greater part of the letter is unfit for publication. Here are a few extracts that may be of contemporaneous interest and they will surely offend no one:

"Even here men may be divided into two great classes; the abstemious and the stemious. You may say that there is no such word as stemious. There should be. How it fits, how it characterizes a man! An abstemious person may have been in his youth exceedingly stemious. At last he let off steam, and settled into an orderly condition."

"Mosquitoes, which, by the way, are here in battalions, should be trained to conduct their business on strictly antiseptic principles. First of all they should be taught to sterilize their bills. The mosquitoes at Oyster Bay not only puncture bicycle-tires; they actually poison and discolor the rubber."

"I have had strange dreams of late. Sunday I had been reading one of Balentine's books, and in sleep I dreamed that I was a shipwrecked negro-minstrel on a lonely coral reef. The reef was no longer an atoll; for part of it had washed away, leaving a formation exactly like the old-fashioned minstrel semi-circle. I could not forget the traditions of my profession. I improvised hastily a set of bones from a stranded fish and took my proper position. I thought I heard the middle-man say, 'Opening chorus: Hither we come,' and as soon as the chorus was over, I asked Mr. Johnson if he could spell stove-pipe. And thus I went through the entire olio—from 'I stood on the bridge at midnight—and they moved the bridge,' to 'Hear the wind on baby's stomach'—sentimental ballad by Eddie Lincoln."

"There are two or three stores in the village, and I like to loaf about them and hear the scandal and the slang, and watch the wits of the neighborhood swapping brands of repartee. Bill Mashpee had been to Boston last week, and was telling his adventures."

"You know Jimmy that tends bar in Kneeland Street?"

"Chorus: 'Yes.'"

"Well, he shouted last week, and for the first time in his life."

"Chorus: 'Shouted? Get out.'"

"Well, if he didn't shout, he came darned near it. I went in and I said, 'Hullo, Jimmy.' And he said, 'Hullo, yourself, Mashpee, what are we going to have—wind or rain?'"

And still there is talk about literary centres! Here is the Omaha World-Herald laughing at the claim of New York. "In the old days, when Beadle employed a staff of literary 'gents' to write his blood-curdling tales of Indian massacres and scouting triumphs, New York could lay some claim to being a literary centre. . . . New York the literary centre of America? Go to. New York is a collection of book publishing

houses that prey upon the fertile brain of the South and West. . . . There is no literary centre in America."

Oh yes there is—but it is not Omaha, or Boston, or Holyoke, or even New York.

"Where liberty dwells, there is my ke-dentry," sang the poet in fine frenzy.

And wherever J. Gordon Coogler, Esq., eats, works and sleeps, there is the literary centre of the United States.

First there was cyclist's face. Then there was cyclist's hump. This was followed by cyclist's heart, and now there is cyclist's lockjaw. Some time ago there was an isolated case; a man landed on a dust heap in England. His nose was scratched, and this apparently was his only injury. But the microbe of tetanus waiting patiently on that dust-heap found a more congenial though restricted field for operation, and the man died. Lately an Essex clergyman died of bicyclist's tetanus. How did he harbor the microbe? There was no abrasion. A scientific journal thinks that "he must have been riding open-mouthed and that the microbe was absorbed in that way." But the moral, "Shut your mouth," which served George Catlin as the text of a singularly sensible pamphlet, may be applied to all who ride or own a machine. Nor is it necessary to add bitterly in the words of the Pall Mall Gazette, "There is no doubt that in the case of a considerable number of cyclists this form of lockjaw would not only be good for them, but would be much appreciated by other people."

Sir Edward Armitage, painter, left \$318,462; Sir John Gilbert, painter and draughtsman, left \$231,584; Sir John Millais, painter, left \$97,188; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, painter, left \$53,493.

Several of the best known and most successful (today) of American painters left—Boston.

In the report of a conference written by a Methodist clergyman and published in the Meriden (Conn.) Republican—testes Mr. Elbert Hubbard—the reverend gentleman says, recounting the deaths of the year: "Another parsonage home has been called upon to make a contribution for the enrichment of the better home On High. During the autumn, in the household of Brother H. C. Whitney, of Plainville, the star of natal joy shone with binary light, but with the approach of the vernal equinox, the orbital path of one of the companion luminaries suddenly diverged, and its light shone out in the heavenly constellation, whose glories for the present are just beyond the reach of mortal vision."

Aug 11. 1898

So when Donatius said to Crassus, the orator, "Did not you weep for the death of the lamprey you kept in your fish-pond?" "Did not you," said Crassus to him again, "bury three wives without ever shedding a tear?" A reply short and pithy, not showing any indignation or bitterness of anger, but mildness joined with Railery and Gracefulness, yet somewhat tart and biting. These things therefore have indeed their use also through all the rest of a Man's Life.

"You can't go wrong on yellow," said the house decorator.

"I don't know about that," answered the newspaper man; "look at William R. Hearst"

"He's a proof of my statement; hasn't he been appointed an ensign?"

The Intelligent Foreigner is much interested in the shipments of abdominal bands to the soldiers. Looking at the picture of Gen. Shafter, he remarked—for he is not yet a master of English—"I should think he would need the whole Symphony Orchestra."

To M. R.—We do not know the works of the late Professor Ebers well enough to answer your question. The novelists in Germany used to say that he was a good Egyptologist, and the Egyptologists considered him a novelist of striking imagination.

Miss Virginia Jackson of San Francisco is the inventor of a mashie. Perhaps some paragrapher can construct a pleasing jest out of this raw material. It is suggestive—as is the answer and only known part of the conundrum, "Because it is the sword of Hunker Bill."

A New York Times Saturday reviewer describes Rimbaud as "a kind of namby-pamby decadent," thus proving conclusively that the reviewer has never read the poetry or the prose of the man whom he assails.

There was a time when Vienna was the favorite city of American travelers. It is true that there were disagreeable police rules and that lodgers were not trusted with latch-keys, but there was something peculiarly attractive in the daily and nightly life. And young phy-

...and in Vienna specialties, as
...at all.
...what a change! A high court
decided that a hotel servant has a
right to seize and retain a travel-
baggage if his tip is not large
enough. Then there are men who are
ang for gold mines in Bohemia, and
ding marvelous specimens of dust
quartz. And worst of all to any
American, the authorities propose
suppress the game of poker. The
inese have played it passionately in
cafés, but now habitual players join
the authorities in declaring poker
an Austrian national evil. Mean-
while there is no outcry against lotto
small municipal lotteries in which
reds of women put their savings,
ing on a dream or a sign. These
eries are in fact encouraged by the
Council.

ECROLOGY OF MOSQUITOES.
...ster Ville, Mass., Aug. 10.—Eighty-
mosquitoes were killed on a piazza
...er, 8 A. M. and 10.30 A. M.
...anno, Mass., Aug. 10.—Sixty-three
quitoes were killed between the
el and the end of the bluff walk
a morning.

...the chapel of Saint Geneviève,
is a bronze bas-relief represent-
Satan tempting the Patron Saint of
is while she is being protected by
guardian angel. "The Demon is an
et portrait of Henri Rochefort,
... singular beard, moustache, and
r, and characteristic profile cannot
mistaken." The newspaper that
ishes this statement adds that the
e has been played "perhaps uninten-
tionally." We cannot be as charitable;
there are too many instances of
h vengeance in the history of art.

...r H. T. Parker says that the rais-
ing of Abbey, the painter, to a full
ademician has won a word of iron-
I praise from the young men that
d Burlington House and all its
rks in contempt. "Of course he de-
ves it," said one of them; "he
ints an Academy picture much better
an most of the Academicians."
his recalls Piron's inscription for his
restone: "Here lies Piron, who was
thing—not even a member of the
ademy."

...Of late we have heard much of hyp-
tists, and a will case just decided in
English court will be long celebrated
a leading case in the matter of sug-
gestion and undue influence. A French
art has been considering the troubles
a charming woman known variously
Miss Willworth, Dolores de Montana,
d the Marquise de Knuff. At a café
e met one Michael, who looked at
r fixedly and willed that she should
om time to time convey articles of
welry from showcases and turn them
to cash for his benefit. She confessed
at the taking occasioned her "a gen-
e joy," although foolish scruples of
science would tempt her sometimes
replace the jewels. And it was one
these scruples that destroyed her, for
e was caught in the act of replacng.
was on this occasion that Michael
ok to the woods.

Liquid air was served at a dinner of
ientists in London. Champagne was
ssed about, and then the glasses
ere topped with the new beverage,
u the disgust of the scientists—have
u ever known one of these learned
on who could not play a heroic part
a dinner?—the champagne evapor-
ated in white clouds. We doubt if
iquid air will swell the length of many
ine cards.

Why is Mr. Richard Mansfield trump-
ting a grievance and threatening again
o perform his celebrated act of shak-
ing the dust of America from his feet?
s it because he made a lot of money
ast season?

The attention of army surgeons is
alled to this curious problem proposed
o botanists at Kew. According to the
ulletin, malingering in the Egyptian
Army have a way of getting into hos-
pital by inflaming the eyes. Euphorbia
uice, slaked lime, and other methods
ave all been tried and detected. At
ast a man was caught lifting the col-
odian dressing and inserting a fresh
upply of the irritant. This is the mat-
erial which has been under observation,
out so far the brains of Kew have been
axed in vain to identify it. All the
otanists can say is that it appears to
consist of the paleae of some grass.

And of all inferior consciences, the heaviest
id poorest must needs be that which is
ade of a man's guesses at the average
gment of a fortuitous multitude. The
erage as it actually is may not be much,
it is something, whereas a man's guess
it, when he is fully aware that he is
rogating in his search for it, must assur-
ly be not something but anything. Any-

...ing a 000 more votes than he might
ave been—there are no limits to that
kind of divination.

Little inns have great outs.

We heard a woman say that she
would go a-visiting only with the dis-
tinct understanding that she might
have two plates of soup if she wanted
them and that she might be allowed
to leave the soft of the biscuit on her
plate.

"Manila is no problem," said the
tobacconist. "All the Americans have
got to do is to smell of one end and set
fire to the other."

Mr. Randolph Guggenheimer—whose
name is as blessing to speak—is the
man who, as President of the New
York City Council, objects to profanity
in public places, even when a citizen is
waiting for a street car. But Mr. Gug-
genheimer on occasion uses very pretty
language. Thus did he address a con-
vention of music teachers at the Wal-
dorf-Astoria: "In music a school of
composers is now being created whose
technic is perfect and whose dreamy
enchancements are strong enough to lead
the soul of the hearer far away from
the clamorous conflicts of life into those
mystic places that are built of human
imaginings." Mayor Quincy, who is
devoted to music, must envy Mayor
Van Wyck such an assistant.

Never submit to a daily paper a Ms. on
the room in which Carlyle snarled out one
of his essays, unless it be in immediate
danger of being pulled down. And you must
have some sense of journalistic proportion.
It is always well to assume that the editor
has it. Even in the silly season, when the
sea-serpent, or the big gooseberry, or the
mermaid puts in its perennial appearance,
there is room for only one capable lie at a
time. Believe me, no editor would ever al-
low the gooseberry to get in the sea-serpent's
way. There are days when the mermaid
may be allowed a full column of leaded bor-
geois in which to disport her tail, particu-
larly if you can formulate a new theory of
her scalliness. At others she is hardly worth
a stickful of solid minion.

We have received the following letter
from F. E. C.:

Boston, Aug. 11th, 1898.
Dear Sir: Thank you for publishing
the account of Old Chimes's summer
vacation. After reading it, I wrote
immediately to the landlord of Whoop-
eruppoint, cancelling a prior order for
a room, although I was anxious to see
the remains of that once noble race,
the Narropratt Indians. I bought at
an auction-room a bed that was a
foot too short for me, so that my feet
hang over and weigh pounds of lead
by sunrise. At the same place I se-
cured at trifling expense a looking-glass
with the kind of a twist that brings
your cheek up to the level of your fore-
head, so that you slash yourself in
shaving. I put sand in the bath-tub
and some fuzzy stuff answered very
well for sea weed. Thanks to you and
Old Chimes I am enjoying all the ad-
vantages of the seaside without leaving
the city, and at a moderate outlay.

Yours truly,
SILAS WINTERBOTTOM.

The late Dr. John Hall, an eminent
geologist, "built for his wife a house
at one end of his garden, to her own
liking, and kept servants for her. When
he pleased he would call on her, and
she in turn would call on him. This
condition of affairs lasted many years."
The New York Times ascribes this
arrangement to "domestic infelicities."
We are inclined to ascribe it to sound
common sense and a romantic tempera-
ment.

Unless we are gravely mistaken, one
of Mr. George Gissing's men advocated
a similar arrangement; but as the novel
is of recent date Dr. Hall was not a
plagiarist, although he may have had
in mind certain domestic customs that
Lycurgus introduced and encouraged
in Sparta.

Here was constant courtship. Now
courtship has been defined as an atti-
tude towards everything which is cap-
able of giving pleasure; but are all
years of wedlock years of courtship?
A wife is too often like the rare edi-
tion of a book sold at auction. You bid
eagerly for it, partly because you want
it, and partly because others want it.
You take it home and show it proudly
for a few days to your friends; you
put it on a table where it may be seen;
you then put it on a shelf; you neglect
it. You know it is there; you possess
it. But with your wife at the end of
your garden, your courtship, com-
pounded of vanity and curiosity, lasts
as long as life. She piques you by de-
clining your invitation to dinner. She
encourages by in turn asking you to a
late supper. You catch yourself con-
jecturing concerning her daily actions.
Some nights you stay at home hoping
that she will make you a call. You
never see her untidy or in a ridiculous
position. You take pains with your
conversation and your dress. You are
still courting her, in her house at the

end of the garden. And as time deep-
thinks remarked, the cessation of
courtship marks the incipient necessity
for divorce.

420 13, 1898
Give the editor what he wants, not what
you think he ought to have. It is a mistake
to suppose that you can alter his opinion on
such a matter. The editor has formulated
his own creed of 39 articles, don't imagine
you can add a 40th. If he sways the desti-
nies of a daily newspaper, remember that a
second-rate article on a burning subject of
the day has an infinitely better chance of ac-
ceptance than a first-class discourse on
something that has no life. This is due to
a kink in the mind of the reading public,
which the editor understands. The public
can only absorb one topic at a time; it will
not go back. The topic must be of immedi-
ate moment unless, indeed, you are writing
for an old-fashioned monthly, which resents
anything that is not moss-backed with age.

"Talk about protocols," said Mr.
Lilly at the Porphyry, "I always keep
a dozen or so in a blue vase on the
mantelpiece. There they stand, stick-
ing out like lamplighters, ready for
service in any domestic difficulty."

We have been allowed to see advance
sheets of "Proverbs of Bohemia," by
F. E. Chase. We quoted one of these
proverbs Saturday, and the sententious
truth went straight to the heart of
many a summer boarder. Today we
quote one of profound philosophical re-
flection,

Home is where the hat is.

This Bohemia of Mr. Chase is the
country known and described by
Thackeray in his "Adventures of
Philip"—it is not the Bohemia of gen-
teel Boston, in which highly respecta-
ble persons, male and female, drink
beer at Music Hall, holding their
glasses with kid-gloved hands, and
awaiting nervously the arrival of Mrs.
"Jim" Rattler. Mrs. "Jim" should
wear clogs. Her entrance would then
excite still greater attention.

The genteel Bohemians of Boston
when they are most devilish remind us
of the shy man who is discomfited by
the glassware at a ceremonious dinner.
The bottle is approaching, and he
would fain drink; but which is the ap-
propriate glass? And he looks anx-
iously about to see the choice of his
experienced neighbors. Fortunately the
waiter relieves him.

Has any one observed the grammati-
cal antithesis of chalet and shanty?

Old Chimes proposes to give a dinner
party in October. "I shall invite seven
of the biggest borks I know to a dinner
at the club. At the last moment, say
about 10 minutes before the appointed
hour, I shall receive a message from a
physician saying that my sister Vashti
has had an apoplectic stroke. Profound
apologies on my part. Polite regret
from the guests. 'Gentlemen, of course
you must eat the dinner. Amuse your-
selves without thought of me'. Then
I shall go to the butler's pantry and
watch my guests bore each other. A
revenge worthy of any Spaniard in an
Elizabethan play."

Graves: "I see no excuse whatever
for the appearance or the existence of
any farce-comedy, or musical farce, or
whatever you please to call it."

Stone: "You are not discriminating.
Some of these pieces are instructive.
Whenever I wish to recall the date of
the discovery of America, I think of
Barnet's '1492'."

A circular has been issued in one
of the French Departments. To remain
twenty minutes in a tub into which 100
litres of Malvoisie have been poured
is described as a most invigorating pro-
cess. "The operation can be repeated
with the same wine 100 times. You
empty the whole hectolitre on each oc-
casion into the bath, and when you
have had your dip you put the wine
back into the cask. The wine is not
lost. It can be drunk. For after the
100 baths the Malvoisie is distilled, and
the result is a delicious brandy."

This reminds us of a story about a
prima donna and her champagne bath.
Shall we tell it? We think it would be
unwise; our motives might be misun-
derstood.

Has this story attributed to the late
Fred Leslie been related of other play-
actors, Roscius for instance? Mr.
Snazelle tells it: "I shall never forget
meeting Fred Leslie. In response to
my 'Well, Fred, how do you feel?'
he said, 'Chippy, old man, just had
a hoozer's breakfast.' 'What's that?'
I asked. 'Brandy-and-soda, a chop,
and a dog,' says he. 'What's the dog
for?' says I. 'To eat the chop,' says
he."

The latest French functionary is to be
known as Inspector of Automobiles for
the department of the Seine. His sal-
ary will amount to \$600 and he will re-

ceive an extra \$100 for the maintenance of
his automobile. He must be a man of
the acquirements, for he must have
an intimate acquaintance with the
fixed and the movable pulley, with
the equilibrium of the lever, the
Ruhmkorff bobine, the principles of
a dynamo, the use of the volt
metre, and of the ampèremètre, and
of the rheostat. He must also be of
an "apple frame and a flawless consti-
tution." Might not such a functionary
control in Boston the mad speed of
enraged bicyclists? To be sure there
is one serious objection, as the Pall
Mall Gazette points out "As he will
have the whole department to inspect,
his rate of progress must be neces-
sarily so rapid as to necessitate the ap-
pointment of a second inspector to look
after him, and of a third to look after
the second, till it seems likely to end in
the present policeman having to look
after them all."

The Referee (London) has discovered
that our old friend Giuseppe Campan-
ari, although he sang the music of Pi-
gareo "delightfully," is not a baritone.
"Signor Campanari is a robust tenor,
and should forthwith study tenor parts,
which he should be able to interpret
with brilliant success." This opinion
must have been written by the war
editor of the Referee, who can see noth-
ing in the late performances of the
American navy.

MUSIC.

The program of the Worcester County
Musical Association, which will be held
in Worcester the week of Sept. 26, is
one of more than ordinary interest, al-
though no work of importance will
have its first performance. Mr. Chad-
wick will conduct and Mr. Knelsel, the
concert-master, will be the assistant
conductor.

Monday night, the 26th of Septem-
ber, will be devoted to a public rehear-
sal. It is not so many years ago that
a preliminary concert was held in which
singers and players were allowed to
perform without pecuniary reward for
their services. As a result of this pol-
icy, there was much poor singing and
playing. The abandonment of this con-
cert was one of the first steps that led
to the establishment of the festival on
a truly artistic foundation.

The concert Tuesday evening, Sept. 27,
will begin with a funeral march in
memory of Messrs. Pourtau, Jacquet
and Weiss, members of the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra, who were lost on La
Bourgogne. "Eljah," that plausibly
dramatic oratorio, will be sung, with the
aid of these solo singers: Miss Marie
Downey, Miss Sara Anderson, Mrs. Carl
Alves, Miss Minna Molka Kellogg, Mac-
Kenzie Gordon, Dudley Buck, Jr.,
Ffrangeon Davies and Gwilym Miles.
Of these singers Mrs. Alves is the only
one that has appeared at a Worcester
Festival. Dudley Buck, Jr., the son of
the well-known organist and composer,
studied first with Alberto Lawrence in
New York, and for eight years he has
been studying and singing abroad.
Ffrangeon Davies is well known in Bos-
ton, and I am under the impression that
Mr. Miles has sung here, although I
have never heard him in this city. He is
a Welshman, and Mr. Evan Williams
has taken great interest in him. I know
nothing about Miss Downey, Miss An-
derson, Miss Kellogg or Mr. Gordon.

Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 23, the
orchestra will play Tschalkowsky's
"Romeo and Juliet," a superb and pas-
sionate composition, which is one of the
highest imaginative flights of the Rus-
sian, and the "Im Walde" symphony,
which is without doubt the finest or-
chestral work of Raff. Mrs. Beach's
cantata, "The Rose of Avontown," will
be sung by the female chorus. This
cantata has been sung with piano ac-
companiment by the Cecelia, and it has
been sung outside Boston. The orches-
tral accompaniment has been written
by Mrs. Beach, expressly for this oc-
casion. Miss Anderson will sing the
solo part, and she will also sing an
aria.

Wednesday night, Sept. 28, Grieg's
"Olaf Trygvason" and Chadwick's "The
Lilly Nymph," will be sung for the
first time in Worcester. Grieg's can-
tata—or succession of scenes—was
brought out in Boston by the Boston
Singers, under Mr. Geo. L. Osgood, and
Clara Poole took the chief solo part.
At Worcester the soloists will be Jo-
hanna Gadsdill, Miss Kellogg and Mr.
Miles. I regret to say that Mr. Chad-
wick's "The Lilly Nymph" has never
been sung in Boston. For that matter,
Boston did not have the honor of hear-
ing the first performance of Mr. H.
W. Parker's important works, "Hora
Novissima" and "St. Christopher." The

cellula is a society that under the direction of the composer could easily do full justice to these three works, and it is a pity that the society has not considered the performance of them. I believe the text of "The Lily Nymphs" is by Mr. Arlo Bates. The solo singers at Worcester will be Johanna Gadski, Evan Williams, Dudley Buck, Jr., and Mr. Miles.

Thursday afternoon, Sept. 23, Miss Adele Aus der Ohe will play Schumann's piano concerto in A minor, and Mr. Buck will sing "O Vision Entrancing" from Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda." Goring Thomas, by the way, did not put a hyphen before Thomas; some contemporaries do not follow his example. The orchestra will play the overture to the "Magic Flute," and the symphony will be Brahms's No. 3 in F minor, which contains more of the elements of popularity and gives more immediate pleasure to the average audience than any one of the four except possibly the second.

Thursday evening, Sept. 23, will be "Artists' Night," on which occasion the citizens and the citizenesses are accustomed to wear their best clothes and are moved by vast storage batteries of enthusiasm. "Artists' Night" at Worcester used to be a dreadful ordeal. The programs were a hotch-potch of familiar tunes, many of them cheap, some of them vulgar. Each singer was armed with at least two encores, and the aim of each was to bring down applause, no matter how coarse the powder, or how easy the game. Within the last year or two there has been marked improvement in this respect; the programs have not been extravagantly long and tedious, the standard of the programs has been higher, the performers have had nobler ideals and greater ability, and the enthusiasm has been as spontaneous and more intelligently directed. The orchestra this year will play the prelude to "Hänsel und Gretel," Northern Melodies by Grieg, Bach's pastoral symphony from the Christmas oratorio and Bach's gavotte in E minor. Mr. Davies will sing the Templar's song, "Woo Thou Thy Snowflake," from Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," which he sang here at a Symphony concert last season; Miss Gertrude Stein will sing the scena "Gerechte Gott" and the aria "In Seiner Blüthe," from "Rienzi," which she sang here at a Symphony concert last season; Mr. Williams will sing "Celesta Alde." The second part will consist of selections from "Tannhäuser"; the overture; the Verinsberg scene, "Dich Theure Halle," and the Tournament of Song.

In former years the "Artists' Night" was the climax of the festival. Sometimes there was more or less excitement at the afternoon concert of the following day when the "Star" condescended graciously to shine. As a rule there was a much smaller audience at the last concert of the series when a familiar work was sung in a perfunctory manner. Last year, on the contrary, the performance of "Samson and Delilah" was on the whole the most brilliant feature of the festival, and Miss Stein and Mr. Williams "covered themselves with glory." This year the soloists at the Friday afternoon concert will be Ovide Musin, the violinist, who will play a concerto; Miss Stein, who will sing an aria from Berlioz's "Les Troyens," and Mr. Davies, who will sing in English the prologue to "Pagliacci." Mr. Davies is a bold man; for in the prologue Mr. Campanari at a recent Worcester festival made the audience sit up straight. The orchestra will play Haydn's Symphony in G major (No. 8 Peters) and Massenet's suite taken from the incidental music to "Les Lirrinnyes."

The closing concert will begin with Rhenberger's concerto for organ and horns, in which Mr. Wallace Goodrich of Boston will play the solo part. Mr. Parker's "Hora Novissima," which was received enthusiastically last year at the festival, when the composer conducted his work, will be sung under direction of Mr. Chadwick. The solo singers will be Mrs. Gadski, Miss Stein, Mr. Williams and Mr. Davies—the same quartet as that of last year, with the exception of Mr. Davies, who replaces Mr. Bigham.

The chorus will number about 400.

Mr. Victor Maurel, as you probably know, lectures and writes books as well as sings. July 12 he lectured in London at the St. James's Hall. It was the first lecture that he gave a few weeks ago at a private house in London. The Pall Mall Gazette spoke of it as follows:

"Yesterday afternoon, at the St. James's Hall, Mr. Victor Maurel delivered a public lecture which a few

weeks ago he gave at a private house in London. That lecture scarcely places Mr. Maurel in a new light, but at all events makes a certain personality articulate, which for a long time has been a very serious influence over many dramatic singers. Mr. Maurel's is, after all, the Wagnerian point of view, that an artist must necessarily enter into the full spirit of a character, intellectually as well as vocally, before it is possible to show before the world a personality complete and finished on every side. Among some of Wagner's most pregnant writings one finds the passage in which he describes the attitude which the composer should take towards the creation of a character in the music-dramas. He must wait, says Wagner, until the fiction assumes a mental reality—until the ghost speaks to him, as it were, from a dim recess of the brain, and leaves behind undying memories which the artist must make haste to record. Mr. Maurel's theory goes one step beyond this. The interpreter also has to retire (as it were) with the music, and out of its voice to fashion a character, a personality, and so fulfill a worthy and finished notion of a creation already embodied in the brain of the artist. From this point of view the singer is to be a creature of exquisite preparations. He must not dare to interpret until he understands in its totality that which the composer purposed him, one way or another, to interpret. So far Mr. Maurel is the modern among moderns; he has preached in fact the great theory that brains are essential to the music-drama. And yet, having said so much, he disappoints us by not continuing his logical conclusions to their natural end. In his recital of yesterday he developed the progress of the bel canto of the 16th century to the music-drama of today; and he did not give us a single example from the whole work of Wagner. Surely this was a grave and serious error. It was, of course, most instructive to hear an artist of Maurel's wonderful intelligence revealing to us the progress of music from the days when the composer used his art to mean all he did not say to the days when he used it to say far more than he apparently meant; but in that instructive lesson it was ridiculous to leave out altogether the man who made the present musical epoch what it is. Yet this is what Mr. Maurel, with the most perfunctory of apologies, permitted himself to do. Apart from this point, however, we would not be misunderstood. We have a real admiration and kindness for his great vocal, vocal, and analytic powers. His keen understanding has led him very far along that most difficult of all roads, the exposition to the world of first principles, without the apostles of which mankind would be for ever lapsing into swamps of confusion and of abused conventions. Mr. Maurel's practical method of developing his teaching by song was unfortunately a little discolored by the fact that he fulfilled his engagements most fully and manfully despite an acute attack of influenza from which he is barely recovering. That sweet composition "Pur Dilesti" (which means so much more than it says) received amazingly fine justice at his hands, but perhaps his best interpretation was that of Stradella's wonderful song "Pietà, Signore," a work which really foreshadows the modern tendency so prophetically intimated as the musician felt and meant every word which inspired his music. Maurel accordingly made the subtle distinction; but in this respect he reached the high-water mark of his expositions in Verdi's "Credo," from the part of Iago in "Otello," a noble and impressive lyric beautifully sung. But why—and one repeats again and again the question—did Maurel snub so utterly Wotan's final song, say, from "Die Walküre," among a hundred suitable Wagnerian compositions? And echo continues to say—why?

But what ailed the music critic of the Pall Mall Gazette when he heard Melba at Covent Garden July 13?

Last night at Covent Garden Melba—she is so great a singer that one may speak of her in such a fashion—took the part of Juliette, this making her third appearance this season. That she sang divinely is, of course, a matter to be taken for granted. Her voice is even more powerful than it was last year, and her facility is as extraordinary as ever. She possesses the perfect voice for the bel canto, the voice which does not rely upon dramatic feeling for its effects, but upon its own intrinsic and human beauty. What that beauty is none can know who have not heard Melba.

"Yet, behind all, there is something wanting. So rare, so exquisite a voice is for the moment satisfying and delightful. Yet after a period you begin to tire, and—fatal thing for the critic—to ask questions. These liquid notes, these fantasies in vocalization, are, of course, very delightful. And yet—and yet—they pall. You cannot make a dinner where sweets alone are provided, and so with Melba's singing of Juliette you cannot be satisfied as with the highest, the most intelligent art. She indeed is (as it seems to us) intelligent enough; but she does not seem to make it worth her while to exercise her intelligence at its full height. Beauty sometimes implies discord, since the best experiences of life—life, the only thing we din-eyed creatures are aware of, unintelligible though it be—sometimes are the results of suffering; but this wonderful artist gives you no contrast, no impression of comparison. It may seem to some just a little ungrateful to speak so charily of so glorious a singer. Yet our reason is substantial. She is capable of doing so much more, and yet she does so little. This Juliette of hers is exquisitely sung; but consider her brief operatic record of this year in London—Violetta, Rosina and Juliette! Have we not reason for complaint? If she were less perfect, such criticism would be childish. As it is, we pay her by these words the highest compliment in our power—a compliment, be it said, which she amply deserves."

But in how many parts did Calvé or Jean de Reszke appear at Covent Garden last season?

And is it not something to sing Juliette "divinely"?

There are few singers who are versatile, and at the same time effective in versatility. In these days of declaiming and jugulation, and applauded violation of all the rules of song, is it not much to possess and display "the perfect voice for the bel canto"?

The contents of the book on Anton Seidl will be as follows: Biographic sketch by H. T. Finck; an account of the funeral services, with addresses by Mr. Wright and Col. Ingersoll; anecdotes and reminiscences by Jean de Reszke, Nemann, Lilli Lehmann, Brandt, Nordica, and others; letters to Seidl from Wagner and others; portraits; articles by Seidl on Bayreuth and other topics; "appreciations" by Messrs. Krehbiel, Seimberg, Henderson, Huneker, Spanuth, Finck. The limited edition will be printed by Charles Scribner's Sons. All the profits will go to Mrs. Seidl.

Philip Hala.

THE FURZE-BRAKE.

No more I tread your aisles of odoriferous gold,
Arcades auriferous from hill to hill;
From out your smouldering glow warm scents
distill.

Spill of ard and muck and cassia, as of old—
For me no more. All day the song has rolled,
Limpid and liquid, from the orange-bill,
The swarthy osel, by the brown wood-rill,
Deep in the spiky keep and spiny hold
Of Eldorado, where the white-throat spray
Glimmers athwart the yellow turrets tall,
And violets drowse upon a mossy bed,
And soft sea-tones from purple distance call.

The traffic roars along the dusty way,
And in the glare the dewless grass lies dead.

Good Day!

President McKinley believes in making Hay while the sun shines.

A boy wrote an excellent sketch of the career of Cardinal Wolsey in a recent examination paper; but the examiner hardly knew what to make of the sentence "About this time he shot at the Pope." On inquiring the meaning, the examiner found that the boy had read somewhere that Wolsey "aimed at the Papacy."

Mr. Fouché has calculated that the axis of the earth can be shifted from the poles to the equator by accumulating a mass of matter at some point on the equator. "This would require a mechanical effort equivalent to the displacement of sixty-six sextillions of tons, and a million steam engines of 13,000 horse power working for about 2,000,000 years would do." Mr. Fouché—credible to relate—has evidently never met or read Mr. Richard H. Davis. If Mr. Davis should stand for only a second on the equator, anywhere on the equator, the axis would recognize him and shift at once. The New York Sun would cheerfully pay the expenses of travel.

You may have seen that Miss Anna Held is "deeply interested" in the success of the American sailors and soldiers. And was it not stated that she owned an "American flag," and that she had sent money to certain charitable funds for the benefit of the United States army? Is this the same gentle Anna, who returning to Paris told a reporter in loud, firm tones that in no case would she ever go back to America?

The journal of the Ex Libris Society deplores the fact that "no book plate of Oliver Goldsmith is extant." But do you suppose that Goldsmith, who was always hard-up, ever dreamed of wasting money on such an ornament. A London contemporary well remarks, "It is more than probable that the nearest approach to a book plate ever possessed by Goldsmith was a pawn-ticket, for it was at the nearest pawnshop that 'poor Goldie' kept his superfluous library."

A few weeks ago English journals published lists of books that children like to read. No doubt they are still publishing them. Boys and girls were asked to contribute lists. No one voted for "Sandford and Merton"—a most encouraging fact. The book that led was "Alice in Wonderland." Hans Andersen and Grimm were neck and neck in second place. Other books held in high honor were "Robinson Crusoe," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Water Babies," "Heroes," the "Jungle Books" (with a preference for the first), "Pilgrim's Progress," "Arabian Nights," "Through the Looking-glass," Louisa M. Alcott, "Ivanhoe," "Masterman Ready," Mr. Andrew Lang's fairy books, Mrs. Molesworth and Mr. Henry, "The Swiss Family Robinson," Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, "Lamb's Tales," Bible stories, Mrs. Ewing, "Gulliver," "Uncle Remus," "The Talsman" and "Helen's Babies" would be entitled to a second ballot for the remaining places.

The Pall Mall Gazette published a letter written ostensibly by a boy. "I think the people who write reviews are very silly. They always say, this is a book that will delight all boys, and then you get some one to give it you, and it's simply rot. When I'm a man I shall review books, and I shall remember what I liked when I was in my youth, and if I think so I shall say straight out, This is a book the author ought to be ashamed of. I wonder any one prints such stuff, and I hope nobody will buy it. Father says reviewers are afraid to say things like that, because, if they did, the people who write books wouldn't ask them to dinner. I should never be afraid. I shouldn't want to have dinners with people who wrote books like that."

But do you believe for a moment that this letter was written by any boy—except an old one?

They say that Paris is full of American students whose quarterly allowance "went down on La Bourgoigne."

Other students have used the Spanish-American war as a means of postponing payment of rent. Thus a man in the Rue St. Jacques killed his father in the siege of Santiago in order to gain immunity for a time from the dunning of the concierge.

The Daily Messenger tells this story: "Another fell from his bicycle and sprained his ankle so badly that he 'could not possibly go to the bank.' When the faithful concierge knocked at his door, quittance in hand, he was immediately taken with a delirium and could not speak to her coherently, but when the door closed upon her, he calmly resumed his game of high-low-jack and his glass of grog. This change from hysteria to the Olympian coolness required to entrap his opponent's ten-spots was so astonishingly without self-consciousness that I could not help remarking: 'That was a move which shamed experience and masterly self-command.' 'Oh, it didn't fool the old lady,' he retorted. 'She has to tell the proprietor something, and temporary insanity is the only thing that goes here. The truth is,' he continued with a little embarrassment, 'you are very wrong in thinking me schooled in deception of this kind. I could have settled today, only my expected money went down in the —' 'I know,' I interrupted; 'of course. Your deal!'"

In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile,
King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style.

She tuk her dip, then wa'ked unto the land,
To dry her royal relt she ran along the strand.

A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
A smiling baby in a wad o' straw.
She tuk it up, and said with accents mild,
"Tare-and-agers, girls, which av yez owns the child."

We printed this beautiful poem some months ago. Mr. W. B. Yeats in "The Celtic Twilight"—a delightful book that discusses men, women, dhoulis and faeries—says that the lines are a parody made by Michael Moran of Black Pitts, in the Liberties of Dublin, in Fiddle Alley, on a poem of his own called "Moses," for Moran (1794-1846) could ill brook solemnity.

But Mr. S. W. Hathaway of this city sends us the following version:

On Egypt's banks contagious to the Nolle,
King Pharaoh's daughter wint to walk awholle

And pullin off her duds to take a swim
Run up and down the banks to dhry her skin

And rushin thro the rushes thick and thin
Discovered the bashkit that the chold lay in;

And then and there she cried in accent wold
"Which of yees ladies owns this chold?"

It's none of your own yere quick to say,
An, that's the truth, I've known you many a day.

Put since we've found him in this bed of roses,
By all means let us christ'n him Howly Moses."

Is this from the original poem of Moran, the last gleeman? If not, who is the author?

If you wear pyjamas, spell them with a "y."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Tubbs loudly as he looked up from his newspaper and speared a piece of liver—he eats liver and bacon at breakfast, "it seems to me that if Capt. Evans is at times a rash man, the Reverend Mr. Racon is a rasher." He laughed triumphantly. There was a sickening silence. And the eldest son Jabez stared sadly into the eyes of his much-enduring mother.

London knew hot weather yesterday. France shared discomfort with England. Gabriel Peignot wrote years ago a book on severe winters and extraordinarily cold days in Europe. Has anyone compiled a book on hot sum-

...? In England, July and August, were extremely hot months. Two trees in Nottingham Park shed all their leaves, and were as stripped as they were usually in November. "Wet weather came. They put forth new leaves, and were fully clothed."

Professor Louis Agassiz, they say, pronounced Niagara with the accent on the third syllable, and with the broadest of a's. Agassiz was an eminent man of science; he was also a Swiss.

Ladies of the Russian Court are distressed by the Tsarina's request that they shall not smoke in her presence, and they have petitioned her, praying her to recall the obnoxious ukase." Is their action surprising? Court ladies in other countries are allowed to light cigarettes—why should not those of Russia be granted this polite escape from boredom?

If the Tsarina were in truth a beneficent ruler she would buy for her noble companions the collection of 56 pieces advertised in London. It would cost her only 150 guineas. Listen to the ringing voice of the present owner: "The first the plainest and most unassuming of men's ministers, the pipe, was gradually elevated to the rank of something fellowship, and therefore must needs be fair to the eye and grateful to the touch. Hence was the work of the craftsman brought to bear upon a task of endowing with graceful outline a rich ornament the intimate companion of the student and the statesman. We find, notably, that potters and miniature painters, carvers of wood and ivory, not to mention other artificers, have in turn exercised their talents in beautifying the instrument which has brought bliss, contentment, and inspiration, to the man of contemplative moods."

Yes, T. D., there are clays among them: an Algerian clay pipe (1840) with "an expressive face, long beard, and feet of a quadruped"; a small clay pipe owned by Charles Keene; and one "found in 1890 at 17 Hamilton Terrace." We found a clay the other day in the Common, but we were heedless enough to leave it there. What would you give for it? Perhaps it belongs to the Quietist.

Mr. John Hollingshead is freeing his mind on the subject of flats and caravanserais. Here are one or two of his opinions:

In the beginning, or very near the beginning, an Englishman's house was his castle. He lived within sturdy stone walls. His street door was a drawbridge. His latch key was a bugle horn. His protection was a ditch, politely called a moat, but in reality a sewer. His notice to quit was a siege. If he was strong enough, he defied the writ of ejectment; if not, he had a fight for his money, and succumbed to battles, axes, stones, catapults, and bows and arrows.

God made the country and man made the town. (See copy-book maxims). The devil seized them both. In the country, close to the town, he built semi-detached villas; in the town he invented the street. Yes, the street; the London street! The best graphic description of it is Yvette Guilbert's: "A box of dominoes set on end." * * * "People exist in streets, as they do in flying bells and condemned cells. It is not life."

"I have my ideal in flats. I like a set thoroughly 'self-contained,' where I can come and go perfectly unheeded by man, woman, child, cat, dog, or house-porter—above all, the house-porter. My objection to cat and dog is humanitarian. Flats may do for men with immortal souls, but they are no places for animals."

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

On, you are happy as when first Love brushed his wings across your eyes; but, knowing the best, you fear the worst, For foolish Love has made you wise.

Why did he show you all his heart? Why own his own mortality? Why own that lovers sometimes part, That Love, dear Love, some day may die?

Never would have taught you this; I knowing where the tree has root, And but have plucked the flowering kiss, And you—and Love—have plucked the fruit!

B. T. writes to the Journal: "Why need not this be the Hay-Day of the administration?"

A fortunate observation. For according to dictionaries of the last century 'Hayday' is an interjection of admiration, and according to the Standard Dictionary, "Hayday" is "The time of greatest vitality and vigor; season of exuberant spirits."

This reminds us that in the part of the Oxford English Dictionary published last month—"Haversine-Heel"—there is an American quotation to illustrate the meaning of "Hay-fever." We are told that the disorder was first described under the name of summer fever, and there are quotations from Melans, Sydney Smith, and Harriet Beecher Stowe; but no American with ca-

tharrhal condition of the ocular, nasal, and respiratory mucous membranes, accompanied by asthmatic symptoms, swells the list.

When Charmion was in Boston, she was described as a "French acrobat." Now that she is at the Alhambra, London, she is billed as "the American sensational undressing lady acrobat." We have been informed that this perfect lady is in reality a Turk.

A deep-thinking German professor thus addressed his class: "It was once believed by everybody that Homer was a blind singer. Afterwards investigators came to the conclusion that there was never any such man as Homer. The truth lies naturally in the middle of these extremes."

More than one newspaper man will appreciate the point of the following instructive anecdote.

Barthe, the French dramatic author, calling upon a friend whose opinion he wished to have regarding his new comedy, found him dying, but, notwithstanding, proposed to read the play. "Consider," said the man, "I have not more than an hour to live." "Aye," replied Barthe, "but I assure you that this will occupy only half that time."

Mrs. Strachan, it appears, does not wish to take the Bram witnesses as boarders. And yet it is not likely that they will discuss the Bram case at table.

It is a pleasure to learn that burglars have at last visited Massachusetts Avenue. The street was fast losing caste.

So Heinrich Boetel, the tenor, who was once a hackman, is coming to this country. Boetel, who is now 40 years old, is called in Berlin the A. B. C. tenor, because he has no other tones in his voice.

Dewey may take Washington, D. C., before he receives orders not to do so.

Gladstone-Bismarck—Leo XIII. (absent, omit!) Verdi, in his 85th year, is still vigorous in mind and body.

Lord Rosslyn has contributed to a woman's paper a human document, entitled "Depression." In it he describes his own career. The following are extracts from the "document": "He arouses himself from his lethargy and moody meditations, finds the train is due, and slowly rising prepares himself for his nocturnal work, the profession which he loves. He is an actor, then an actor of his own choice, one whose name could help him earn a livelihood at first, but whose ambition will not stick at that. Success he courts, artistically, dramatically, even though it be financially. He knows it will be years before his wish can be achieved, years of uphill toil and struggle, years of happiness, with moments of despair, if not regret. Still this night's work is not enough for him! Talent, he feels, is inborn, and taste for literature and writing scarce an acquired gift. And who is this depressed young man? He subscribes himself Rosslyn."

Our eminent townsman and tragedian, Dr. Simon M. Landis, points out to us in a circular the horrible results of smoking cigarettes. We quote cheerfully from the thrilling document:

"From a normal physiological view cigarettes are very injurious; but, from a pathological aspect these malignant poisons may benefit the feelings of the smoker, but feelings don't discern cipher scientific problems, it takes unclogged thinking faculties, and especially those of the reasoning group, to give a clear understanding of nature's wants. Suppose a coarse person who feeds on fat junk, works in sewers where foul gases are inhaled, cigarettes may benefit him, upon the principle of 'plg eat plg.'"

"Cigarettes prevent cell germination, deaden the most minute nerves of sensation, stupefy the brain, harden the heart, sear the conscience, destroy the sympathetic attributes of manhood and deteriorate the virtues of grace divine; and blunt the normal senses of genuine paternity!"

"By the time his (the smoker's) sympathetic nerve is half palsied by this drug he is thoroughly deaf and dumb to the fine feelings of genuine manhood that should be enthroned. Proof—he prefers his filthy poison to the society of ladies, children and undefiled mankind. He is insane in a high degree, and if naturally weak in his reflective (reasoning) faculties and strong in his executive propensities, he may become a raving maniac, which like drunkenness starts in moderation."

Boston, Aug. 18.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

The Quietist and I were watching a man pushing a lawn mower across the grass close to the Park Street railing. The Quietist

said "Let me tell you of some grass that was never cut. Are you married?" The tale is instructive.

Yours truly,

C. M. W.

THE UN-CUT GRASS.

The grass grew on the grave to the height of a man's knee.

The sunshine, dying, was a-dreaming dreams. The hush of sleep was upon the little graveyard. There was the chirp of grasshoppers, the buzzing of an aldermanic bee. A faint wind was astril in the trees, in the bush, in the grass. Like ghosts surprised by dawn the white stones peered slyly through the dark greenery in the fading light of sunset. Here and there were splashes of color, a rose hush of red, a clump of clematis. Like unto a priest robed in a gorgeous chasuble, the sky in its sunset spread arms of benediction—and oh, those white, rose-tinted clouds!—above the slumbering faithful.

A woman dressed in white and black, young, golden-haired, sweet-faced, of pensive beauty, walked up the narrow path. A man lingering near the western gate saw her and smiled and followed slowly—yet faster than she walked.

She stood by a grave. The fading light made her fair hair as any nimbus. As a sorrowing angel she bent over the grave.

The man uncovered. She started slightly. And she was less like unto an angel, for her cheeks flushed. She was a woman.

"His grave had been neglected sadly," she said.

The grass grew on the grave to the height of a man's knee.

"I have brought a pair of shears to cut the grass. I have brought flowers to put over him."

The man looked pensively at the long grass.

"And now it seems to me"—he spoke as to himself, "like the beautiful un-cut hair of graves; or the flag of my disposition—of hopeful green stuff woven."

"Ah," she sighed, "my disposition has not been woven of cheerfulness since—" She looked down at the grave.

"I must cut the grass," and she raised the bright, new shears.

"You look pale," said the man; "you have been overdoing. You have given yourself up to sorrow."

And he, too, looked down at the grave.

"It has been neglected shamefully," she said; but he led her to a rustic bench. Yellow roses bloomed beside it. Green willows bent over it. Man and woman, facing the golden West, sat down. His voice was soft and purring. At times he looked at her from the corners of his eyes.

She listened gently. She drew off her gauntlets which should protect her hands from the heavy shears.

Having pointed to her the West, still looking at the royally purple sky, he dropped his hand. It fell upon her hand. It rested there.

The sunset faded like a flaming lamp. A wind whispered chill things to the grass. The white grave-stones seemed to stir in the uncertain light; they moved, like unto ghosts released from the day-spell.

She shivered.

"It's too cold for you—and the dew—let me beg you—"

She rose to her feet.

"But I have not cut the grass."

"Tomorrow."

Arm-in-arm they passed through the gate. The wan dark deepened. The wind grew mad in the graveyard; it told strange stories, silly jests; it chuckled and it snickered. The man heard; he turned and smiled in answer.

The grass grew on the grave to the height of a man's knee.

THE QUIETIST.

To J. J. H.: The poem, "The Furze-Brake," which appeared recently in this column, is complete in itself. No, we cannot explain the line you quote. Is not the finest poetry unintelligible?

The Paris authorities have at last interfered, says the Morning Post (London) correspondent, to put a stop to a horrible traffic in Italian children, which has been carried on for a considerable time by a family named Valsas. The Valsas used to get the Italian Embassy to send them back to Naples as paupers, and there they would engage a dozen or so boys of from 13 to 16 years of age, whose lives they would insure. They then brought them to Paris and hired them out to factories, especially glass factories, at 60f. a month each, the money being paid to the Valsas ostensibly for board and lodging. The board consisted of black bread, potatoes and water, and the lodging of a filthy, never-ventilated hut, where the children slept in relays of four, the bed never being unoccupied for a moment. The Valsas in this way cleared 40f. monthly on each of their victims. The children caught tuberculosis through working in the hot at-

phere of the kiln. In fact, and a they also occasionally contracted other maladies the bed in the hut became a centre of infection. Several children have died. The present inquiry is being made into three recent deaths. Donatello Valsas and his wife have been arrested in Paris, and Donatello Valsas has been incarcerated in Italy, where the high mortality among the children entrusted to him had finally aroused suspicion.

Then told I like some water her of the skies When a new planet swims into his ken. Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes He stared at the Pacific, and all his men Looked at each other with a wild surmise— Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Mr. W. D. Howells is not the only discoverer. Yet it is not in our nature to boast. Let the poet speak for himself. He lives in Richmond, Va. He is to Virginia what J. Gordon Coogler, Esq., is to South Carolina. His flight is ever higher, yet his Muse, too, is of virginal chastity. Read the whole poem to your little ones. You yourself, reading, will forget the mosquitoes and, in fact, all the comforts of country life. Space is limited. This very night a dispatch may arrive stating that the indefatigable Dewey has taken Hong-Kong. We must content ourselves with extracts.

TOLITENESS AND ARROGANCE.

There trudged an aged gentleman, A basket on his arm, Was filled with goodly viands, which An epicure might charm. His cloth showed that his station was Amongst the wealthy class, And as he walked, a younger man Ecstasied by him to pass.

They engaged in conversation, and the young man told the aged gentleman "from whence he came, and how his plains (sic) were balked."

He asked for work and wages and For lodging and for board. But did not fix the totals which He'd have his friend afford. The master's only daughter kept The lordly mansion fine, Where hosts of wealthy people came At stated times to dine.

The young man (for convenience we Will call him Henry Scott,) Was soon the master's right hand man, Was always on the spot. Adela's lovely face he saw, The master's only child, But while he loved he broke no law, And hence was not exiled.

He had many rivals. But the father loved his daughter more "than Mammon's lust or rank."

There chanced a time long afterward, About the same lone spot, Where first the aged gentleman Had met with Henry Scott— A gentleman on horse-back who Seemed all the earth to scorn, Whose every look and action showed He was to riches born.

Men on horseback in Boston and the suburbs are more modest. It is the bicyclist who scorns the earth and all they that walk thereon. The haughty gentleman wooed Adela. He demanded her as his right. But the father, who was undoubtedly a game old sport, passed him the ice-pitcher.

With fallen face the stranger left, And rode at frightful pace; Adel and Henry from the house, Had seen all that took place. And that same night, 'mid grand display, 'Neath wealth and beauty's sun, This noble twain of loving hearts Were rendered into one.

To our mind this is the most sustained poem in the little volume, "Spring," "Fashion's Votaries," "The Sabbath Sunlight" are worthy of more than passing attention. In "Lines to a Lady," Mr. O. M. Steward expresses a distinct desire to kiss the inspirer of his verse; but since she is a "lady," there is no real harm in his wish.

Then, happy bee! to hive I'd go, With treasure such as ne'er before Was ever brought to home of bees. In box or gum or honey trees.

This verse would bear revision. The allusion to "gum" in connection with a lady's mouth is unfortunate.

The experiences of Mr. Charles Norman, jeweler, and pretty well on in life, as narrated by himself at the London County Sessions yesterday, are instructive. For the last 20 years he has been giving feeble imitations of a famous master of the art of procuring free repasts. He has had for the asking chops and potatoes, varied by "food and cigars," and more eccentrically by "food, wine and soup," and by "soup and champagne." Altogether, three-and-twenty convictions have been registered against him. As he remarked in his autobiographical address to the Court, he sometimes had the feeling that he must have what he wanted. But, he pathetically added, he didn't always get it; and, indeed, with years his palate had become less nice. His first meal cost the purveyor three

shillings; he only owed eightpence for his last. And, then, he had only had 11 what you might call repasts all told. The face value of the lot, he pointed out, was but twenty-two and six and for that he had done eight years and a half—more time than if he had appropriated £10,000 from the Bank of England. There were only too good grounds for this self-upbraiding. A more futile waste of "time" seldom gets upon the record.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this. To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

When politics ran high in the late fifties and when in the sixties the North and the South were arrayed against each other, you often heard New Englanders declaiming bitterly against Thomas Jefferson as an "infidel," an "atheist." Hopelessly ignorant persons condemned him as "a slaveholder" and a "libertine"; but the prevailing taunt was "French infidel."

A survival of tradition, heated by war-fury. The reproach in the past was not in the mouths of the ignorant alone. Thus we find Richard Hildreth, historian and good hater, describing the religious opinions of Jefferson in these words:

"He believed, like Paine, in a personal God and a future life, but like him regarded Christianity, in the supernatural view of it, as a popular fable, an instrument for deluding, misgoverning, and plundering mankind; and these opinions he entertained, as he did most others, with little regard to any qualifying considerations, and with an energy approaching fanaticism. But he was no more inclined than were the New England Rationalists to become a martyr to the propagation of unpopular ideas. That he left to Paine and others of less discretion or more courage than himself. He found a safer and more popular way of indulging his sentiments in an avowed and active hostility to all public establishments for the support of religion." (Hildreth's History of the United States, vol. v., p. 458).

And Hildreth says (page 461 of the same volume) "Jefferson seems to have considered himself excessively ill treated by the clergy, who were constantly twitting him with his infidel opinions. But it does not very distinctly appear in what respect the religious bigotry of the clergy was at all worse than Jefferson's political bigotry." A good hater was Mr. Hildreth.

Now on the 9th day of last June Mr. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society a large and important collection of papers which had belonged to his great-grandfather, Thomas Jefferson. These papers had been offered for sale to Congress. The bill failed to come up in one of the houses. Then came the war and put an end to all chance of their purchase by the National Government. Mr. Coolidge was successful in acquiring the collection, which includes nearly 3000 autograph letters of Jefferson from 1790, or before, to 1826.

The following interesting passage is from a letter written by Jefferson to Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia. The letter is dated, "Washington, April 21, 1803":

"In some of the delightful conversations with you, in the evenings of 1798, '99, and which served as an antidote to the afflictions of the crisis through which our country was then laboring, the Christian religion was sometimes our topic; and I then promised you that one day or other I would give you my views of it. They are the result of a life of inquiry and reflection, and very different from that anti-Christian system imputed to me by those who know nothing of my opinions. To the corruptions of Christianity I am, indeed, opposed; but not to the genuine precepts of Jesus himself. I am a Christian in the only sense in which He wished anyone to be; sincerely attached to His doctrines, in preference to all others; ascribing to Himself every human excellence; and believing He never claimed any other."

In the course of the letter Jefferson speaks of sending "a Syllabus or Outline" of an estimate of the comparative merits of Christianity.

"This I now send you, as the only discharge of my promise I can probably ever execute, and in confiding it to you I know it will not be exposed to the malignant perversions of those who make every word from me a text for new misrepresentations and calumnies, etc., etc. I am, moreover, averse to the communication of my religious tenets to the public, because it would countenance the presumption of those who have endeavored to draw them before that tribunal and to reduce public opinion to erect itself into that tribunal over the rights of conscience which the laws have so justly proscribed."

It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself to resist invasions of it in the case of others; or their case may, by change of circumstances, become his own. It behooves him, too, in his own case, to give no example of concession, betraying the common rights of independent opinion, by answering questions of faith, which the laws have left between God and himself."

As evidence of Jefferson's regard for Adams, an extract from a letter written in 1804 by the former to J. W. Eppes is of peculiar interest:

"I inclose a letter from Mrs. Adams . . . a proof that our friendship is unbroken on her part. It has been a strong one, and has gone through trying circumstances on both sides, yet I retain it thoroughly both for herself and Mr. Adams; he and myself have gone through so many scenes together that all his qualities have been proved to me, and I know him to possess so many good ones, as that I have never withdrawn my esteem; and I am happy that this letter gives me an opportunity of expressing it to both of them. I shall do it with a frank declaration that one act of his life, and never but one, gave me personal displeasure—his midnight appointments. If respect for him will not permit me to ascribe that altogether to the influence of others, it will leave me something for friendship to forgive," etc.

We are inclined to believe that this is a more reasonable period; that the great majority of thoughtful men and women regard the spirit rather than the letter. Yet there are always Rae Wilsons, and Hood's odd is, alas, always pertinent. Do you remember a certain passage of that fierce invective?

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,
Who, binding up his Bible with his ledger,
Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,
A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,
Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week,
A saying bet against his sinful bias—
"Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,
"I lie—I cheat—do anything for self,
But who on earth can say I am not pious!"

Aug 21. 98

MUSIC.

A foreign newspaper gives the following account of Brahms's posthumous trouble; for composers are not all buried in the potters' field.

It will be remembered that on the death of Brahms in April, 1897, nothing could be found in the way of a will but a letter in a drawer of the writing table, consisting of two sheets, and addressed to Brahms's most intimate friend, Simrock, the music publisher at Berlin. This letter contained directions, by several testamentary directions, some of which were vague, and even contradictory. On the first page were the following words: "I bequeath my property in equal parts to the 'Franz Liszt Pension Fund Society' in Hamburg, and to the 'Vienna Musicians' Pension Fund, Carl Czerny.'" Below, Brahms's name was written in full, but the whole sheet had been crossed over, evidently showing that Brahms had changed his intentions. The second sheet confirms this supposition. On it, among other notes, is written: "I bequeath my property to the Society.—J. B." Many persons can prove that by the "Society" Brahms meant the "Vienna Society of Friends of Music" or the well-known "Wiener Gesellschaft der Musik Freunde."

The knotty point at once arose as to Brahms's latest wishes in the matter, and the first-named societies point triumphantly to the sheet signed in full, while the second sheet bears only the composer's initials. The Austrian law only acknowledges the validity of a will signed in full by the testator. Fresh claims were also advanced by Brahms's relations in Germany and America. Much interest is felt in musical circles as to the result of the action now proceeding, in which there has arisen the difficult point of deciding which of the claimants was to be considered the plaintiff and which the defendant. The Vienna Lower Court gave its decision in favor of the "Vienna Society," but the two other parties disputed this, and appealed to the Higher Court, and as still a third court—the Supreme Court—has also to give its verdict, most probably months will elapse before the question is settled as to the status of plaintiff and defendants. Then begins the question of the inheritance. The decision of the first court is not to be expected before the middle of 1899, and, as the verdicts of three different courts must be waited for, the final result will probably be known in two or three years. The enormous expenses that will possibly have been incurred in this complicated case by that time may easily be imagined.

In "Cuba: Past and Present," Mr. Richard Davey thus speaks of the musical enjoyments of the people:

"The usual way of spending the evening in a Cuban house is to place two long rows of rocking chairs opposite one another, and sit chatting, everybody meanwhile smoking the inevitable cigarette. In some of the houses music of a high order may be heard, and not a few of the Cuban ladies sing charmingly."

The negro population there, as elsewhere, retains the childlike nature which seems to point to the black man as being, after all, an elementary creature.

"Whatever their vices may be, they are by no means ambitious, and are contented with the simplest pleasures. The

men love a glass of agua ardiente, and the women delight in any scrap of fast-off finery with which they can parade the streets and show themselves off to the admiration and envy of their neighbors. I fancy that half the old ball dresses in Europe find their way after various vicissitudes, to Cuba. On a Sunday or a feast day the ebony ladies sally forth in all their glory, arrayed in their white sister's cast-off finery, with low necks and short sleeves. The matter of underclothing is frequently altogether overlooked, shoes and stockings never by any chance appear, but a bright flower is invariably stuck in each woolly pate. . . . The Cuban negroes are madly fond of music, and although they prefer the dreadful tom-tom and their own barbaric sounds, imported, doubtless, from Africa, they will crowd the galleries of the Tacon theatre to listen to Italian operas. When I was last in Havana nearly every darky you met was whistling the Toreador song from Carmen, the favorite opera then being performed to the accompaniment of an orchestra largely composed of colored people—a peculiarity which would never be tolerated in the States, where no white conductor would lead a mixed band, and where half the audience would leave the house on beholding woolly heads bending over instruments played by sable hands. Many members of the Tacon Orchestra, one of the best in existence, are full-blooded negroes, and, with their co-operation, not only Italian, but Wagnerian opera is successfully performed."

Mr. Ed. Rosé, a cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be married to Miss Emma Mahler, the youngest sister of Gustav Mahler, conductor of the Vienna Imperial Opera, Aug. 24, at the Reformirte Kirche, Vienna. After a wedding trip through Italy, they will sail for New York about the middle of September.

The new director of La Scala has been appointed, and to the surprise of many he proved to be the 30-year-old Gatti Casazza. Although a ship's engineer by profession, Signor Gatti owes his appointment to the reputation for insight and conscientiousness he gained while directing a few operatic performances at Ferrara, where he succeeded his father at the Teatro Comunale, and produced with excellent success nearly all the important new operas. As first conductor is the well-known musician, Toscanini, also quite a young man; both appointments are owing mainly to the exertions of the composer and librettist, Arrigo Boito.

The London Musical Courier says (Aug. 4): "The lionized artist has fled away and become an ordinary mortal, to whom the innocent pleasures of a summer holiday are as welcome as to paterfamilias of the city and his wife and family. After the turmoil of the opera season Covent Garden singers are finding it necessary to recoup their strength at foreign watering places. At Aix-les-Bains, we hear, a goodly number are gathered. Calvé and Marie Roze have been there some time; Mr. and Mrs. Jean de Reszke are going there, and also to Mont Dore this summer; and Sir Arthur Sullivan is thinking of putting in a week of his holiday there. At Monte-cattini is to be found the veteran composer Verdi, who, though in excellent health, is enjoying a course of baths there. Emma Eames and her husband have gone to Italy, while Mr. Maurice Grau, the shepherd of the Covent Garden flock, has betaken himself to the seclusion of his home in Paris, whither has also gone Maurel. Mr. Louis Hiller, the violinist, who has recently been in, and Val Dyck are both in Belgium, and Cosima Wagner has recently been staying at Boppard-on-the-Rhine with Humperdinck."

The cantata, Lancelot and Elaine, which was performed on July 23 at the Alexandra Palace, London, is the joint composition of Mr. Augustus Barratt and Mr. J. St. A. Johnson, the latter of whom has just been appointed professor of composition at the Glasgow Atheneum.

Ella Pancera, the pianist, is engaged to be married to Max Blüthner of the well-known firm of pianoforte makers.

Alberto Visetti is translating a work by Cametti of Rome, on the life and works of Palestrina. This book brings to light many facts hitherto unknown regarding the life of this great musician. At the same time, Visetti is revising and arranging with piano accompaniments a series of solfeggi written at the beginning of the last century by Aprile. These are specially designed for the study of sostenuto and legato.

Ella Russell and Pauline Joran are engaged for the forthcoming season of opera at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, which will open for two weeks tomorrow, under the direction of Mr. Michael Gunn. This is in connection with the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie will probably begin a new opera this autumn on the subject of "The Cricket on the Hearth," thus challenging comparison with Herr Goldmark. For this work Mr. Sturges will provide the libretto. During his holidays Sir Alexander proposes to

write the incidental music for Richard II., with which Sir Henry Irving will reopen the Lyceum.

Mr. Louis N. Parker has in preparation a new play, for which Mr. Frederick Corder is writing the incidental music.

The son of the composer of "Carmen," was the cause of a serious accident at Trouville the other day. Whilst driving a motor car along a hilly and winding road, on turning a sharp corner he came suddenly upon a private carriage. Though he managed to turn his machine aside to avoid a collision, the horse shied violently, upsetting the carriage and its occupants, one of whom, a lady, sustained concussion of the brain and died shortly afterward.

Victoria has sent Mr. Maurice Grau a framed and signed photograph of herself as a souvenir of the opera and other musical performances at Windsor Castle this season.

Yvette Guilbert has every reason to congratulate herself on the contract just made for a tour through Russia, Austria, Germany and Roumania, since, if report says true, she is to receive \$60,000 for one hundred concerts, and in addition 45 per cent. of the gross takings.

Mr. Wilhelm Bruch has been appointed conductor of the Scottish Orchestra in succession to Mr. Wilhelm Kes. He is a native of Mayence, and studied music at the Cologne Conservatorium, after leaving which he conducted concerts at Freiburg and Baden. Subsequently he became conductor of the Strasburg Opera House.

The repertory of la Scala (November) will probably be as follows: "Meistersingers," "Huguenots," "Othello," "Mephistofeles," and "Iris," the new opera of Mascagni (if successful at Rome). Tamagno, De Lucia, De Marchi and Darcé will sing.

Mr. Forbes Robertson has commissioned Mr. Hamish MacCunn to write the incidental music for the forthcoming revival of "Macbeth" at the Lyceum.

The Paris correspondent of The Era writes: "Some of our theatres, as regards the audience, present a curious spectacle during the summer months. The playground Parisian has fled the city, the English tourist prefers the open-air café concerts in the Champs Elysées to the suffocating atmosphere in our theatres. But not so the provincial. He does not mind the heat and takes a lively interest in the performance. The Parisian, as we all know, once seated in his stall, is not demonstrative; he very rarely applauds, hissing is considered bad form, nor has he any inclination to compete with the claque. The provincial, on the other hand, considers it his duty to express approval or disapproval in an audible form. I saw a striking instance of this the other night when I strolled in the Variétés to listen to an act of 'Trovatore.' The orchestra, having played somewhat out of time, came in for a volley of hisses. The same compliment was paid to the unfortunate tenor, who had made a false start. But when that gentleman treated the house to a high and long-sustained note the enthusiasm knew no bounds, and he received quite an ovation. What pleased me most, however, was to see that a few young men who wanted to chaff a poor page on account of her legs, which did not run parallel, were severely rebuked for their unseemly behavior. In this respect Paris audiences might take a lesson from their provincial colleagues."

A well-known conductor in London recently received the following from the Secretary and General Manager of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels:

I must apologize for troubling you but I am at loss for a cello player for one of our touring companies. Our mutual friend, Mr. —, said you would be able to oblige me by letting me know the address of one or two. The salary I am paying is about 35s. The man would be required to give one week's rehearsals. If you can do this I shall be greatly indebted to you.

The New York Custom House has decided that the Jew's-harp and the Chinese tom-tom are musical instruments.

Georg Henschel was granted a patent in London July 23 for "improvements in pianos."

Charles Garnier, the architect of the Paris Opera House, died Aug. 6 of apoplexy. In 1861 he took part in the prize competition for the new Opera, and his design, one of 170, was unanimously accepted. This work took up 15 years of his life. He installed himself in a kind of shed, and there, during the erection of the building, covered 30,000 foolscap sheets with his plans. By 1870 the building was finished externally, and in 1873 the destruction by fire of the old Opera demonstrated the necessity of the new edifice, which was not opened till January, 1875. The cost of the Opera amounted to thirty-five million francs.

Philip Hale.

Aug 22 98

Said Abou Marzahan to a young man, clever in reality, but accounted a fool: "Wherefore is it thy custom to sit silently by listening to the conversation of others instead of employing the tongue which God hath given thee?"

The youth replied: "It is true that God hath given me a tongue wherewith to make discourse, but thou forgettest that He hath also endowed me with two ears, meaning that I should listen to twice the number of words that I speak."

Abou Marzahan reflected awhile, then spake further: "True, my son, but there are many mutes within the city whose tongues are wholly tied, and also many deaf men whose ears are stopped. Canst thou explain this inequality?"

The youth made answer: "The tongues of

the mutes have been tied in order that they should not corrupt their neighbors by the useless words that would otherwise fall from their lips; while the ears of the deaf men have been stopped so that they should not be corrupted by the unavailing utterances that would otherwise enter their brains."

And from that day forth was the youth permitted to sit by in silence unmolested.

Good-by, proud world! Or instead of good-by, so-long! We are going "on a vacation." The Earnest Student of Sociology will accompany us. Old Chimes laughed when we invited him—he laughed in a manner that was almost offensive. And then he remonstrated.

"Why do you thus tempt Fate? Think of the discomforts to which you will be exposed. Remember your own words against Inns, both great and little. Are you now about to eat your words of sage advice? Or do you really propose to go a-visiting? Impossible. And are you willing to abandon work? Your employers will find that you are after all an unnecessary article of furniture. No one in this world is indispensable to anybody or anything. Bismarck is dead; Germany flourishes. If you must go, go alone. By watching people at table and in parlor, perhaps you can pass a fortnight without exciting anger or pity. But the Earnest Student of Sociology! Take my advice—if you must take him with you, keep him in the stable. Or better still, hearken unto me, go on with your daily work and put glue in the seat of your trousers, so that you can keep your place."

But why should we follow the advice of cynical old age? There are happy villages where there is neither war nor speculation concerning orchestras to be led by Gerlicke and Paur.

This very day, Aug. 20, we received the following communication from B. T.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

QUESTION.

"Under which King, Bezonian, live or die?"

—Motto to Waverley.

ANSWER.

1. I could be proud of my country if it were not for my countrymen.
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, Pessimist.

2. Thank God, I am an American.
JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, Patriot.

But last week we were for a day in a pleasant little town on Cape Cod. Lounging at the store, we asked in patriotic spirit a venerable citizen, "Did many go to the war from here?" The white-bearded patriarch looked at us with wonder, and then said slowly, exhibiting imperfect dentistry, "Hell, no!"

As Artemus Ward described the young man "who said he'd be dam if he'd go to the war"—"he was sittin on a barrel and was indeed a lothsome object."

We, with the Earnest Student of Sociology, propose to find some village where there are great trees, old-fashioned flowers, box-trimmed walks, and an absence of any interest in the things that are so dear to the dwellers within city walls. No doubt we shall be disappointed. The quest is wilder than that made by Jason or Mr. Le Gallienne. But we shall not go far from Boston, or beyond the reach of kind souls who are willing to lend pecuniary assistance to the deserving.

Then, there is nothing but war news in the newspapers, and we have not the heart to talk about the unnecessary sufferings to which the soldiers of this Commonwealth have been exposed.

Or will it interest anyone to know that the other day at Montecatini an Italian, sat in one hand, camera in the other, approached Verdi, and bowing profoundly, said "Commendatore" (Verdi is Commendatore and Senator, but a simple man, detests being called by either title) "Commendatore, may I have the honor of photographing your immortal features?" Verdi turned away, growling, "My dear sir, bad deeds are done, but not spoken of." We found this story in the last Pall Mall Gazette, and we could also tell you tales about Romulus, Demosthenes and Colonel W. L. Bryan, as well as many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse. But we are naturally of a kindly disposition, and we propose to give you a vacation.

We propose to stay for a fortnight in the first village where we shall find green corn in good condition and in abundance. For the benefit of future photographers we add that we gnaw corn from the cob, holding the cob firmly in both hands. When the last grain is out to sight, we throw the cob into the air. (Duxbury claims, by the way, could never be eaten without a pall on the side of the chair.)

During our absence our pet opinions will no doubt be contradicted flatly. Our

large collection of hobby horses will be without exercise. Men whom we dislike will be praised. Friends will be roasted in a manner superior to any imagined by Mr. Edward Atkinson. Ambitions that we have entertained, hopes that we have cherished, will be swept away as by the hurricane. But what is all this when weighed in the balance with green corn? Corn, which convinces us, when it is properly boiled, buttered, and salted, that man is a noble animal, worthy of the highest development.

Vacation

September 6, 1898

He thought he saw a buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece;
He looked again and found it was
His sister's husband's niece;
"Unless you leave the house," he said,
"I'll send for the police."

Old Chimes was right. It was the second day at the Squeescot Inn. The time was breakfast and the occasion was flapjacks. The Earnest Student of Sociology—he had not shaved for three days—thus addresses his neighbors: "Some folks like their molasses round and round, but I like mine in a puddle," and with that he poured until there was an overflow. We looked at him with the look of the traditional Roman father and left the inn by the next stage. Nor have we heard from him. 'Tis a pity that this acute observer, close reasoner, and deep thinker, pays little or no attention to the courtesies of daily life.

Yet we remember distinctly the scientific man that was quartered at the village home of our youth. He was a tank of knowledge and thickly sugared tea. He ate thirteen hot biscuits at supper and grimed the towels in his bed-room. It was only yesterday we read that he had received a high and foreign degree.

"Home again, home again, from a foreign shore." This song is sung in tones of dismal pathos by intrepid forest picnickers, by harbor excursionists who have eaten clams, pie and lemon ice-cream. You never hear the song burst from the lips of those returning from a voyage around the world. Nansen probably does not know the tune, nor does any descending balloonist hum it through clenched teeth.

Mrs. Graves: "I see by the paper that Queen Victoria will confer the garter upon the Queen of Holland."

Mr. Graves—"Would that I could be there!"

Mrs. Graves—"The young Queen is going to wear it on her arm."

When an acquaintance asks you to write his father's epitaph, you do not generally seize that opportunity for saying that his father was blind of one eye and had an unfortunate habit of not paying his tradesmen's bills.

O processions and parades! Each sailor and soldier stands in a limelight and he no doubt deserves the spectacular glory. Yet are there as true heroes in processions of working men, heroes who give no name to cigars or collars, heroes overlooked by newspapers, heroes unknown in certain cases to their companions.

Here is an extract from the letter of a sailor-boy to his father:

"If it were possible to get an opportunity to send as often as I am desirous to write, you should hear more often from me, being now so near the grand action, from which I would by no means be absent. I extremely long for that thundering day; wherein I hope you shall hear we have behaved ourselves like men, and to the honor of our country. I thank you for your directions for my ears against the noise of the guns, but I have found that I could endure it; nor is it so intolerable as most conceive; especially when men are earnest and intent upon their business, unto whom muskets sound but like pop-guns. It is impossible to express unto another how a smart sea-fight elevates the spirits of a man, and makes him despise all dangers. In and after all sea-fights I have been very thirsty."

But this letter is not dated at Manila, or Santiago, or Havana, nor is the year that of our Lord 1898. The writer was young Thomas Browne, serving on the Marie Rose in July, 1666, and the father was Sir Thomas, a frequent contributor to this column.

Young Coke, speaking of a Supreme Court Judge, remarked: "He generally dissents for the same reasons, and occasionally agrees for different ones."

So Mr. Sieveking, the formidable pianist, the favorite pupil of Sandow,

would not remove his hat when the heat was carried past him by a young priest at Isid. Mr. Sieveking simply showed lack of breeding.

Sir Thomas Browne was a good church of England man, yet he did not hesitate to write: "At the sight of a cross, or crucifix, I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. . . . I could never hear the Ave-Mary bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all—that is, in silence and dumb contempt."

But stay—perhaps the tale comes from a passionate press agent.

"Mr. G. F. Williams has gone to Onaha." Dry the starting tear, Pauline; the Great Wild East Show will not lose one of its chief attractions. Mr. Williams went to speak—not to stay.

"D'Annunzio's new novel is entitled 'Fire.' It will be hot stuff."

Motto for a Labor Day parade: "Learn to labor and to wait."

Hall Calais is on his way to this country. But Marie Corelli still stays in England. Always the law of divine average, even when the cloud is blackest.

"Good-by summer." You heard the adieu, as though it were sung by a palpitating soprano. But summer insists on an encore.

Ruth Ashmore is giving advice in her "Side Talks With Girls." Advice concerning "Side-walk Talks With Girls" would be more to the purpose.

Sept. 7, 1898

I have more sympathy with one of Shakespeare's pick-purses, Gadshill or Peto, than I can possibly have with any member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and would by no means assist to deliver the one into the hands of the other.

Among the signs of hurrying to the ground that is waiting patiently for you is the inability to speak the one word, the fitting word, to express your meaning. This word may be verb or substantive. You hem and haw; you grow red in the face. Your friends sympathize with you, and say behind your back, "I saw old Canister yesterday; he's almost dotty."

For the benefit of such we advise the use of the word "gesonder" as a universal succedaneum.

Thus you are explaining the working of a machine to your rich, unmarried aunt from the country. (She thought you a light-witted youth, and you now wish to assure her that you are a prominent and intelligent citizen.) "You see, Aunt Lucinda, that this piston-rod moves the h-m-h-m-gesonder; and this gesonder rotates synchronously with this other gesonder."

Instead of stopping awkwardly in conversation, and then exclaiming, "What was that poet's name who wrote

"The night is fine" the walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?"

You indulge yourself in a fine burst: "As the poet Gesonder so beautifully puts it: 'The night is fine, etc.'"

Or if a word slips your memory in quotation the sonorous succedaneum is always ready. For instance:

"Under a spreading gesonder tree
The village gesonder stands."

You see that the usefulness of this word is approached only by the great English preparation that, according to the advertisement, "does not bite the tongue, cures salt rheum, is an excellent substitute for family butter, and removes superfluous hair."

Nor would we for a moment filch the laurel from another's brow. The word "gesonder," we understand, was invented some years ago by Mr. George Frothingham, the eminent lyric tragedian of the Bostonians.

Sardon calling Mr. Paul Potter of "The Conquerors" a plagiarist is another instance of pot and kettle.

If a lover, sweet creature, should foolishly seek

On thy face for the bloom of the rose,
Oh, tell him, although it has died on thy cheek,
He will find it at least on thy nose.

Or if you are in still more sentimental vein listen to this fall "offering" of a foreign contributor. The Sappho of the South End may well envy its tenderness and passion.

If, through the night that weeps,
I came where my dear sleeps,
And softly leant above
The pillow of my Love,
Should I not pray she might not wake
To know how easily hearts can ache and break.

Why should I break her sleep?
Why teach those eyes to weep?
Sleep, my desire, my Love!
My love keeps watch above:

I know how hearts can bleed and ache
Oh heart I have, now and then I ache

Believing Dreyfus innocent you shudder at the thought of his cruel disgrace and punishment and any at the club, "Why don't they do something?"

Yet the thought of a hideous wrong does not prevent you from enjoying that ingenious drink, a gin-rikey, and you are fastidious concerning the introduction of sugar and ice.

And appreciating the impassability of thousands, you realize how preachers and theologians could fancy that the wailing of the damned is one of the chief joys of the elect as they clank necks over the celestial rampart.

There are street-car conductors who are as loquacious as the Arabian barber, the barber of barbers, the grave and concise brother of Bachour, Bakbarah, Bakbae, Alconiz, Almascher and Schacahac. One of these conductors threw wide open his stove-door the other night to show the glow of geniality. Nor did he neglect to talk in dark tones, to invite us to share his tribulations and heart sorrows.

"I was going by the corner of School and Tremont last Saturday and a dudish chap jumped on the foot-board and said, 'Can you give me two halves for a one?' I said, 'Sure,' and I handed him the halves. I said 'Where is the one?' He said 'In the one,' and he jumped off."

Uncle Amos asks anxiously, "Did the conductor jump off and catch the rope?" You are a literal soul, and this time your curiosity will not be gratified. The story ends with the rude pleasantry. There is no real sequel to some of the jests of Nature or Time.

The story of Andrew Carnegie's purchase of Skibo Castle was told—and told delightfully in this column last week. (We say "delightfully" because we did not tell the tale, for we were miles away, serving on a committee for the Inspection of Breweries.) One of the inducements to purchase was an authenticated haunted room in the castle.

But, alas! we fear that the celebrated iron and steel-monger has been deceived. Skibo Castle is not mentioned in Ingram's "Haunted Homes," a book that should be in every child's library. Turning to the index, we find Skipsa Castle which has for perpetual tenant "a beautiful young woman, of mournful aspect, attired in long white drapery." Swinsty Hall is haunted by a Mr. Robinson, who at unseemly hours bends, "and rubs and rubs, and rubs away at his ghastly spoil"—for he had carted away from London gold left by victims of the Great Plague. Even Sykes Lumb Farm boasts of a demon who smashes cream-mugs to atoms, plays mad pranks with cattle, and sits grinning with delight upon a cross-beam in the barn. At Spedlin's Tower, visitors are awakened by the ghost of one Porteous, who shrieks "Let me out, let me out, for I'm deen' o' hunger." He also flutters against the door of the vault, and is "always sure to remove the bark from any twig that is sportively thrust through the key-hole." Time would fail us to tell of Sam's-bury Hall, Sampford Peverell, Sarrait, Scorrer House, Settle, Smithills Hall, Souldern Rectory, Souter Fell, Strachur Manse. But Skibo is not mentioned. Has Andrew, the canny Scot, been deceived?

Sept 8, 1898

"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

Some prefer to speak of a man whose true name has been temporarily forgotten as "Mr. Dinkum," rather than "Mr. Gesonder." In Berlin the English "What-dye-call-um" is translated by "Dingekirche," and possibly "Dinkum" is a corruption or a variation of the Berlin term. We do not like to pronounce a decided opinion in these delicate matters. We should prefer personally to be named "Gesonder"—for the word suggests authoritative avoirdupois and commendable sobriety of life. "Dinkum—Mr. Dinkum." Hearing the name spoken, you think of a hustling curbstone broker, or a street seller of salve and soap.

We have received the professional card of a gentleman of Buffalo, N. Y., who advertises himself as follows: "Dutch comedian by birth."

What a horrible joke of Nature, who occasionally delights in handiapping victims of earth and selfish marriages!

Some after heroic struggling with adversity become Dutch comedians; some, of a naturally feeble intellect find that they can thus earn most easily their living; a few may cultivate this species

of entertainment in the hope that they may raise the standard, martyrs, Father Damien among stage lepers. All these invite sympathy and pity.

You remember the wretched life of the Elephant Man in London. You read of the afflicted beings who in the middle ages were obliged to ring a bell warning men, women and children of a contagious approach. You know that some bear witness in their youthful bones to the vices of their forebears. But what words do you find to express satisfactorily the pity excited by the thought of a "Dutch comedian by birth?"

And yet this poor fellow in Buffalo carries off his misfortune bravely. His card shows two pictures. In the first you see a smooth-cheeked young man clothed in conventional evening-dress. The second is a picture of the "Dutch comedian" in his most appalling form, with chin-beard and impossible waistcoat. Under these pictures is the legend, "We got together side by each."

Fortunately for the sake of philanthropy Buffalo abounds in Christian men and women who are never weary of good deeds. Science has not yet found any means of converting a "Dutch Comedian by birth" into a happy, normal citizen but charity can do much to mitigate his condition and cause him to forget occasionally, for a day, his miserable lot.

"Dr. Sternberg was much pleased." His delight increases steadily with the indignation of the people at large.

Did you ever know an old waterman who was not "sturdy," or a host who was not "genial," or hands that were not "willing"—that is, in the "news-papers?"

"Pass along, please," said an anguished voice at our elbow. So we passed along into another immense chamber, over the portals of which was inscribed the legend, "Average Novel (Ladies) Department: Grammar and dialect Section." The air was thick with the gibbering ghosts of murdered grammar and with the spectres of distorted syntax. Kallyard kelpies, Irish banshees, French cauchemars, and kindred literary horrors brooded over the grisly scene. I heard sad-eyed, hopeless men trying to explain to stern females the expression of whose set faces showed no conviction, why—despite the backslidings of Shakespeare—a split infinitive is a grammatical outrage, and expatiating on the objections to following a plural subject with a singular verb.

The Boarding House Guide publishes the following appeal in its connubial column:

MATRIMONY.—Two young ladies, good looking, with a little money, wish to correspond with a young gentleman not over 36; Catholic preferred.—Miss Brown and Miss A. Brown, Address, etc.

This leads a deep thinker to observe: "Two sisters and one suitor, and no polygamy in the matter. If he does not take one, he has an equal chance with the other, and being ex hypothesi of Catholic tendencies he can hardly fail to make his choice between the two. This is the new and more excellent way. The Family Syndicate for the wider circulation of the single man. Circulez, circulez, messieurs, s'il vous plait."

A young woman made the following application a short time ago in a London police court. She lifted up her voice: "If you please, sir, I was employed at a house as domestic servant. On Saturday last my master kissed me. My mistress came into the room and scratched my face. On Tuesday my father went round to see about it, and master gave him £5 for kissing me. My mother now says I ought to have compensation from my mistress for scratching my face, and my week's wages."

And Mr. D'Fyncourt, the cad, said unto her: "Your master kissed you, your mistress scratched your face, and you have got £5. What more do you want?" And a good judge, too.

Here is a story of foreign stage life and manners told by the Pall Mall Gazette. Twilight and evening star, and after that ad diffusion. On this text the director of the Municipal Theatre in Bari dell. Pucchi has been preaching to a disappointed audience. Bari had been having a bad season; the stage had failed to draw, and therefore the local administration decided to strike a blow for popularity, to move the gods and Acton, the two things being in the case one. Apollon Bari's ancient was a pleasure with staring post. "The Mysterious Twilight. The director kindly requested not to bring out your daughter." On the next day more than an hour before the opening the public was pressing around the theatre entrance. Many ladies came in brilliant costumes, and it was in a house that was to overflow that the

curtain to a "The Mysterious Twilight." and the public's younger daughters were absent by special appointment. Unhappily the audience found "The Mysterious Twilight" as melodramatic as the Ambigu and as correct as de Franciscis. There was nothing left for them to do but to demonstrate and depart, which, to the best of their power, they did. The hissing was furious. "The piece was decent," that was the grievance, because it followed that the manager and his posters were not so.

Reading "Arms and the Man," you see how Mr. Richard Mansfield was miles away from Mr. Shaw's idea of his hero. No wonder that Mr. Shaw exclaims in the preface to the first volume of his published plays, "A perfectly adequate and successful stage representation of a play requires a combination of circumstances so extraordinarily fortunate that I doubt whether it has ever occurred in the history of the world."

Sept 1, 1898

I was impatient of the wrestling sea; My heart shall be a valley still, I said, Where vexed rough waters enter to become A mirror to the stars that every breeze Made them forget; a vale where overhead The woods that overhang the woods are dumb.

But gazing in that flood with sad desire, Where the gold glory of the sun was hung, I sought to hold the magic waters back; Their flood confounding with the heaven's fire.

Bars I flung forth, and weeds wherewith I clung, Rushes close-set and thick rank beds of wrack.

So thus it is: the slow long pulsed hours Swoon with no keeper but a stagnant breath of sultry waters, and the reaches lie Festering with scum, rank weed, and rotten flowers.

Poul scurf of salt and fetid flats of death, That show no recognition of the sky.

Some of the corporators of the American Indies Company are admirable examples of the up and down, see-saw of American life. One of them about 20 years ago was a bar-keeper in Albany, N. Y. Another was at that time a newspaper reporter who had been near the North Pole. According to the Secretary, Mr. Mac Dona—he formerly spelled his name Macdonald—the company proposes "to take advantage of the extraordinary economic transformation now at work in Cuba and Porto Rico." This is an agreeable way of saying, "we propose to run the two islands." Under its charter this company has power to generate, accumulate, and distribute electricity. "Accumulate" and "distribute" are in this instance ominous words, not restricted to electricity.

The ninth annual convention of the United States Association of Journeymen Plumbers, Steamfitters, Gasfitters and Steamfitters' Helpers is now in session at Cleveland. We all sit a-waiting their decrees; we all sit helpless, resigned with the resignation of despair.

Who was it that described the glass eye as the eye that "fires not, wins not, weeps not now?" "The eye whose fixity of gaze the fly you may have sometimes remarked perambulating it does not in the least disturb." If you read that the annual output of glass eyes in Germany is about two millions, you may doubt the statement, thinking that there are not enough one-eyed to demand such a supply, "even if every one of them carried about with him a selection sufficiently large to enable him to express every emotion." You forget the bird-stuffer, the taxidermist, the wax-work museum, the German doll.

A circular published in the interests of the Zoological Gardens of Rio de Janeiro has been issued to "visitors lying at anchor." The circular is polyglot. Here is a specimen of the English version:

"Zoological Gardens.—In these gardens the visitor will find some of the rarest and best specimens of wild beasts of Brazil, also a collection of Snakes, reptiles, etc. Which will prove a source of interest and entertainment to many who have a four hours to spare while in Rio Janeiro. Traways belonging to Compy Every 10 Minutes."

The German thirsting for beer is invited to the "Garten an Bar."

Mr. Paderewski, he of the beckoning chair, contributes an article to the September number of Sandow's magazine, Physical Culture. Thus does he put himself into competition with Mr. Sleevings, the pianist who has hitherto been Sandow's favorite pupil. Mr. Paderewski treats of muscular strength as connected with piano playing and indulges himself freely in the terminology of anatomy.

Mr. Keeton of London claims that croquet is a game "in which pianists

may indulge with the happiest results," while on a wet day, "a royal road to learning is offered by billiards." Light gymnastics are undoubtedly useful to pianists. Too many of our virtuosi are muscle-bound, and there is a marked tendency to abandon practice with 300-pound dumbbells and daily exercise in rolling-mills.

This reminds us that a correspondent of the Jewish Chronicle interviewed Mr. Sandow lately concerning the athletic position of the Jewish race in comparison with others of the world. Mr. Sandow answered regretfully that it is the lowest. "This is all the more remarkable when you come to remember that their ancestors were those splendid warriors of the Bible, and the comparison of the muscularity of the ancient Hebrews with the modern is none too flattering. The reason is easy enough to seek. The ancient Hebrews were brought up to living in the open, and were trained to all athletic and warlike exercises, but latter-day Jews have devoted their minds solely to business. It has been all head-work with them, and the tax on the brain without the culture of the body must produce injurious results."

At the same time Mr. Sandow claims that the best amateur weight-lifter in England is Mr. Lawrence Levy of Birmingham, and he says: "I consider one of the daughters of Mr. Levy to be the most perfect specimen of a symmetrical figure that I have yet seen in a woman, although she is of small stature. You must remember that a woman does not show the outward signs of muscularity that a man does. A woman's muscles are long, where a man's are short. Physical exercise in a woman tends to make the flesh hard and firm, without raising very much muscle, and the result is the production of a lovely line of beauty."

To R. M.—The last instance of execution for witchcraft in England, to our knowledge, was in 1716, when a woman and her nine-year-old daughter were hanged at Huntingdon "for selling their souls to the devil and bewitching their neighbors." Their actual crime was "raising a storm by pulling off their stockings."

Sept 10, 1898

Democracy has now handed the sceptre of the despot to the sovereign people; but they, too, must have their confessor, whom they call Critic. Criticism is not only medically salutary; it has positive popular attractions in its cruelty, its gladiatorialship, and the gratification its attacks on the great give to envy and its praises to enthusiasm. It may say things which many would like to say, but dare not and indeed for want of skill could not even if they durst. Its iconoclasm, its seditions and blasphemies, if well turned, tickle those whom they shock; so that the critic adds the privileges of the court jester to those of the confessor.

The Non-Treating Club has been established again, this time at Chicago. It is to have chapters, and the members are to wear buttons. The badge will save the outsider the trouble of a superfluous invitation.

Button, button—who has not got a button? Oh Jeffersonian simplicity of democratic institutions! And yet there is declamation in villages on the Fourth of July against the gewgaws of effete despotisms.

The Smiths and the Joneses and the Robinsons assemble in family rebellion and trace their descent from some legendary hero or historical blackguard, and plume themselves thereon. We were talking yesterday with an eminently sensible citizen. "When I was a young squirt, I thought it the thing to plant and nourish a family-tree. Investigating, I found that my great maternal grandmother was an Irishwoman named Betty Fitzgerald. She was a woman of considerable force. She eloped with her father's groom, and was praiseworthy enough to marry him. They crossed the Atlantic and settled in a small town in Maine. Betty kept her husband-groom in the stable, never allowed him to enter the house, smoked a pipe at regular and irregular intervals, and drank considerably of fire-water. She was at the same time the wonder and the terror of the village. I thought one ancestor like Betty was honor enough, and since my discovery I have never bothered my head about genealogical matters."

He told this story in loud, yes, brazen tones at the Porphyry, and members of the oldest families at first shuddered visibly and thought of bringing the reckless man before the committee. Then they laughed and called him a most amusing fellow, a mad wag. For you may have observed that the bold sneaker of truth in and out of season is regarded by the prudent and the orthodox and the snug as a privileged and welcome jester.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw knew this. Witness his preface to "Unpleasant

Days

"All I had to do was to open my normal eyes, and with my strongest literary skill put the case exactly as it struck me, or describe the thing exactly as I saw it, to be applauded as the most humorously extravagant paradoxer in London. The only reproach with which I became familiar was the everlasting 'Why can you not be serious?' * * * I enjoyed the immunities of impecuniosity with the opportunities of a millionaire."

And even to this day there are persons who sincerely believe that Mr. Shaw is always joking. Some deplore this as they pat him on the head for his ability. Some say, "If it were not for his flippancy and his extravagance, ah, what a writer he would be, and what a power he might be in the community!"

To return for a moment to this Non-Treating Club. It has our best wishes, but we have little confidence in its long life. Old Chimes, for instance, enters the main lounging room of the Porphyry, and he happens to be as dry as a covered bridge. A dozen men are in the room. Why should he be obliged by tradition or custom to invite them all to drink? Why should he be obliged to spend from \$130 to \$2 when he can quench his thirst—that is, for the moment—for 10 or 15 cents? If there is a prevailing law of justice, Old Chimes will receive and drain 12 drinks in addition to the first, and his last state will be worse than the first? Old Chimes as a matter of fact, is moderately sane. He smiles kindly on the members, as though he knew that they approved of his intention, clears his throat, remarks upon the weather, touches without ostentation a bell, and says to the approaching youth, "Walter, bring me a Scotch and soda." And sensible men applaud his action. Do not misunderstand us. There are equally sensible men who do not drink alcohol in any form, however pleasingly presented.

Now, if Old Chimes had found one or two cronies in a corner and invited them to join him, we should not recall this in censure. But indiscriminate, arrogant treating is an abominable practice. It leads to extravagance and drunkenness. Nevertheless, there will be such treating just as long as "genitals" flourish and "openers" are admired.

Mr. Richepin's new play, written for our old friend Sarah, will please those who are interested in the elevation of the drama by jackscrews, newspaper articles or any other mechanical appliance. It tells in prose of the love of a man of the world for a wanton gipsy dancer, for whom he is ready to sacrifice wife, children and fortune. To prove the man's devotion the gipsy wishes him to kill his wife. This, for some unaccountable reason, he refuses to do. The play ends with his suicide while the woman, unconcerned at the report of the pistol that announces her lover's death, steps onto the stage of a cafe chantant and goes through her performance.

The theatre at the Paris exhibition of 1900 will accommodate from 12 to 15,000 persons. "The auditorium will consist of five circular tiers rising one above the other, and sloping backwards till the topmost reaches the very roof, while these circles at the rear will present the appearance of enormous arcades supported by colossal columns. Each of the five balconies will be approached by six gigantic doors, all having double staircases leading to and from them, and spacious enough to empty in five minutes the section with which they are connected. The stage, which is to be circular, and capable in parts of being moved round on a turntable, will measure 300 feet in diameter." Truly a snug theatre, one in which the theatrical or musical fluid will make its way quickly from play-actor to audience. As for us, give us Mechanics' Building Auditorium, the glorious home of opera in Boston.

Here is a remarkable instance of thrift in London. Miss Long, aged ten, a daughter of a man who pays nine and sixpence a week rent, and keeps nine persons on the balance of his weekly wage of four and twenty shillings, had a deposit account in her bank of twenty shillings, and her younger sister showed a balance of eighteen shillings. Her economy was praised, until she was found to be "prehensible with other people's property," and surprised in the act of picking a pocket.

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"THE MUSIC DRAMAS OF RICHARD WAGNER AND HIS FESTIVAL THEATRE IN BAYREUTH," by Albert Lavignac, translated from the French by Esther Singleton, with illustrations and diagrams. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. This handsomely printed and copi-

...the music-dramas of Wagner and know the history of the Bayreuth theatre, as well as the manner of the performances and the course of festival life. No attention is paid to "Rienzi" or "The Flying Dutchman."

You may say, "But what is the need of such a book? In German there are the Budeker's by Wolzogen and others; and in English the book by Kobbe is excellent; then there are the lives by Fuchs, Chamberlain, Jullien and others, the special treatises by Kufferath, the essays by Ernst Schuré, Krehbiel and the host of German disciples."

Mr. Lavignac, professor of harmony at the Paris Conservatory, says frankly in his preface:

"In writing the thousand and first book on Richard Wagner and his work, I do not pretend to accomplish anything better than has yet been done. My aim has been something quite different—a real practical guide to Bayreuth for the French which will answer the needs and satisfy the curiosity of those of our nation who have not yet taken that little journey, which is so easy and attractive. I have also desired to write in what state of mind it should be undertaken and what seductive preliminary studies are necessary to the complete enjoyment of the trip; finally, I have been my desire to present the Wagnerian style in its own proper light, by dissipating the clouds with which it has been enveloped by certain of its commentators, who, far from smoothing the way, have made it bristly with difficulties. This is the sole criticism I will allow myself; they write for Wagnerians, not for neophytes."

Mr. Lavignac first writes agreeably of Bayreuth itself—and I cannot refrain here from praising again the beauty of the illustrations. He then gives an admirable biographical sketch of Wagner. These thirty odd pages are characterized by a sense of proportion, fairness, appreciation of perspective, and above all by sanity, rare characteristic of a biographer of Wagner. Then follows a history of the Bayreuth theatre from 1836, when Wagner declared that he had a great desire to see his works represented in "one fixed place and under special conditions." Diagrams of a section of the orchestra, arrangement of the orchestra, the hall, the orchestra and the stage, a section of the hall, the orchestra, and the stage assist in explanation.

The author begins his analysis of the librettos—or poems if you prefer—by a statement that at once inspires confidence: "It seems to me absolutely out of place (and I am anxious to say this at the outset of this study of Wagner's style) to lavish upon him praises which he does not need, or to refute the criticisms which he has had to endure." He believes that to really understand Wagner, "We must be convinced that we understand (I say 'understand' in the use of 'appreciating'—I do not say 'admire') everything which worthily precedes him in the evolution of the art, and he who pretends to understand Wagner, who impertinently rejects the works of our great contemporaries unworthy of his attention, thinking that by so doing he confers upon himself a mark of high musical intelligence, proves only one thing—that he understands nothing whatever."

"The fanatical, exclusive Wagnerian reminds me of an Alpine climber who would deny the existence of Buet or Jungfrau, believing in all good faith that by so doing he will increase the unassailable prestige of the highest peak in Europe."

Thus we find Mr. Lavignac admitting—and I pray the fierce Wagnerites of this city to ponder the statement—that "Wagner's sympathies for Bellini and other Italian masters are not less certain than his sympathies for Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Schubert, Schumann." He acknowledges them, and we can find indisputable traces of them in the melodic structure of his work."

Profound is Mr. Lavignac's contempt for "those unfortunate victims of snobishness who go to Bayreuth because it is the fashion, or to show off their clothes, or to pose as intimate friends of the Wagner family, and get Herr Ernst to explain the work during the trances. The symptoms of their disease—alas! incurable—are exceedingly simple: It is sufficient to sit down to the piano and improvise some utterly senseless strains which you dignify with the name of Leit motive, they immediately go into raptures."

The synthetic table placed before the analysis of each libretto is novel, curious and valuable. In the first column are the names of the characters in the exact order of their appearance on the stage, particularizing each voice; there is also a description of them and their genealogy, "when it is needed"—and the Lord knows that it is needed in the "Ring"; the other columns of variable number, show, act by act, tableau by tableau, scene by scene, the successive appearances of the same characters. Thus in "Tannhäuser," we find first that the Sirens

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Victoria escaped Oxford in 1840, John Francis in 1842, Bean later in the same year, William Hamilton in 1849, and Maclean in 1882.

Then there is her most Catholic Majesty Isabella. La Riva tried his luck in 1847. The busk of her corset saved her from Merino, the priest, in 1852. Raymond Puentes was unsuccessful in 1856.

Francis Joseph, who now mourns the death of his wife of the superb hair, felt Libeny's knife graze his neck in 1853, but Overdank later on did not touch him.

Humbert of Italy was missed by Passananti in 1878. How Agostino met him in the way is still fresh in the mind.

Add to the list the King of Greece, William IV. of Serbia, Pedro II. of Brazil, William I. (1861, 1878—when Hödel failed and in the same year Nobiling "Doctor of Philosophy and of Scientific Agriculture" plunked in vain), Alfonso XII., King Amadeus, Napoleon III., Alexander II. of Russia was missed by Karakozoff, Berezowski, Solovleff, and others before he was blown to pieces in 1881. The son of Alexander II. was shot at twice before the Borki "accident."

Of all assassinations of late years that of Michael Obrenovich III., Prince of Servia, was one of the most barbarous. In 1868, strolling after dinner in Topchiderek Park, he was shot by three men. "Joko Radavanovich and Marich"—after the companions of the Prince, his aunt and cousin, Anka and Katrine, his aid-de-camp, and his body-servant, had been killed—"drew their kurdjars and set to work to mangle the Prince's remains, which they did to such gruesome purpose that only his right arm was subsequently found to be free from gashes or fractures. So numerous, indeed, were his wounds that when his body was afterwards being prepared for embalming and exposure to public view on a bier, according to Servian custom, two skilled surgeons were occupied during some 30 hours in patching it up so as to render it presentable; and after they had finished their melancholy task, the dead Prince's face had to be thickly painted in order to conceal its scars from the illustrious personages deputed by foreign sovereigns to attend his funeral." You observe that Mr. Beatty-Kingston ("Music and Manners" Vol. II., pp. 225, 226) adds to the horror of the description by using the split infinitive.

Look at the history of France alone. Read the roll of Kings and Queens that perished violently: Queen Gonsinde, burned alive; Chloélie I., assassinated, and his Queens Audouere, strangled, or drowned, and Galsonte strangled; Chloélie II., assassinated with his Queen Bichilde; Charles II., poisoned; Charles III., strangled; Robert, Duke of France, killed in battle; Louis IV., of a fall from his horse; Isabelle of Aragon, of a fall from her horse; Philippe IV., of a fall from his horse; Marguerite of Bourgogne, strangled; Charlotte of Savoy, who some say died in consequence of outrageous treatment by her husband, Louis XI.; Henry II., by an accident in a tournament; Henry III., assassinated; Henry IV., assassinated; Louis XVI., guillotined with his wife Marie Antoinette; Louis XVII., from the result of his treatment in the Temple.

And are there not chapters in the history of England, Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, as bloody or still bloodier?

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Sep 13-95

O friend of all true lovers, tender Night!
O place of the dark! O comfort!
Cover us in from the too garish light
With curtains that no curious lookings
Ere.
Hem us about, and set thy stars to stand!
That none may come us nigh to hear or see
How mouth seeks trembling mouth and hand
Holds hand.
Or what low whisperings of wonder be,
Cover us in, and keep us well from harm;
Let us be surely in thy shelter fair
Given as my love lies safe within my arm.
Content to find her present heaven there!
And we will tell thee all our secrets sweet
Ere Day binds sunny sandals on thy feet.

Old Chimes proposes to leave his tailor. "The last suit was not a fit; it looked rather like a paralytic stroke."

The Chicago correspondent of the York Times told Sunday a most extraordinary story about Mr. Oliver Herford.

"Young Herford really lives in Chicago, but has been in Arizona for several years studying life on the arid plains. He enlisted in the Eleventh United States Infantry, under the command of Col. Isaac Hensley, was in the thick of the battle of San Juan, and returned in safety to this city, though weak with typhoid. He went to the North Side looking for an old school friend, but the house where he expected to find a welcome was empty, and he was about to leave when the family next door, seeing a soldier in uniform standing by the vacant house, and surmising the state of affairs, invited him to dinner. Mr. Herford was sent to the heart of the city in the carriage of the family which had shown him hospitality. The coachman says he boarded a Madison Street car, but he has not been heard of since, though every hospital in the city has been searched for him. The women of the Army and Navy Relief Auxiliary are in constant communication with his father."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Oliver Herford lives in New York, never was in Arizona, and did not go to the war. Mr. Herford is a mad wag. Is this one of his jokes?

We quote literatim et verbatim from the card of a dentist in this city: "Teeth extracted, 20 cents; teeth filled, 50 cents; teeth cleaned, 50 cents; plates repaired, 75 cents; best artificial teeth, \$5; child-birth cases, \$5; medicines at reasonable prices."

A dramatic piece "Johanna," produced lately in Munich is by Björne-Björnson, the son of Björnstjerne Björnson. But we should prefer to see a piece by Björne, by George.

"Now it's pneumatic corsets." Can they be blown up with a bicycle pump?

And Mr. Tuttle said, "The trolley roads have no expenses of this kind (for station conveniences) to meet. They do not even have to erect awnings over the sidewalks where their passengers get on and off the cars." True; nor are they obliged to run cars enough for each passenger to have a seat. The Americans, as some intelligent foreigner remarked, are a patient, much-enduring folk.

Mr. Maquarre, the new first flute of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was a first prize of the Paris Conservatory in 1896.

They that wish to gain a fair idea of the peculiar talent of the late Stéphane Mallarmé, should read "Vers et Prose," a selection published by Perrin & Co. The volume contains

The "Légende d'Après-Midi en France," the marvelous translations into French prose of Poe's "Raven," "Ukulele," and "The Sleeper," the prose-poems "Paint, d'Artemis" and "Frisson d'Ivoire," Englished by George Moore in his "Confessions of a Young Man," and the other strange prose and poetry. Nor is the singular poem beginning

"A raisonnement fui le suicide beau"

omitted.

"La Musique et les Lettres," a lecture delivered at Oxford and Cambridge, is no easy reading. Mallarmé translated besides Poe's poems, Whistler's "Ten O'clock," and Beekford's "Vat-hik."

Our old friend, de Goncourt, tells one or two stories about the dead poet, although he mentions him seldom in the Journal. It seems that Mallarmé, a boy, was sent to a boarding-school kept at Auteuil. The school was frequented by young swells, for his grandmother was "tainted with aristocracy." His schoolmates kicked and otherwise abused him, for he had the cheek to declare that his true name was the Comte de Baulainvilliers, not Mallarmé.

A year or two before this confession, Mallarmé told de Goncourt that he regarded a poem as "a mystery, of which the reader should search for the key."

You will find much about Mallarmé, man and writer, in Jules Huret's "Enquête sur l'évolution littéraire," but Huysmans in "A Rebours" strikes a higher note. "The decadence of a literature irreparably attacked in its organism, weakened by the age of ideas, overworn by the excess of syntax, sensible only of the curiosity which fevers sick people, but nevertheless hastening to explain everything in its ceiling, desirous of repelling all the emissions of its youth, to bequeath all the most subtle souvenirs of its suffering on its death-bed, is incarnate in Mallarmé in most consummate and absolute fashion."

Another Proverb of Bohemia: Your room is better than your company.

Sept 14

Guide books are the least reliable books in all literature; and nearly all literature, in one sense, is made up of guide books. Old ones tell us the ways our fathers went, through the thoroughfares and courts of old; but how few of those former places can their posterity trace, amid avenues of modern erections; to how few is the old guide book now a clue! Every age makes its own guide-books, and the old ones are used for waste paper.

"Good-by, Americanos," was the cry of the Spaniards. We go home now.

"But never a word did the American answer."

We hope for the sake of American courtesy that this report is not true. The marines might at least have said: "Ah, there!"

The Earnest Student of Sociology has written us from a village in New Hampshire. He took our reproof in good part and is now reading "How to Behave" by Flora Klickman. The preface says that the book is intended for those "who wish to conform to the recognized usages of polite society, but who do not feel sufficiently confident to venture into the charmed circle without some guide to the etiquette thereof." Published in London, the little volume carries of course authority, and the E. S. of S. will learn that a truly polite man never asks for change from a contribution box and slips his bag noiselessly from the side of a spoon.

"The assassin of the Empress Elizabeth maintains his cynical demeanor." Such assassins are almost always cynical, and above all they delight to pose. They are supreme egotists, and Charles Baudelaire has defined an egotist as a man that would burn your house to cook himself an egg.

To S. H. Yes, Blanche Roosevelt, who died at London, Sept. 10, sang "Mabel" here in "The Pirates of Penzance." If we are not mistaken, she created the part in this country at New York Dec. 28, 1879, and sang it in Boston, March 15, 1880. But she was better known here by her performance of "Mabel" in Callier's opera "The Village of Pandora" (founded on Longfellow's poem) when it was produced for the first time on any stage, Jan. 11, 1881 at the Boston Theatre. W. S. Dyer, afterward well known in "The Pirates," took a minor part.

"General Miles will write a history of the war for publication." Will it be called "The Shafter of Alger?"

The literal meaning of "Bash-bazookery" is "a w. o. o. head is turned," and the figurative to cut off the heads of

By the way, there is a noun, "Bash-bazookery."

The Mummer: "Did you notice how I paralyzed 'em in my death scene? They were in tears all over the house."

The Stage Manager: "That was because they knew you were not really dead."

Old joke revived by the Referee.

We are sorry to learn that the aurora borealis has been disabling telegraph wires out West. There was a time when this interesting phenomenon was gentle and well-behaved, delighting to entertain little children and tax the wits of scientists.

"London Life," a new penny weekly to which Arthur Symonds, Max Beer-holm and others will contribute, appears this week. Mr. G. R. Sims says, "It will not, however, be so wholly unconventional as the turbulence of its guiding spirits might lead one to expect. I hear that it will accept advertisements. This is sad, but even to the turbulent youth of the new literature the conventional coin of the realm is always welcome."

It appears that at Greenwich, England, there is an "anti-alcoholic theatre." This, we take it, is a theatre in which the performances do not intoxicate the audience. One of the plays produced there is "The Penalty of Crime" by Mr. Lewis Gilbert. The villain is "George Gibbons, alias Don de Silva, an adventurer," and he is the most desperate villain that ever sent a staccato laugh toward the shuddering gallery. A burglar by profession, he would fain take possession of the hero's sweetheart, and, by way of intermezzo, he murders the hero's father and fixes the guilt upon the son. The hero, like the cony, a feeble person, is beloved by the daughter of a man who did five years for a forgery which the villain committed. There is a fine scene where the villain, after he has drugged the ex-convict's drink and chloroformed the ex-convict's daughter, attempts to boil a friendless boy in a cauldron of pitch, which is used on other occasions for road-mending. He is a busy burglar; but so pressing are his engagements to shoot and stab, that he no doubt welcomes the Penalty of Crime, which is finally awarded. You would think that such a play would drive an audience to drink, and thus pervert the intention of the theatre. But there is a mitigating and relieving circumstance, viz.: a "genteel soubrette," who, after singling a love ballad, indulges herself in high kicking and display of lingerie, finishing her performance with a flip-flap and the split. She also shows her gentility by kissing a casual policeman on his lips in a public thoroughfare.

S. W. quotes from the account of a G. A. R. camp fire at Cincinnati, this sentence, which the audience had not allowed Governor Pingree to read:

"If Secretary Alger had been given full power such things would never have happened."

S. W. then adds: "Rejoice that retribution sometimes quickly follows wrong-doing. How many times a week are the judicious made to grieve by reading in the newspapers that 'Alderman McGillicuddy was given a reception' when it was the reception and not the Alderman that was given. But at last suffering dictation has been avenged. Had the perspiring Governor said, 'If full power had been given to Secretary Alger,' etc., all might have been well with him. As it was, I think you will agree that Governor Pingree deserved his fate. While you are about it, can't you say a word or two of rebuke to those wrong-headed men that write asking your good offices and impudently end their letters by thanking you in advance for the favor."

SEPTEMBER.

I am of many moods and many shapes, I strip the chestnut and I tread the grapes.

The pulse of life runs high within my veins, My hands and lips are red with berry-stains.

I bid the leaves from all their dances cease, And die a golden death, and I release

The spell of summer, so that all remember While and death at beck of me, September.

Yes, summer is surely over. And the tall, thin, cool brunette—the ideal summer girl—now gives way to the cosy, calefactive blonde.

Any subway station may be studied as a Boston hog-yard. As soon as winter boots are donned, little children and tender women will no doubt be trampled to death by men whose lives depend on catching a certain car. We studied an interesting case the other day. A most respectable man—no doubt no serves on committees and is

characterized as substantial—making a wild rush, nearly knocked over two women. The long neck-watch-chain of one of the women caught on a button of the man's coat. The wearer begged him to release the chain. His only answer was, "I'll lose my car." "But you'll break my chain or take my watch with you." A snort of male rage: "I must take that car." Nor did he offer for a moment to release the chain. The other woman, who had been contemptuously silent, then grabbed the coat-tails of the eminently respectable man. "You won't go before my sister has her watch chain." And she kept her word.

Lord Chief Justice Russell was asked the extreme penalty for bigamy. "Two mothers-in-law" was the answer.

We know a clergyman who is an optimist. To a member of his flock who sympathized with him on the smallness of the congregation, the cheerful shepherd answered "What does it matter to me, if when I go into my pulpit I find only a dozen people present? The ministry of angels reassures me at once, for it tells me that my church is peopled with angels, and that I am preaching to an innumerable host." The parishioner did not have the heart to reply, "How can you collect pew rents from the angels? You cannot even call upon them to contribute to the offertory."

In how many ways the patriotic feeling of the community manifests itself. In the window of a shop in Kingston Street are shown door mats in which are woven excellent likenesses of Dewey, Sampson and Schley. A customer selects his favorite hero, on whose features he cleans his shoes.

How little true liberty there is in this country! September 13 a policeman saw a well-dressed man singing and dancing in front of the Waldorf-Astoria. The policeman did not stop to consider, he did not consider after a porter had told him that the dancer and singer was a guest, that this exhibition might well be merely the expression of joy at the ability to stop at such an inn. No, he dumped him into an express wagon and tagged him for the station-house. "Among the papers found on the prisoner was a visiting card of the Calumet Club." How much better it would have been for policeman and guest to have gone, salant and vocal, to the club to smoke together the pipe of peace.

Does any reader know of an instance in New England of making a waxen image of a person whose death was desired, and allowing it to melt away in front of the fire, with pins stuck in the doll? We heard lately of two devout old women in New Hampshire working this spell because the clergyman's views were not "sound."

The Kaiser continues to disprove the belief that Germans are without humor. Witness his speech at Porta, Westphalia. "Peace will never be better guaranteed than by the German navy. * * * God grant we may always be able to care for the world's peace with this keen and well-preserved weapon. Then the Westphalian peasant may lay himself quietly down to sleep." Working hard to pay exorbitant taxes should induce sleep. Does the Kaiser really believe that the German navy is a guarantee of peace? And yet his navy should cause him to think twice before firing on England or the United States, so perhaps he used his words with understanding.

It may be that the constant pressure of small, mean cares, schemes and triumphs not necessarily dishonorable, but at best ignoble, and undignified struggle for existence, much more the hungry quest of wealth by tricks and cruel cunning, give an expression to the eyes and imprint certain lines upon the features which we have learned to recognize. And for lack of a better word we call these outward signs vulgarity. But too often Nature perversely sets them on men and women of quite different character and on children who have no character at all. Apathism comes in also, and guiltless scions bear the trace of a forefather's meanness or villainy.

The attention of students of the English language is respectfully invited to the following Levee lingo, heard from a prisoner in a St. Louis court:

"Ah was dun gwine down to'ard dat shineraf when dis niggah hyah spokology fo' meh toe low bridge, an' Ah was duckin' mah nut when he cum 'long an' shashes fo' meh with a bumber-shoo. Ah dun tole he-uns toe sew toe de lef' bank when he shives me on de coco with a rock. Ah reckon de shiner-uf dun heah rumology, fo' he lankeys 'round de co'nah an' pulls his smoke wagon. De pocket-cutter he am scared an' lows he am gone, and heah we is." Which, being translated, is equivalent to saying that the speaker was walking down to the wharfboat when the defendant told him to go away. He started, and the defendant ran after him. He warned the defendant away.

but that ge. E. man picked up a pa. E. ge. he and struck him on the head. He slouts for help, and the officer came running around the corner with his revolver in his hand. He told the defendant to surrender and that individual threw up his hands. They were then taken to the police station."

Sept 16, 98

The people of Nantz, in the Kingdom of France, Bright brandy they brew, liquor not to be his'd;

It may be as a dram, but 'tis not worth a damn,

When water'd, compared with a jug of gin-twist.

R. P. T. read a paragraph published in this column. In a kindly manner he now enters his objection to glin-rikey spelled without a "c."

"When I read this last night I said to myself 'Now that unmitigated scoundrel, the proof-reader, shall get his deserts, and even the poor advertisement-writer shall rejoice as well as the literary fellow. When do the execution and the head come off? I want a reserved seat, where I may unreservedly display my reprobation of the crime and approbation of the penalty.' And R. P. T. adds that the proper spelling is 'rickey,' because the drink is named after a Colonel Rickey, a benefactor of mankind.

Blame not the proof-reader, oh, R. P. T.! We love him and are afraid of him. In this instance he followed copy even though it might lead him to drink.

Here is a beautiful instance of theory and practice. R. P. T. reasons, "The man's name is Rickey, therefore the drink should be glin-rickey."

We on the contrary gained our knowledge at the bar—whither we had conducted our venerable Uncle Amos of Vermont, who complained of a sudden faintness after he saw a pretty girl in a campaign-hat. And over the bar was this sign: "GIN-RIKEY—15." Uncle Amos read the sign, and, since he suffers from a cruel kidney disease, said: "Let's try one." He tried three.

We understand from learned men that the story of the invention of this pleasing prescription is legendary, if not mythological. Take the edible, gadoid fish Morrhua pruinosa, familiarly known as the Tom Cod. Was it named after some famous fisherman, or is the name a corruption of the Indian "tahcand"—Canadian "tacaud"?

Though the point of my nose grow as red as a rose

Or rival in hue a superb amethyst, Yet no matter for that, I tell you 'tis flat, I shall still take a pull at a jug of glin-twist.

The old sorrow wakes again.

The exchange editor of the Charleston (S. C.), News and Courier writes: "Some time ago the heron was historically, gastronomically and ornithologically considered in your Talk of the Day for several months. Indeed, judging by the recent neglect of the bird, I fear the Heron Editor must be dead."

The Heron Editor died Jan. 23, 1896, at the Minnawaputunka Hotel, Wash-tucket. He died in behalf of the cause he loved with a love passing the love of women.

The landlord, Mr. Jabez Selkirk, wrote us the sad particulars. His letter, with an insurance policy and our iron will, is in the Fidelity Safe Deposit Vaults.

"He come in the hotel about eleven o'clock in the morning with as fine a heron as ever you see, and as he looked cold I told him he'd better drink hot buttered rum. He sot there by the fire swilging his feet, drinking slowly and enjoying himself, and I reckon he had put down about three big tumblers when the girl told him the heron was ready. She says just as he finished it he gave a groan and said, 'It isn't the heron; it's the stuffing,' and that was the last he ever said. He was a nice man and his manners was easy. Everybody round here feels terrible bad. I thought you'd like to know this."

Ah, well we remember the day this letter came. The sky was cloudless, the air was pure and keen, the sun was calm yet husy.

Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated That a great man was dead!

We had neither the heart nor the ability to carry on his work. Even now we doubt whether the farmers for whose prosperity he lived and died appreciate his philanthropy, zeal and self-abnegation, or raise herons for their own consumption and the city market.

We have, in a humble way, endeavored to familiarize Bostonians with the bulbul, but Mr. Doogue has not yet secured even one for the Public Garden, and the citizens are apathetic. They have ears, but they hear not.

The Editor in Charleston sends us a story, "Beware, Lest I Strike; The Lordly Heron in Society and Its Prototype in Nature," by the Rev. Robert

...a D. D. We cannot read it now, must wait until we are in calmer mood. For at the very thought of the death of our beloved friend tears start from our eyes, and our hand almost refuses to hold the pen.

Having caught your editor, then, there is in the art of taming him. 'Tis a work of degrees. It may never come off. But the supplies the daily papers, and your influence must glean from them the psychic element for an article which lets the editor know that you are an authority on one particular subject. It is your first step. He is human, as I have assured you. He likes to travel out his contributors in an alphabetical way, just as his clerk docket the letters. It is a balm to his soul—and I have recently come to the conclusion that the editor is not devoid of that article—to know that if a new kind of suicide is invented there is A or B, who has views and statistics ready to pour out at once on the subject.

At an amateur exhibition of tableaux vivants at some schools recently the pianist was asked to improvise suitable music for each group. When the curtains opened and displayed the forms of Adam and Eve (after the fall) he struck up, with the loud pedal down, "Only one girl in this world for me."—The Era.

Several Generals in the army now have leisure for reading improving books. We commend to them Richard Burton's "Book of the Sword." Early in November they should reach page 260, where they will find an interesting footnote. Burton is speaking about a secret of Julius Caesar's success in war: the Great Epileptic cultivated the individual; he taught his soldiers with what foot they must advance or retire; when they were to oppose and make good their ground; when to counterfeint an attack; at what pace and in what manner to launch their javelins. Burton adds: "This is an illustration of genius taking pains, and a lesson to the leader of troops; but how many of the moderns have practised it, or have been capable of practising it? Suvoroff, it is true, taught his men bayonet exercise, with his coat off and his sleeves tucked up; Mediocrity shudders at the idea. The first rule for the General is to be ever looking after his men, to live, as it were, in the saddle, and to lead the attack when requisite. What were the habits of poor Lord Raglan and of his successor, General (Jimmy) Simpson? No wonder that we had the mortification of the Redan affair."

But when the General is fat, and scant of breath, he does not live in the saddle.

I hope I shall always like to hear men, in reason, talk about themselves. What subaltern does a man know better? If I stamp on a friend's corn his outcry is genuine—he unfounds my clumsiness in the accents of truth. He is speaking about himself, and expressing his emotion of grief or pain in a manner perfectly authentic and veracious. W. T. You ask us to recommend one "good, new books for reading aloud and for provoking discussion by the fireside this coming winter." A new book that would serve admirably "for a long aloud by the fireside," or by the cam-radiator, is "A Plea for Polygamy from the Standpoint of History and Philosophy," published by Charles Carington, Paris. It would surely provoke discussion.

The Marquis Carcano lost his suit—he still has his wife.

"Mr. Hall Caine wears a frock-coat which hangs as to its skirts somewhat after the fashion of a Greek petticoat." A coat worn by a Manxman should have no tail.

PIANO! PIANO!
(By a Selfish Husband.)
Should women work? who happen to be wives?

Subject hits and the discussion thrives; it here's the text that I would rather take: When home men come with heads that whirl and ache, weary and worn with worries of the day, answer me this, oh! husbands, "Should wives play?"

At the unveiling of the statue of Frederick Douglass at Rochester, N. Y., were ceremonies, music, speeches, music—but no statue. We are not surprised to learn therefore that the occasion was a success.

A correspondent protests in violent language against the "horrible stench" mingling from the carriage stand at the Union Station. He shouts his Macedonian cry into the ears of the Board of Health, and those of other citizens. Bostonians are now accustomed to speeches in public places and inured to city streets. And yet, like the pig, a Bostonian is by nature a cleanly animal.

This reminds us of the statement that "the American pig is to be worn as jewelry, brooches, hat-pins, charms, stick-pins, hangers, buckles" by the women, old and young, of this country.

There should be a little discrimination in this matter. The pig has for centuries been a common amulet. "The goddess Ceres was pre-eminently a goddess of fertility, therefore of good luck and all genial influences." Hence little gold and silver pigs were offered to her, and also worn by Roman women, partly to—well, for a highly praiseworthy purpose, and partly for luck. This custom was revived some years ago in Paris and in cities of Germany, and antiquarians and folklorists smiled when they saw unmarried women thus decorated. See for instance a French novel "Le Cochon d'Or," as well as the ingenious observations of Charles Godfrey Leland in "Etruscan Roman Remains" and "Gypsy Sorcery."

Justice is in no haste in the Dreyfus case. Is she afraid of hurting somebody? Meanwhile Zola is preparing an address to the French people. Does he remember the words written in 1763 by Voltaire apropos of the Calas affair, the Dreyfus case of Voltaire's day?

"All the foreigners speak of the affair with sadness, mixed with horror. It is to be hoped that the Court will save the honor of France in breaking the infamous verdict which has shocked Europe. My God, brothers, how strong is the truth! A Parliament employs the arms of its executioners in vain, refuses to show its documents in vain, organizes silence in vain. Truth raises herself against it all, and compels brute force even to blush!"

Here is another specimen of Levee talk:

"You say you have worked with the defendant for three years. What do you know about him?"
"Hey am a pocket-lountah!"
"What's that?"
"A red-lighter."
"Well, be more lucid. What is a red-lighter?"
"Hit am a puhson w'at steals a puhson's clothes an' den dumps him ovahbo'd. De las' w'at he sees am de red light on de back o' de boat."
"How do you know this?"
"Cose Ah capozoled."
"What's that?"
"Lighted even'er."
"What does that mean?"
"Divided."

Parker was fined \$50, and told the Marshal, as he was being led back, that he had been "junk-a-bunked," or not been treated right. Rankin, who appeared against him, said the prisoner "dun got beans," or what he deserved, and he went away happy. "Ah dun got he-uns sewed up in de lamp house," he told another man. "Goobers he sproutin' fo' he-uns box-cars." Which, being translated, meant he was locked up in jail and peanuts would be growing again before he had a chance to shoot craps.

Why not try the oil-cure on the railway track between Provincetown and Sagamore, or Bourne? The conflict between nature and science would be worth seeing. We should back Cape Cod sand.

Hysterical letters to newspapers protest against the vandalism of advertisers who deface Nature (always with a capital N) as "peculiarly American." But we find the Cologne Gazette saying that Moselle wines, Bavarian beers and Frankfort sausages have become features of the landscape from Bingen to Cologne. The Débats of Paris cries out: "Unless order is taken quickly, our lines from Marsilles to Dunkerque will run between two rows of boarding preaching the merits of patent foods." It asserts that Switzerland is in similarly evil condition: "The rocks of the Rigi extol a chocolate and the Teufelstein blends the name of the Devil with that of a manufacturer of pens." We are inclined to believe that Americans began it.

Sep 18. 98

Mr. Gericke, who has set sail for this country, has not announced the program of the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be given Oct. 15. There is reasonable curiosity concerning his position toward ultra-modern music. Is he friendly toward the Russian school? During his previous administration, he preferred to look toward Vienna rather than toward Paris.

Mr. Kneisel will be the first of the soloists, and it is said that he will play Goldmark's concerto at the second concert.

The dates of the Kneisel Quartet concerts in Association Hall will be Oct. 24, Nov. 21, Dec. 5, Jan. 2, 30, Feb. 13, March 13, April 10.

Of the soloists who will appear at the Symphony concerts, Gadske, Car-

ren, Aus der Ohe, Campanelli and Rosenthal are by no means unknown. Rosenthal has not been heard here since 1888, for sickness prevented his coming here in 1896. He made his first appearance in Boston Nov. 9, 1888, at Music Hall, with an orchestra led by Walter Damrosch. He then played Liszt's E flat concerto, and solo pieces by Liszt, Schumann and Henselt. He was assisted by Fritz Kreisler, violinist. Rosenthal afterward gave concerts in Bumstead Hall Dec. 17, 18, 19 of the same year. He is now 36 years old.

Lady Hallé, violinist, has never visited this country. Wilma Maria Francisca Neruda was her maiden name and she was born at Brinn, March 29, 1839. Her father was a church organist. She first studied under Jansa. At the age of seven she appeared in public with her sister Amalie, a pianist, in Vienna. With their father and their brother Franz, a cellist, they gave concerts in Germany and appeared in 1849 at a Philharmonic concert in London. She played in Paris in 1864, and married there Ludwig Normann (1831-1895), a Swedish conductor. Separated from him in 1869, she made London her home, appearing in many chamber and orchestral concerts. In 1888 she married Sir Charles Hallé, who died in 1895.

Willy Burmester, violinist, was born at Hamburg in 1869. He was first taught by his father; then for four years he studied with Joachim. For three years afterward he worked by himself at Helmsfors in Finland. With his sister Johanna, pianist, he made his first appearance in Berlin Nov. 10, 1891. He reappeared there in 1894. His first appearance in London was March 14, 1895, when he played a concerto and some variations by Paganini. They say that he makes it his custom to play music by Paganini whenever he appears for the first time in any city—because it brings him luck.

Emil Sauer, as well as Mr. Burmester, will visit the United States for the first time. He, too, was born at Hamburg (Oct. 8, 1862). His mother was his first teacher, and the boy appeared in public in Hamburg Dec. 13, 1873. Rubinstein heard him two or three years later and recommended him to his brother, Nikolaus. Sauer studied at Moscow until 1881. Then he played in cities of Northern Germany and the Rhineland and in 1882 he played in London. The next year he went to Italy and Spain. In 1884 he was a few months with Liszt, and the next year he appeared in Berlin. Since then he has played throughout Europe with remarkable success, and he is ranked among the very first of pianists. When asked in London why he never played one of the five last sonatas of Beethoven, he answered: "I know the critics have been surprised at this. I believe, however, I had good reason for acting as I have done. I do not like to play the pieces that every pianist plays. Not that I fear comparisons, but because I prefer to play those pieces that are seldom heard—that are neglected by pianists. Every pianist begins with Sonata op. 110, for instance. As for op. 106, perhaps you will be shocked to hear that I do not like it."

Blanche Roosevelt made her first appearance on any stage at Covent Garden April 15, 1876, as Violetta. She then sang under the name of "Mlle. Rosavella."

The Cecilia is thinking of producing Benoit's "Lucifer," which was heard for the first time in this country at the late Indianapolis Festival.

The Musical Courier says: "Emma Eames was to have sung in November with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Theodore Thomas, conductor, at the Auditorium. Her date was canceled and Sembrich was substituted—a rather wise decision on the part of the management from a purely business point of view, even if Sembrich should cost the management 50 per cent. more. As a card Sembrich will draw two to one—maybe three to one, compared with Eames. This is merely a commercial comparison, justified if for no other reason than that the artists in question gauge their artistic value entirely by dollars and cents."

Zeldencrust, a Dutch pianist, is coming to this country.

Mr. Max Heinrich, with Mrs. Heinrich and their daughter, Miss Julia, will begin a series of concerts on the Pacific coast Oct. 18, at San Francisco.

Myron W. Whitney, Jr., will sing in concert and oratorio this winter.

The International Opera Company will open its season at Norfolk, Va. Madeline Schiller will play this season.

Here is a moral tale by James Hunker, published in the Musical Courier of the 14th.

LITTLE BILLY EACH.
It was evening when little Willie Wimble laid aside in a wearied way

his volume of Bach's "Bad" Tempered "Clavichord." Willie was sometimes known as little Billy Each for his wonderful fugue performances, and sometimes as Bill the Bull because of his prodigious biceps. Willie was 6 years old and had a hyracephullie skull, yet no one ever accused him of having water on the brain. Bill was too fond of beer. He drank heavily of both imported and domestic brands, and as long as his admirers paid the reckoning Billy was satisfied. He bid fair to become one of the great piano virtuosos of his time, for are not Bach and beer inseparable?

On this occasion Willie had played from memory the 48 preludes and fugues and played them in various keys not set forth by the Cantor of Leipzig. He had with consummate perfection penetrated to the ineffable secret of Bach's polyphony and his wailing tonal tapestries. A group of excited musicians, representative of all that was famous in the country, listened with breaths bated by cigars and cigarettes to the marvelous play of Willie. When he had apparently finished, he dashed suddenly into the last 10 sonatas of Beethoven. A stillness fell upon these musical doctors and awe seized their souls. Here was musical genius at its highest flight, and as Willie smashed into the C minor sonata, op. 111, his listeners arose as a man and shouted:

"Hints off, gentlemen, a genius," and forgot to put in the Schumann quotation marks. That night Willie was brought home in a hansom, awfully intoxicated. As his poor aunt Wilhelmina McGluck undressed his tiny frame and tucked him in his crib of shame she ejaculated in prophetic tones:

"The joy of the brewery; the sorrow of the household."

Moral: Do not let the little ones begin too early with Bach or beer!

Philip Hale.

Sep 19.

A PERSONAL NOTE.

My very excellent Relative, being, as I have discovered, enamoured of my Lady, hath by very foul influence got me exiled from Court.

Extracts from Letters of Marco.
If I'd my will, straight would I hasten to seek out a certain Relative of mine Towards whom my heart holds love like proffered wire—

Poisoned perchance? Lord, no! as this is true.

Swiftly I'd give him just his proper due: A slip-knot in a piece of hempen twine, With jagged, rusty nails along the line Where it would kiss his throat—they'd not be few.

Then with his hands made fast, and feet as well, Tight'ning the noose about his bloody neck. Delightful sport I'd have, to heart's content; Adding what torture hatred could invent;

So crying, "Mate," where hitherto but "Check."

I love him? Yea!—even as God loves Hell.

Our friend the Purist protests vehemently against a certain idiotic, he calls it "a nasty English" fashion that seems to be sneaking into usage; the fashion of calling sealed meats, fruits, etc., "tinned" instead of "canned," as hitherto. He says "It is uncanny. I can understand 'canned,' it is correct, and legitimate, and in the dictionary; but why tinned?"

"The cans themselves are tinned, literally; they are made of something else and coated with tin; but their contents are not, although they do sometimes 'taste of the can,' which is then apt to be of lead. Are they then leaded?" He asks "Would they be called coppiced, silvered, or glazed meats (even Midas couldn't stand his beef glazed), if the cans were made of those metals? Is a box of hard tack, wooded hard-tack? Or a bottle of chow chow glazed chow chow? Does Smucker serve the matinee girls their chocolate pasteboarded? Is our foaming mug of 'musty' powdered or stoned, as the case may be?"

"If not, why tinned?"

"Gentle Shepherd, tell me why."

We approve of the stand made by the Purist.

Here are some interesting facts taken from the Oxford English Dictionary. One of the definitions of the substantive "can" is: "A vessel of tinned iron, in which flesh of animals, fish, fruit, etc., are 'tinned' or sealed up air tight for preservation (chiefly in U. S.)." The only quotations illustrative of the use of the verb "to can" are taken from American periodicals, 1871 and 1884. And yet in 1865 the Morning Star spoke of "canned milk," and in 1879 Boddam-Whetham used the phrase "canned provisions," and in neither instance was the "American" word put between quotation marks; but when the Standard in 1882 spoke of the canning of salmon, quotation marks were used.

This reminds us of the fact that when a singer in Chicago sings the air of Deilah, "A mour viens alder ma fal-biesse!" from Saint Saëns's opera, she always spells "amour" "Armour," in local homage.

And Mitoto in the Quartier Latin of September declares in his comments on "The Human Form Divine" that "we are not flesh, we are only canned meat."

We understand that Mr. James Jeffrey Roche is in possession of fundamental facts concerning somewhat singular and recent sales of the American flag in Winthrop, Mass.

I look on her and all the world I see,
For she alone is all the world to me;
Were she not here, the world had ceased to be.

The New York Times of the 17th published a laudatory review of Professor Arlo Bates's new novel, "The Puritan." The praise is the more valuable because there is discrimination rather than good-natured honey-daubing. The reviewer concludes as follows:

That Mr. Bates has succeeded in preserving the consistency and naturalness of his characters says much for the development of his skill since the early days when the Back Bay was accustomed to affix a label to all his men and women, while the South End and the suburbs solemnly questioned whether or not certain incidents were imaginary. As it stands, the novel accurately exhibits a certain group of Bostonians, children of the Puritans, but also children of today, devout even in unbelief.

We regret to find the Times (N. Y.) distributed by the old "Burial of Sir John Moore" sell. Has the editor of the Times's Saturday Review ever heard of Father Prout?

Lovers and collectors of books—this phrase is not tautological—will be interested in the following letter:

Boston, Sept. 17, '98.
Editor of "Talk of the Day":

Such of your readers as pursue the illusive "first edition" and kindred vanities may learn with some interest of a recent discovery, of which no record appears in any of the bibliographies. The item referred to is the first publication in book form—and apparently the only edition in separate form—of Thackeray's "Jeanie's Diary," an unlabeled specimen of bookmaking, published by William Taylor & Co., New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, 1846.

The "Diary" originally ran through eleven numbers of Punch, the first installment appearing in the issue for Nov. 8, 1845; the last in that for Feb. 7, 1846. In his "Bibliography of Thackeray" (1880) Mr. R. H. Shepherd quotes the dates of issue in Punch, but makes no allusion to an edition in book form; in the "revised and considerably enlarged" edition of his bibliography (1887) he adds the note, "first reprinted in book form in Thackeray's Miscellanies, 1856." Mr. Charles P. Johnson, in "Hints to Collectors of Original Editions of Thackeray" (1885), also quotes the 1856 issue as "reprinted from Punch for the first time." Both authorities omit all mention of the edition now brought to your notice, as well as of "The Yellowplush Correspondence" (Philadelphia, 1839), a copy of which was sold by Messrs. C. F. Libby & Co. of this city, April 13, 1897, for \$80, a figure which furnishes substantial proof of the desirability of some unconsidered trifles.

P. K. FOLEY.

The sob that rings
In the viol strings
Of Autumn lone,
Wounds my soul
With drowsy dole
In monotone.

Are stifled then
And wane, as when
Bells toll to sleep,
I think upon
Days dead and gone
And I weep.

And forth I go
Where the dark winds blow,
Swept in my grief,
Here and there,
Through the shuddering air
Like a withered leaf!

Visiting Odd Fellows realized yesterday that the streets of Boston are filthy—filthier than are the streets of any civilized city.

"Emile Zola may become a priest." And that would be the ruin of a good novelist.

Testimony is now taken in the Lillian Russell-Perigini divorce case. It appears that she insisted on playing poker against his wishes, and once sent a message to him, telling him he could go to the devil. All this is very odd. Lillian, you might think, would live with her husband, if it were only for his beautiful clothes. On the other hand she would be obliged to hear him sing.

Here is a verse sung by a magistrate in "Her Royal Highness," an extravaganza at the Vaudeville, London.

As I sit in my court from ten till four,
I see that court in a constant roar,
With me the study of world crime
Is added with jokes like a pantomime.

The way I conduct a case in court
The worstest trial seems all too short.
And impatient jurymen all agree
That a trial's no trial at all with me!

Mr. Basil Hood, the librettist, may be a Harry B. Smith, but he is not a Gilbert.

Why does not some manager bring the Baroness von Rahden to this country? She has many claims for immediate recognition. Her husband first met her when she was riding at the Salonovsky Circus. She fell. He admired her, poked her up, loved her, married her. For her he had to give up the army, he quarreled with his family, and at Clermont-Ferrand he pumped lead into an imprudent admirer, while she was riding, and asking for the banners and hoops. She herself is of an old, crusted family and took to the circus, "owing to reverses of fortune." We should like to see her in a procession that starts in Huntington Avenue.

And now they are debating in London the question: "Was Macbeth, after all, a good man?"

Mr. Harold Frederic says that Mrs. Patrick Campbell is not as Lady Macbeth "the masterful woman murderess" * * * but the overbearing genius that drove the Thane of Cawdor to a throne and ruin.

We do not believe that Lady Macbeth was the anachronical virago that so often scowls and struts upon the stage, with a deep bass voice in more subdued moments, and with an uncontrollable desire to bite the scenery. We once saw Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth, and the performance undoubtedly shortened the term of years allotted to us. Such a wife would have driven Macbeth to drink long before Duncan visited him, to take tea and spend the night, and her voice would have broken all of her husband's celebrated lamp chimnies. No, no; Lady Macbeth was a woman not unlike Minnie Maddern.

Straw hats will not be worn with overcoats this winter.

Courtship should not be confined to marriage, nor even to such relations as imply close quarters and worries in common; nay, it should exist towards all things, a constant attitude in life—at least, an attitude constantly tended towards.

The Tsar was not the first to dream of a military millennium to come. These were 600 or 800 peacemakers in the Church of St. Paul at Frankfurt, Germany, Aug. 29, 1850. Richard Cobden, Eliza Burritt, Coquelin, the preacher were at the congress. And an Indian of Nebraska, whose name was Ka-ga-ga-buh, was also there, and he made a set oration, in which he declared that the American Indians were the most peaceful of men. "Then taking out of a large black bag the calumet of peace he handed it to the President, proposing that the Congress should then and there man and member smoke the pipe of peace till all was a holy calm. And that in a church. The horrified President Jaup was obliged to decline with thanks.

The late Charles Garnier, architect of the Paris Opéra, enjoyed theatre going in peculiar fashion. "He took one act a night and when he had exhausted the whole play, he would return to witness the act that had amused him the most."

The trial of Zola, as well as the tragedy of Dreyfus, has been dramatized on the European Continent. Here is an advertisement of a manager: "Wanted for the Volks Theatre in Zurich, a dozen gentlemen, washed, and dressed in long black coats, to represent the jury in the Zola trial. Salary one franc per night. Duties—to listen to the evidence and look wise."

A Swiss church paper, the Kirchenblatt, has started a press polemic about the Dreyfus trial. A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes: "Bale the Protestant has been praying publicly in the churches for Zola, and the Kirchenblatt announced that the French Embassy at Berne had protested against any prayers on any such subject. Whereupon the Ostschweizer informs the French nation collectively that we are no longer in 1798, and Switzerland means to pray for whom and how she likes. To which the Independence Belge adds that Belgian and Dutch preachers are praying too, and France would do well to consider that. But at this the Jour fires up and remarks that it is not of the smallest importance to France whether all the curés, the rabbis, and the Protestant pastors of Holland, Belgium and Switzerland are praying for Dreyfus. De par la loi défense à Dieu to interfere with the chose jugée and the infallibility of courts-martial."

Mr. Conan Doyle is as direct in poetry as in prose. Here are two verses from

one of his "Songs of Action."

Who carries the gun?
A lad from over the Tweed.
Then let him go, for well we know
He comes of a soldier breed.
So drink together to rock and heather
Out where the red-deer run,
And stand aside for Scotland's pride—
The man that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?
A lad from the Emerald Isle.
Then let him go, for well we know
We've tried him many a while.
We tried him east, we tried him west,
We've tried him sea and land;
But the man to heat old Erin's best
Has never yet been planned.

Sept 21. 98

HAUNTED.

I unlaced my bodice white,
I let down my hair;
Moths came blundering from the night
To the candle-glare.
Hark, did some one creak the gate?
Did a footfall stir?
'Tis the squirrel supping late,
Swinging in the fir.

Panting in the sultry gloom
For some forest pool
Bowered in Jewy hough's perfume,
Filled with shadows cool—
Then I laved my hands and brow:
Some one tapped the pane!
Nay, 'tis but the vine-leaves now,
Pattering low like rain.

I knelt down beside the bed,
Whispered soft my prayer—
Hark! is that a fitful tread,
Pausing on the stair?
Cease these vain imaginings,
None shall open the door!
Love is shorn of both his wings,
And returns no more.

If women persist in wearing these campaign-hats, regardless of the question of whether the hats are becoming, even the fiercest jingo will doubt whether the late war were after all a civilizing influence.

Is it a Hitt, a very palpable R. I. Hitt?

We agree fully with the writer who asserts that pianos should be treated with consideration. In an apartment house they should be carefully kept locked.

When Francis Wilson in the new comic opera, "The Little Corporal," says of the aristocratic heroine, "She's so much above me it makes me dizzy to look at her ankles," a New York critic was moved to write, "The line had a Gilbertian flavor about it," and the critic really thought that he was complimenting Gilbert.

"K" writes, "How is our old friend, The Quietist? Will he tell no more stories because 'The Stage Laugh' and 'The Uncut Grass' were reprinted in a New York evening paper without the giving credit to the Quietist or the Journal?"

We regret to say that the esteemed contributor who signs his sketches "The Quietist" is seriously sick.

Maj. Ulysses, the hearty old bachelor, has now lived here nearly two years, but he has not yet accustomed himself to Boston ways and manners, although he brought letters of introduction. And he thus delivered himself at the Porphyry:

"If I had a son, I should first of all see to it that he could claim Boston as his birthplace. I should then never allow him for 14 or 15 years to go outside of the city—except possibly for a day to Beverly. I should teach him to worship fanatically all things that are held of great account in this town, necessary, indispensable, and bow the knee to every Boston idol. Then I should send him to a fashionable school where the pupils were all the sons of Boston's oldest families. Harvard University would follow, and I should plan that he should enjoy there every social advantage. After he had been graduated, after he had thus moulded himself, and after he had been moulded, his success would be inevitable, as long as he never went elsewhere to live. And then I should say to the dear boy, 'My son, you see what I have done for you; you were not by nature brilliant in intellect or magnetic in manner; yet you will succeed—as long as you stay in Boston—while others of greater force will fail because their parents were thoughtless in educating them. And now I expect you to support me handsomely the rest of your life.'"

The simple substance of this whole matter is that as a type the prize-fighter is the most pitiable and contemptible of human creatures. It has generally been conceded that he was not of much value as a citizen, but he has been admired by many as an embodiment of manly courage. The truth is that he is a poltroon of the poorest sort, and the men who drove the pack trains at Santiago, men who never wrote letters declaring that certain

other men were not in their class, are better and braver and cleaner specimens of true manhood than any prize-fighter that ever lived.—New York Times.

A traveler told us yesterday a story of an adventure at the Custom House of Basle. A missionary was returning home from Patagonia and bringing with him for scientific purpose a collection of Patagonian skulls. The officers opened the chest and informed the owner that the skulls must be classed as animal bones and taxed by the pound. The missionary leaped in the air with rage, objecting to the insult to his dear dead friends beyond recall. The officials reconsidered the question, and the revised way-bill read: "Chest of native skulls. Personal effects, already worn."

This reminds us that if you carry a pair of new boots across the Belgian frontier you are invited to pay 40c. for "dressed hides"—which led an English woman to remark, "Hides! Can the wretches be referring to us?"

And Simplicissimus, in behalf of Munich, sneers at a Berlin military officer at a Custom House (the story loses, because the Berlin dialect is untranslatable).

Lieutenant: "The bag is tied, but I give you my word of honor that it holds nothing dutiable."

Custom House Officer: "I am sorry, but I must untie the bag."

Lieutenant: "But when a Berlin Lieutenant gives his word of honor, the affair is settled for all time."

Sept 22. 98

There are classes of men in the world who bear the same relation to society at large that the wheels do to a coach; and are just as indispensable. But however easy and desirable the springs upon which the insiders pleasantly vibrate; however sumptuous the hammer-cloth and glossy the door panels; yet for all this, the wheels must still revolve in dusty or auddy revolutions. No contrivance, no sagacity can lift them out of the mire, for upon something the coach must be bottomed; on something the insiders must roll.

You came back from the mountains with clear eyes, firm flesh and calm nerves. You walked briskly to your business, proud of your sex and thankful to your Maker. You were never "better in your life"—as you kept telling persons who listened to you with feigned, genteel interest.

But last Friday night you awoke suddenly with a tickling in your throat and a queer desire to spit. You were restless and feverish. Breakfast had no taste. Tobacco was no comfort. You sneezed all day Saturday. You were alternately hot and cold. You sneezed all day Sunday and the handkerchief was no longer a mere ornament. Monday your cold raged violently. One side of your face was tortured by neuralgia. There was a sore spot back of one ear. You took hot drink before going to bed. Your night was torture. You remembered Tuesday that autumn colds are dangerous. You recalled an obituary notice of a business associate: "Apparently in the most robust health he contracted early in the fall a severe cold, which he neglected. Pneumonia set in," etc. You go to the doctor that very day.

He greets you warmly, explains the modern theory of catching cold, feels your pulse, puts a thermometer under your tongue, and then takes exercise on a machine that appears to be a combination of a bicycle-pump and a chemical-house-fire-engine. His exercise is for the purpose of spraying you. He writes out two prescriptions and tells you to buy an atomizer. The atomizer is a beautiful contrivance—price \$1—with wires for cleaning the tube—but the atomizer does not work. Perhaps you are nervous and squeeze the bulb too hard. The medicine costs \$5 or \$6 cents. The visit will cost you surely \$3, and you are haunted by the thought that the doctor will charge extra for his exercise on the spraying machine.

Wednesday morning, and you are no better. You have two handkerchiefs left, and the laundryman will not bring your bundle before Friday night. You have no appetite. You are ghastly pale; your eyes are like plovers' eggs. Jones meets you, as you crawl along, and says: "What's the matter with you? You look like the devil. You ought to go away for a couple of weeks." Mrs. Robinson, the wife of the man whom you quarreled with, sees you and says to her husband, before she begins her curtain-lecture, "I passed Mr. Smithers in the street this morning. He was a sight. I suppose he can't let whisky alone."

You dose and atomize and blow and cough. Where now is your pride of body? Where now is your brilliance of mind? You again brood over death. You realize the littleness of man. You won-

Her idea of passive beauty
Was a squinting of the left eye,
Was a drooping of the right eye,
Was a smile that went up sideways
To the corner of the nostrils.

There is, naturally, curiosity concerning the premiums at the approach of Symphony tickets. This reduces us of a sentence from the respectus of the Pittsburgh Orchestra. "35-00: "The last two rows of seats in the second balcony for both evening and afternoon concerts will be reserved at \$5.00 each for the season for the accommodation of students of music who must be properly certified as such by their instructors." There are 10 concerts in the series. Therefore each student pays 20 cents a concert for a reserved seat. These seats, by the way, are more comfortable than any seat in the other balcony of Boston Music Hall.

Scp 23.78

We are pleased to find that a prominent article, "How the Scallop Travels," published originally in the Boston *Register*, is quoted respectfully by *Monographs* and other scientists. And there is in it no hint at the true solution of the problem. During the season the scallop travels downward.

have great respect for the opinion of our friend. He is a keen, undisciplined observer. What he says of us may be true. We know that our cost less and are at the same time better there than they are in the United States. Meat is cheaper, and Canadian whisky is not to be despised. It is undoubtedly true that Canadians are not gouged as are Americans by the manner of tradesmen and hand-

King Humbert has honored Verdi by decreeing that the famous Milan Conservatory of Music shall be called henceforth Conservatorio Giuseppe Verdi. The composer is avenged gloriously, for when, as a youth, he applied to this school, he was rejected on the ground of "absolute lack of musical faculty." And thus the whirligig of time, etc.

We were pleased, therefore, by the sight of two young men eating cold boiled lobster in Canal Street. Now the perfect eating of lobster in pub-

"A normal male wears Integuments that are classed as 'a pair.' This man, therefore, wears tricuspid trousers, or a trisect of trousers, or a trident of trousers, or perhaps he wears 'tripartite pants,' or he may order at his tailor's a new trune of trousers, or he may send a boy to get 'the tripod of trousers I (he) left to be pressed,' and

Sept 25. 78

"The other day, in referring to the probable Covent Garden attitude towards 'Zauberflöte,' I asked casually if it were possible to reckon how many acts were there made of 'Don Giovanni'? You have, if I remember aright, at the London Theatre the first scene outside the Commandant's house; a drop curtain, representing a street, falls for the second scene into which Donna Elvira rushes from a side wing. The third is a garden scene, and with

hit ends that everybody in London reckon as the first act. Of course, it is not the end of the first act, which does not finish until after the dance in the Don's palace—"Don Giovanni," marvelous to say, being written in two acts only. The result of this curious arrangement is to disorganize the course of the story, to make the character of Elvira utterly ridiculous, and to destroy the continuity of Mozart's music, which, with an unerring instinct, he worked up to a marvelous and consummately ingenious climax. Note now, from this most important point of view, that, namely, of the dramatic setting, which for all the great operatic composers means a tremendous step towards victory, how differently the first act is worked out here. The first scene takes place outside the Commandant's house, of course; but the details are followed out in a purely natural and sympathetic spirit, even down to points so small as the grief of the servants after the death of the Commandant, and the attendance of a duenna upon Donna Anna. By means of the circular stage this scene changes to a spacious street in Seville, down which Donna Elvira makes a perfectly natural entry in a sedan chair, and sings her first song, also in perfectly natural circumstances. This scene, too, suffices, of course, for the entry of the marriage party, for the lovemaking of the Don and Zerlina, and for Donna Anna's discovery of him as the slayer of her father. Quickly, without a sound, we are transported to the court yard of the Don's palace, and as quickly, after the trio of the Masques, to the brilliant dancing hall of the same palace. Thus the story is made to move breathlessly, intelligently and coherently. It goes right on, without a hitch, like the successive chapters of a novel; and, indeed, old Da Ponte's plays are written very much in the fashion of a novel divided into so many chapters, a fact which is hidden from you at Covent Garden, where a method is pursued which encourages unwholesome sentiments of disappointment and impatience, whereas the same fact is luminously explained by the intelligence and insight of the Munich management.

"To come back once more to the contrast, for it is only by such a contrast, I am sure, that the worth of the more beautiful (I should say rather the nobly adequate) version can be appreciated. At Covent Garden for the first scene in the second act we have a Seville street. Then there is, if I remember that jumble rightly, a pause; then comes the scene outside the Commandant's house, where Leporello is discovered, and last year there was a vague attempt to change this to the cemetery without an interval; but they stuck half-way and had to lower the curtain. After the cemetery scene there is another long pause, during which half the audience hurries out to catch trains, and for the last scene we have the very bleak supper room of the Don, who dies on the stage. At Munich we are back in our old street, spacious and gay, fit place for the mandolin serenade, "Deh! Vieni," played here with mandolin and not with violins pizzicato. Leporello has fled with Elvira, and in a twinkling, after Masetto's thrashing and Zerlina's "Vedrai Carino," we are back to the Commandant's

house, where the two enter. The noble sextet is given, Ottavio slings his "Il mio tesoro," Leporello escapes, and, without a moment's delay, Don Giovanni and Leporello are scrambling over the wall into the cemetery, where, hounded under a stone roof, the dread statue stands. Follow the rollicking invitation to supper, and for a moment the drama halts at a chamber in Donna Anna's house, where she makes her compact with Ottavio; then we are quickly in the Don's supper room, a lovely apartment, lifted, you would say, from the Alhambra at Granada. The upper passes with song and dance, and the tragedy of the statue begins. That grand music is played and sung in sombre darkness, only lit up by flashes of lightning, until the statue disappears and the Don seems imprisoned in walls of fire, as the dreadful music crashes around him, until in the climax he too vanishes amid streams of flame that shoot from below. The room assumes its former gay appearance, as the servants and others burst in to discover what fearful thing has happened. The final song by all the principal characters after the terrified Leporello has told his story to his frightened listeners.

Now, in giving such a description of the stage traffic of the Munich "Don Giovanni," I do not in the least mean to do a commonplace act as to exclaim that the centering of this marvelous setting into a position of undue importance. But I want it to be understood that the setting became, in fact, a part of the Greek chorus to Mozart's music, and explained and illuminated the

mood of the great music-dramatist. You felt from beginning to end—"It was just such an ideal, just the inner vision of such a picture, which fired Mozart to the composition of this or that passage." You were taught, in a word, how amazing was the sensitiveness of his dramatic capacity to seize upon and idealize any particular situation. When, translating backwards as it were, you take your music, and evolve out of it just the kind of picture which Mozart saw within his brain when he wrote, you will acknowledge that though there may be many perfect versions, the Munich version is as perfect as any. The depression of having seen his play—far more his play than Da Ponte's, for it was the musician who raised the drama bodily out of this workaday world into the great heights, made ragged and incoherent by lack of thoughtfulness or preparation—was all forgotten in the exhilaration of the thought that here was justice done to shining conceptions which were made to fly upon wings as fast as, sweet birds of inspiration, they alighted in the brain of their creator. And in this place I find I cannot praise with sufficient enthusiasm the brilliant and exquisite work done by Herr Richard Strauss, who last night conducted his Mozart orchestra. It is most assuredly a fact that you really need the Mozart orchestra for such an opera as this to appreciate the wonderful orchestration, so delicate and so refined, that it is quite lost in a mad multiplication of instruments."

Will the time ever come when opera-goers in the United States will insist on performances of similar perfection?

Philip Hale.

Sept 26, 98

Boston, Sept. 22, 1898.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

Dear Sir: I told my friend, the Quietist, what your correspondent K wrote concerning the piracy of his tales by a New York paper. The Quietist smiled: "It's the beginning of the boom," he said; "keep a-moving; I'll live to see Quietist Clubs in Boston. Meantime let me add another stone to my little temple." Yours truly,

C. M. W.

ON THE BRIDGE.

A play for Puppets to mime to music.) You might have thought the place a stage with a set scene; but where were the playactors?

A background of forest trees, birch, pine, spruce, and dusky hemlock; a bridge, with oil lamps showing in the dimming light along both rails, spanning a stream; a setting sun throwing a crimson glare on all. Curtain!

An East Wind comes up the river. (Enter East Wind.) The wind is a bully. The staid old stream is ambling on so calmly, and this blusterer pulls its white hair backward. Now the wind steps on the bridge, to the footlights, and dust arises where it treads; it takes the centre of the stage, delivering a dismal soliloquy in a shrill voice that sets the trees a-shivering; their autumnal leaves fly like bats against the sunset.

Young Michael appears on the bridge, on his way home. The wind knocks his straw hat into the river; and laughs ironically. The East Wind tilts the yellow old hat, and the water plays with it. Michael leans over the rail and watches until the hat disappears. It is his only hat. Because he has no other, he would not wear his overcoat—those cold days—even though the pain in his chest was growing and his cough racking him more and more. For what a figure he would cut in straw hat and overcoat! And Michael was a sensitive boy of four and twenty.

The trees rustle their falling leaves; they are applauding the first act. The sunset is fading. The stage is darkening for the second act.

The East Wind—this bully—suddenly grasps the slight, bent figure by the throat, and runs its cold fingers through the boy's long, fair hair. The frail body shakes and quivers under the assault. He coughs and gasps. His hand flies to his breast, clutches at his breast. Something clicks in his throat. He tastes something familiar. He leans over the rail, spitting red.

The sunset is fading, the dark is shutting down. The lamps along the rails are brighter. In the dim light the trees are semblances of fantastic things—these spectators of a play seem to veil themselves for sorrow. The stage is still darker.

Michael: "I—I must (hack-hack), I must go home. I guess I am done for (hack!)"

East Wind: "He! He! Ho! Ho!"

And Michael staggers away from the rail. He falls, for he is very weak. The East Wind, as he falls, whistles, and the ambushed pal of this bully comes out of the darkness. The figure of a lean man, carrying a scythe—for he is a husbandman. And he kneels beside Michael and lifts him up, whispering hypo-

critical cheer, and Michael leans upon his arm and walks away consoled, for he feels stronger, and he cannot see his companion.

Michael (smiling): "That was a bad spell, but I'll be all right in the morning."

Death: "Why, of course you will be stronger."

East Wind: "He! He! Ho! Ho!"

The trees rustle in applause, though some are sighing, and a slender birch sobbs audibly. The dark shuts down; the curtain of tragedy.

THE QUIETIST.

Does Signor Perugini smoke the Lillian Russell cigar?

Mrs. Fairchild-Allen of Chicago declares that "prunes, cauliflowers, and tomatoes are, from an epicurean standpoint, the real emblems of peace." We are not so sure about this. Prunes are soothing, but cauliflower has been known to provoke intestine strife.

We prophesy a busy season for the accomplished Providence Journal. It is not the first of October, and yet here is Mayor Zeigenthal of St. Louis insisting on wearing a Prince Albert at the Velled Prophet's ball.

LITERARY NOTES.

The latest addition—Vol. 17—to the "Workingman's Library" is "A Practical Treatise on Holsting, with a few remarks on the Variations from the Perpendicular."

Mr. Felix McDougall, the talented author of "The Curse of Rum," is in doubt whether to entitle his new tract "Old Jags From New Bottles," or "New Jags From Old Bottles."

Sept 27, 98

"My dear youth," Theophilus smiled indulgently. "I quite appreciate your point that editors are rather Abstract Ideals than living personalities. But they exist, really. Some of them, even, are quite human. They guard against any undue exhibition of human nature by hedging themselves about with a mystery comparable only with a harem on the Bosphorus. But once you have penetrated the outer guard the mystery is gone. The only incense comes from the Editorial pipe; and you find the great We wrestling with the foreman printer on the 'make-up' of pages or the size of type for head-lines. Oftener still, he is wearily howling out the fifth angular woman that day who wants to represent the paper at the seat of war. But why should I disturb your ideals? Conceive the editor, dear boy, as an Embodied Thought, as one mystic, powerful, conscious of his mission to lead the erring footsteps of the Government into the Right Path, as one who surveys human acts and passions from a pedestal which is above contradiction; forget, if you can, that he lanches off a beefsteak and a pint of bitter."

We have neglected the farmer for many weeks. Now is a good time to garner your breakfast cereals. 'Twas a fall poet who sang:

"She stood among the shredded wheat," And 'twas the same poet that began his "Autumn" with the famous line: "Wheatena waves her tasseled tops." Look carefully after your bromo-celery plants. Frosts are dangerous.

The dancing at the Cheap-and-Hungries this season will be appropriately to rag-time music.

A musician characterizes the opening programs of the Symphony Orchestra as a "Grove's Dictionary Treat."

Mr. Harold Frederic speaks of "that slimy but showy scoundrel Esterhazy, a malodorous mixture of forger, spy, soldier and detective."

The Arena stops, but Dr. Ridpath says that he will go on forever.

We regret "the growing popularity of the revolver at the North End." The slittato gives there the true local color, just as a volume of Browning is the weapon in the Back Bay and Newton.

"The War Department has been ascounded over the general desire to get out of the army." It is strange that the War Department should be ascounded at anything.

"The managers of the Sans Souci intimate that they are on the edge of interesting announcements." Even if the place is not reopened, cheerfulness reigns. As the old song has it, "Sans argent, sans souci."

Mr. Zangwill finds joy and peace in bottle-green trousers.

We commend to Symphony goers that do not approve of boisterous applause the example of the late King Malletta, Fend of music, while a guitar went plunkety-plunk, the monarch would make a clacking noise with his tongue, to show his delight. This is certainly better than manifestation of apprecia-

tion that relies upon clogs, umbrellas, natural whistles and heavy lands.

The Reverend Forbes Philip, Vicar of Gorton, insists strenuously that there is a future existence for all animals. This leads Mr. G. R. Sims to remark, "I do think that after animals have had an earthly experience of association with human beings here below they might very well be spared a fresh one up above."

We call the attention of the Reverend Mr. Philip to "The Matterhorn Head and other Poems" by the Reverend Charles Josiah Adams, author of "Where is my Dog?" The little pamphlet is published by the Bureau of Biopillism, Rossville, Borough of Richmond, New York City, N. Y.

An inclosed circular says: "Mr. Adams holds that thoughts and feelings come to a man of imagination which will only express themselves in poetical forms."

A few quotations will do:

The names on the monolith's weather-stained face,

By scraping the mosses, I managed to trace. The name on the stone? Let the selfish world stare!

'Twas the name of a dog that was rudely cut there!

Is there hope that a dog may arise from the dead?

The answer is, yes!—from a Matterhorn head.

Here are two verses from "Is Philip Waiting?" That howl I'll remember through many a day!

As I heard it as home I was making my way, I thought of my neighbors, and mended my pace.

And smiled at the joy of the yelp in its place.

Poor Philip! He is dead! But his loving intense-

Is drawing me up from the region of sense! On the porch of the Future he's waiting for me!

Or, I cherish the hope that such waiting may be!

The Reverend Mr. Adams evidently hopes to hear that "howl" and that "yelp" in heaven, but how about "the neighbors"?

C. M. W., the intimate friend of the Quietist, describes

THE TIME-PLACE.

I assure you, your conception of Time is erroneous, for I have often visited the Time-place. What you call the divisions of Time, ranging from aeons and ages down to the fleeting moment, are in that place made visible; they may be likened unto a vast forest in the Earth-place. I say, they grow, and I swear that they borrow the qualities of the other three dimensions of space—for Time is of Space—and have length, breadth and thickness, and are the semblances of mankind's dreams. And because I am a dreamer, I have wandered in that place and hunted in the Grove of Years, the Wood of Days and over the Plain of Hours; but the Forest of Ages I passed by, shivering in the solitude, for therein I could not hunt. I hunt deeds and I swear that the deeds in the Garden of Moments—O shimmering, silver phantasies!—are the most dainty, the most delectable to my palate.

Sept 28, 98

Famous Oratorio Sunday Worcester Mass.

By Ph.

Worcester, Sept. 27.—The forty-first annual Festival of the Worcester County Musical Association began this evening with a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The Board of Government this season is as follows: Mr. Charles M. Bent, President; Mr. Daniel Downey, Vice President; Mr. Luther M. Lovell, Secretary; Mr. George R. Bliss, Treasurer; Mr. George W. Elkins, Librarian, and these Directors—Messrs. Edward L. Sumner, Arthur J. Bassett, J. Vernon Butler, Charles I. Rice, Samuel W. Wiley, Paul B. Morgan, Charles A. Williams, Samuel E. Winslow.

Mr. George W. Chadwick made his first appearance as the conductor of these Festival concerts. Mr. Franz Kneisel is the assistant conductor and the concert master. The orchestra is made up of Boston Symphony players, with Mr. Leo Schulz, now of New York, as first 'cello. The new first trumpet and the new tympani man, formerly of Damrosch's orchestra, are present; but the new wood-wind players have not yet arrived.

The Festival last year was in certain ways an experiment—but an experiment that made for musical righteousness. The policy of hiring a star of the first magnitude at an exorbitant price and cheaper singers for padding was abandoned. The managers determined to furnish an excellent ensemble

Overture, "Hänsel und Gretel". Humperdinck

ARIA FROM "TANNHAUSER".....Wagner
Mr. F. Francon-Davies.....Sullivan
Pastoral Symphony.....Bach
Gavotte in E major.....Each
Scena and Aria from "Rienzi".....Verdi
"Celeste Aida".....Miss Stein
Two Northern Melodies for strings.....Grieg
Aria "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster".....Weber
Mrs. Gadsdski.
Excerpts from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
(a) Overture
(b) "Venusberg," Mr. Williams.
(c) "Dich theure Halle," Mrs. Gadsdski.
(d) Chorus, Tournament of Song.
Philip Hale.

Sept 30. 98 ARTISTS' NIGHT.

Worcester Music Festival
Nearing Close.

Gadski, Williams and Davies
the Evening Stars.

Need of Reorganization of
the Chorus.

By Philip Hale.

Worcester, Sept. 29.—The program of the concert this afternoon was as follows:
Overture, "Magie Flute".....Mozart
Piano concerto in A minor.....Schumann
Miss Aus der Ohe.
Aria from "Esmeralda".....Goring Thomas
Dudley Buck, Jr.
Symphony No. 2.....Brahms
The program of tonight (artists' night) included:

Overture, "Haensel und Gretel".....Humperdinck
Aria from "Ivanhoe".....Sullivan
Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.
Pastoral Symphony.....Bach
Gavotte in E major.....Each
Scena and Aria from "Rienzi".....Verdi
"Celeste Aida".....Miss Stein
Mr. Evan Williams.
Northern melodies for strings.....Grieg
"Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster".....Weber
Mrs. Gadsdski.
Excerpts from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
(a) Overture.
(b) "Venusberg," Mr. Williams.
(c) "Dich theure Halle," Mrs. Gadsdski.
(d) Chorus, Tournament of Song.

The concert of the afternoon does not call for extended comment. Miss Aus der Ohe was thoughtful, cool, virginal. Intellectually conscious, no doubt, of the romantic beauty of the concerto, her attitude toward it was contemplative and approving rather than warmly sympathetic. She seemed, for once, to be outside of the music, not a part of it. And yet her performance in many ways gave pleasure to the mind, if not to the midriff. Applauded heartily, she played, if I am not mistaken, a study of her own.

Mr. Buck was unfortunate in his selection, which is cheap and flimsy stuff. The aria, without convincing melody, makes no demand upon the higher qualities of an accomplished singer, and Mr. Buck did not ennoble it by an authoritative display of artistry. He appears to be a young man of honest musical aims and purposes; he has been diligent in study; he has had experience; he is undoubtedly musically minded. But his voice is neither of uniform, sensuous beauty nor of commanding strength. There is a showing of physical effort in the attainment of a climax. Although he has studied with teachers of unchallenged reputation, I cannot praise his tone-production. It is at times throaty, and again there is the thought of a hot potato in the mouth. Yet there were pleasing moments of phrasing, and his enunciation was uncommonly and beautifully distinct. The accompaniment was led by Mr. Kniesel.

Mr. Chadwick conducted the orchestral numbers and the concerto. I have not said much about the performance of the orchestral pieces this week. The orchestra rehearses all the morning. It plays in concert in the afternoon and evening. How can men do their best under such conditions? Such is their routine experience that the performances—except in accompaniment of choral work—are almost without exception of a high order of respectability.

There has been much talk today of the inferior performance of the chorus thus far.

Various reasons have been given for the failure of "The Lily Nymph," but the same reasons might be applied to the performance of "Elijah." It is a fact that many in the chorus did not know all their notes; they proved this in an unmistakable fashion each evening. They were not alert in attack. They were often timid, and when they gained confidence, they lost it quickly. Many evidently had a deep-rooted objection to singing Mr. Chadwick's beat.

The chorus is set down as numbering 40. If 20 or 25 of these singers were dropped from the ranks, a more compact and efficient body would be formed. The huge chorus is a mistake and a delusion. It is possible that at Worcester and Boston lovers of music still argue. There are 400 sing-

ers on the stage; therefore, there must be grand and imposing results?

The reduction of this swollen and important chorus to a sound, intelligent working body of singers would provoke heart-burning, jealousy, envy and all manner of strife. It might possibly put an end to the Association itself. But no conductor can seriously expect to produce with best musical results modern works of any marked difficulty with the chorus as it now is. It is true that occasionally the unexpected, the impossible happens. Thus I was glad to write last year of this same chorus after a performance of "Hera Novissima." "Seldom have I heard smaller mixed choruses sing with more appreciation of the intention of a composer, never have I heard so large a chorus sing as well." This performance of which I wrote was led by Mr. H. W. Parker. I do not state this in disparagement of Mr. Zerrahn or Mr. Chadwick. I hasten to add that I doubt gravely whether Mr. Parker, or Mr. Paine of Connecticut, or Mr. Mollenhauer—or even Mr. Hermann, who is coming across the water, like Lohengrin, to save the Handel and Haydn—could lead a satisfactory performance of such works as Massenet's "Eve" or Chadwick's "Lily Nymph" with the present chorus, which, containing good material, is swollen, as are all large choruses, by the musically incompetent, and a more dangerous class that may be characterized as the musically stubborn and stiff-necked.

You may say, "But why attempt to perform such works as 'The Lily Nymph'?" Should not Mr. Chadwick have seen the impossibility of giving a good performance under these conditions?" But Mr. Chadwick did not arrange the programs. At Worcester the conductor—strange to say—has little choice in the matter. There is a committee appointed. After discussion and selection, the conductor is allowed to express mildly his opinion. I do not believe that Mr. Chadwick, the first year of his office, would have chosen either "The Lily Nymph" or "Olaf Trygvason." Only last night I heard an officer of the Association say that Benoit's "Lucifer" might be given at the next Festival. Perish the thought! For "Lucifer" is a work of more than ordinary difficulty.

I do not propose to discuss here the characteristics of Mr. Chadwick as a conductor of this Association. He is to be judged rather by his work shown at the Hampden County Festivals, where for some years he has trained his chorus in his own way. That chorus may be described justly as his; and the results attained have won the hearty praise of many competent judges. The Worcester chorus is not at present his own. It does not obey his directions. Is he not a man of authority? Is he absent-minded when he should give cues? His success at Springfield seems to answer these questions in his favor. And remember that the Springfield chorus is smaller. Pondering these things, I prefer to think that the Worcester chorus is bulky and as yet ignorant of true discipline. An amateur chorus is not like an orchestra of professional musicians, and a conductor must be of extraordinary power who can make a radical change in one season, unless he has been allowed first of all to reduce the number of singers and remove the dead wood.

The Managers of the Worcester County Association have fought successfully against the star system. They have raised the general standard of the programs. It is now their duty to make the chorus a musical body, by counting singers, not notes.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience at the concert tonight. The orchestral numbers were played sympathetically and with effect; the solo vocal numbers were, as a rule, of a higher order than is customary at such concerts, and Heaven be praised, there were no encores. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies sang the zoological aria by Sullivan, which he sang last season at a Symphony concert, with refined taste and rare vocal art. Miss Stein's delivery of the aria from "Rienzi" can not be too highly praised. Mr. Williams was more successful in the aria from "Aida" than in the song from the first act of "Tannhauser," and no wonder; the air of Radames is beautiful music; the air of Tannhauser is brutal jargon. Mrs. Gadsdski was effective in the well known aria from "Oberon," but would that she sang it in English, the language of the original libretto. It is a pity that Mr. Miles,

who made such a favorable impression at earlier concerts, was not allowed a solo number. The excerpts from "Tannhauser" did not reveal the composer, Wagner, at his best. After all, the feature of the concert was the absence of encores.

The final concerts of the Festival will be given Friday. In the afternoon at 2.45 the program will be:

Symphony in G (No. 8, Peters).....Haydn
Prologue, "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.
Concerto Russe.....Lalo
Mr. Musin.
Aria from "Les Troyens".....Berlioz
Miss Stein.
Suite "Les Erinnyes".....Massenet
At 8 o'clock P. M. H. W. Parker's "Hera Novissima" will be sung, with Mrs. Gadsdski, Miss Stein, Mr. Evan Williams and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies as the solo quartet. Before the oratorio Rheinberger's concerto for organ, three horns and strings will be performed. Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich will be the organist.

Philip Hale.

Oct 1. 98 FESTIVAL CLOSED.

Programs of Yesterday at
Worcester.

Mr. Schulz's Work Was
Appreciated.

The Events of the Day in
Detail.

By Philip Hale.

Worcester, Sept. 30.—The program of the concert this afternoon was as follows:

Symphony in G major (No. 13 Peters). Haydn
Prologue "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.
Concerto Russe, for violin and orchestra, in G minor, Opus 29.....Lalo
Mr. Ovde Musin.
Aria from "Les Troyens".....Berlioz
Miss Stein.
Suite, "Les Erinnyes".....Massenet

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies sang in English with most admirable art the striking Prologue to "Pagliacci." His delightfully distinct enunciation, his vocalization, and the sympathetic quality of his tones made the English version a pleasure. The rare intelligence of his reading and his mastery over abundant vocal resources made the performance memorable. So hearty and persistent was the applause that the singer at last yielded to the demand of the large audience and repeated the broad and flowing final melody.

Mr. Ovde Musin, now of New York, as well as Liège, wrote thus to Mr. Lancaster, the compiler of the program-book, and Mr. Lancaster naturally published the statement:

"This concerto (Lalo's Concerto Russe) has never been played in America, and but once in Europe, by myself, last February at the Conservatory orchestral concerts in Liège."

Mr. Musin should not have made this statement. Lalo's Concerto Russe was first played at a Pasdeloup concert in Paris, Jan. 30, 1881, by Marsick, to whom the concerto is dedicated.

The work itself is disappointing. For the most part it is dull. The first allegro opens with a prelude in which the violin is in dialogue with the orchestra; the allegro itself is dry and labored, and there is none of the piquancy or beauty of color that as a rule characterizes Lalo as a composer for the orchestra. A slow movement follows, which is not without quiet, almost sombre, tenderness. The intermezzi interests chiefly by its rhythmic effects, but the contrasting languorous theme is gently commonplace. The introduction to the finale arouses hope and expectation in the breast of the jaded hearer; but after a few measures of the vivace he is again in doleful dumps. No, it is not surprising that this concerto has been so little played.

Nor did I care for the fiddling of Mr. Ovde Musin. His tone left me cold, nor did it command respect by any nobility. His intonation was not faultless, and his style lacked distinction.

Miss Stein sang the aria of Dido that follows the opening chorus of the third act of "Les Troyens" (original version). I understand that the orchestral accompaniment used today was not by Berlioz but by Mr. Arens. Now the music of Berlioz scored by another—no matter how skillfully it may be done—is no longer the music of Berlioz. The aria today interested chiefly by its reminder of the passion of Berlioz for Gluck. Miss Stein sang with breadth—and it is a pleasure to add, not with length and thickness. She declaimed and sang with skill and temperament, but the aria itself is not a grateful concert number.

Mr. Leo Schulz was applauded loudly for his exquisite performance of the cello solo in Massenet's suite. The suite and the symphony were led by Mr. Chadwick. The accompaniments were led discreetly and sympathetically by Mr. Kniesel, who has been a tower of strength at this Festival, a very rock in time of trouble.

The Festival closed this evening. The concert opened with Rheinberger's concerto for organ, horns, and strings. Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich of Boston was the organist. When the concerto was first played at Munich in 1884, Professor H. W. Parker, now of Yale University, was the organist.

The combination of organ, three horns and the usual strings is happily employed by the composer. The organ is used soberly, and the dignity of the instrument is respected throughout. The horns supply beautiful effects of color, especially in the second movement. The spirit of the piece is contemplative rather than dramatic, and although the music never rises to greatness, it is eminently agreeable and exceedingly well made. The performance, led by Mr. Chadwick, was excellent. Mr. Goodrich played in most musical fashion, and although there was no opportunity for brilliant virtuoso display, there was always the assurance of thoroughly grounded and finely developed organ technique. Mr. Goodrich is an organist of the best modern school that is founded, and

rests securely on the works of Bach. He is not a pianist who coquettes with the organ. He was heartily and deservedly applauded.

Then followed H. W. Parker's "Hera Novissima," led by Mr. Chadwick. The quartet was the same as that of last year with the exception of Mr. Davies, who took the place of Mr. Bispham. Mrs. Gadsdski, Miss Stein, Mr. Evan Williams and Mr. Davies were in good voice, and when this is said, warm

praise naturally follows. The general performance of the chorus was far and away better than any preceding choral performance this week, so far as volume, accuracy and attack were concerned. On the opening chorus there were successful attempts at dynamic gradations, but later less attention was paid, and the singers were often regardless of the indications of the composer. Thus in the finale of the first part there were pianissimo measures for nearly a page that were sung with the heart-breaking lustiness. In this respect the performance tonight fell below that of last year. Sweet people, as the Tonio names you in the prologue to Leoncavallo's opera, sweet people, a multitudinous roar is not necessarily a musical triumph.

An officer of the association told me tonight that in all probability the pecuniary receipts will cover all expenses, and there may be a small sum to be added to the surplus fund.

Philip Hale.

Oct 2. 98
Alas, how vain and foolish a thing is man! I stated in the Journal of Saturday that Miss Gertrude May Stein sang at a concert of the Worcester Festival the day before Dido's first aria from "Les Troyens." I have never heard the opera, and I accepted the statement made in the program book by Mr. Walter M. Lancaster, whose desire for accuracy is well known to readers of those books.

For "Dido" read "Cassandra," who was not the Queen of Carthage, no, not the same.

The mistake was a righteous judgment; for in the same article I hammered Mr. Musin for making an inaccurate statement.

Dear brethren, we all live in glass houses. Therefore let us all throw stones.

The glorious weather contributed largely no doubt to the pecuniary success of the Festival. There was another reason for the larger attendance this year.

Last season no glittering star was advertised. The chief soprano singer was Johanna Gadski, and the beauty of her voice, the excellence of her art and the quiet charm of her personality were not known by the public at large until she appeared, sang and triumphed. The success last season of "Hera Novissima," sung there for the first time, was instantaneous and indisputable, and there was a strong desire to hear the work again. Miss Stein and Mr. Evan Williams were favorites, and the reputation of Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies had preceded him. Then there was the natural curiosity to learn what Mr. Chadwick, the new conductor, would do.

There were disappointments last week, and on the other hand there was much that gave pleasure. Mr. Musin was a serious disappointment, for the hearer who knew his early career had a right to expect a more finished performance. The violinist played as though he had been taking it easy of late, and his technic was often slovenly, as in his smudging of scales. The friends of Miss Kellogg were disappointed because her more important part was a thankless one. Mr. Buck's performance was a disappointment; for his sincerity, aim and experience gave a promise that was not fulfilled. Nor was it fair to Miss Downey to oblige her to make a first appearance at Worcester in the trying music of "Elijah." Then there was the disappointment that followed the performances of "Elijah" and "The Lily Nymph"—a disappointment concerning which I have already written at length.

But Gadski, Miss Stein, Mr. Williams and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies were in the physical condition, although Mr. Williams once or twice showed traces of a hoarseness that occasionally comes upon him without warning and apparently without cause. That the Festival has been of late years of educational value was proved by the fact that the orchestral pieces of a high standard were listened to attentively and with evident appreciation by large audiences. A symphony is no longer necessarily a mystery or a stumbling block to a Worcester audience.

Some believe that the time of year is unfavorable to the chorus. They remember that the majority of the rehearsals are held late in winter and

rehearsals during the summer, and not until a comparatively short time before the festival is practice resumed. And some believe that if the Festival were held late in the spring, after a continued series of rehearsals begun late in the preceding fall, the chorus would be more familiar with the music.

It is a pleasure to learn that in all obliquity there will be no pecuniary felt this season. This of itself will strengthen the courage and hold up the ends of the Board of Government. The managers will be spared at least a cheap taunt, "But in spite of your lily, you lost money."

Mr. H. E. Woolf will be the Boston correspondent of the Musical Courier for this season. The Musical Courier may well be congratulated for being able to secure the services of a man of such force, knowledge, experience and reputation.

He is asked to make room for this circular of the Boston Women's Symphony Musical Society:

This circular is presented to musical circles of Boston and vicinity, and others interested in the culture and advancement of the art of music, with the object of securing their friendly aid in furthering the special aim of the society—namely, to provide for women musicians suitable opportunity to study and play classical and standard music under efficient direction, and at expense except what is absolutely necessary for room, etc.

This orchestra was instituted in 1894, under the title of "The Ladies' Philharmonic Orchestra," and was and still is under the personal direction of Mr. Arthur W. Thayer. The members of the orchestra, realizing the individual merit which accrues from playing the works of such composers as Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Wagner, etc., in large orchestra, have organized into a society, to be known as the "Boston Women's Symphony Orchestral Society," and most cordially invite proficient instrumentalists to join them.

The orchestra includes strings, woodwind and brass.

Persons interested in classical orchestral music may become honorary members of this society by paying the sum of \$5 yearly. They will receive free admission to all rehearsals, and be entitled to four reserved seat tickets to every concert. Persons desirous of becoming active or honorary members, will kindly send names and addresses to the Secretary, Miss Alta Shackley, 66 3/4 State Street, Boston.

The committee presents this orchestra to the attention of teachers as affording a fine chance for their advanced pupils to become familiar with the best orchestral music, also the technique required for its performance, and to gain practice in playing under the baton. It is hoped that its advantages will be recognized and used by them, as no other orchestra short of the Gewandhaus Orchestra in Leipzig gives such rare opportunities to earnest students.

Philip Hale.

Oct 3, 98

In a garden, faded, forlorn,
Where the dying autumn sighed,
As the last white butterfly born;
He sought a rose for his bride.

A sweet white rose drooped weak,
Where the thorn writhed leafless and sad;
A kiss he took, faded cheek,
And bade her love and be glad.

At the grief of the dying year
He drank with her scented breath;
And he knew, as his wings drew near,
That his kiss was the kiss of death.

During our absence of a few days—we were inspecting the agricultural interests of a neighboring county—levity and persiflage crept into this column; jests were taken with the character and habits of men now living; and, regret to say, the ingenious contributors made no attempt to lift their words to higher things, elevate the age (with the kind assistance of the aygoers' Club), or refute the arguments of those misguided persons who insist that life is chiefly beer and skittles.

We, on the contrary, believe that serious subjects should be treated seriously, nor do we care who make the laws of the Commonwealth and city so long as we are not obliged to obey them. Life is earnest, and, as Mr. Oliver Herford said when he arrived at the other end of the East River bridge, in the midst of life we are in Brook-

linasmuch as we have mislaid the last number of the Referee, we are unable to publish today two or three original sketches which we had marked for local publication.

This reminds us that Mr. Joel Benton discovered Artemus Ward for the benefit of readers of the New York Times' Saturday Review of Books and Arts. Mr. Benton says that Artemus was "absorbed at least a dual tract of funniness." Artemus was in the habit of absorbing many things; but, at last, pray, is "a dual tract of funniness," and do you take it in two doses, like selditz powders?

There appeared lately in this column a short composition on "The Elephant," which, it is said, was read in a Boston school. It recalled "A Juvenile Composition," published in the complete works of the "Absorber of a dual tract."

ON THE ELEPHANT.

The Elephant is the most largest Annymile in the whole word. He eats hay and kakes. You must not giv the Elephant Tobacco, becoz if you do he will stamp his grate big feet upon to you and kill you fatally Ded.

It is a pity that the Acting President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union asks Admiral Dewey to prevent the landing of a cargo of beer. Beer would go so well with Manila cheroots.

"The Madrid papers have unearthed the baptismal certificate of Adelina Patti, which has finally settled the question of her much-discussed birth-place and birth-date." O, have they? But this same certificate was published far and wide over 20 years ago, and you will find it quoted at length in Pouglin's Supplement (Paris, 1881), to Fétis's Biographie des Musiciens. By the way, the certificate reads Feb. 10, 1843—not Feb. 19, as stated by the New York Times.

Mr. David Christie Murray, a restless person, urges the erection in England of a monument to George Washington. 'Twould be only fair to put up a statue of George III. in Boston.

Thackeray's "Sketches and Travels" appeared many years ago, and yet Mr. Washington Jackson, the distinguished American, still dines with the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders in London, and rises "amidst thunders of applause."

"He explained how Broadway and Cornhill were in fact the same. He showed how Washington was in fact an Earlshuman and how Franklin would never have been an American but for his education as a printer in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He declared that Milton was his cousin, Locke his ancestor, Newton his dearest friend, Shakspeare his grandfather, or more or less—he vowed that he had wept tears of briny anguish on the pedestal of Charing Cross—kissed with honest fervor the clay of Runnymede—that Ben Jonson and Samuel—that Pope and Dryden, and Dr. Watts and Swift were the darlings of his hearth and home, and in a speech of about five-and-thirty

minutes explained to us a series of complimentary sensations very hard to repeat or remember."

I am a hero-worshiper. I have worshipped all sorts of people in my time. Play actors and singing people and soldiers, and bicyclists who can ride without holding the handles, and skaters who never fall down. But for none of them have I felt the reverent awe that fills my breast at sight of that exquisite product of nature—the common or garden washe woman.

As we were saying, we went away for a few days to look at a desirable farm. The Listener hears comfortably many things on a farm at Wrentham, and we hear too many things—railway trains, electric cars, newsboys, pianos, etc., etc.—in a flat in Boston. We found a delightful farm near Worcester. It was large enough—85 acres, barn where the house ought to be, superb view shut off by wretched, scrubby trees, hen house that had been used for many years—and the price was only \$20,000. But there was no old oaken bucket, no temptingly cool and bacillific well. You see from beyond the barn a wide stretch of land, Wachusett, Monadnock, the spires and towers of Worcester—and the Insane Asylum is across the valley—a hint and a warning. Thinking the matter over carefully, we decided to refuse the tempting offer.

The noise in Boston is intolerable. We wish Louis D. lived here, Louis D., who, according to a French journal, feels it his duty to protest against street noises. He resolved lately that energetic action was needed. "A bicyclist passing through the Place Victor Hugo observed Louis D. standing full in his way, and looking, as he expressed it, 'mustard and vinegar.' Also he was holding his hands to his ears. The cyclist rang his bell, but Louis remained as steady as a rock—'J'y suis, j'y reste. Then the wheelman turned on the full power of his horn, that high trumpet that wakes the dead, whereupon the wayfarer jumped like a man in madness, drew out a revolver, and fired at the cyclist.' Patience has its limit. Alas, he did not hit him."

Oct 4, 98

He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude. As the great champion of freedom and national independence, he conquers and annexes half the world, and calls it Colonization. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods he sends a missionary to teach the natives the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary:

he dies to arms in defence of Christians. fights for it, conquers for it, and takes the market as a reward from heaven. In defence of his island shores, he puts a chaplain on board his ship; nails a flag with a cross on it to his top-gallant mast; and sails to the ends of the earth, sinking, burning, and destroying all who dispute the empire of the seas with him.

And yet we personally should prefer the inglorious life of the late Reverend Mr. Hagemore of Uthorn, whose income was \$3500 a year. His last employment in an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs and fire his gun. And he left behind him a handsome property in personal effects: 30 gowns and cassocks, 58 dogs (they are now eating dogs in Saxony), 10 pairs of trousers (do suspenders go with each pair?) 100 pairs of boots, and 400 pairs of shoes (fool-wear, according to certain advertisements), 80 wigs although he wore his own hair, 80 wagons and carts, 80 ploughs, 50 saddles and "furniture for the menage," 20 wheel-barrows, "and so many walking-sticks that a toymen in Leicester-fields offered his successor \$8 for them." He had also 60 horses and mares, 300 pick-axes, 200 spades and shovels, 25 ladders and 240 razors. This is an educational paragraph, one that should be learned carefully by the little ones for the strengthening of the memory.

The Rev. Mr. Hagemore was demented with the mania of owning things, to quote from "Leaves of Grass," and yet what man—or even lady—that shaves does not envy him his 240 razors. Think of the waste of time in shaving! Southey reckoned up the time thus spent by the man of average longevity and whiskers. You will find the passage somewhere in "The Doctor," we quoted it a year or two ago, slightly altered, as our own. This waste of time is made more poignant by the bluntness of your razor—and if you own two, or even have seven, each bearing the name of a day of the week, you are not then sure of easy, smooth depilation. 'Twas the same centuries ago among Israel. Thus Isaiah tells us (viii., 20), "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired."

Remember, we are not arguing concerning the practice itself. It may be true that in old days a shaved chin was always the sign of slavery, infamy, or dissipation. It may be that the practice was introduced into Italy from Sicily by P. Ticinus—see "Pogonologie, ou Histoire philosophique de la Barbe," by J. A. D. . . . (Paris 1786)—we are merely remembering with envy the Reverend Mr. Hagemore, who left behind him 240 razors. And yet the probability is that the worthy clergyman hacked and cut himself in a way to rival Lord Macaulay, whose chin and cheeks showed each day the strength and the awkwardness of his attack.

We regret to see the phrase "tinned meats" in the New York Sun.

There have been strange stories of late concerning kisses snatched from gallant soldiers and sailors by passionately patriotic women, young and old. Only the other day in New York a policeman tried to prevent an osculatory swoop by saying to the patriot, "You can't act this way in the street; this is not the place for a respectable woman to kiss a man; move on." The patriot, putting aside all questions of "can't" and "must," replied, "I love this man"—she saw him for the first time—"and I can kiss him just as long as I please." The crowd cheered, and a street band began to play a familiar and beautiful Scotch melody.

How differently they manage these things in London. A cad in that city sentenced Mr. Bernard Freedman, a sponge dealer, to a fine of 40 shillings and costs, because the dealer sponged two kisses from Miss Ada Walsh in an omnibus. We are inclined to agree with the cad. An omnibus is no place for such practices. Kissing goes in a hack.

Australians advertise at great length in their local papers. Thus in the announcement of a funeral the name and the qualifications of the undertaker are set forth at the foot. A birth or marriage or death receives five or six insertions, and "In Memoriam" notices occupy a daily half column. Here is an instance from a Melbourne journal.

"We miss thee from our home, dear Tommie. We miss thee from our home; And in our aching hearts we know, We have no little Tommie now." The following is used every day and sometimes half a dozen times a day, and is undoubtedly kept ready in type: "A precious one from us is gone, A voice we loved is stilled, A place is vacant in our home, Which never can be filled." It is a curious fact that few of these newspaper notices speak of the deceased as having died; the most popular phrase is "left his home" on a certain date, "never to return."

There are considerable novelties in Italian newspapers. The Tribune publishes the following under the head, "Pronouncement of Officers."

"An Italian Marquis connected with the reigning houses of Europe is desirous of adopting any gentleman or lady who will grant him a small annuity and cover the expenses of his declining years."

S. T. writes to the Journal: "A proof of human perversity is the desertion of the White Mountain region before October 1st. At that time the notes close and the summer trains stop running. And yet, during the next two weeks, no part of the world can excel that land in beauty. The foliage is one flame of splendor and the air is strength and healing. If the Boston and Maine Railroad for just one season would run free trains with a \$500 bonus to induce travel, during all succeeding Octobers it could charge double and would be obliged to borrow rolling stock."

"But even the country is not perfect. At the Porphyry last night Mr. Ward said gloomily, 'My dog Teddy killed a skunk yesterday. I drove him from near the house and warned the family while the coachman kept him away from the stable. So he lay down disconsolate just out of stone-throw. An hour later Gladys—that's my youngest, she inherits her mother's firmness—was seen holding Teddy in her lap kissing and consoling him. Now it's all right with a dog, but you can't club your five year old daughter away from the house, and washing only seems to accentuate the trouble. I left the place at once and came to town on important business; what the rest are doing I don't know.'"

Oct 5, 1898

For where is the difference betwixt an earthly happiness, from which thou art to be separated forever, and a happiness in the moon to which thou art never to go? Thou art to be forever separated from the earth, thou art to be eternal, when the earth itself is lost, is it not therefore the same vanity to project for happiness on earth, as to propose a happiness in the moon? For as thou art never to go to the one, so thou art to be eternally separated from the other.

Miss Leiter, in spite of pleading, remonstrance, and hysteria, broke a bottle of champagne over the prow of the Illinois. They say that some protested against the launching of the battleship because spirit-levels had been used in the building.

Our sympathies were with Miss Leiter in her hour of trial. Not that we are a victim of the champagne habit—as a matter of fact we seldom drink "a bottle of wine," as champagne is known in bar room terminology. By the way, why does not some male Mrs. Sherwood compile a book of bar room etiquette? Perhaps our old friend Walsingham might be persuaded to undertake the pleasant task.

No thoughtful observer will deny the usefulness of such a guide to rising young lawyers, physicians, publishers, advertising agents, and others, who, having their way to make in the world, are peculiarly sensitive to the ridicule that follows a breach or non-observance of good manners.

Many questions suggest themselves at once. Suppose you have just taken a febrifuge with a friend. He wipes his mouth on a napkin that hangs from the bar—remember we are in Boston. You observe that the napkin is dirty—"soiled," as our genteel correspondent prefers. Should you follow your friend's example or should you wipe your mouth with your pocket handkerchief and thus run the risk of injuring his feelings? Or what is the formula of speech that will soften your refusal of the spotted cigar pressed upon you by the proprietor or assistant? Should the little finger of the right hand be kept rigidly toward the zenith while a glass is drained? Should "And I like wise bows" invariably follow the courteous remark, "I look toward yer"? What is the fitting answer to the flippant person, who not appreciating fully your invitation—for some say you are remiss in shouting—replies, as though it were a matter of profound indifference to him, "I don't care if I do?"

There is always plenty of champagne, even in time of severe drought. There is more champagne than there are "openers." An "opener," as you probably know, dear Madam, is the admirer of a "genial." A "genial" never opens—except his breast-door of good-feeling, and his mouth. Now, Rhine wines disappear occasionally from the market. The Secretary of the Wine Makers' Corporation of California, which includes 80 per cent. of the growers, says that the vintage this year will be one of the smallest in the recent history of the State. Sour news!

But champagne is as plentiful as water, more plentiful, as we have said, in time of drought. The factories of New Jersey are never idle.

No we do not go in for champagne as a steady drink. Spare us the cheap taunt about a beer purse. We prefer many beverages to champagne. We prefer burgundy, ale, porter, beer, Holland gin, and, above all, New England rum. But the ale must be in its native pewter, and the floor of the Jolly Chis must be sanded. Good beer is not easily found in this city. The Expert Guide will admit the truth of this statement. But to all these drinks we prefer iced tea, which ruins the stomach and shatters the nerves.

Yet there are occasions when champagne is the thing: at the launching of a ship or at a wedding feast. A friend, dear to all members of the Journal staff, takes to himself this day a wife. In a position that taxes temper and provokes the hasty word, he has always been thoughtful, kindly, helpful, and eminently capable. The best wishes of us all are with him today and henceforth; and we now pledge him and his bride in a bumper.

H. T. P. of the Transcript tells us that there is a revival in England of interest in croquet. Its devotees call it a very scientific game, and "they are persuading more and more Englishmen to grow curious over it, and then to play. Even golfers of long standing are forsaking the links for it."

But all golfers are necessarily of "long standing."

From golf to croquet. We shall live to see back-gammon established firmly as the king of athletic games. Neither golf nor croquet strengthens the wrist in like degree.

It is a fact—I can't say if it is a well-known one, because I never trouble myself about other people's views or opinions or knowledge—that if you want to be believed you must carefully avoid telling the truth. Lie, and the critics and the great public will couple your name with George Washington, but tell the plain unvarnished truth and everyone who has a halfpenny to spare for a post-card, and the leisure to write on it, will address you at your private residence as Ananias. I have told the truth persistently for years—it is not a virtue with me, but a habit—so I speak feelingly and with the knowledge that it is paid for with experience.

Mr. George R. Sims has been of late in fine form, to use a phrase dear to his countrymen. Listen to him a moment:

The curse of the present day is Cant—with a capital C. If you please, Mr. Master Printer—Cant in Religion, Cant in Politics, Cant in Morality, Cant in Literature, Cant in Art and Cant in Criticism. The good, old-fashioned, straightforward roast beef and bitter beer way of looking at things is a dead letter. The change in the native diet and drink has very largely affected the national character. "He who drinks beer thinks beer" is a proverb frequently used as a reproach, but good old British beer has given us some of the grandest thoughts that have ennobled the English language. If he who drinks beer thinks beer, then he who drinks lemon squash thinks lemon squash, and lemon squash enters very largely into modern English thought and shapes many of the views which have been and still are disastrous to manly, generous, and common sense criticism.

Mr. Sims hastens to add that he has always been an earnest advocate of temperance in drinking, and he is certain that a return of all classes to the wholesome English diet and the early dining hours of 30 years ago would be highly advantageous to the community. He sees in the triumph at Khartoum a triumph of old fashioned ideas. To quote his impassioned language, "the cat off the joint and the tankard of bitter triumph over the lentil pie and the lemon squash."

What does Mr. Sims mean by this paragraph:

The real difficulty the French Government is in with regard to Dreyfus is to find him. When, two years or so ago, he was rescued from the Devil's Island and a substitute, left in his place, the Government officials, terrified at the outcry which would be raised in France, accepted the substitute, and fell in with the arrangement. Dreyfus himself went to South America, where he is living under an assumed name. His wife, of course, dare not quit France to join him. That would have meant a plot for his re-arrest or assassination.

Is the answer to this, "The boy lied"?

Oct-6-98

Truth will not look on me?
Ah, well! the world is wide;
The rivers still are rolling free,
And the sword abides
And who runs forth to sail the sea
And fight with the tide.

There is my darling day,
I imagine full;
Rejoice the middle and the day,
(For there when hearts are cold)

The straightness of the narrowing way,
The house where all is still.

The extraordinary weather prompted us to consult Uncle Amos, who is the weather-authority at the store. The courteous old gentleman sent us the following statement of facts.

"If there is thundering in October (there was the night of Oct. 4-5), January will resemble April in temper." We fail to see the close logic of this reasoning.

As the weather in October, so will it be in the next March.

Warm October, cold February.

There are always 19 fine days in October.

This reminds us that when the skin of the onion is thin and delicate, you may expect a mild winter.

It was on Oct. 6, 1893, that our old friend Mr. Edmond de Goncourt remarked in amiable mood: "The honors paid great men—even when they are all Pasteurs—are becoming—it seems to me—a little excessive; they fall heirs to much of that which formerly was given to God."

Why this is like old times. And today is the feast day of St. Bruno. He was turned from debasing literary life to solitary contemplation by the overwhelming thought of Raimund Diacre of Paris, a Canon of widely-known piety, who after his death, and at the reglem mass, sat up in his coffin and cried out: "In accordance with the just judgment of God I am damned forever."

We received a bill the other day with the heading "Gents' Fine Boots and Shoes."

But are there any such things as "Gents' Fine Boots"? Does a gent wear fine boots? If we wear the boots of this manufacturer—would he were an old-fashioned cordonwainer—we are a gent. Pondering these problems, we postpone payment.

F. M. R. writes to the Journal: "Mr. Kipling speaks of 'tinned beef of surpassing thinness' in 'The Courting of Dinah Shad.'"

But how much better it would be if he spoke of "canned beef of surpassing canniness."

"Mr. Whistler will not teach in Paris after all."

What! Can he not be persuaded to give lessons in the gentle art of making enemies?

"When kisses taste salty, it's a sign that her system holds too much chloride of sodium."

Tut! Tut! Did not Venus come forth from the sea?

When Mr. Smith, the rising young highwayman, was searched, a "lady's gold watch was found tucked away in his stocking," and in a parcel were "a lady's gold watch, a gold thimble, a gold brooch, etc."

Mr. Smith's intentions are commendable, but he is evidently a beginner without finesse. The male stocking should never serve as a store-house for valuables. And we regret to find him robbing women. He should read the lives of the masters in his profession. Or he should follow the example of accomplished contemporaries in the Caucasus. Thus when, a few weeks ago, a band led by Rabi Nadshas-Ogly, armed with Peabody revolvers and long daggers, and clad in the costume of the Khirgese, held up every carriage that passed through the ravine Gas-luch, the bank-liquidators—this is a slip, we mean the highwaymen were extremely courteous and examined the men only; and the leader went so far as to restore to several husbands their valuables on the entreaties of their wives.

A lumberman, Mr. Richard Smith, 22 years old, of Indian River, Lewis County, N. Y., has a nose eight inches in circumference. He is just the man to impersonate Cyrano de Bergerac. If Mr. Mansfield is a true lover of art, he will at once coach him for the part.

B. L. J. writes: "What do we care whether you like champagne or beer?"

We would not have this man's disposition for the world. Besides, he merely follows the example of Joseph Scallger, who, quoting Montaigne's preference for white wine, echoes Mr. du Puy, saying, "Who the deuce cares to know what he did like?" Yet we find Scallger peddling all manner of small beer, telling when he went to bed, how long he slept, that he never wrote well unless his pen was good, etc., etc.

No, what Smith eats and what Jones drinks, whether Brown wears underclothes in winter, and whether tartar sauce agrees with Robinson—these are vital questions; for they concern the intimate life of man. Listen to this paragraph from "The Wonders of

the Little World"

"The most learned Johannes Heinrich writes of himself that as oft as he eat of any pepper, or radish, he was sure to be tortured with the cruel pains of the cholice. Heinrich ab Heers. Obs. Med. l. 1 Obs. 29, p. 249."

The long habit of living indisposeth us for dying.

The best neighbor is he whose name even you do not know.

There is a strong movement in England to bring back the cat as a punishment for peculiarly mean and brutal crimes. Dagonet says: "We shall never deal effectually with London's ruffianism while we fill our popular cheap journals with plans for feather-bed accommodation and happy evenings in our jails. The old Mosaic idea of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is the best for dealing with these scoundrels." And he sketches "Tit for Tat, a Judicial Drama of Tomorrow."

The Judge: James Jones, you have been found guilty of jumping on an old man's chest and destroying the sight of his left eye. The sentence of the Court is that you be imprisoned for six months, and at the end of that period you have your chest jumped on and the sight of your left eye destroyed.

The Prisoner (shrieking): Mercy! Mercy!

The Judge: You shall have just as much mercy as you showed that old man, and no more. Next!

The Evidence: This case, my lord, is that of a man who flung his wife out of a window. She fell on a spiked railing, and he left her there all night.

The Jury: Guilty!

The Judge: Ah! The sentence on this man is that he be taken to the same house, flung out of the same window on to the same spiked railing, and that he be left there all night.

The Prisoner (who is deaf, and thinks it is the ordinary sentence): I can do that little lot on my head!

The Judge: Oh, certainly, if you prefer it. (To Gaoler). See that he is flung out on the spike so that he comes down on his head. Good morning. Next!

Oct-7-98

I expressed some regret to my Strasbourg acquaintance that Mr. Harvey and I could not speak a little Dutch; or that his friend could not speak French, that we might enjoy the pleasure of his conversation. This was immediately translated to the Dutchman, who heard it with great composure, and then took his pipe from his mouth and made an answer, which I got our interpreter, with some difficulty, to explain. It was to this effect: "That we ought to console ourselves for the accident of our not understanding each other; for, as we had no connection or dealings in trade together, our conversing could not possibly answer any useful purpose."

And old Chimes said, rejoicing in the change of weather: "As you perhaps know, I am a member of several clubs. I noticed at the Alliance yesterday at luncheon that the men were earnestly discussing concrete things: real estate in Falmouth, the exceptions taken in a law case, the effect of closing certain banks, the public inconvenience following the removal of surface cars. It was all about money and facts. No abstract idea was presented and tossed about. There was no juggling with words, no springing of paradoxes. Mr. Gradgrind would have been a welcome guest and thoroughly at home. And all the members looked prosperous. They evidently went to tailors, hatters and haberdashers of like degree. Now at the Porphyry, you seldom—I am glad to say—hear any profitable discussion. It is true that there are men here carrying with them an astounding amount of useless information. I have no doubt Auger could tell me all about the marriage customs of the early Scythians and whether the queen of Henry II. of England had cause for jealousy. By listening quietly, I have acquired a knowledge of ideal flying machines, gargoyles, and the comparative merits of Hall Caine and T. S. Arthur. I have heard monstrous theories stated and agreed to, theories that if they were put into operation would shake the pillars—I believe that is the phrase—of society. No one turned a hair. We simply said 'Buglight's in fine form.' And here there is liberty in dress. In fact, I sometimes think that some men dress deliberately for the Porphyry and the conversation within its walls. I doubt, for instance, whether Smithers wears that ghastly green waistcoat at home, at table, in the bosom of his family. I think I see it in the hall closet. Smithers about 9 o'clock makes a change in the hall. 'Ah!' says his amiable spouse, 'I see you are going to the club.'"

L. H. writes: "Do you know that Oliver Herford recently remarked: 'Rudyard Kipling is the Richard Harding Davis of literature.'"

Accuracy, accuracy, as good Mr. Pulitzer is never weary of saying. Mr. Herford made this remark a year or two ago—yet, L. H., probably you are right; Mr. Herford no doubt made it also recently.

There's a husky man at Hot Springs, Arkansas. We saw his card yesterday, and learned from it that he is LOCAL EDITOR, CRYSTAL. PRESIDENT Y. M. SOCIAL CLUB. MANG'R MYSTIC COTERIE CONFERT CO.

You infer naturally, reading the conflicting statements about the present condition of the Emperor of China, that the secrecy concerning public affairs in that country is almost as dense as it is in France.

We all like to read about suicide. Some of us wonder how the departed had the nerve; a few envy the bravery, or cowardice, as you please; and once in a while a peculiarly ingenious method of opening the door of Epictetus compels admiration. In Paris the other day a woman of independent means, whose life was blameless and without gnawing grief, killed herself because she dreaded the coming winter. She could not abide cold, and when the mercury was low she hardly ever stirred from the house. On her bed-room table she left this note: "God is the consoler of all those who suffer. He will pardon me for this; I could not go through the winter."

And yet, from the statistics published in Legoyt's "Suicide, ancien et moderne," it is safe to say that hot weather increases largely the number of suicides. Thus in France the proportion of suicides in winter, spring, summer, fall has thus been roughly estimated: 19.30, 27.97, 30.72, 21.50. And in Paris women kill themselves less frequently in winter than do men, and more frequently in summer.

To W. H. H.: Yes, polo is an ancient game. Persian and Turkish monarchs played it as far back as 500 years before the Christian era. Even in Venice—an unfavorable city for the sport—one family was so addicted to it that it took the name Polo—hence the traveler Marco.

We talked loosely about champagne a day or two ago; how there is always champagne, no matter whether vineyards fail. Yesterday we learned from the *Lancet* that many owners of large pear orchards in France are under contract to send their entire produce to a firm of wine merchants in the champagne district. This recalls the statement of Lord Palmerston that there never was a good champagne year in France unless there was a good apple crop in Normandy.

A clergyman at Butler Centre imagines that he is Semson and that his wife is Delilah. Uxorious, he may flatter her.

Bertrand, a French fencing master, died recently in London at the age of 81 years. Some time ago Legouvé picked out ten of the leading fencing masters in Paris and wrote to each: "Dear Sir: I am writing a book about the talent of Parisian fencing masters. I know that you are the first in the profession. Kindly tell me who comes next to you." The reply in each case was "Bertrand."

This is what the accomplished and courteous journalist, Mr. Lucien Millevoye, thinks of the English: "Hypocrisy is the distinctive characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. In their greatest infamies the Anglo-Saxons have the name of God on their lips. The name is banded about in the midst of their most frightful orgies; they reek in blood, but pray at the same time. Religion is for the Anglo-Saxon the mantle which covers the worst impostures, the most cowardly assaults. He has caused whole races to disappear by sword and fire and hunger. He has coldly massacred millions of beings whom the fate of war had delivered into his hands. He kills especially after the battle. His mercenary soldiers are simply executioners. In his legislation he has preserved all the penitentiary regulations and refinements of torture of the middle ages. This people is worthily represented by the old Queen, who walks to the tomb with a stupefying serenity without having left in history the trace of a single good work." Wow!

Oct 8, 1899

Bored by the tedious and improving conversation of those who have neither the wit to exaggerate nor the genius to romance, tired of the intelligent person whose reminiscences are always based upon memory, whose statements are invariably limited by probability, and who is at any time liable to be corroborated by the merest Philistine who happens to be present, Society sooner or later must return to its lost leader, the cultured and fascinating liar.

Tailoring is an empirical art, not an exact science.

Last month at Newport, R. I., there was an open-air dance-recital of the

In order

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw sang in London—I think for the first time—at a promenade concert, Queen's Hall, Sept. 15, and gave pleasure. At a concert of the game series, Sept. 16, Rudolf Zwiener, a young pianist, a pupil of Reinecke, made a successful first appearance. The next night Kate Lueberg—"who, we believe, hails from America"—sang the same song from "Lucia"—without real strain to her hair.

There were several novelties at the 275th meeting of the Festival of the Three Choirs at Gloucester, England. These were a festival overture by Charles H. Lloyd; a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis by Lee Williams; a setting of the 18th Psalm by A. Herbert Brewer, the conductor of the Festival; Hubert Parry's "Song of Darkness and Light," set to a text by Robert Bridges, the new Stabat Mater, Hymn to the Virgin, and Te Deum by Verdi (produced in Paris last April), and an orchestral Ballade in A minor by Samuel Coleridge Taylor.

The French Government is now begged to increase the subvention to the Opéra-Comique from 300,000 francs to 400,000. The new house will contain 1177 seats. It cost 4,120,000 francs to build, which is 920,000 francs more than the Government voted in 1893.

Massenet's vacation was a pleasant one. He tramped it from place to place, accepting pot-luck wherever he found it. He left no post office address. Saint-Saëns is at the Canary Islands.

At Gloucester, Eng., one of the estimable persons who protest annually against turning the Cathedral "into a concert room," demanded free admission when Albani was singing. Asked for his ticket, he answered that no tickets were required for the kingdom

of heaven. To which the reply was:
"But Albani does not sing there."

Emil Fischer will not come back to this country. He is said to have met with success during a concert tour in Denmark. The N. Y. Sun says: "When he returned to Europe Herr Fischer was undecided whether to remain permanently there, but recent accounts were that he expected to spend the rest of his career there. That was before the concert given by a baritone who modestly confessed to 94 years. If he had seen the praise of the freshness of voice which the singer retained and the kindly mention of his agreeable performances, Herr Fischer would have realized the wisdom of his return to Europe." The baritone referred to is Karl Schnelder of Remscheid.

Georgette Le Blanc of the Opéra-Comique, Paris, has gone to Spain for the purpose of studying the true character of Carmen. It is reported that the Spanish do not like the opera; that they say it is musically and dramatically un-Spanish.

The late Empress of Austria was a good friend to Wagner. When the composer was in Vienna in 1862 he ran heavily in debt. The Empress gave him a sum amounting to \$2500.

Albert Stritt, a shocking example of the Wagnerian heroic tenor, is now stage manager of the Vienna Opera.

Johann Strauss, the younger, nephew of the most famous one of the family, has written an operetta, "The Cat and the Mouse," which will be produced in Vienna.

Bernhard Stavenhagen, who played the piano here in massive and concrete fashion, has assumed his duties as first conductor at the Munich Royal Opera. The statue of Schumann will be dedicated at Zwickau June 8, 1900, the 90th anniversary of his birth.

Perosi's new oratorios are making their way triumphantly through Italy. Brescia heard lately "The Resurrection of Lazarus" and applauded.

Catulle Mendès has finished an opéra-comique libretto, "La Carmélite," which Reynaldo Hahn will set to music.

Concerning this concert Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel wrote to the Tribune:

"Mr. Nikisch's greivous work with the first movement (of the C minor symphony) was simply erraticism, and possibly a seeking after catch penny effects; Mr. Thomas's innovations were the out-

The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung (Sept. 23) says that Xavier Scharwenka, who has had a music school for some years in New York, will go back to Berlin this month to teach the piano and assist in the management of the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory. His new piano concerto, No. 3 in C sharp minor will be published in November.

The Hair String Quartet will produce this fall in Berlin new quartets by Weingartner and Mottl:

Would that Boston audiences might see the sweet reasonableness of the policy adopted lately at the Lyric Theatre, London! I quote from the *Evening Standard*: 'A very agreeable feature of the production of "Little Miss Nobody" at the

But in England the rooms were so

Blanche—"Come off. Why not?"
Maud—"Coz it's liable to go down to the roots and rust the wheels."

Mr. G. R. Sims reasoned wisely a week or so ago that if you take the Anarchist at his own valuation, he is a man who resents the sufferings of the class to which he belongs. And in the last Conservator, published in the city of brotherly love, we find mild manured Mr. Traubel stating that the

A night at sea, and the ship forging through a fog-bank. Uneasy and restless in your berth—where subconscious memories, dark persuadings of the long and series of sea disasters had kept you disquieting company—you had gone up on deck to smoke. Vague forms were moving about you in the fog, officers and men keenly watchful. The whistle shrilled out from time to time. Lights were dim halos in the gloom. There was a wind stirring. The fog poured through the dripping rigging like unto a professional company of gray ghosts. You heard them whimpering. The dull booming of the machinery below was like the sound of muffled drums and muted brass. The lifting swells were like hooked witch-wives, threateningly

stirring, and only you heard smooth laughter and chuckling as they washed alongside.

You paced the deck till day-crack. But had that ship been La Bourgogne?

The sick man wakes at midnight with start of fear. He escapes from the bo of bad dreams. His body is covered with sweat. His hair is dank upon hollow temples. He stares for a moment at the dim circle of orange-glowed light cast upon the ceiling from the low turned lamp. He casts a side-long look at his nurse. The wearied nurse is asleep in his chair. The sick man stares at him curiously. So, this lumpy and be-whiskered little fellow is that soft-footed, ministering angel that hovered around the bed, daily seen and faintly heard through the covered hours of the painful day! What a funny face he has, say—for a poor kneeling in the moonlight to his bed. The sick man smiles, yet he much prefers the present commonplace face of the nurse; he delights in seeing him thus—calm in the dead of midnight hour. How quiet it is! He turns again to the ball of orange upon the ceiling. It is like unto a magic crystal. He gazes into it dreamily and sees things—heckoning, vague shapes that nod to sleep; and now the gentle mother draws near; his eyes close. Suddenly, somewhere in the outside darkness a consumptive starts coughing—a hack, a hack, a hack! The eyes of the sick man blink; they stare at the curtained window with an indescribable look—pity, expectation, fear. His heart beats in fearful sympathy with his unknown brother in affliction. Something stirs in his throat; he falls a-coughing. The nurse awakes. There is no more sleep for three that night.

You suffer from insomnia. You lie awake hearing the church-clock strike the hours after midnight.

One!
O man take heed!
Two!

What speaks the deep midnight?
You hear trolley cars passing, or the thunder of a train; and footsteps are heard plainly in the street beneath your window. You toss about, change and change your position. You fret, fume, worry at the barred gates of sleep, and "Sleep beholds you from afar awake." Tired at last of the unavailing struggle, you quit your bed, make light, reach for books and a pipe. Do you take a nip of something strong? As you catch a glimpse of your face in the looking-glass, you think with a shiver of the day's work.

But perhaps to you night is only the corridor off which your bedroom lies. It may be dark, but you make light; it may be haunted, this dusky corridor, but you do not linger in it. And you are wise.

THE QUIETIST.

Or we seem busied for hours and days in our perambulations over seas and lands, in earnest quest, strenuous actions for nothings and nothings, cheated by spectral jokes, and taken suddenly with ghostly laughter, to be rebuked by the cold, lonely, silent midnight and to wake with confusion in memory of the governing nonsense to find the waste of their contemptible cackination.

The Navy Department has made public the findings and sentence of the court-martial in the case of Chaplain McIntyre. Let us see. How long ago was it that the court-martial in the case of Carter, the engineer, sat, heard, and passed judgment? And what has the Army Department done in the meantime?

Probably the young woman in the Amesbury jail, Iowa, did not eat spiders with suicidal intent. Anton Filtz, cello virtuoso at the court of Mannheim, died in 1765 from immoderate indulgence in spiders, which to him tasted wondrously like strawberries.

The Court of Appeals, New York, has decided that to sell prison-made goods from other States, unlabeled, is not a crime. And once again we realize, reading of such serious consideration, that our civilization is opera-bouffe.

A woman of sixty-four years claims in Milwaukee, through her lawyers, that a book agent hypnotized her and asked her to subscribe for a book to cost \$1000. The book company is suing her for the amount.

A book agents, play-actors, promoters, advertising agents, musicians are hypnotists—when they are successful.

The Daily Mail tells us of a fashionable doctor in London who thus economizes time. He eats his breakfast in the breakfast room as he is driven through West End squares—"They that go down to the West in broughams." His meal is

packed in a hamper, a woolen flap is in the front of his carriage, the table is spread.

This reminds us of a tale told by the de Goncourts in "La Femme du XVIII. e Siècle." A fashionable woman was so zealous in her study of medicine that she would practise on an arm or a leg of a corpse in her carriage while she was driven from one house to another to attend a reception or make a call.

MR. GERICKE

Enthusiastically Welcomed in Music Hall.

Familiar Pieces and Several New Players.

A View of the Audience That Was Present.

The program of the first concert of the 18th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte en Rondeau (Arranged for string orchestra by Sigismund Bachrich.)

Variations on a theme by Haydn.....Brahms (Chorale Sancti Antoni.)

Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven

Mr. Gericke may well be proud of the welcome given him last night in Music Hall by a very large, distinguished, and also curious audience. This welcome was spontaneous, hearty, long-continued, honest. The music lovers of Boston were glad to see his face again, to see him walk across the shabby stage to the conductor's stand. They remembered—many of them—the pioneer work of Henschel; they remembered brilliant performances led by Nikisch and Paur; and they were grateful toward these men, not caring to dwell upon their occasional musical shortcomings. But they also remembered that it was under Mr. Gericke that the Boston Symphony Orchestra first gained the reputation that is now a civic glory; they remembered that he by indefatigable labor, native and acquired talent, just firmness, and cool sanity moulded the orchestra according to his will, and gave to it a technic that put it in the very first rank. They also remembered Mr. Gericke as a conductor whose ideals were high, whose sense of the responsibility and the dignity of his position was so keen, that no friend could induce him to admit to a concert, singer, player or composition that in his judgment was unworthy. They remembered all these things. Furthermore they remembered gratefully and affectionately the man himself. They welcomed the musician, the conductor, the gentleman.

When I come to consider the concert itself I am handicapped by certain things. First of all, I was not in Boston during the years of the reign of Mr. Gericke. I heard one concert, by accident, when he led. It is therefore impossible for me to draw a comparison between the Mr. Gericke of those years and the Mr. Gericke of last night.

Secondly: When Mr. Gericke left this city on account of his health, the orchestra was stamped by his convictions, experience, individuality. The orchestra was his obedient child. Players had touched elbows for many rehearsals and concerts. Last night certain players—men of reputation in this country and in France—played together with the others for the first time. The first oboe, the first flute, the first clarinet, the first trumpet, the second trombone, the kettle-drum man were new to the orchestra, the hall, the audience. However distinguished their talent may be, every musician knows the difficulties in the attack, and the sense of proportion under such conditions. Mr. Gericke held rehearsals only last week.

Does this sound like an apology for Mr. Gericke? There is none needed. On the contrary there should be the warmest praise for the performance that followed these rehearsals. There was a precision of attack in wood-wind and brass that has not been observed by me since I attended the first concert given by Mr. Nikisch. Under his reign, carelessness in this matter crept in, and under Mr. Paur the playing of the wood-wind, brilliant as several of the players individually were, was too often slovenly. Last night the results of the few rehearsals were surprising.

Nor were these results due to Mr. Gericke alone. It is a great pleasure to welcome the men who take the places of the lamented dead. The oboist proved himself to be a virtuoso of the very first rank, and I use the word virtuoso in its better sense. The flute player has a full, beautiful tone, and the clarinetist played with skill and distinction. Nor should the admirable playing of the first trumpet and the kettle-drum man be passed over in silence. The strings are practically unchanged.

These are impressions, only impressions. They will no doubt be confirmed and strengthened by repeated hearings.

when the new concert was thoroughly at home in their respective positions.

To say that the concert last night was without flaw, that it was ideal, would be to say the thing which is not. Naturally there was nervousness in the orchestra, and this was shown occasionally in the overture, as well as in the symphony. The attack of the ensemble was not always rigidly precise, and once or twice—as in the variations by Brahms—there was a slight difference of opinion concerning ritards. Too often the first violins were carried away by frenzy of tone, but Mr. Gericke, I hope, will repress the enthusiasm, the exulting in strength that bears sound dangerously near noise. On the other hand, there were so many delightful and impressive moments that the few flaws may well be passed over.

Mr. Gericke led with a firm, unmistakable beat; with marked appreciation of nuances; with sane musical knowledge and feeling; and with kindly but strict authority. There were no unnecessary gestures; there was, of course, no display of affectation, no desire to impress the audience, except by interpretation of the composer's music. Nor did Mr. Gericke lead like a mere drill-master. He conducted like a musician who has the gift of conveying quietly his wish and purpose to the players; nor was he ever guilty of improvising an interpretation.

The pieces played are so familiar that it would be impertinent to discuss them at length. The variations, as conducted by him, were of the most part as well defined in structure as though the diagrams of their anatomy were in full sight; and only one or two of the variations suggested the question to Brahms: "Well said, old mole! Can'st

work i' th' ground so fast?" The relation of some of these variations to the theme recalls the dictum of von Bülow: "The theme in a set of variations has not much more significance than the title page of a book has to do with the text."

I preferred Mr. Gericke's reading of these variations to his reading as a whole of the symphony. Thus I fail to see the effect of his slight crescendo during the opening of the scherzo. Nor was the reading of the andante con moto wholly free from the reproach of over-precision. But it was a concert that gave much immediate pleasure as well as a sure promise of a season of unusual distinction.

The program-book, speaking of the "Euryanthe" overture, says:

"Now we come upon one of the most originally poetic episodes in all Weber. The passage is borrowed from the scene in the forest in the second act of the opera. In slow Largo eight violins soli e con sordini play the most mysterious sustained harmonies in scarcely audible pianissimo, the violas soon entering beneath them with a subdued tremolo, like the soft rustling of leaves."

The passage, on the contrary, is found in the first act and not in any forest. It forms the accompaniment to Euryanthe's recitative "Die ihr der Liebe," where she tells to Eglantine the speech of Emma's ghost. The forest scene, by the way, is in the third act.

The program of the concert next Saturday evening will be as follows:

Overture, "Melpomene".....Chadwick
Concerto for violin in A minor, Op. 28.....Goldmark

Symphonic Poem, "Vysehrad".....Smetana

Symphony No. 2.....Schumann
Philip Hale.

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, the Welsh baritone, was in Boston Thursday, and he was loud in his praise of the choral enthusiasm displayed at the Maine Festival at Portland. From his statement it would seem that for once a bulky chorus showed signs of life. Mr. Davies will leave New York this month, to give a series of concerts in Germany, beginning at Berlin, where he has already sung with marked success. He will return to the United States in the spring.

The Cecilia will surely give this season Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," the new choral works of Verdi that have excited wonder in Paris, Italy and Germany, and a cantata by Bach. It is not likely that Benoit's "Lucifer" will be given this season. Perhaps this is to be regretted by musicians who always wish, and with reason, to hear works that are new to them, but I doubt whether "Lucifer" would be a popular success. Ten years from now the Cecilia may awake to the knowledge that Professor H. W. Parker's "St. Christopher" and Mr. Chadwick's "The Lily Nymph" are works that have interested audiences and are worthy of performance in the town where the composers are so well known.

I hope that when the Cecilia gives "The Damnation of Faust" it will give it without cuts. For some inexplicable reason the chorus in hell beginning "Tradidit eum Marexii" with the words, that according to Berlioz are spoken by the damned, was mutilated beyond recognition at the last performance. Not only is it worth while per se, but it is in striking contrast to the angelic chorus, which, welcoming Marguerite, ends the remarkable work.

The announcement of the Handel and Haydn does not thrill me with joy, nor do I count the days and nights before

the performance of "the old-time favorites." So the chorus is to be well out! But the huge impracticable number is to be maintained, and, although I wish Mr. Hermann success in his trying task, I am slow to believe that even under his inspired heat a chorus of the advertised size of the Handel and Haydn will sing with due appreciation of nuances. It is hard for the officers and many of the members of this venerable society to realize that we all are seeing the end of the year of our Lord 1898, and are not enjoying music as it was given in the late fifties or the late sixties. By the way, why does not the Handel and Haydn produce Mr. Hermann's new opera in concert form? To be sure, it would not be given under "royal auspices"; but there are patronesses in the city, patronesses galore.

I read with pain that Mr. Henri Marteau has been making in print disagreeable remarks about music in San Francisco.

He says: "If one sets about musically educating a city of the importance of San Francisco" (which he says is "hardly beyond the A B C of music"), "and has at his disposal the most primitive means, he should produce some masterpieces and modern novelties and by all means lay aside such mediocrities as Goetz's Symphony in F."

Why does not Mr. Marteau stick to his fiddle? The time spent in writing reviews and impressions for newspapers and magazines might be more profitably employed by him in studying musical ornamentation in the time of Sebastian Bach, especially the trill, how it should begin and end.

Le Ménestrel, Sept. 18, published this obituary notice:

"Another suicide. A young and exceedingly beautiful American singer, Miss Lyon, who, it is said, turned the heads of all the men in a café-concert at Constantinople, while sailing on the Bosphorus with several companions, suddenly drew a revolver from her bodice and put a ball in her temple, before any one could seize the weapon."

Does any one know who this Miss Lyon was?

It is a pleasure to know that young Mr. Siegfried Wagner was turned down at Hamburg, for his arrogance has been not only ridiculous but prejudicial to music, especially to composers—and most of all his father—when he deigned to conduct their works. The opera house at Hamburg opened this season with "Die Meistersinger," and Siegfried was to conduct. Not sufficiently acquainted with his father's opera—although it has been reported that he could conduct them all with his eyes shut and one hand tied behind him, he asked for several extra rehearsals. The manager, not being dazzled by "daddyism," replied that it was not the custom in Hamburg to rehearse so much operas that were familiar to everybody connected with the theatre. And another ruled that night in Siegfried's place.

Through the courtesy of Professor

John K. Paine, I am able to tell the readers of the Journal the story of his opera, "Azara." The libretto written by him has been published in attractive form by the Riverside Press, Cambridge.

The opera is in three acts, and the scene is in Provence, about the time of the early crusades.

Act I. Interior court of Rainulf's castle. King Rainulf (bass) awaits news of the battle, raging near the castle. His son Gontran (tenor) is leading the Christians against the Saracens, commanded by Mälek (baritone). Gontran is victorious, and among those who assemble to welcome his return is Azara (soprano), a Moorish maiden, the ward of Aymar, a vassal of the King. The latter suddenly, beholding her beauty, falls in love with her and plans to make her his own. Gontran enters with his knights, and for his promised reward, claims the hand of Azara, to whom he is secretly betrothed. Rainulf tries to dissuade him, and tells of the necessity of a political marriage. The knights protest against Azara because she is an infidel. Aymar explains that she was baptized as a child. The King disbelieves this, orders Gontran to go to Spain. Gontran, furious, has the prisoner Mälek led in, and to him he gives back his sword, and sets him free. The King tells the guards to hurl the prisoner over the cliff. Gontran interferes with drawn sword. In the confusion Mälek disappears. Gontran accuses his father of hypocrisy and past naughty deeds. Rainulf curses and disowns him.

Act II. An open forest glade by the seashore. Night. Azra and Aymar, escaped from the castle, are waiting for the dawn. Orchestra scene: "Soft lapping of the waves on the shore; mysterious forest sounds; wood-nymphs ap-

or not about the moon and
I never found the sleeping Azara,
an and daybreak, far-off echo of
ating horns." Shepherds enter and
her that Gontran is uninjured, and
in the forest. Aymar sets out with
m to find him. Mälek appears on his
y to his galley. He is struck by
ara's beauty and resemblance to the
aph's queen. The truth comes o'er
A. Azara is the Moslem princess,
years ago in the shock of battle,
quest of whom he has been sent to
vance. He explains all this, shows
the portrait of her mother, urges
to return; and he, too, falls vio-
ly in love with her. She spurns
him and reminds him that Gontran had
ed his life. He seizes her; she
s a dagger, threatening to kill her.
Mälek hears footsteps, and with-
out Gontran enters alone, and
he falls fainting at his feet. They
surprised by Rainulf, who says all
is forgiven, if Gontran will resign
to his care. The son draws
sword, the King commands re-
to seize them; and then Gontran
his father of the murder of his
and his despoilment of the Holy
where when he went as pilgrim to
East. He then hands him a parch-
ment given him that day by a priest.
Papal edict cuts him off from
h and land. Saracens led by
k appear. In the fight Rainulf is
ed mortally. Azara is carried off
enemy. The Moorish galley
s by Mälek and his men sing
r song, while Gontran and his
s all for vengeance.

III. By the moat of Gontran's
Gontran is now King. He has
to be vain for Azara. It is the
May-day. Burgheers, maidens,
girls appear. Mälek is pres-
ed as a minstrel. Azara has
from the bare walls in Spain
find her way to Gontran. Mälek
s before him disguised as a trou-
per. The courtiers notice her and
bids her sing. She tells her
ry, "how the desperate Moor had
ed her flying footsteps, while un-
g he sustained her soul that she
rest in loving arms at last."
he sees herself to her lover, while
k tries to stab her. Gontran
ste the dagger from him. Mälek in
draws a concealed dagger and
s at the feet of Azara, who is em-
ed by Gontran, "amid acclamations
y and loyalty."
he story is told in flowing verse of
Azara's scene by the sea is a
chion:

Oh my zephyr sighs,
hepers to the trembling leaves
p with fond caress;
the murmur swells and dies,
the troubled soul that grieves
ed happiness.
of Faith alone can look
the leafy vale
at sides the wildwood path and
at break
stant fell and dale,
ing vision of the mind!
oly place thou hast divined,
th faith-illuminated eyes I see
er now my true heart waits for me,
at music haunts you sylvan bower?
he nightingale, oft mute by day,
ne ardent lay of love I hear,
wige! Eros' magic power,
bear my message far away
him forever dear!
ay how my true love, like gold,

ll be more pure and precious found.
ore by fire 'tis tried,
growing heart shall ne'er grow cold,
ugh dangers dark our lives sur-
round,
e ocean's surging tide,
ar nightingale! tell him my tale
ful song; then homeward fly
aker wing, and quickly bring
word of love, lest I should die!
h, as you see, Professor Palne
s back to the romantic period for
eration of his music. On the
and he turns away from the misty
th, in the other, from the extreme
lism of the hypo-modern Italians and
ir Young German imitators. Here
a love story, pure and simple; here
vicious deeds; here is oppor-
y for rich costumes and varied
ery.

rofessor Palne has finished the opera
is now at work on the piano-ande-
gement arrangement. Mr. Carl Pfeu-
er is translating the opera into German.
I shall not be surprised if the opera
sees the footlights in Germany.
and yet the pity of it! the pity of it!
hy cannot an opera written by an
merican composer of the high repu-
tion that Professor Palne enjoys be
duced in his own country and sung
Americans? Mr. Walter Damrosch
is fortunate enough to have his own
era company.

..
The subscription tickets with reserved
ats for the series of Kneisel Quartet
concerts in Association Hall, Oct. 24,
Nov. 21, Dec. 5, Jan. 2, 30, Feb. 13,
March 13, April 10, will be sold Mon-
y (tomorrow) morning at the box
ice of Music Hall. The sale will be-
at 9 o'clock.

The Journal published last Sunday the
t of pieces that will be performed,
d it is not necessary now to repeat

them. But there is largely re-
ed, nor are Mozart, Haydn, Schu-
rt, and Schumann forgotten. Brahms and
Tchaikowsky will be heard, and the
mournfully beautiful quartet of the
deaf and crazed Smetana will be re-
peated.

Among the novelties will be the fine
quartet in D by César Franck. This
remarkable work, written in 1889, was
first performed at a concert of the
Société Nationale, Paris, April 19, 1890.
The first movement, poco lento and
allegro, is lofty in conception; the
scherzo, muted, is of fantastic color
and delicate workmanship. The lar-
ghetto develops a most expressive
theme, and the finale includes recol-
lections of the theme of the prelude,
the scherzo and the larghetto, most
ingeniously introduced.

There will be a quartet (op. 5) by
Serge Tanieff, pianist, and for a time
director of the Moscow Conservatory.
He is a pupil of Nicolas Rubinstein; a
devoted friend of Tchaikowsky, who
was the first to play several of his
more important piano pieces, and he
has edited several of his posthumous
works. He has written much chamber
music; according to Pougin, six quar-
tets for piano and strings. And in 1895
his trilogy in eight scenes, "Orestie,"
was produced at St. Petersburg. He is
called an "occidentalist;" his music is
not too intensely and aggressively na-
tional.

Then there will be an octet for strings
by Svendsen, a piano quartet by Schar-
wenka, and a concerto for violin by
Bach.

Messrs. Joseffy, Rosenthal, Siloti,
Scharwenka, Whiting, Miss Aus der
Ohe, and members of the Symphony
Orchestra will assist.

..
Melba has been studying the part of
Mimi in "La Bohème" with Puccini,
the composer. The opera will be produced
here this season by the Charles A. Ellis
Company.

It is not true that Hans Richter has
been obliged to give up conducting on
account of a lame arm.

Here is gossip about Rosenthal, who
will play here this season: "His home
life is especially interesting. He spends
a great deal of time in Vienna and at
Ischl, but it is at his charming little
house at Abbazio, near Trieste, that one
sees him at his best. It is situated in
a very picturesque spot, and faces the
blue Adriatic. In fact, it is an ideal
retreat for an artist. There he lives
in seclusion with his beloved piano,
and spends from eight to ten hours
daily in practice. He is an early riser,
and after taking his matutinal plunge,
he immediately proceeds to the instru-
ment. Seated in a comfortable chair
he receives visitors, chats, and trans-
acts his business without even allowing
his finger to wander away from the
keyboard. It is a difficult matter some-
times to convince him that there is
such a thing as food, and that he must
stop long enough to eat. As a rule, his
meals are very short ones, and many
of them are served to him while he is
seated at the piano. Rosenthal's mo-
ments of recreation are spent at bill-
iards. This he varies with the Ameri-
can game of poker, at which he is quite
proficient. He learned the latter dur-
ing his first visit to America, and has
since introduced it all over Vienna."

The last time I saw Rosenthal he was
enjoying hot sausage in New York and
discussing eloquently and wittily con-
cerning the philosophy of Nietzsche and
the influence of the French decadents.
He will give a recital in Carnegie Music
Hall Oct. 25. After three more recitals
there he will appear in Boston. Later
he will give concerts along the Pacific
coast and in Mexico.

Musical talent is making itself known
in Atlanta, Ga., where elaborate prepa-
rations are in progress for the pro-
duction of a comic opera called "Zelena,"
by James Beall, a tenor, who is said to
have been two seasons with the Bos-
tonians. Most of the singers in the
company are local performers, though
some are from Chattanooga. One of
the Atlanta papers says, "The melodies
of 'Zelena' are said by competent critics
to be among the most beautiful ever
written."—New York Times.

Teresa Carreno will make her first

appearance this season in Chicago Jan.
13, 14.

They propose to form a Russian opera
company in New York, with Mr. Mel-
wedoff at the head. The object of the
company will be to sing Russian operas
in the Russian language. We heard
Mr. Medwedoff here last spring. In
fact, we should have heard him if we
had been passing by Tremont Temple
instead of sitting within its walls. A
vigorous, robust, athletic singer.

The Whittinsville Musical Association
of 150 voices, Mr. Arthur M. Curry con-
ductor, will give at their first concert
Bruch's "Fair Ellen" and a miscellane-
ous program.

Those who wish to dilate with the
proper emotion at Symphony concerts

should bear in mind that Mr. Arthur
M. Curry will hold "Symphony, Anal-
ysis Classes" this season at his rooms
in Hoytston Street. His object is
praiseworthy: It is to enable one to
listen intelligently.

A mass in D by Benjamin Cutter,
for solo voices, mixed chorus and or-
gan, will be given for the first time, Oct.
25, at the Church of the Immaculate
Conception, Mr. George E. Whiting, or-
ganist.

Mr. Henry M. Dunham, assisted by
his brother, Mr. William H. Dunham,
tenor, par noble fratrum will give an
organ recital at the New England Con-
servatory of Music, Oct. 19.

Jelanna Gadsdill will make a concert
tour through the country before her ap-
pearance in opera in November.

The first of the Music Students'
Chamber concerts will be given in As-
sociation Hall Nov. 8. By the way, will
the Ondrick-Schultz Quartet be reor-
ganized this season? and will the
Schnitzler Quartet persevere, and will
not the Adamowski Quartet be heard
here? Mayor Quincy claims that Bos-
ton is a musical town. Let us have
concerts between all meals, as well as
before and after dinner.

I wonder whether Mayor Quincy, or
Mr. Mollenhauer, that admirable musi-
cian and conductor, chose the program
for the First of the People's concerts
"Under the auspices of the Music Com-
mission of the city of Boston," which
will be given tonight at Music Hall?
I observe that Mr. Shirley will sing a
song by C. H. Gounod, who is probably
our old friend Gounod, known by his
baptismal certificate as Charles Fran-
cois Gounod. Accuracy, accuracy, Mr.
Mayor, even in concert programs. Bos-
tonians will hear Thomas, Tchaikow-
sky, Lumbye, Wagner, Bizet, Clara K.
Rogers, Lédess, Latann, all more or
less known to fame. Let us hope that
our citizens and citizenesses will thus
acquire "a liking for the sort of com-
position that endures," to quote from
the officially inspired circular.

Tonight also Mr. Brooke and his popu-
lar Chicago Marine Band will give
the last of their Sunday concerts at the
Boston Theatre. Bizet will be heard
there as well as at Music Hall, and
Nevin's "Narcissus"—a tune that some
of you may have heard, will be played.
Mr. Brooke's own "Our Na ion's Guard"
will be repeated, and Miss Sibyl Sam-
s will sing. Popular music; and if
people pay to hear music, why should
they not hear music that they like,
especially when it is well played or
sung? I confess that I should like to
hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra
play one of Strauss's waltzes at a
solemn Symphony concert. It would
be a pleasure to see the audience for-
get program books and really sit up.

Mr. John Franklin Botume, assisted
by Miss Maud C. Blackmer, will give
a song recital in Chickering Hall Oct.
26. His program is an agreeable re-
lief from the average "offering"—as
theatre-managers say—of concert giv-
ers. Not a song by Brahms; not even
a song by Schubert, Schumann or
Franz; but Italian ditties, an aria from
Paladilke's "Patrie," Stanford's idea
of what songs the clown sang in
"Twelfth Night," a ballad by Loewe,
and—mirabile dictu—at least ten songs
in English. Mr. Botume sets a good
example early in the season.

Mr. Edward Brigham will also give
a song recital at Malden Oct. 19, and
some of his selections are not familiar.
Loewe's "Phosphorescence," for in-
stance, and Wallace's "The Bell Ringer,"
are not often heard in these days,
nor does Mr. Brigham turn up his nose
at Polloy.

There is much interest in the Har-
vard University chamber concerts, the
first of which will be given by the
Kneisel Quartet, Nov. 1. The program
will be strictly classical: Haydn's Quar-
tet, op. 7, in G minor; Mozart's Quar-
tet, in D minor, and Beethoven's Quar-
tet, op. 59, in F major. The sale opened
Saturday with good results.

Mr. Strube led an orchestra of Sym-
phony players at Newburyport, Oct. 10,
with marked success, according to the
Newburyport News. The News said:
"To criticize last night's concert
would be the haldest kind of presumption."
And then the reviewer discovered
dancing Tyrolean peasants in Grieg's
"Peer Gynt" suite. Mr. Nagel of the
orchestra played cello solos, and the
reviewer said, "he might have worn
his fingers off on his strings, and the
audience would have staid to see him
do it." A cruel, if flattering tribute!

..
Listen to this wail from Mr. W. J.
Henderson of the New York Times. I
echo his wail. "A good many musi-
cians labor under the delusion that the
New York Times is a sort of charitable
institution; but it is not. Teachers who
desire publication of the fact that they
have returned from the country or Eu-
rope and have reopened their studios
should apply at the business office of
this paper. Information of that kind
is not news, and is not printed in the
news columns."

A NEW YORK TIMES MUSICIAN AMPLI-
fyed, edited by Mr. John C. Tresselt, ap-
peared for the first time Oct. 8. I prom-
ised to be a clean, impartial journal
free to be a clean, impartial journal
The first number contained articles by

Messrs. Friend, Leonard Liebbling, Spinn-
uth, Chaffin, Warren Davenport, and
others.

Mr. Laur's first Philharmonic program
in New York, Nov. 5, is as follows:
Overture "Benvenuto Cellini" Berlioz
Piano concerto, No. 2, in B-flat Liszt
Adele aus der Ope..... Beethoven
Symphony No. 7..... Beethoven

Rosa Sucher has been talking about
make-up. "It is indispensable, because
features, through the make-up, are
rendered more plastic, the colors truer,
the eyes more expressive. The strong
light and the distance from the spec-
tators make it absolutely necessary. I
have been often told that I looked well
on the stage, and no less seldom asked
how I made up. My maxim is one that
could be applied as well to many other
questions in life—not too much of a
thing because it is good. A make-up
face must look well when one is very
near. Then only is it right for the
stage. So far as the kind of cosmetics
affects the question, my belief is that
the most expensive are the best. I am
careful to use little red. I take tints
that are neither too dark nor too light
and am chiefly careful to see that I
please myself. Over the little red I use,
light, dry, English powder is sprinkled.
I use blond for the lashes and black for
the brows, following the plan of na-
ture." But what a wig she wears as
Brünnhilde! And she was one of the
fattest Isolde known to the stage, the
kind of woman that is represented as
Germania extolling a particular brew.

..
I had hoped to discuss Mr. Krehbels'
new book, "Music and Manners in the
Classical Period," but I must defer the
discussion until next Sunday. The
most interesting chapters are those
concerning the Mozart Centenary at
Salzburg.

..
Mr. Louis N. Parker, the dramatist,
is a hot admirer of Wagner. Witness
his preface to Volume I. of the souvenir
of the Wagner Cycles at Covent Garden.
He represents the composer as saying—
and I add the comments of the Referee
reviewer:

"I will now write a drama for the
performance of which a special theatre
must be built. I will have it built in
the furthestmost corner of the world.
My drama shall last four nights; no
living artist shall have skill to play
therein until they have gone to school
again, unlearned all they now know, and
learnt all I can teach them. I will
write my music for an orchestra such
as does not exist. I will write for in-
struments that have not yet been in-
vented. I will invent them. For my
poem I will take all heaven and earth
and the waters that are under the
earth, and I will write in a new tongue.
My scenery shall be unrepresentable;
rainbows, fire, and the depths of the
rivers. My characters shall be gods,
toads, heroes, and the birds of the air."
Surely the advocate goes a little be-
yond his brief. A composer who writes
for instruments that have not been in-
vented, who demands unrepresentable
scenery, should not complain that he
has to bide his time. The public is ac-
cused of neglecting Wagner; it is thus
excused. But Mr. Parker is an enthusi-
ast. He exaggerates the distinction be-
tween "twicedledum and tweedledee,"
as Pope says in an epigram on the
musical war that was raging in his
time. It is claiming too much for Wag-
ner to say that his work was "to be
made clear, brought home, one might al-
most say, to the deaf and blind by every
human contrivance." This is nonsense.
Apart from the fact that the unrepresen-
table scenery when once it has be-
come representable must be invisible
still to the blind, and the deaf must
ever remain insensible to sound, still
it is really placing music in a position
which Gluck, with all his theorizing,
would not have accepted for the work
of a composer. Mr. Parker argues in
such fashion that he seems to deprive
music of its independence as an art,
and to reduce it to the condition of act-
ing, which does not exist except as a
medium for the expression of the dra-
matist's art. This is asking too little
for music. It is asking too much, how-
ever, when Mr. Parker says of Wagner
that "he invented the Leading Motive,
and music, which had hitherto been
only emotional, became intellectual."
The "leading motive" does not make
music intellectual. The leading motive
is only a trick. It is sometimes a bit
of a nuisance. Now emotional, it seems
to me, is the very thing music should
be. I can no more conceive of music
than of painting as peculiarly intel-
lectual, for the one appeals not more
directly to the ear than the other to the
eye; and to endeavor to say more to
the understanding in music than music
will express is to try to make of music
something that it is not.

Philip Hale.

Oct 17, 1898

OCTOBER.

Red leaves are in the water
And red leaves underfoot,
Red hips I pluck for fruit,
I, April's daughter.

The wind, my hound, before me
Runs swift and whimpers, child;
A crystal casket-lid
Of sky bends o'er me.

A rainbow arches over
My head, and bids me hope all;
My jewel is the opal,
The rain, my lover.

I, clad with running water
And shod with gleaming mist,
Bring ye to winter's tryst,
I, April's daughter.

We received many letters Saturday. Some went immediately into the waste-basket. Others will receive due attention this week.

"Q." alas, is still silent; but the Quietist, now in North Carolina, sent this tale of sleep-chasing:

THE IDIOT NIGHT.

You must bend lower, for this is to be whispered. Nearer yet. Now listen. If you walk abroad with the night at the deep hour, remember to pray the Virgin, for the sake of your soul, that the night be not that Idiot which is born once in the year at an ever varying time, that witless one of the three hundred and sixty-five dusky children of lusty Time and his paramour, Darkness—O the dark-browed nights! Remember that though the danger be great, you need not walk blindly into the arms of the Idiot, for God hath ordained it so that signs of the Idiot's approach are never wanting. And, indeed, the mercy of God extendeth further. For that night is always one in which few men would stir forth—why should they when the home-fire is bright, and in the outside dark the Idiot mopes at the evil weather? But—O bend lower, there are men that are outside the pale of God's mercy—aye, it is true, but do not leave me. They that be morose men, harassed by thoughts and sorrows and regrets and sins which simple men, and they that are born whole and of untainted blood, know nothing of; and this our time is the epoch of morose men; and there are many dark tales whispered—O, I could whisper you one—of poor souls accompanied by the Idiot, whilst wandering in the night, to their eternal undoing. These tales are not told in full, which is well for your peace of soul. But there are whispers of hopelessly mad winds which fear the whining Idiot, whispers of winds moping and mowing, and of causeless laughter; and of how the darkness is utter, for the moons and the stars do clothe themselves with cloud, as with sackcloth, and mourn with a loud lamentation because of the vile thing which is in their tabernacle. How came this Idiot to be born to eternal and godlike Time?

L. H. writes to the Journal: "Mr. W. L. Alden of the New York Times chirrups from a high column of his newspaper what he calls a vindication. It is now certain, he thinks, that a person much named in connection with the 'Ballad of Reading Gaol' had nothing to do with the writing. Mr. Alden, having been much derided because he hunted for the author even after the third and signed edition was out, is now happy to state that the poem is the work of a certain gentleman of Naples—a Mr. Sebastian Melmot. As a case of 'circutious progress,' this can hardly be excelled. Although he says that Mr. Melmot is a gentleman hitherto unheard of in the literary world, it may be stated contrariwise that he is the author of a play which Mr. Beerbohm Tree will bring out in London this season, and that some years ago he wrote 'Lady Windermere's Fan.' Mr. Melmot's peculiar position led Mr. Edgar Saltus to remark, 'He may smile some day to see another of his plays billed as 'A Woman of No Importance' by a Man of No Department.'"

J. N. replies to our question "And at what age does a real become beef?"

O, my verdant young friend: Your heart is right to avoid politics, but don't you know if this famous war had not have come upon us we would now be in the throes of a political war to determine when a calf-skin becomes a rug? Does not your question invite this discussion which would be more terrible than a Santiago campaign twice drawn out?"

We forgive J. N. the taunt "verdant," for does he not follow the word with "young?"

"Mrs. Langtry leaned over the grand stand and bowed low to Mr. Tod Shaffer." So there is a man whom she respects. You may remember that she showed her reverence for the Prince of

Wales by slipping pieces of ice down his neck, which caused him considerable personal inconvenience.

A. F. G. asks the Journal: "Why does Samuel Adams stand down there in the Square, with folded arms and determined mien, with his foot so firmly placed, to hold that faded old wreath put there months ago by some 'ladies' patriotic society? Perhaps he thus gives an example of old-time chivalry."

The low church party in England

is said to be aggrieved deeply because the Archbishop of Canterbury commends prayers for the dead.

And yet sound Protestants have prayed for their dead. Boswell says of Samuel Johnson: "That he in conformity with the opinion of many of the most able, learned and pious Christians in all ages, supposed that there was a middle state after death, previous to the time at which departed souls are finally received to eternal felicity, appears, I think, unquestionably from his devotions." And, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful for me, I commend to thy fatherly goodness the soul of my departed wife; beseeching thee to grant her whatever is best, in her present state, and finally, to receive her to eternal happiness." And Johnson made much the same prayer for his parents, brother and Henry Thrale. Jeremy Collier says of praying for the dead, "It is a constant usage of the primitive church." In the fourth century, according to Tertullian, it was a kind of heresy to deny the efficacy of such prayers. And did not Sir Thomas Browne cherish the "heresy" or "error"? Listen to his sweet and solemn words: "A third there is, which I did never positively maintain or practise, but have often wished it had been consonant to truth, and not offensive to my religion, and that is the prayer for the dead; whereunto I was inclined from some charitable inducements, whereby I could scarce contain my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a bell, or behold his corpse without an orison for his soul. 'Twas a good way, methought, to be remembered by posterity, and far more noble than a history."

Pathetic in its homeliness is a funeral rite in Yorkshire. Each of the mourners is given a large cake. The housewife stores such bakemeats away. They keep well—better than the bodies for which they serve as a remembrance. At a high tea these cakes will be produced. And, if Gilbert Ward is to be believed, there is ghoulsh dialogue like unto this:

"Wilt ee have some o' Jane Ivilson's cake, Mrs. Metcalf?"
"Nay, but I'll hev a bit o' Willy Stoakdale's. They mak things gudc thar."

Oct 18, 1898

I once asked good old Lady Combermere, the relic of the famous Field-Marshal of that name, and who lived to be nearly ninety, and preserved almost to the last her brilliant mental faculties, whether she could remember the period when ices first became popular in English society. She replied that, so far as she could recollect, both water and cream ices became fashionable about 1817; but that they were at first somewhat mistrusted by the beau monde, inasmuch as they made its stomach ache.

We have received letters from women calling our attention to the active presence in Boston of the flea; and women in conversation and strict confidence have bewailed the invasion. We do not now refer to the sand-flea or the common garden flea or the flea that affects intimacy only with dogs and cats. We refer to that terrible monster, the pulex irritans.

The Northern States have until this summer been comparatively free from this ridiculous, puny and yet energetic parasite. In France, Germany, Spain, Italy and the more Eastern countries, the flea is such a destroyer of happiness that he is almost a national pride. An Italian will praise his pets, just as a Jerseyite is proud of his mosquitoes. Yet do these fleas bite an Italian as sharply and persistently as they do an American school teacher or pork packer conducted by the kindly Mr. Cook. We have seen in the Apollo Theatre, Rome, a sumptuous beauty during the performance of a ballet make careful exploration with generous and confident display of personal charms.

We assure our correspondents that we sympathize with them in their torment. We do not name any powder or liquid remedy, lest we be charged with a commercial mind and an understanding with an apothecary; for this is a sadly sordid age. But we will administer consolation drawn from books, and would be delighted to aid them in any research.

In the first place, the ferocious, man-biting flea attacks the just and the unjust; he is no respecter of character.

Thus the devil appeared in the shape of a flea to Saint Dominic when the golly man was reading a soul-sustaining folio. The Saint recognized his foe, cast a spell upon him, and used him for a book-mark. Whenever Dominic raised his eyes for meditation, the flea moved to the word last read. And when Dominic closed the book, he allowed the flea to go unharmed. The satanic nature of the insect has always been remarked. Agelslaus cracked one when he presided at solemn sacrifice on the altar of Chalcoecious Pallas Memphisopholes in the cellar sang of a flea. The churches in Europe are infested with these disturbers of holy contemplation.

Be thankful that the enemy is no larger. Look at the picture of the ghost of a Flea, drawn from life by William Blake. Read what the ghost told him. The sinner, quiet for once, said that "all fleas were inhabited by the souls of such men as were by nature bloodthirsty to excess, and were therefore providentially confined to the size and form of insects; otherwise were he himself, for instance, the size of a horse, he would depopulate a great portion of the country."

Perhaps you will not find any substantial comfort from the legend that a sister of Orion, pursued by amorous Pan, was saved by Diana, who changed her into a flea. Besides, this legend is not well authenticated. But we now bring forward a balm for all your bites.

Years ago a singularly beautiful woman, Miss Catherine des Roches, was sitting in company, which she was charming, when one of the gallants noticed a flea on her fair neck, a flea that appreciated delicate lodgment. All envied the insect, and Estienne Pasquier wrote an ingenious poem "La Puce," to which Miss Catherine—for it was not a prudish epoch—made a witty and versified reply. The incident fired the fancy of others, bit Pegasus. There were poems in Latin and Greek. The learned Scaliger let loose his fancy. And all these verses were collected and published together in a volume.

Is it not possible that the poets of Boston—the minor poets, for the major are beneath the sod—will grasp the opportunity, even though the nimble insect escape? Nay, is it not their duty to console the afflicted by celebrating the tempting beauty that fixed the attention of a notorious wanderer?

That these fleas, hitherto comparatively unknown, now throw Bostonian women into confusion is a sure evidence that the physical condition of our citizenesses now rivals that of nobly moulded Romans or voluptuous Venetians or odallques that peer through latticed windows. There are now lines of beauty instead of anatomical angles and triangles. There is firm flesh instead of salt-cellars on a board of pectoral flatness. There are women rather than females. The flea, after long observation and consequent reluctance, has now gained courage. Hence his activity. The report that his diligence dates from the arrival of the Spanish prisoners at Portsmouth is not one to be considered seriously by deep thinkers.

And, in conclusion, let not miss Eustacia blush from fear lest the wooing of the flea be a sign of any neglect of a detail of the toilet, slack house-keeping, or drives in herdies. Only last Saturday night at the Symphony concert, we saw a flea enraptured on the nape of the neck of Mrs. Histepper, who rejoices in a long line of ancestry and family bequests. The flea was quiet; lost perhaps in wonder, love, and praise; or perhaps he was only sleeping during a long-winded variation by Brahms. We did not try to catch the flea. We did not inform Mrs. Histepper of his presence; for we have never met, and we feared a public manifestation of Boston cordiality. We looked again. Lo, he was gone. And in the street car, hanging from a strap, we found that he was with us, and not only in the recollection. Thus Mrs. Histepper owes us a heavy debt of gratitude. Will she ever repay it? We do not mean in kind.

Oct 17, 1898

At the edge of the stubble when daylight goes

And field and moorland are gathering gray,
All the last blossoms their elf-lights sway,
Awhile the October shadows close.

Poppy-scarlet and snapdragon-rose,
Ragweed-starlght and knapweed ray;
At the edge of the stubble when daylight goes

And field and moorland are gathering gray.

Honeyed scent of the hawkweed blows

Across the furrows at end of day;

O later, leaving the fallows, stay!—

For gloaming to marigold-moon-rise glows

At the edge of the stubble when daylight goes.

Mrs. L. P. writes to the Journal: "Whooping cough is prevalent in the part of the city where we live, and I am in daily fear lest my little Johnny be taken down with it. Do you know of any really good preventive or remedy?"

Dear madam, we know many preventives and remedies against the dreaded whooping cough, the tussis whooperosa as it was called by the ancient Romans. By the way, it is a singular fact that the disease was unknown to the North American Indians.

We are the seventh son of a seventh son, and possess a natural talent for bone-setting. It is true that we have no certificate awarded by a Faculty as a prize for dull, laborious plodding in a conventional path; but we are deeply interested in medicine and always willing to give advice. Although we belong, perhaps, to the eclectic school, our knowledge is based firmly on the treatises of the Arabians and other old masters, as Avicenna, Rhases, Serapion, Dioscorides, Ebn Balthar, Haly Abbas, etc. We mail you today our essay on the use of Helixine in cases of erysipelas and inflammations of the tonsils.

This remedy is inexpensive and easily obtained. Take a small quantity of hair from the nape of Johnny's neck, roll it up in a piece of meat, and give it to a dog. The dog will whoop and thus amuse Johnny.

But if you are afraid of hydrophobia or live in a flat and therefore keep no dog, feed the dear boy with bread and butter of a family the heads of which bear respectively the names John and Joan. Or if you find this impracticable, pass the boy thrice under the belly of a piebald horse. You need not hesitate to stop any horse of this description. Surely no driver of heart would begrudge the slight delay.

And now for a remedy that will delight the stomach of your hope and pride. He should eat a plain currant cake, made by a woman whose maiden name was the same as that of the man she married; but on no account should any payment or compensation be made directly or indirectly. We are sure Johnny would prefer this to being drawn backward through a bramble bush, a remedy held in favor by many.

Whooping-cough will never be taken by any child who has ridden upon a bear. But bears are not plentiful at present in Boston, and it is hardly worth while to make a trip to the White Mountains or the Maine woods at this time of the year.

Nor do we recommend nine fried mice, administered to him fasting and after this fashion: Three the first morning; wait three mornings, and then give three more; wait three mornings and then give the last three. This

cure, as well as that of holding a toad for a few moments with its head within Johnny's mouth, might war against your New England sense of cleanliness. But you might let him inhale the breath of a horse, or drink new milk out of a cup made of variegated holly, or out of a cup made from ivy cut at a particular change of the moon and hour of the night. Here is surely a variety of preventives and remedies. There will be no excuse if Johnny, contracting the disease, is allowed to whoop-it up indefinitely.

Everything is relative. Fontenelle at ninety-eight years of age, being unable to pick up a fan dropped by a fair dame with whom he was talking, cried, "Oh, how I regret my eighty years!"

A sermon entitled "The Samaritan in a Dress-Suit" was preached here last Sunday. It is the first of a series. The others are entitled: "The Samaritan in a Tuxedo"; "The Samaritan in a Prince Albert"; "The Samaritan in Overalls." We call the attention of the Providence Journal to these sermons, and hope that the Frock-Coat-and-Cravat Editor will be present in person.

It is not safe to put odds on Mr. Richard H. Davis in his controversy with General Shafter. It is true that Mr. Davis can talk for hours at a stretch, but General Shafter has a pretty talent of his own.

"The Last of Uncle Tom's Cabin." Let no false hope deceive you and fill your breast with joy. It is not the last of little Eva and the trained bloodhounds.

Are the weights used by sellers of meat and by grocers in this town ever inspected?

Poor people that are pinched and hungry, for there are some who suffer, wanting food, even in Boston, should swallow, before going to bed, a pinch of curry powder infused in hot water.

Veiled in a lace veil, she
The American dancer Freda
Jeff has returned to Victoria, Can-
ada, from Klondyke, where she enter-
ed the gold-seekers by the display
her art. She brought back \$62,000 in
gold. Thus do we learn American
ways of vital importance late in the
year, and from a foreign source.

Mr. E. T. Reed in Punch thus sets
the court of arms of Mr. de Rouge-
mont: "Arms: Quarterly: 1st, a
rough-bred riding-turtle rampant and
laid on the curb, thereon a Swiss
gentleman rouge-monté proper in nud-
elegant with the big toe; 2nd, a
light of wombats volant, soaring in
squad on the wing across a setting
sun; 3rd, under a chief nudes, adept
in ubiquitous in réclame, several gulls
in various landed and exploited proper
in a nauséam; 4th, looking up a geneal-
ogical tree shaly or insufficiently en-
riched, an inquiring editor spectated
(massingham) chronically regard-
ing in scepticism a series of travellers'
artisticly garnished and flaunted
in the press. Crest: Emergent from
a sea on hemisphere, a lion of ad-
venture, judged and fretty, charged in
a hatchet of romance
in proper. Supporters: Dexter, a
lion of the Royal Marines, tradition-
ally in credulity, gently closing
an alternate eye proper; sinister, an
ultralassian blackmoor rampant in
a blitheness bearing a long bow drawn
fixed to the full."

Oct 20 1898

Lying for the sake of a monthly salary is
a well-known in Fleet Street, and
the profession of a political leader-writer is
not without its advantages. But it is said
to be a somewhat dull occupation, and it cer-
tainly does not lead to much beyond a kind
of tentatious obscurity. The only form of
writing that is absolutely beyond reproach is
the one for its own sake, and the highest de-
gree of this is lying in Art. Just as
we do not love Plato more than
Truth, we cannot pass beyond the threshold of
the sublime, so those who do not love
beauty more than Truth never know the in-
most shrine of Art.

We have received letters from several
women thanking us heartily for the
solution found by them in a recent
article on the flea. They all have them.

Yesterday in a half-filled Cambridge
13 persons wore glasses, and five
were ejected men sat side by side. We
mention this, lest any one be tempted to
believe, though New York and Chi-
ago sneers, that culture is merely tradi-
tional in this neighborhood.

Playhouses are more necessary in a well
governed Commonwealth than public schools;
for men are better taught by example than
precept.

The Era (London), which is generally
well-informed and trustworthy journal,
states gravely that Mr. Harry Daven-
port, who is now playing in London
in "The Belle of New York," is "the
son of the late Miss Fanny Davenport
and of Mr. E. L. Davenport."

By the way, the Era finds in "The
Belle of New York" a high moral pur-
pose. "That purpose appears to be to
glorify the elevating influence of wom-
an." We congratulate Mr. "Hugh
Morton"; likewise the Era.

Taverns are more requisite in a city than
academies; for it is better the multitude were
loving than learned.

Who was it that said of the editor
of Truth: "Mr. Labouchere—a bold but
judicious libeller, who certainly de-
serves well of the Common Law Bar.
For purely equitable proceedings he
seems to have no turn."

Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous tenor,
will leave the stage after a series of
farewells. "He prefers to close his
public career with the present century,
while his powers are at their zenith
and his voice is in full and unimpaired
maturity." Inasmuch as he is about
to leave the stage, it would not be
patriotic to question the latter part of the
preceding statement. Lloyd was born
in 1845, and he first became famous
as a public singer about 1870. His first
appearance in Boston was April 6,
1890, when he sang the solo tenor part
in "Eljah" at a Handel and Haydn
concert.

Simms Reeves, who was born in 1818,
will sing at a benefit concert in Lon-
don this winter. Still more remark-
able is the case of Karl Schneider of
Remscheid, who sang a short time ago
and was praised loudly for the fresh-
ness of his voice and the virility of
his interpretation. Mr. Schneider is 94.

Mr. Lloyd has not spent his money on
beer and skittles, on the contrary he
has been a careful, prudent man. He
owns property at Brighton, and an
estate near Tunbridge Wells, with a
manor house and farm, good shooting,
fishing and all that, and on this estate
he proposes to spend the remainder of

his life. Christianity as the ruling
principle of life there would be some hope of
the statement of the Ten Commandments
in our midst. The Church, having come
down off its pedestal and descended to the
level of ordinary humanity, would once more
be a power among the people, and a popular
Church would soon put an end to that idola-
try of wealth which is the great corrupting
influence of modern civilization. Today we
no longer ask if a man is good or honest,
we say "Is he rich?" and the rich man is
welcome everywhere, no matter by what
means he acquired his wealth.

According to the Referee, "They call
the American jockey 'Sloan' Sure."

The word "jockey," young ladies and
gentlemen, is of Gipsy origin and is
derived from "Chuekn," which means
a whip. See the writings of the in-
genious Mr. Borrow and the equally
ingenious Mr. C. G. Leland. "The
jockey-whip was the original term in
which the word first made its appear-
ance on the turf, and the chuekn was
a peculiar form of whip, very long and
heavy, first used by the Gipsies. Jockey-
ism properly means the management of
a whip." Bailey's old Dictionary gives
the definition—"one who trims up and
rides about with horses for sale."

And what a beautiful thing it is to
be a successful jockey! Mr. Todhunter
Sloan-Todhunter implies that he rides
according to mathematical formulas—
but Mr. Sloan has his own style—fills
up whole passages of the Hotel Cecil
with trunks and a secretary; gives a
finger to Jukes and Earls at the ex-
clusive clubs; and yet has plenty of
time to refresh his mind with the best
reading.

Mr. George R. Sims, observing that
the Westminster Gazette cautiously
"headlined" the story of an inquest
on a billiard marker

"SAID TO BE A COUSIN OF THE
EARL OF A—"

Broke out into the following verse:

THE DISCREET JOURNALIST.

The defendant, who was summoned for as-
saulting the police,

Wore a pair of patent leathers and a coat
without a crease;

He had fashionable trousers, and an eye-
glass in his eye,

And was said to be a cousin of His Grace
the Duke of Y—.

The lady, who was weeping as she stepped
into the dock,

Was accused of stealing stockings from a
linendraper's stock;

She had offered when arrested to return them
or to pay,

And was said to be related to the Marchion-
ess of A—.

The prisoner's appearance was dejected and
forlorn,

He'd been potman for a fortnight at the
Crown and Unicorn;

With his late employer's money he was
charged with making free,

And was said to be a cousin of Sir Reginald
de B—.

Did you ever watch a street car con-
ductor trying to size up the age of a
child? It is a fine study of human
character. The steamers on the Amer-
mersee in Bavaria have posted up
notices that read: "Infants under sixty
centimetres high are admitted free,
children up to the height of 130 cen-
timetres pay half price. Dogs to pay
the same fare as the latter class." Per-
haps we may yet see measuring tapes
applied by them that sit or stand at the
Subway gates in receipt of custom.

Oct 21

With equal feet Art treads an equal path,
Nor reck the goings of the sons of men;

She hath for sin no scorn, for wrong no
wrath,

No praise for virtue, and no tears for pain.

All serve alike her purpose; she requires
The very life-blood of humanity;

All that the soul conceives, the heart de-
sires,

She marks, she garners in her memory.

THE COUGH HOTEL.

But they call it the Ozonia, and it is
the chief ornament of the health resort.
The guests come—as the birds—with
winter and from the North. They bring
their trunks and their tennis-racks,
their guns and their golf-sticks, and
their — Coughs. All the guests, how-
ever, do not bring Coughs; some bring
their throats, hearts, asthmatic trou-
bles. Thus yesterday four guests and
two Coughs were registered. Today
three guests and one Cough.

The guests—they that are able, for
some lie a-bed, or in chairs, wrapped
in rugs—walk and talk and idle. The
railway station is one attraction; the
Post Office at mail times is another;
and there is always the Store with its
cheerful liar. Thus, the guests amuse
themselves.

The Coughs also amuse themselves.
You do not understand the source of
their cheerfulness, for you naturally
suppose that in this dry, pure, re-
fined air these poor, exiled Coughs
would pine and die—that is, you sup-
pose this before you take a room in

the Cough Hotel.

You are in bed, and so are all the
guests, strong, weak, dying, and their
bedfellows are with them, their bad
throats, or hearts, or Coughs. The par-
titions are thin; you can hear sounds
from the other rooms, somebody per-
sistently hemming, another gnawing
his throat, another coughing. You
think you see low-turned lamps, humbly
placed medicine bottles, water and
pale faces with shadowed eye-sockets,
foreheads damp with night-sweat.

Time goes and the clock observes it.
Tick! Toek! It is the deep of night.
Sleep has come to the Cough Hotel,
and is so merciful that only one soul
is awake, besides you and the attend-
ants, for the deeper sleep has also
come to the hotel and this soul keeps
awake to greet it. You cannot sleep,
you keep thinking of the cheerfulness
of the Coughs—and in this climate! It
has puzzled you and your nerves are
disturbed by the thought.

You toss feverishly in bed. A shaft
of moonlight comes in under the half-
raised window; it blinds and annoys
you. You are about to get up to ad-
just the blind, when you crouch back
all of a tremble; for there are strange
shapes sitting cross-legged in the moon-
light on the floor of your room. They
are Coughs—not to be mistaken where-
ever seen.

There is the Cough of the young man
from Pennsylvania; the Cough of the
New Yorker, who arrived yesterday;
Coughs from Boston; Coughs from other
towns. It is their hour of relaxation
from the cares of the day and night.

"As for me," says the Boston Cough,
with a chuckle, "I was not alarmed for
a moment when the boss talked of com-
ing here to get rid of me."

Did you see him tonight, sitting out
on the grass, smoking a big cigar, and
admiring the moon? I got in my fine
work when he went indoors."

"Sure thing; same with my bloke,"
said the New York Cough, "down in

the bowling alley where tobacco smoke
was so thick you could cut it."

"That's the way with them all,"
chipped in another voice when the
laughter ceased; "not until they are
stretched in bed do they take any care
of themselves and—hello! my boss is
awake. I must leave you!"

There was yawning, stretching among
them. "Another day's work beginning."
Morning, chill and gray, gave warn-
ing.

The partitions are thin. You hear
gargling, hemming, coughing. You lie
still, pondering the mightfulness of the
Coughs who bared at the "best hotel
in this far-famed health resort."

THE QUIETIST.

Die, die,
Away you fly,
And then your soul is in the sky.

"Culture germs" killed an attendant
in the laboratory of Prof. Nothnagel
of Vienna. We do not know that cul-
ture germs kill in Boston, but they
make some people mighty disagreeable.
"M. Adolph Samuel" at the
time of his death was completing an
oratorio entitled "Christus."

And this in the careful, accurate Bos-
ton Transcript!

Dear Sister, Samuel's "Christus" was
finished, and performed at Ghent in 1895.
Since then it has been performed at
Brussels and Cologne.

The Kaiser and the Sultan have cer-
tain tastes in common.

Mrs. A. C. W. writes to the Journal:
"Will you direct satire toward the
marriage service? Direct? Yes, but
cause it to cleave asunder the nonsense
of the phrase with which a clergyman
'pronounces' a couple 'man and wife.'
Who said that the groom is not a man.
That he is a man, is taken for granted.
If the priest would only say 'husband
and wife,' none might dispute him or
his truth. But he, nothing more than
a man himself, takes it upon himself
to assist the Almighty in the affirming
of the making of a man to be. This
causes the service to seem grotesque
and ludicrous in its climax."

We entertain a deep respect for the
judgment of A. C. W., but we do not
think her point is well taken. We find
the marriage service, from which she
quotes, beautiful—especially that sen-
tence in which the wife promises to
obey her husband.

Oct 22 1898

Modern memoirs are generally written by
people who have either entirely lost their
memories, or have never done anything
worth remembering; which, however, is no
doubt, the true explanation of their popu-
larity, as the English public always feels
perfectly at its ease when a mediocrity is
talking to it.

A young woman tries twice to kill her-
self. "Those who are acquainted with
her" wonder why she wishes to throw

off life. It is all howsoever that her
failure to do so work may have proved
upon her mind.

"May I have proved upon her mind?"
An honorable woman, who wished to
support herself honorably. She wished
to pay with money that she had earned
her small bills for lodging, food and
dress. And she could find no work.
Are you surprised that she became dis-
couraged and was led to think that
there was no place for her in the world?
She is only one of many. And there
are some women who still live and oc-
asionally wonder whether it would not
have been wiser if they had put an end
to themselves.

How many men are there today in
Boston, do you suppose, who are out of
work, without money, and unable to
get work of any kind?

You answer: "It's their own fault
in nine cases out of ten; and they need
not suffer, for there are all sorts of
charitable organizations which exist
for the express purpose of helping them
out of employment."

A smug answer, worthy of Marie
Antoinette when French peasants were
starving.

Last spring in this city a young man
of more than ordinary parts—a writer
of singular originality—lost his place.
He was a floor-walker in a shop of low
prices. He was discharged because
business was slack, and his services
were not needed. The proprietor, of
his own accord, gave him an excellent
letter of recommendation. The lad—
for he was hardly twenty—tramped the
city from one end to the other. He
tried to obtain work even in the hum-
blest position. His acquaintances were
interested in him. He was sent to the
charitable organizations, one after an-
other. A prominent clergyman ex-
pressed an interest in him; he said that
if the young man would send him his
address, he would no doubt be able to
do something for him. The young man
sent the address, and inclosed a
stamped envelope. There was no reply,
not the slightest intimation that the
clergyman had ever heard of him or
from him. No work, no promise of
work in shop, factory, or even in the
street. Finally—and as a last desperate
resort—the young man tried the news-
paper offices. He was not without ex-
perience; his talent had been recog-
nized in New York by newspapers and
magazines; but, again, he could not
find employment, not even as office
boy. All this time he was living with
his mother and two younger brothers.
The mother was the only wage-earner,
and she was earning \$3 a week. She
was not brought up to work, but she
did what she could and without com-
plaint. For a month in the summer
she, too, was without employment. The
young man grew thinner and thinner;
yet, strange to say, he was never with-
out hope. But there was no work for
him, and a month ago some friends
made a little purse for him, and sent
him to a Southern village, where his
health might improve, and where there
was at least an even chance of gaining
a congenial position.

This is not a fairy story told to fill
space. It is a true story. We know
the young man, the clergyman, the of-
ficers of the charitable organizations,
the friends.

And yet if this same lad had flung
himself into the Charles and left a
note saying "I cannot find work and
I will not be a burden to my mother,"
you reading it would have said, "Poor,
faint-hearted fellow! No work? Why
didn't he go to some charitable asso-
ciation? Why didn't he come to me?"
Or—and it is more likely—you would
have said, "There was some out about
him. He probably drank, or he had
been discharged for negligence—per-
haps theft. At any rate, there are
always superfluous men."

And there are women, young and
old, yes, here in Boston, who are told
daily by the citizens and the citizen-
esses that they are superfluous, they
are not wanted, there is nothing for
them to do.

Hence despair. Hence suicide or
shame.

"Mr. Kenneth Grahame is the Secre-
tary of the Bank of England." No
wonder that he wrote "The Golden
Age."

Would Mr. Grahame take such a
cheerfully calm view of life if he had
no bank account?

"David B. Hill on the stump." Hill?
Hill? Wasn't he once Governor of
New York? Or was it New Jersey?

Revenge, revenge, de Reszke cries!
Because once upon a time he was criti-
cised adversely in Chicago, he now car-
ries an oath that he will not sing there
this fall. But the Chicagoans no doubt
will get along with Van Dyck and
Saléza, who are now more prominent
in Europe than "the only Jean."

We are glad that Mr. de Reszke did
not go through the operation of shak-

...the opera, founded on Heine's piece, is dull, and there are long, too long monologues. The hero has the stage to himself for nearly the whole of the third act. The music is too deliberately modern. Themes given first to the human voice are repeated measure by measure in canon, so to say, by the orchestra, especially by the violins; and then the singer is through with the theme, the brass shouts it, accompanied by the strings. The audience did not care for the first two acts; it was bored, and when it liked the intermezzi between the second and the third act, wished it repeated. Muscagall, dissatisfied with the previous cool reception, shook his head. Then the audience revenged itself by going out during the first act, which is musically the best with a touch of the nobly tragic. A short Chevalier's new play, "The Land of Nod," failed in London and was soon withdrawn. There was a little too much of the same thing.

A St. Paul manager has been making arrangements for a series of six concerts, and the St. Paul Dispatch says: "Here is his list of artists and the price which he has guaranteed for their appearance in this city: Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Arthur Nikisch, conductor, Guarantee, \$2500. It is questionable whether this organization will be heard at any other point west of Chicago. Rosenthal, the famous pianist, Guarantee, \$1000. Emil Sauer, German pianist, who is declared to be greater than Paderewski or Rosenthal. This is his first season in this country. Guarantee, \$600. Mme. Gadsch, with chorus or quartet. Guarantee, \$500. Mme. Blanche Marchesi, in song recital. Guarantee, \$500. Henri Marteau, violinist; Frangon-Davies, baritone. Each a guarantee of \$300." What a paradise for the press agent!

Trouble is coming thick and fast for music critics of domestic tastes who prize the glow of the steam radiator

to the draughts of a concert hall. The Music Students' Chamber concerts will be given in Association Hall, Nov. 8, Dec. 6, Jan. 3, 24, Feb. 7, 28, March 7, 21, April 4, 18. Mrs. Titus of Boston, Miss Marguerite Hall of New York, Leopold Godowsky, pianist of Chicago, Adele Aus der Ohe, Alberto Jonas, the pianist who played last season at a Symphony concert, Marteau, the violinist, and the Kneisel Quartet will take part.

A cellist called some time ago at the house of Victor Herbert and, accusing him of plagiarism in "The Fortune Teller," wanted \$1000. Wasn't he thinking of Mr. Reggie de Koven?

Here is a specimen of English sheet music sentiment. I quote from the Era:

"Only Waiting," composed by Lindsay Lannox to verses by Stanhope Gray, was suggested by the last words of the Grand Old Man to the effect that he was "only waiting." The song expresses with no little feeling the absolute faith of Mr. Gladstone in the future, and to admirers of the grand old statesman the song will be welcome. "What is true religion?" has often been asked, and Mr. Tom Costello again puts the query, assisted by Mr. Felix McGlennan as composer. Mr. Costello asks whether it is "the prayer of the tongue or the voice of the heart" that dictates the religious spirit, and the idea is carried out with no little ingenuity.

Singing teachers, throat specialists and general practitioners all have their troubles.

Mr. Max Decsi sues Miss Nielsen for \$750 for music lessons given in '90-'91. At any rate he is sure of free advertisement. Miss Nielsen is so ungenerous as to say that the only lessons she ever had from Mr. Decsi were when he taught her a part in his opera, which was produced, although Miss Nielsen says she was never paid for appearing in it. And she puts this pertinent question: "If I do not bother him for money that he owes me, why should he bother me for money I do not owe him?" Ah, these prima-donnas!

And now listen to the melancholy tale told by Mr. Harry Freund's music paper in New York:

Mrs. Elizabeth C. von Schwind says that if it had not been for the operation of tracheotomy performed upon her by Dr. James O'Dea, a physician of Richmond County, she would have today been a prima donna with a world-wide reputation. Now, because she cannot sing a note she wants Dr. O'Dea to pay her \$50,000 damages, and has begun suit. She alleges that when a young woman she was a pupil of Mme. Parepa Rosa, who afterward took her to Europe, and was going to make a prima donna of her. Then she had a slight throat trouble, and Dr. O'Dea, she says, opened her throat, although it was unnecessary, thus ruining her voice.

The case of the tenor De Lucia v. Musella, impresario of the San Carlo, Naples, has been decided in favor of the former. The point in question was as follows: De Lucia was engaged to sing in La Bohème for the season's

contract—\$1000, 1897-'98, and for the 2100 francs each performance—200 francs in cash and 300 francs in ticket. Being indisposed for four successive performances, which four performances were successively announced, the management deducted the equivalent for the same. The court decided, however, that the tenor was entitled to the payment for three of the four performances.

Luella Hill has met with great success in London as Marguerite, Elizabeth and Elsa in the English performances of the Carl Rosa company. She never had a chance in this city, for she was lost in Mechanics' Building. And yet her Mienela was not without charm in spite of the absurd and conventional satin slippers which she wore, climbing over mountains to the smugglers' camp.

English vocalists who seem to have a strong predilection for singing in all languages but their own, will, thanks to Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel, be now able to sing many of the best known Irish folk-songs in German. "Ach! Ich bin nicht mehr mich selbst" is the equivalent for "I'm not myself at all." The text has been translated by Claire von Glumer, the music has been carefully edited by Ernst von Stockhausen, and for once it must be admitted that justice has been done to Ireland.—The Referee.

The London Truth says of Paderewski:

Paderewski hides from the world under the shadow of Mont Blanc. He is absorbed in composition, piano practice, and the friendship of a Polish family who brought up his son. The youth lost his mother when a few days old, 19 years ago, and at once found a home in this family. Paderewski was then in his 20th year. He left Poland, and went as a professor to Strasburg. Everything works well for the elect. He found enthusiastic admirers in the late Statthalterin, Princess Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, and in her children, all accomplished pianists. Their admiration opened doors of great houses in Paris in 1889, when Paderewski determined to see what he could do in Paris. He was taken up by the Princess Brancovan (née Musurus) and by her cousin, Princess Alexandra Bescio. Carnot, who was in many directions a mild enthusiast and an accomplished musician, was captivated by the Polish pianist. It was discovered that Paderewski had a fine mind and that he was made like a Greek statue. His small feet and clean built figure helped him forward. The head was singularly characteristic. Nobody since Rochefort was a youth had such a head of hair. Paderewski detests society, and hates the attentions of idle people who would cheat tedium by lionizing him. He is no misanthrope, but kindness itself to those who have claims on his good heart, consideration, sympathy and gratitude. But he will not be troubled with visitors. Were a Queen or Empress to call, the servant would say to her, "He is not at home." Paderewski is the hardest-worked man alive, and from choice. His scholarship is deep and extensive, and he constantly studies poetry, which he can in many languages. It was said of him at Strasburg that he was too cerebral

to be sensual, and too much the artist not to fall in love with some creation of his own imagination.

Yes, and he is fond of billiards and highly seasoned stories. We have heard all this before; and yet the sentence, "Paderewski hides from the world under the shadow of Mont Blanc" is one that would do any passionate press agent credit.

Commend us to Jean Noté, a baritone of the Paris Opéra. "He leaped on a train of cars that were running down an incline, with the certainty of colliding with an approaching express, got access to the brake, and prevented a serious accident by his bravery. More astonishing even was the physical strength he showed. That was understood, however, when it was explained that he had long been a ratchetman, and was noted as one of the strongest men in the shops before he discovered his voice and became a baritone."

Vernon Blackburn writes as follows concerning Humperdinck's new piece, performed for the first time at the Leeds Festival Oct. 7:

Next came Humperdinck's "Moorish Symphony," written, as the formula runs, for the Festival and conducted by the composer. I understand that though the two movements which were played last night were all that had been bargained for, there are as a matter of fact two more movements needed for the completion of the work. From what was given to us then, I judge it to be an extremely fine composition. At quite the beginning it was possible to perceive that curious note of authenticity which has, perforce, to be the basis of every work of art. It is the lack of that note which kills after so brief a period of time all the admirably technical writing of music which, for want of a better word, one calls purely academic. It is melancholy to recall the armies of Kapellmeisters of the time of Bach, of Handel, of Haydn, of Mozart, all writing music which was of the same kind as these artists produced, but none of which has had a chance of living just because of this lack of authenticity. To mean exactly what you say, to say it because every note is your own (whether this

or that phrase has been said before, and not because it is in body else), to fill every utterance with your own speaking self, this is to write stuff that at all events has the foundation of art in it, and this is what Humperdinck has done in this Moorish Symphony. However strongly his orchestration and methods may be modelled upon those of Wagner, his personality finds an original and authentic expression. Therefore I admire the new Symphony for this very sufficient reason. Moreover, the first movement, though not by any means conceived in the heroic vein, or upon any big scale, is quite beautiful; its construction is simple, but in a way, masterly. The thing opens with a long passage in unison for the violins; gradually the rest of the orchestra is called in, giving an extraordinary impression of movement and atmosphere, and all closes as quietly as it began. The second part is more jolly, more human, more rollicking. I should not like to say that it was more than extremely clever.

And of other works performed there Oct. 8, he says:

This morning brought us Cowen's new work, a musical setting of Collin's "Ode to the Passions." Everybody has by this time heard of the curious treatment which Mr. Cowen has received in connection with the conductorship of the Halle concerts at Manchester, and it appears that a profound resentment is very prevalent on his account among musicians in the North. The moment that Mr. Cowen appeared on the platform, therefore, he was received with a storm of cheering, which was repeated with interest at the end of the performance. The chorus in particular were conspicuous in the expression of their enthusiasm. As to the Ode itself, it is a very commendable, a very creditable bit of work. It does not go very deep, perhaps, and there are moments when Mr. Cowen has, it may be, forgotten to be musical in his desire to be musicianly. Nevertheless, there is feeling of the right, personal kind in it, and it is always distinguished by a certain absence of the least touch of commonplace attained without any apparent effort. Mr. Faure conducted the first performance in England of his mythological ode, "The Birth of Venus," Miss Palliser and Mr. Bispham being among the soloists. It is an extremely pretty work, neat, intelligible, vivacious, and yet orderly. There is nothing of the greater human passions about it. Indeed, M. Faure's Venus surely arose from the waves of a perfumed bath in a pink boudoir, while sylphs chirped in silver voices around her, rather than from the waves of the Adriatic among the choruses of Nature. This ode belongs to what may be called the province of "little music," extremely well done within its limits, exquisitely decorated with charming filagree work of pretty little tunes, pretty little concerted pieces, and pretty little choruses. It seemed somewhat pathetically out of place set among the gigantic potentialities of this Yorkshire choir.

Nor did he like Dr. Alan Gray's new Ode, "A Song of Redemption" (Oct. 7).

Dr. Gray is, no doubt, a painstaking and technically accomplished musician up to a certain more than respectable point. But his Ode, I am bound to say, did not seem to me to possess one spark of inspiration, one glimpse of that high musical impulse which goes to the making of great work. The whole score might be compared to a landscape which possesses neither atmosphere nor sunlight. It was not exactly dull, just as a great many popular works of little artistic value are, rather than dull; for Dr. Gray possesses the quality of writing music that is so painfully intelligible that the mind is always kept wondering how he manages to keep along steadily upon such perfectly straight and level lines. I think I may say, without a hair's breadth deviation from truth, that I did not find one single and separate surprise in the work from beginning to end.

"A Song of Redemption." Mr. Blackburn's criticism reminds me of Hauslick's bitter mot about Gounod's "Redemption"—which redeemed no one, not even the composer.

A Ballade for orchestra by Mr. S. Taylor-Coleridge was played for the first time at the Gloucester (England) Festival.

Mr. Taylor, I am told by men whose judgment I respect, is one of the most promising composers in all Europe. Mr. Bispham sent me last month a catalogue of Taylor's works with this emphatic indorsement: "A Genius!!!"

This composer is a mulatto, born in London, Aug. 15, 1875. His father was a West African—a physician, I am told—and his mother was an Englishwoman. The boy began to study when he was six years old; he learned first the violin, studying with Mr. Joseph Beckwith of Croydon. He became a chorister when he was ten, and in 1890 he entered the Royal College of Music. There he won a composition scholarship in 1893. For the next four years he studied composition under Villiers Stanford, and the piano under Algernon Ashton. He had already published several anthems; but his first important work was a Nonet for piano, strings and wind (1894). Other works are "Zara's Earrings," a ballad for soprano solo and orchestra; a symphony in A minor conducted by Stanford at St. James's Hall and by the composer at Liverpool; a clarinet quintet in F sharp minor (introduced in Berlin by Joachim and Stanford); five Fantastic-Stücke for a quartet of strings; String quartet in D minor; Romantic pieces for violin; Southern Love Songs; Hiawathan Sketches for violin; African romances, op. 17, for which Paul Dunbar wrote the text; a

Ballade for violin and piano; Hallelujah Wedding Feast, a cantata for voices, chorus, and orchestra (published by Novello, Ewer & Co.). He is professor of the violin at Croydon Conservatory of Music. The Referee said of his Ballade performed at Gloucester: "The music is dominated by Western force of expression, but underneath this surface and pulsates a barbaric spirit and a wild passion, which imparts to its compositions palpitating life and remarkable individuality. The Ballade is a striking example of his genius, and it woke a storm of applause."

Philip Ha'e.

Oct 24, 98

King George IV. was lunching on a goose and Dubin's whisky on board the Royal Yacht in Kingston Harbor when a messenger from London entered the cabin and informed His Majesty that Queen Caroline was dead. "Is she? by Jove!" exclaimed the amiable monarch, and went on eating goose-pie.

For many years we have had a lively admiration for George Augustus Sala. His spinning of readable copy was marvelous. No matter whether he kept commonplace books and used an antiquarian jotting as a peg from which to hang a column, or whether he took a topic of the day and was then reminded of strange adventures, he was almost always entertaining. He gossiped, but his stories and reminiscences were without malice; he was sometimes garrulous, but he was seldom a bore. And in authoritative vein he was convincing.

Yesterday, alas, our confidence in him was shaken. During his lifetime he discoursed frequently and agreeably about cookery; he talked with such keen appreciation, such catholicity of taste, he displayed so intimate a knowledge of the terminology of cookery in all lands, that he reminded us of the elder Dove: "He would have eaten squab pie in Devonshire, and the pie which is squabber than squab in Cornwall; sheep's head with the hair on in Scotland, and potatoes roasted on the hearth in Ireland; frogs with the French, pickled herrings with the Dutch, sour-kraut with the Germans, macaroni with the Italians, aniseed with the Spaniards, garlic with anybody; horse flesh with the Tartars; ass-flesh with the Persians; dogs with the North Western American Indians; curry with the Asiatic East Indians, birds' nests with the Chinese, mutton roasted with honey with the Turks, plimire cakes on the Orinoco, and turtle and venison with the Lord Mayor; and the turtle and venison he would have preferred to all the other dishes, because his taste, though catholic, was not indiscriminating. He would have tried all, tasted all, thriven upon all, and lived contentedly and cheerfully upon either, but he would have liked best that which was best."

What an excellent thing did God bestow on man, When he did give him a good stomach.

Yesterday was the maid's Sunday outing, and therefore we found comfort in Sala's "The Thorough Good Cook." In one of the preliminary chats the author refers to American dishes: "To see a pretty young American lady take up a corn-cob in a rapkin and dexterously twirl it round and round till she has nibbled all the grains of corn from the cob, without soiling her fingers or her symmetrical chin, is a truly 'delightful spectacle'; and this remark is followed by a tribute to baked beans. We at once turned to Sala's recipe for the latter dish. Here it is:

Soak a quart of dried beans over night in cold water; drain off the water in the morning, and stew them for half an hour in a little water; put them in a deep dish with one pound of salt pork; cut the rind in stripes, land place in the centre of the dish. The pork should be sunk a little below the surface of the beans. Bake for three hours and a half. A lump of saleratus should be thrown in while the beans are stewing, and a pint of water added when they are put into the baking-dish.

We rubbed our eyes. Was this our old guide, philosopher, friend? The Londoner might try this recipe, and never question the absence of molasses. Pythagoras and his disciples would have had no interest in the matter. But in Boston where the bean is a subject of solemn investigation, this recipe seems singularly foreign and inadequate.

We would not lose a friend on account of one recipe. We turned nervously to "Welsh rabbit." The very title gave a shock, for the spelling "rarebit" is an abomination. And this is Sala's recipe:

Take half a pound of Dunlop or Gloucester cheese, cut off the skin; put in a small frying-pan half a teaspoonful of strong ale, and when it boils put in the cheese; let boil for a minute or two; then stir in a teaspoonful of mustard; when the whole becomes a liquid, toast a thick slice of bread, cut off the crust,

butter it well and eat it before the fire to keep hot. When it is wanted have a dish and cover very hot, put the cheese on the toast, and send to table immediately.

No, no, this will never do. It is true that nearly every man thinks he can do three things better than anybody else: run a newspaper, play Hamlet, and make a Welsh rabbit. We make no such absurd boast; but surely a rabbit made from this recipe would be as good as those found in German restaurants, where the prod is in the beer. It was a sad moment, for we mourned a friend. And now we are tempted to view with suspicion Sala's anecdotes, reminiscences, judgments.

You never hear the speech, "I brought back your umbrella by mistake."

General Bancroft gives several reasons why the Boston Elevated Railway Company will not restore the Union Station horse cars. The chief reason squints toward sweet revenge. For does not the General say "If the residents who are now petitioning for better service had not opposed the company when it asked the Aldermen for the right to introduce trolley cars to supplant the horse cars there would be no necessity for the present movement."

The people of Marlborough Street, when they first protested, did not realize that the streets of Boston were designed primarily for the pecuniary gain of a corporation.

Certain porcupines huddled together for warmth on a cold day, but as they began to prick one another with their quills they were obliged to disperse. However, the cold drove them together again, when the same thing happened. At last they discovered that they would be best off by remaining at a little distance. In the same way the need of society drives the human porcupines together, only to be eventually repelled by the many prickly and disagreeable qualities of their nature. The moderate distance, which they at last discover to be the only tolerable condition of intercourse, is the formal mode of politeness and manners.

Oct 25, 1898 KNEISEL QUARTET.

First Concert of the Fourteenth Season — Mr. Arthur Whiting Plays With Mr. Kneisel a Sonata by Brahms.

Association Hall was filled last night with an audience that gave the Kneisel Quartet a most hearty welcome and was loud in demonstrations of delight throughout the concert. The program was as follows:

Quartet in G major, op. 76, No. 1.....Haydn
Quartet No. 3 in D minor, for piano and violin.....Brahms
Quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 1.....Beethoven

The program suggests comparisons of three periods of Viennese musical life, for the three composers represented, although no one of them was Viennese by birth, was each in turn a glory of that city. But such a twist of thought would lead us too far from the business now at hand.

The performance of the Quartet was not always up to the standard set by the players themselves. They have raised this standard so high, that any falling below it—even for a moment—was a disappointment. That there should be any such disappointment is a signal of the excellence of these combinations, for so near is the approach to perfection, that the hearer forgets that any human and that instrumental players are themselves creatures of flesh and blood. There was a slight disappointment last night in the absence of the quartet, but these moments were so few that it would be ungracious to mention this point. The slow movement in the Haydn quartet, the first of the quartet were played with the beauty of tone and rare musical feeling, and there were moments in the adagio of the latter work when the players and their surroundings were forgotten and Beethoven himself spoke clearly yet authoritatively to the hearer.

The Sonata by Brahms, dedicated to Clara Schumann, who was never weary of playing the little cry "Beethoven and I," was first played in February, 1897, by Clara Schumann and the composer. It is a chamber work. The first movement commands attention at the very first by a vigorous and powerful appeal. It is a whole sonata in sad; for does the finely and deeply rooted sorrow not offer a family of pain in the third move-

ment—a rhythm that suggests the inexorable flight of Time—that you find expressed harmonically as well as rhythmically in the quintet in Strauss's "Merry War"—one of the most irresistibly melancholy passages in the literature of music. It has been said of Brahms, "It was his tragedy that he had no original emotion, no rich inner life, but lived through the days on the merely prosaic plane; and he seems to have felt that it was his tragedy. Anyhow, the ore original emotion he brought into music is a curious mournful dissatisfaction with life and with death." This last sentence of Mr. Runciman might serve as the motto of this sonata. When I first heard the work, nearly ten years ago, this dissatisfaction was repulsive. Now I see and feel, unhappily, its force and meaning. It is the music of the composer that when he knew he was about to die burst into tears, and wept bitterly.

Mr. Kneisel played with great power and feeling, yet, with even unusual breadth and intensity of emotion. Mr. Whiting, who having passed through the chelaship of esoteric Brahmsism is now a full mahatma, gave him able, satisfactory assistance.

Nor would it be right to ignore the exquisite playing of Mr. Schroeder in the adagio of Beethoven; sensuous in tone, yet pure and noble in expression, his art was not displayed at the expense of the ensemble.

The next concert will be Nov. 21.

Philip Hale.

THE PURPLE BALUSTRADE.

It is in the Spaces Infinite, to which we fare,
There is a purple balustrade, where dusk meets day.

Tough frustrate in all else, I shall not care,
For to the Love, that holds us, I shall say—

"Let me sit here a little while,
Let me sit here a very little while."

And to the law that guides us, I shall say—

"Let cease for me the song of spheres,
That roll below;

Let me not know the fragrant Aramant,
I pray,

Let me forget the swinging stars," and so
I shall sit there a little while,

I shall sit there a very little while.

Then if I can forget the grave from
which I came,

And lean across the bondage of the
mists that rise,

I may remember how my Earth-lights
flame

Our candle and the Love-light in your
eyes.

And so find Paradise awhile,
At every dusk, a very little while.

C. W. sends us this poem by Flavian

Rosser with a note: "Please explain."

But, dear sir, there is no explanation necessary. You might as well ask the explanation of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" or Poe's "Haunted Palace." We do not mean to say that Mr. Rosser or Mrs. Rosser, or Miss Rosser is the equal of either Poe or Shelley; but the highest poetry is not always intelligible. Mr., Mrs., or Miss Rosser is evidently not one of "the common poets, like that young idylt who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as growses, and the Breezes as blowsses—but a Boss Poit."

Do you object to the title? There is a "Purple Cow"? Why not a "Purple Balustrade"?

"The residence of the organist was bombarded with stones."

Whatever the origin of the church row, or whatever the creed of the church, all that take part in the row always regard the organist as a dead easy mark.

And then Mr. Kild McCoy lifted up his voice: "What would I kick Corbett for? I'm not a thug."

Thugs, Mr. McCoy, do not kick; they strangle. Professor Sullivan would not make such a blunder. He is a man of reading.

This reminds us—after the formula "Speaking of bunions, how's your mother-in-law?"—that the true derivation of "gas" never appeared in any English dictionary, until it was published Oct. 1, this year, in the Oxford English Dictionary. It has been commonly supposed that Van Helmont, the Dutch chemist and inventor of the word "gas," modeled it on the Dutch word "geest," spirit; but the Greek "chaos" suggested it ("halium lilum 'Gas' vocavi, non longe a Chao veterum secretum"). The Dutch pronunciation of "g" as a spirant accounts for its being employed to represent the Greek "ch." Van Helmont also invented the term "Blas" which has not survived. And yet it is doubtful whether Messrs. Addicks, Lawson, Chandler, Dillaway and others, who have had more or less to do with gas, are acquainted with these interesting facts.

Glancing at the opposite page in this Oxford Dictionary we find:

GAS-BAG: An empty talker, a "wind-bag". 1889 Referee 6 Jan "That great gas-bag of modern days, John L. Sullivan."

When the Emperor of China is reported to be sick, his recovery is indeed doubtful.

Another shocking race-fight in Dallas, Texas. When will these outrages

cease? When will the negro have his rights?

A moment, a moment please. "Three negroes shot and killed Julius Reed, a 16-year-old white boy."

The Chicago Times-Herald says, "If simplicity in food indicates a powerful nation, it can be seen that the vitiated tastes of the Spanish show weakness."

Nonsense. The testimony of observing travelers in Spain for the last century is that the Spaniards are a most abstemious folk. Drunkenness is excessively rare, and the diet is simple.

The Times-Herald cites as an instance of "vitiated taste" the dish "puchero." But puchero is merely the Spanish analogue for the French pot-au-feu, and it would be well for the American people if they should eat less pie and sweet-truck and more substantial soup.

The frugality of the Spaniard in eating is proverbial. You will find allusions to it as far back as the Elizabethan period. In little towns, failing to get puchero you will be obliged to content yourself with chocolate, bread and grapes—that is if you are prejudiced foolishly against garlic.

The Young French have not yet chosen a successor to Stephane Mallarmé, as Prince of Poets. Mr. Raymond de la Tailhède says: "I in no way imagine that there exists a poet superior to M. Jean Moreas." To which M. Jean Moreas replies politely: "My particular taste is for M. Raymond de la Tailhède."

The French Court of Cassation may well remember a story told by Montaigne of his own day. Some men were condemned to death. The judges were informed by the officers of a lower court that certain persons in their custody had confessed themselves guilty of the crime, and their guilt was beyond doubt.

Nevertheless, it was deemed so bad a precedent to revoke the sentence, and thereby show to the world that the law was not infallible, that the innocent men were given to the executioner.

And what authority is given to this Court of Cassation? We quote from a French standard law-book: "It is the most exalted jurisdiction of the country; it has the right of finally dissolving (casser) and annulling decrees and judgments which involve some violation of law."

"But not on us!" the oysters cried,
Turning a little blue;
"After such kindness that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?"

Oct 26, 1898

There's a haunting horror near us
That nothing drives away;
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
A crouching shade by day;
There's a whining at the threshold,
There's a scratching at the floor.
To work! To work! In heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

Now suppose after all that Mr. Louis de Rougemont lived for some thirty years among the aborigines of North-western Australia, why should he even then be a great show like Peter the Wild Boy or the Hairy Man from Borneo? He was not the first.

Nearly a hundred years ago a soldier named William Buckley was involved in an attempt to murder the Duke of Kent. He was sentenced to transportation, and near Melbourne he managed to escape. Hungry, ready to die, he lay down upon the grave of a recently buried chief. The widow came to the grave and believed that her lord had returned to earth in the shape of a white man. She approved of his appearance, led him to the camp, and persuaded her people to elect him chief. Buckley had a naturally effective make-up for the part. He was 6 ft. 7 in. in height, and a man of remarkable strength. For 32 years he lived the joyous life of a savage, hunting, fishing, fighting. He did not try to raise his friends in the scale of civilization; he did not teach them to read, etc.; perhaps he could not read; he accepted their life. In 1835 he saw a white face for the first time in thirty odd years. Pioneers of the city of Melbourne ran across him and noticed that his skin was comparatively light colored. Cudgeling his brains, Buckley finally succeeded in saying the word "bread." He acted as interpreter between the settlers and the blacks; he was pardoned; a small pension was given him until in 1856 he was thrown out of a cart and killed—a victim at last of civilization.

Buckley had advantages over Mr. de Rougemont. He did not have any manuscript to sell; he did not lecture. When Mr. de Rougemont lectured, two men rose and asked him to bare his arm. Some in the audience then remembered the old legend that the arms

of French convicts are habitually branded. The Frenchman after some objection bared his arm, and the doubting Thomases were in this instance fooled. And because Buckley had no desire to appear before an audience of scientists or just plain curiosity-hunters, and no wish to write and sell a book, his story was accepted, as a spring-flood or a spring-bed, that is, sprung on the public.

The day was long, the night was short,
The bed was hard and cold;
Still weary are the little ones,
Still weary are the old.
We are weary in our cradles
From our mother's toil untold;
We are born to hoarded wealthiness
As some to hoarded gold.

If you were to follow the example of Mr. Buckley, you would be spared such cries of civilization. This poem, from which we quote, is not translated from the rude speech of some semi-barbarous race; this is a poem written by an American woman in the United States, a land of institutions, churches, hospitals, consolidated banks, ice trusts, electric cars, letters from professional philanthropists. The Australian aborigines would not understand it. Living among them you would escape such unpleasant statements. You would not be obliged to listen to discussions about the true inwardness of the Santiago campaign or whether Cyrano de Bergerac's nose should be a positive deformity. Nor would you be taxed at the rate of \$13 60 for every \$1000.

There was a time when savages were considered by travelers and philosophers as the happiest of mortals. Read the books of the Spanish conquerors; of Drake, Cartier, Raleigh, Cook; of Rousseau, Voltaire. Then Dr. Johnson stepped in and for a time spoiled it all.

JOHNSON—So there are men who have preferred living among savages. Now what a wretch must he be, who is content with such conversation as can be had among savages! You may remember an officer at Fort Augustus, who had served in America, told us of a woman whom they were obliged to bind in order to get her back from savage life.

BOSWELL—She must have been an animal, a beast.

JOHNSON—Sir, she was a speaking cat.

Lord Monboddo and Johnson disputed whether the Savage or the London Shopkeeper had the best existence; "his lordship, as usual, preferring the Savage." But Johnson said afterward, "I don't know but I might have taken the side of the Savage equally, had anybody else taken the side of the Shopkeeper."

Consider again the advantages, the compensations of savagery. Health. Every epidemic disease from which savages now suffer was introduced by white men. Muscular strength and readiness of flesh to heal under injury. Consider the Indians of the Orinoko, the Kennowit warriors, the Zulus, the Kroomen. Joke, a Dyak, hardly over five feet, carried the Englishman, Walter Watson, weighing 224 pounds, in a chair, seven miles over a jungle path, with one halt of ten minutes. Humboldt saw Indian slaves bringing up 240 to 300 pounds of stone each trip from a great depth underground in Mexico to the surface, and they worked without rest from break of day to the going down of the sun. Carl Bok saw a Malay with a piece of his skull cut off—the brain was exposed. "They tied on the fragment with a dressing of serpents' fat and in three weeks he was all right." Another, after a fight, was brought on board ship with the top of his head sliced off, adhering only by a morsel of skin. The surgeon did not treat the hopeless case, but at supper he saw this man eating rice; a rag held his skull together, and in a few days the skin had joined all round. Capt. Younghusband tells of an Asiatic who had the whole lock of an exploded gun blown into his shoulder and went about as if nothing had happened. The lock was cut out some months after. Mr. Frederick Boyle, from whom we quote these cases, tells many more. The testimony is overwhelming.

There's a hot breath at the keyhole
And a tearing at teeth!
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
And the dripping jaws beneath!
There's a whining at the threshold—
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

As for the aesthetic pleasures of life among savages read Herman Melville, Stoddard, Stevenson. When you can pick your meals from trees or the ground, you are not obliged to listen to "whining" or "scratching" in poetry or daily routine. The trouble nowadays is to find an uncontaminated, unspoiled savage people. Chicago had certain claims before the exhibition; but now we must go much farther West. If we were living among true savages, we should not find it necessary to write about them. Chromo-

civilization means, with other things, to work. The wolf at the door of the door is more to be dreaded than your practical wolf on the plain and behind the traveler's sledge.

MR. BOTUME'S RECITAL

In Chickering Hall Last Evening,
When Miss Mand C. Blackmer,
Soprano, Sang a Group of Songs.

Mr. John Franklin Botume sang last night two folk-songs of Lombardy, and a beautiful song by Secchi; a drinking song, "du vieux temps," by Saint-Saëns that was without distinction; an impressive air from Paladilhe's "Patience"; Stanford's "Clown's songs" ("Twelfth Night"); Loewe's "Archibald Douglas"; old English songs; and songs by Handel, Walter Damrosch ("Benny Dever"), and Miss Lang. Mr. Botume is a diligent student of the art of singing. He is well acquainted with the theoretical works concerning his profession, and he has a fastidious taste, shown in criticism and in the useful treatises that bear his name. I regret to say, knowing as I do his earnestness and general intelligence, that his practical exhibition of singing last night was unsatisfactory in many ways. To write in detail concerning shortcomings and sins of omission and commission would be unpleasant and unnecessary. It is enough to say that his intonation was often false, that the quality of tone did not respond to the aesthetic demand of the singer, that neither the voice itself nor the physical use of it was at the service of the singer's intention.

There were instances—and they were not few—when the dramatic intentions of the singer were apparent, when he was evidently trying to create a mood, or put the hearer in the proper "stimmung." Thus he mentally discriminated between the spirit of the Italian popular songs and that of Saint-Saëns' attempt at old-fashioned gaiety. He understood the spirit of the lament and eulogy put by Paladilhe, our old friend of the "Mandolinata," into the mouth of Ryssoor as he stands over the dead body of Jonas, who, as in Sardou's play, goes to ring the bell that will earn the Prince of Orange, although I know that this action will bring his death. But if he had declaimed verses and those of "Archibald Douglas" he might have made a stronger effect; for he did not express emotions in song so that the song was authoritative; on the contrary, the character of the singing—voice itself and the vocal faults warred against dramatic effect. 'Twas a pity. If Mr. Botume were merely the idle singer of "Twelfth Night," I should not write at this length, but he is a man of reading, thought, intelligent purpose. I confess it is hard to see what he finds in Stanford's "Clown's songs" from "Twelfth Night." Some years ago the Shakspearian clown was the most lugubrious and dullest mortal in the circus. Stanford has put him into the concert room, and he is now a still more formidable ore.

Miss Blackmer sang songs by De Coven, Miss Lang and Foote. Her appearance in concert was premature. Miss Jessie Downer has in times past shown unusual talent in the difficult art of accompaniment. Last night she was disposed to pound; her tone was hard and dry; and she tossed her fair arms in air without musical justification and to the detriment of attack. I beseech her to consider these things, for it would be a shame if we were to lose one who has formerly been a delightful accompanist.

There was a small and applauseless audience.

Philip Hale.

I am engulfed, and drown deliciously. Soft music like a perfume, and sweet light Golden with audible odors exquisite, Swathe me with cerements for eternity. Time is no more. I pause and yet I flee. A million ages wrap me round with night. I drain a million ages of delight. I hold the future in my memory.

Also I have this garret which I rent, This bed of straw, and this that was a chair, This worn-out body like a fettered tent, This crust, of which the rats have eaten part, This pipe of opium; rage, remorse, despair; This soul at pawn and this delirious heart.

The editor of this column acknowledges with thanks the receipt of \$10 sent by S. C. for the young man whose story was told in the Journal of the 22d. The check has been forwarded.

R. S. in a letter to the Journal complains bitterly: "Have you noticed that the pieces of ice furnished in Boston by the ice companies this fall are much smaller than they were last season? I take ice by the year and expect a certain number of pounds each day. Last year the arrangement was satisfactory, although I occasionally had to buy extra ice for Sunday. This fall the pieces have been ludicrously small. I spoke to the ice man about it. He said, 'Well, mum, we've got to make money this year. It isn't my fault you get so little; I bring up what they put out for me.' The irony of it is that for ten cents I buy a much larger piece than that for which I am supposed to pay more. I said to the ice-man: 'I shall have to go to another company.' He smiled in a queer way and said nothing. Have I no redress?"

Dear Madam do you wish redress on account of the smile or the small quantity of ice?

The man smiled because he knows that the ice companies are brethren in unity, whose mission appropriately is to freeze the public with as little ice as possible.

The ice was here, the ice was there, The ice was all around
but not in your ice-chest, dear Madam, and not in yours.

Apply the consolation of philosophy. Meat is higher, much higher in Boston than in any other comparatively civilized city of this country. We know a Bostonian who buys in a Maine town meat that came originally from Boston. This meat is sent to him by express. And after paying the cost of transport and the Maine dealer's profit he buys the meat at less cost than if he bought it in this city. You pay extravagant prices for meat; you are obliged to. Have you and your friends ever made serious remonstrance? Why should you now wax hot over a matter of ice?

We admit that the imposition is annoying. You have theoretically a right to expect the full amount for which you pay. And then the coolness of the imposition!

We saw some time ago a letter signed by your husband, a letter defending trusts, in fact extolling them as beneficial to the community at large, especially to the working man with a paper-cap. Have you spoken to him about this little ice trust? Perhaps he thinks ice was invented for skaters.

Until you and your husband and other estimable citizens and citizenesses unite in vigorous kicking, grocer, meat man, ice company, street railway company, railroad company—all these creatures of civilization will regard you as fair game, as born for their pecuniary gain. That they owe you a full return for what you pay enters their heads only when you remind them of the fact in such a manner that they then fear pecuniary loss. The goodness of nature of the American citizen is proverbial. It is also criminal.

The time will come—even if it be not here already—when the mural decorations by Puvis de Chavannes in the Public Library will be regarded as one of the chief glories of this town.

Mallarmé, talking about this great artist, gave this opinion concerning "Le pauvre Pêcheur." "It expresses the utmost misery of a special type of humanity. The pose of the poor fisherman with his hands devoutly crossed on his breast indicates his resignation to accept whatever fate may have in store for him. He knows that he will never catch a fish. The landscape represents life itself, fading away in dull gray colors. It is a picture which portrays extreme despair and deep humility in a marvelously perfect manner."

The more you study the decorations of Puvis de Chavannes, the more you will realize that they are decorations, and you will wonder that the meretricious painting by Abbey or the incongruous arrangement by Sargent ever detained your eyes.

If the late war has not given entire satisfaction to the Cubans, Filipinos, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford and other anti-Imperialists, at least it has conferred a boon upon the farmers of the country by furnishing them with a long list of new and appropriate names for their live stock. This fills a real need. One who has been accustomed to visit the agricultural districts will have noticed that nine out of ten country dogs were called "Rover," that oxen were either "Broad" or "Bright" and that most cows were "Sukey." At present all this is changed. The Southdown ram which makes total wrecks of anybody and everything invading his pasture now is "Dewey." The ox, somewhat sluggish and weighing near 2000 pounds, is "Shafter." The colt which the young lady summer boarders kissed on the nose and called "a dear," is "Hobson." And so on through the list. As Schley or someone said, "There are enough heroes to go round."

What has become of Signor Perugini? His name has not been in the newspapers for at least a week. Reading Emily Soldene's "Recollections" yesterday—although she recollected enough to make several persons uncomfortable her memory in certain ways, especially about herself, is prudent and shy—we came across this description of the Signor. "He made his first public appearance when very young, as a baby at a baby show; he was successful, and won a prize. Perugini took more pains and time in his make up than any artist I ever knew, and once upon a time told me, with conscious pride, that he used 96 several pigments in the process."

A short primer, "When to Lie and How," if brought out in an attractive and not too expensive a form, would no doubt command a large sale, and would prove of real practical service to many earnest and deep-thinking people. Lying for the sake of the improvement of the young, which is the basis of home education, still lingers amongst us, and its advantages are so admirably set forth in the early books of Plato's Republic that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them here. It is a mode of lying for which all good mothers have peculiar capabilities, but it is capable of still further development, and has been sadly overlooked by the School Board.

The Passionate Press Agent telegraphed from New York that Mr. Moritz Rosenthal is the "Waelung of the key-board," which is a hard name to call any man, although the saintly Wilberforce stated it as his mature opinion that "a man might be sent to hell for playing the piano."

However, the P. P. A. made amends by adding that Rosenthal "has grown to be something more and better than that."

We received Wednesday an interesting letter from another Passionate Press Agent concerning "Sada, the hypnotic violinist." Merely noting here the alleged fact that "Thomson said 'She is a phenomenal artist, and her technic is wonderful; after hearing her the severest atheist could not doubt the existence of a Supreme Being,'" we handed the letter to our more or less esteemed co-laborer in the vineyard, the Musical Editor of the Journal. He smiled faintly, for the season has begun, and said he thought he could use it later.

The Rev. Francis E. Clark says that the drunkenness of the world is very largely due to "Anglo-Saxon rum." But rum is not an Anglo-Saxon word; it came from the West Indies, and, according to Mr. C. W. Ernst, the word was first used in English here in Boston. The other name of rum in the Barbadoes was "kill-devil," and for this reason no doubt the liquor was formerly a favorite drink of New England clergymen who leaned heavily toward Calvinism.

This reminds us that the term "rot-gut" was applied originally in England only to very small beer.

There was a delightful meeting of the National Council of Women at Omaha Oct. 26. Man's gallantry in street cars—why not man and woman's rudeness—the tobacco and the gum-chewing habits and the ideal home were discussed at length. The Reverend Anna R. Shaw "presented the claims of Wilmotism." How unsatisfactory this is! Who or what or where is Wilmotism, and what are her, his, or its claims? The Reverend Mrs. Shaw said "quite as many men as women chew gum." O pshaw! Did the Council settle the question whether the Fedora hat should be worn exclusively by men? And in union-garments is there strength?

C. C. E. writes to the Journal: "I send a slight contribution to your ice fund. Years ago, when the regretted Maggie presided over my kitchen, I had trouble with the Boston Ice Company. 'Mr. Ward,' said Maggie, 'the ice is awful small, they charge you for 35 pounds, and for a week I've weighed the pieces every morning, and its only weighed 10 pounds.' I wrote a complaining letter to the company. Maggie informed me that while there seemed to be an increase in size, the company was now sending an inferior and lighter quality of ice, and that the pieces still weighed only 10 pounds. Then I called at the State Street office. I told the officials that I had conclusive evidence of their perfidy: that I knew my rights and had a brother-in-law who was a lawyer. In the meantime, Maggie labored with the driver, telling him that Mr. Ward was a gentleman of vast political influence, and that he, the driver, stood in imminent peril. The result was satisfactory to an embarrassing degree. The ice became too heavy to lift, and entirely too large for the refrigerator. Attempting to weigh a piece on the kitchen scales, I found to my astonishment that it still weighed 10 pounds. The scales stopped at that point, and registered nothing beyond."

It is a pleasure to find the managers of the Museum of Fine Arts vigilant in the matter of engine houses, but when are they going to clean and clear their back yard, which is an eyesore to all—except the managers of the Museum of Fine Arts?

I. C. asks: "How do you define the term 'team'?"

The definition of team is a matter of geography and chronology. Bailey's Dictionary (London 2nd ed., 1736) gives this definition: "Any Number of Horses, Oxen, or other Beasts, put to draw a Cart, Waggon, or Carriage of Burthen; also a Flock of Ducks."

Ash (London 2nd ed., 1736) says: "A number of horses or oxen drawing at the same carriage or plough; a number passing in a line."

Richardson (London 1839): "The num-

ber of horses, or other animals yoked to the same carriage." And there is this note: "A. S. Team, yme, a yoke or team of working cattle. Sommer says—a litter of pigs was called a team. Lye also—a team of ducks; and hence supposes a team of oxen or horses to be so called, because following in succession—it is the whole family; the whole number."

Webster (New York, 1826): "Two or more horses, oxen, or other beasts harnessed together to the same vehicle for drawing, as to a coach, chariot, wagon, cart, sled, sleigh, and the like."

And yet in parts of England, team is used to define a tandem.

In Western Massachusetts during the sixties we heard commonly the phrase "horse and team." And according to "Dialect Notes" (Norwood, Mass., 1896), team in Connecticut means "a single horse attached to a carriage."

As for "team" meaning a flock of ducks, the old word was not "team," but "padelynge;" and instead of a "team of pigs," we find "a singular of boars, a sounder of wild swine, a drift of tame swine." In the same volume, "The Book of Saint Albans," there are also these nouns of multitude: "A harness of horses, a rag of colts, a stud of mares, a pace of asses, a harem of mules"—but "a team of oxen."

Mr. Lafricain, the trumpeter, has been ludicrously, absurdly, outrageously treated by the Musical Protective Union of New York. His abilities are well known and his character during his long and honorable career in this city was unassailed. The story that comes from New York shows a private grudge or an inexplicable wish to harass Mr. Paur.

Some, of hardly human form,
Stunted, crooked, and crippled by toil;
Dingy with smoke and dust and oil,
And smirched beside with vicious soot,
Clustering, nustering, all in a swarm.
Father, mother, and careful child,
Looking as if it had never smiled—
The seamstress, lean, and weary, and wan,
With only the ghosts of garments on—
The weaver, her sallow neighbor,
The grim and sooty artisan;
Every soul—child, woman, or man,
Who lives—or dies—by labor.

IN THE WORKROOM.

Ah yes, dear Madam, the workroom is well lighted—with purring electric lights; and well ventilated—with the air of Boston town. One of the work girls is singing gaily. As you say, Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is out of date and meaningless; it is merely a curiosity of literature, somewhat hysterical, and not true poetry because it has a purpose. You look around the room, smile graciously on the girls, compliment the proprietor, and go home to luncheon, where you speak fluently concerning the great improvement in the condition of the working classes.

The roar of Washington Street outside; inside, the whirr of a sewing machine and the sound of the happy work girl singing. The other girls—girl is a work room word, for some of these girls have gray hairs, corded necks, wrinkles, flabby curves—look at the happy one who sits apart from them.

"She can afford to sing," sniffs one to the girl beside, her—a real girl, this, and pretty, but she coughs now and then, and there are little blue veins working in her temples, like little snakes in the hollow of a rock—"she gets all the work she can do; her pay last week was the double of yours and mine together."

"And how does she do it?"
The other stares and laughs: "Come off! Don't you know? Kitty's got a pull with the boss. She's all right."

A woman who is figuring on a piece of paper looks up with a pitiful face. There are eight or nine girls in the room, and only two are at work, Kitty and the machine girl; and Kitty is singing gaily.

The woman still figures laboriously on the piece of paper, and trouble is growing on her forehead. It is Thursday and thus far she has made two dollars during the week. Today she has made one dollar by the alterations in a bicycle skirt, and now she is idle again. She thinks of rent that is due, of the milk bill and the grocery bill, of her youngest son—a mere boy who is earning three dollars a week—and of her eldest son who dreams of a salary as he tramps the street, and still dreams.

She goes down into the store to see if work is coming in. A customer is

Having an expensive dress fitted. The girl says, "I'll promise you this, Mrs. Gray," and Mrs. Gray goes back to the work room happy, for she will make probably two or three dollars out of the job.

The girls are chatting as they idle. "This piece of work is a fraud," says one. "You are right," says another, "when it was busy times we got our salary of \$8 a week, now work's slack they put us on piece work."

"Yes, but some people can make their money," and they look at Kitty.

Kitty is busy, and she sings at her work, sings gaily.

'Tis the noon hour. The girls go out. Mrs. Gray eats a slice of bread and cheese, and brews a cup of tea. She too goes out. She thinks of the extra two or three dollars she is to get. How much it seems!

When she comes back she hears Kitty singing gaily over her work. She looks at her and her heart stops. Kitty has her dress.

"That work was promised to me."

Kitty stops singing. She turns big bold eyes on the trouble-faced mother. "But I've got it, haven't I?" and she goes on singing.

"That's what it means to have a pull," they say to Mrs. Gray.

Mrs. Gray's salary for the week was \$2.16.

And, therefore, dear Madam, I smile when you say that Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is out of date and meaningless, at least in Boston town.

THE QUIETIST.

Some one finds that Boylston Street, between Park Square and Tremont Street, "is suggestive of both Regent Street and Pall Mall, London." Fired, enraptured by this discovery he rushes into print, urging that "Boylston Street from Arlington Street to Tremont Street be given some distinctive and suggestive name, as, for example, Winthrop Mall or Standish Terrace.

But why "mall"? Why "terrace"? At the same time Anglomaniacs rage so violently in the Back Bay that it

might be soothing to the inhabitants of the district if the name "Regent Street" were boldly borrowed—especially since Boylston Street is so different in daily appearance and nocturnal character.

Many hold Nat Childs in pleasant memory, for they remember his natural kindness of thought and manner, his capability as a newspaper man, and his generous appreciation of the abilities of others. His last years were years of sickness and misfortune, and they who knew him only during these years did not know his true character or the natural alertness of his mind.

Yes, Miss Eustacia, they use smelling-salts at prize fights, and they use fans. The air is generally close and foul, as at any reception or social function that you attend through a sense of duty.

This reminds us that at a recent prize fight in this city a sweet-voiced young gentleman sang "Palm Branches" between two desperate rounds. Only in Boston would there be such graceful encouragement to the two millers.

The English language is weak in antithetical terms. Thus there is "hardship"—but why not "softship"?

Literary men should not eat heavily in the middle of the day, unless they prefer to work from 10 P. M. to 6 or 8 A. M. Let them follow the example of Mr. William Prynne (1600-1669): About every three hours his (Prynne's) man was to bring him a roll and pot of ale to re-juvenate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank and munched some bread, and this maintained him till night; and then he made a good supper. Now he did not want to dine, which breaks off one's fancy, which will not presently be regained."

And what did Prynne gain by such "refrillation"?

Fame, Kudos. For he was fined \$5000, expelled from the University of Oxford, graduated from the Bar, set twice on the pillory, he had his ears cut off, his book burned by the hangman, his cheeks stamped with S. L., and he received other tokens of contemporaneous relation.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" Played With Too Much Attention to the Detail—Johanna Gadski Not at Her Best.

The program of the third Symphony concert in Music Hall last evening, Mr.

Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "In the Spring".....Goldmark
"Ocean, Du Ungeheuer," from "Oberon".....Weber
Mrs. Gadski.
Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetic,".....Tchaikowsky
"Dieu, fleur de Halle," from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Mrs. Gadski.
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 3.....Liszt
(Scored for orchestra by Liszt and Doppler.)

Goldmark's melodious and spontaneous overture was played delightfully. We have no spring in New England; and therefore, perhaps, we welcome the more eagerly all allusions to it by poets and musicians; hence, also, the popularity of the Pastoral Symphony, with its cuckoo and other ornithological adornments. Goldmark has here succeeded happily in suggesting the thought of spring without becoming merely panoramic or stepping too far into Siegfried's forest. On the whole, the performance of this overture was the feature of the concert.

Mrs. Gadski will do well in future to leave the great aria from "Oberon" alone, if at the beginning of a season she labors so heavily in the performance of it. She is not cast in the heroic mould, and "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster"—why, oh why did she not sing it in the original language?—demands a more robust voice. Indeed I know of hardly a soprano today that can sing it with the fitting breadth and dignity. At the Worcester Festival, Mrs. Gadski was more fortunate with this aria, although her intonation was then not always perfectly true. Last night she forced her voice deliberately and painfully, and her intonation was frequently and distressingly false. In piano passages the tones were, for once, thin and uncontrollable. She sang her consonants violently. I have at sundry times and places sounded the praises of this amiable singer. There are certain operas in which she is charming—in such parts as Sieglinde and Senta; and her Hester is still the one pleasant recollection when in sweat-compelling nightmare I listen to Mr. Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter." I, therefore, entreat her not to go the way that so many have gone before her. I beg her to refrain from forcing tone. An audience will always applaud as long as there is vocal sound and fury; and the same audience, after it has encouraged the singer to shout and strain, will say after the voice is ruined and the singer still appears: "She's played out; I wonder why they hired her." The aria of Elisabeth was better sung, though it was delivered none too well. The accompaniments were most discreet and sympathetic.

The performance of the Pathetic Symphony was to me a great disappointment. It was careful, but too careful. There was infinite attention paid to the detail, but it was at the expense of breadth and passion. Do you say, "But look at Tchaikowsky's score?" I have looked at it. Sir or Madam, I have studied it, and I am tolerably familiar with it. I know how punctiliously the composer indicated the nuances. I admit that in former performances the "is" were not always crossed and the "its" were not always dotted; but those former performances were palpitating with life and glowing with color. The performance of last night was elegant and academic. There was finish to the last degree; even the finger nails of Tchaikowsky's loving, struggling, crowned, and dying man were polished so they glistened. I missed the intense individuality, the amazing humanity of the thing. For once the second theme of the first movement, the theme of dreaming, amorous, ineffable recollection, the thought of youth and all that the word means was not sung straight to the heart. The performance of the second movement with its ghastly attempt at gaiety and the inexorable reminder that time is fleeting was almost perfunctory.

It has been said that former performances of the third movement were "vulgar." The movement should not be played without giving rise to the suspicion of vulgarity. This much abused, misunderstood march-chamber, whatever you are pleased to call it—is the excuse, the pretext for the final lamentation. The man triumphs, as a returning general. He has the whole of earthly fame. Success, as Victor Hugo says, is hideous. The blare of trumpets, the shouts of the crowd may drown the sneers of envy; but at the coronation of Tsar, or at the inauguration of President, or at the sight of Tasso with the laurel wreath or great Pompey passing Roman streets, Dea's grins, for He knows the vulgarity and the emptiness of what this world calls success. Last night the third movement did not make the composer's irresistible contrast, and it was for once without authority. To me, the lamentation that is the end of every man's desire was read with more appreciation and sympathy by Mr. Gericke than were the preceding movements.

The program-books says that Liszt wrote 15 Hungarian rhapsodies for the piano. He did; he wrote 20, and of these 19 at least are published. The one played last night—No. 6 of the piano pieces—No. 3 of the orchestral arrangements—is cheap and nasty. The score calls for a zymbala—or cimbalom. This characteristic Hungarian-Oriental instrument was replaced by a piano-harp arrangement, I believe, which was played by Mr. Zach. It would have been an interesting experiment if a genuine zymbala had been borrowed from the Eden Musee. Probably the player at that place of amusement does not read music, whether it be in fine or coarse print.

The hall was crowded, and applause was at its height.

The program of the Symphony concert Saturday night will be as follows:
Symphony No. 3.....Brahms
Concerto for Pianoforte No. 1.....Scharwenka
Mr. Rosenthal.
Tene Poem, "Don Juan".....Strauss
Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Philip Hale.

The officers of the venerable Handel and Haydn have announced that "Wulfrin," an opera by Reinhold L. Hermann, was produced lately at Berlin with great success and "under royal patronage"—or words to that effect.

What was the date of this performance, and at what theatre was the opera produced in Berlin? We ask in a spirit of love?

Is it not possible that the officers of the venerable society were mistaken, and that "Wulfrin" was produced at Cassel instead of Berlin—which is not the same, not the same.

The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung (Oct. 14) says that the performance of "Wulfrin" at Cassel (not Berlin) Oct. 11 was received with unusual warmth. But it says nothing about royal patronage or auspices or even interest.

Never mind, Mr. Hermann, Bostonians are not barbarians. Mayor Quincy is a passionate lover of music, and will no doubt be delighted to produce your opera at the city's or his own expense; and although we have no Jukes and Barons, the untitled aristocracy of Boston is spread from Hull to Bar Harbor.

Mr. J. Melville Horner, baritone, will make his first appearance as a concert singer in Boston, Tuesday evening in Association Hall, when he will be assisted by Miss Annie Louise Holden, a mezzo soprano. Mr. Horner, who is 22 years old, was born near Pittsburg, where he first studied the violin. He studied singing under James McCollum, sang in choirs and small concerts, and afterward in New York and Chicago studied under Clement Têtedoux. He was a member of Daly's company in New York, and went on the road singing baritone parts in "The Geisha." Tired of this life, he returned to New York and sang in a choir at Newark. He came here a short time ago, proposing to make this city his home, and is now in the choir of the Walnut Avenue Congregational Church, Roxbury. Tuesday night he will sing Purcell's "Let the Dreadful Engines," from Schubert's "Don Quixote," and songs by Schubert, Korby, Berry, Rosse, Chaminate, Nevin, and others.

The first of the Harvard University chamber concerts this season will be given in Sanders Theatre Tuesday evening, when the Kneisel Quartet will play Haydn's quartet in G minor, op. 74, Mozart's quartet in D minor, and Beethoven's quartet in F major, op. 59, an eminently conservative program, a dignified opening of the series. It is worth the journey to Cambridge to hear this Quartet in Sanders Theatre, which one of my colleagues described happily as a musical instrument in itself, so admirable are its acoustic properties.

Rosenthal will give piano recitals in Music Hall Nov. 16 and 23, in the afternoon. He has not played in this city since 1888, when he made his first visit to this country. He then played in Music Hall, Nov. 9, with an orchestra conducted by Mr. Walter Damrosch, and the chief pieces were Liszt's E flat concerto and Don Juan fantasia. He was assisted by Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. Afterward he gave recitals in Bumstead Hall, Dec. 17, 19, 19.

Returning to the United States in 1896, he was announced as soloist at a Boston Symphony concert in Music Hall, Nov. 21, and the piece chosen was Chopin's concerto in E minor. He did not play, however; he was taken sick at his inn, and, going to Chicago, the disease was discovered to be typhoid fever. He was at death's door; his concert tour was, of course, abandoned, and he did not wholly recover for over a year.

He will play at the Symphony Concert, Nov. 5, Scharwenka's concerto in B flat minor, which was played by Madeline Schiller at Cambridge in 1878 and at a Symphony concert by the composer—O, unfortunate appearance!—Feb. 7, 1891. I wish he had chosen the singular and startling concerto by Ludwig Schytte, which he played in New York in '96.

Mr. Rosenthal gave his first concert this season Oct. 26, in New York, not with orchestra, but in recital.

And see how the doctors disagree.

Mr. Henderson said in the Times: "The next number was the B flat minor sonata of Chopin, and this the pianist played, in plain truth, very badly indeed. He chose to fire his bolt in the funeral march, but aside from the exquisite beauty of tone with which he sang the legato theme, he played even that movement without an artistic distribution of his dynamic gradations. The final movement, which, with the worst possible taste, he separated from

the funeral march—he played with a hard staccato effect which quite ruined it." But in the same article Mr. Henderson says: "When he reached the Don Juan fantasia of Liszt, Mr. Rosenthal let loose the torrent of his technique, and before such a stupendous revelation of mastery of the keyboard all commentators must pause for want of adjectives. It was amazing, thrilling, even alarming."

Mr. Krehbiel said in the Tribune: "In the B flat minor sonata of Chopin, he touched the highest point he reached during the evening, in a splendidly passionate performance of the first two movements and one of the funeral march that was free from sentimentality and beautiful in color."

Mr. Rosenthal is, indeed, worth hearing, and he should face large audiences. Some of us went to New York two years ago when he appeared in Carnegie Hall, and the memory of his stupendous technique is still fresh. So far as easy, graceful triumph over seemingly impossible mechanical difficulties is concerned, Mr. Rosenthal is first—and the others, Silito, de Pachmann, Carreno, d'Albert, Paderewski, not in sight. Emil Sauer is still to be heard here, but I doubt whether any one has surpassed or can surpass Mr. Rosenthal in amazing fluency of technique.

By the way, if you wish to read about one of the most beautiful rows between a pianist and a critic, look at Heinrich Ehrlich's account of the Ehrlich-Rosenthal episode, published in the former's entertaining "Dreissig Jahre Künstlerleben"; and then hear Mr. Rosenthal tell his side of the story. For Ehrlich writes with a keen sense of humor and with bitter wit, and Mr. Rosenthal is a brilliant talker.

This reminds me of a paragraph of Mr. Henderson concerning "extravagant opinions which have recently burned their way under sea." "Those sent from Germany are not worth the paper on which they are printed, because musical criticism in the land of the Teutonic scoffers at American pork is notoriously a marketable commodity."

But think of the enormous number of concerts given in Berlin, and the small pay received by the critics. What wonder that some allow their manly palms to be crossed! Mr. Henderson's remarks are undoubtedly true, the more's the pity.

Dr. Leopold Schmidt of the Berliner Tageblatt recognizes the damage inflicted on music by this indiscriminate concert-giving, and he suggests a remedy. I quote from Mr. Otto Florsheim's translation in the Musical Courier:

As long as the tendency of instruction is to prepare pupils for a professional life, rather than to develop their capacities for home delectation, this struggle for publicity will be unavoidable. Naturally, this unwise ambition manifests itself most disagreeably in the metropolis—the focus of effort—for aspirants stream into our great city with ambitions that are seldom fulfilled. A reaction will sooner or later follow this feverish overproduction, as the ebb is sure to follow the flood. The present conditions are abnormal, they outrage our art sense and profane the place in our lives which should be allotted to fine musical feeling.

Now, then, the question arises: "What should be the attitude of the 'press' toward this evil?" It is quite apparent that not even the musical periodicals, and much less the daily papers, would afford space for detailed criticism of this volume of musical reproductions. Therefore, the Berlin music critics are confronted by a unique problem, a problem differing materially from those presented by the musical happenings of any other city. Paris and London not excepted. We must either make chance selections for criticism, or treat the mass collectively. The aim of the critic should be to give his readers a digest of occurrences and to establish a standard of merit with which the highest accomplishment and the lower may be compared; in this way hundreds of artists may be disposed of in few words. He who receives little or no notice will have no cause for wounded feelings, for Halle, or Koenigsberg, or even Leipzig may accord him full recognition. There are but two points which the critic should consider, viz., that which is likely to interest his readers and that which may be of service to individual artists or to art itself. This method of criticism would do away with the possible injustice that might result from incomplete less comprehensive mention.

The real purpose of criticism is to furnish expert analyses of works and performers. It is impossible for the Berlin critic to fulfill this mission in any cases that do not involve intrinsically great and new achievements.

And how about this season in New York? According to Mr. Henderson's calendar, published in the New York Times last Sunday, there are to be 197 concerts, not including those of societies and soloists for which dates are not yet appointed. At least 50 more may be safely expected.

I have been much impressed by the sworn affidavit of Mr. R. E. Johnston to the wondrous spell of "Sada, the hypnotic violinist."

Quoting Mr. Thomson, "After hearing her in the severest of theists could not doubt the existence of a Supreme Being." Mr. Johnston rolls up his sleeves and says, "If I know anything in the way of music—and I think my record bears me out to some extent that I do—I know the violin. I cannot play it, or, in fact, play any instrument, but I know it when played as you know good fruit from bad. During my last trip to Brussels, . . . I happened to attend a concert given by

Ysaye. . . . He made his appearance, leading a little girl all smiles and dushes, dressed in a simple white dress, carrying a violin. He stepped forward and said, in French, words to this effect: 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing my charming little pupil, Sada. If she does not surprise you, then I do not know what the violin is.' She played the Symphonie Espagnole by Lalo. I have heard a few great artists play it, but really this was remarkable. Such technique, such execution, I never before heard, and the audience—well, you should have seen them; they were as though in a trance. She cast such a spell over them with her playing, that there was a full for at least a minute after she ceased playing. When they awoke, you should have heard the tumult. Yes, that is the word. She responded to three encores, and I pitied her. But they would not let up, so she finally came forward again, and played 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' Then I realized how grand it is to be an American."

Never mind about Thomson and Ysaye. When Mr. Johnston praises a violinist, the question is settled for all time, especially when he proposes "to tour her."

Sada Werthelmer was a pupil of Jan Koert in New York. He introduced her to Ysaye, who persuaded her to go to Brussels. She is about 16 years old.

There will be a fine service at St. James's Church, Harrison Avenue, this morning. Cherubini's mass in C for chorus of five parts, double quartet and organ and Palestrina's "Panis angelicus" will be sung under the direction of Mr. Augusto Rotoli. The service will begin at 10.15 precisely.

An unusual program will be that of the Adamowski Quartet concert in Association Hall, Nov. 23. A quartet by Statkowski and five Novelettes by Glazounoff will then be played here for the first time, and Schumann's quartet in A minor will also be on the program.

The earnest student of music should do Professor Kalauer's "Kleines Musiklexikon" to his library. I translate a few of the articles.

"Adelina Patti is celebrated for her high notes, which are only surpassed by her charges for admission."

"Cicciolina was an immoral Italian, whose 'Secret Marriage' made him much talked about."

"Carl Czerny was a man of wicked, malicious mind, who could not endure little children, and therefore constantly wrote exercises for them."

"Conductor—a man who is scorned by every piano student unless he smashes through the whole program without his notes; who must express even to the slightest detail all the melodic, rhythmic, dynamic developments of the work in pantomime; and in familiar pieces he must introduce so many nuances that criticism finds an entirely new work."

There is "batonomania," in which the conductor identifies himself with the orchestra, so that he believes he plays all the instruments, nor can he make a crescendo without stupendous flapping of his arms. A bacillus is on every director's stick.

Mendelssohn gave a fine example of "Music of the Future." He began his "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with a motif from the future "Rheingold," and his A minor symphony, with one of the most beautiful motifs of the equally future "Die Walküre," no wonder that the rabid Wagner could see nothing good in Mendelssohn's music. Schubert also wrote "Music of the Future" when he put the Schindlermotif in the scherzo of his D minor quartet.

Mascanitis is an infectious disease, which generally breaks out in the form of a new opera, which in light cases is only in one-act, but it seldom subsides without auditory, over-excitement of the ear, irritation of the Nervus rhythmicus and harmonicus; its raging fever is suddenly broken by a condition of total prostration induced by the co-called Intermezzo sinfonico."

In Nassau—Germany, not New Jersey—they do not allow music at home on Sunday. Lately in Niederhausen a young woman, not an inhabitant, was arrested because she played the piano, "although the windows were shut and the nearest church nearly three miles from the house." This is worse than

it is in Boston.

At Palua performances of "Sonnambula" have been given in the Brasserie de la Rotonda with an admission price of five cents, and for children 2½ cents.

Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien" will be produced this season at the Breslau Opera House for the first time in German. It is to be regretted that we did not hear this opera in Boston. The press of New York was unanimous in praising music and performance, but the opera was without legs and horseplay and therefore without box-office draught.

Verdi, Boito, Puccini, Gagliardi, will found a singing school, to be closely connected with La Scala, as a feeder to that theatre. The school will have nothing to do with the Milan Conservatory. Furthermore, there will be a respectable house where pupils of talent will be lodged and fed.

A Rubinstein Memorial School will be established on the estate of Rubinstein's Wychowitzy. It will be open to foreigners as well as Russians. Special attention will be paid chorus singing. The committee hopes to lay the cornerstone Nov. 20.

The Allgemeine deutsche Musikverein offers the following prizes: For a large symphonic work (strict or free), \$520; for a concerto for one or more string symphonic work (strict or free), \$250; for a scena for voice and orchestra, \$75; for chamber-composition without piano (string or wind instruments separate or mixed), \$125. Manuscripts for the first and second may be sent until Sept. 1, 1899, for the third and fourth until Feb. 1, 1899.

Siegfried Wagner's comic opera, "Der Bärenhäuter," will be produced at Munich Jan. 10, 1899.

D'Albert has just finished a new one-act tragic opera, "Cain."

Our old friend, Satanella, appeared again in an opera by J. R. Rozkosny, at the Czech Theatre, Prague, Oct. 5. The opera is said to be neither original nor modern.

Nikita was married to Mr. James Murray in London. She had no papers of birth and baptism, and so, although Berlin is their home, the journey to England was necessary.

Mr. Otto Floersheim says of Otto Hegner: "I learned in Switzerland a few weeks ago that he is a perfect wreck in mind as well as in body, and that in all probability he will never again appear in public. He married (or rather was married by) the lady who presides over the cash counter at the Hotel de Caux, a beautiful summer resort in the mountain above Montreux."

Dr. Richter has finally agreed to accept the post of conductor of the Halle concerts in the north of England. Since Sir Charles Hallé's death in 1895, the concerts, as well as those of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, have been under the conductorship of Mr. Cowen. The Viennese conductor arriving in London was met by a deputation from Manchester at Charing Cross, and he agreed to take up his residence in Manchester for the winter of 1899-1900. The Liverpool Philharmonic Society will, however, still retain the services of Mr. Cowen. The new appointment will not, it is stated, affect the position of the Richter concerts in London.

Melba will sail from Liverpool Nov. 12, and sing for the first time this season in New York Nov. 22, at a charity concert.

Karl Klindworth has been invited to conduct two concerts in London, Nov. 22, 29. Mr. Frederick H. Dawson will then play Liszt's A major concerto and the two concertos by Brahms. Dawson, I believe, has never visited this country. Born at Leeds in 1863, he made his first appearance at London in 1891.

The Portuguese pianist, José Vianna da Motta, a pupil of von Bülow, is playing zealously German piano music in cities of South America.

They say there are no novelties worth bringing out at the Boston Symphony concerts this season. They think otherwise at Frankfurt, a good German city. The audiences at the Museum: orchestra concerto will hear these pieces unknown in Boston: Blech's "Die Nonne," symphonic poem; Glazounoff's symphony in E flat major; Humperdinck's "Maurische Rhapsodie;" d'In-Jy's "Sangfuri;" Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko;" Urspruch's overture, "Der Sturm;" Richard Strauss's new symphony, "Heldenleben;" Weingartner's new symphony in G major. And at the Sunday concerts the Frankforters will hear César Franck's "Les Eolides"—which has been played in certain American cities, Nodde's "Die Jagd nach dem Glück;" Puchat's "Leben und Ideal;" A. Ritter's "Olaf's Hochzeitseigen," etc.

Heinrich Vogl, the tenor, has finished an opera, "Der Fremdling." Felix Dahn, the librettist, took the story from the Edda, and the subject is Baldur's freeing of the earth from the sleep of winter. The opera will be produced probably in the spring at Munich.

They say that Massenet will write an

opera, "L'Amour et la Mort."

Enina Nevada is singing in Italy. She was at Florence early in the month for the first time for 11 years.

Mr. Floersheim thus describes a new piano concerto by Ernest Hutchinson of Australia, who played it in Berlin Oct. 6: "On the whole, this new piano concerto of Hutchinson's was a very pleasing surprise for me, and I consider it the best work of the kind I have heard for several years. The first movement in E major opens with fine big phrase, which is treated most skillfully, and if the second theme, in itself quite well invented though it be, were only of greater contrast to the principal theme, this satz would be a very eminent one. A perfect gem in every way is the scherzo in E sharp major, and it was so brilliantly performed by the pianist composer, as well as the orchestra, that a repetition of the movement was insisted upon by the audience. Also the final movement, although I do not particularly care for the Mendelssohnian introduction, very well won and decidedly valuable from a musical as well as from a pianistic standpoint, but the coda is too long deferred and drawn out and the whole is too much overloaded with mere passage work. Perfectly admirable, as I said before, is the treatment of the orchestra. As this is only the young composer's op. 6 I expect to see great works from his pen in the future."

Berlin correspondent of the New York Times, Mr. Edward Breck, thus speaks of the musical condition of the Germans:

The departure of Miss Lillian Russell from the "Wintergarten" gives rise to some reflections on musical taste in this country. Miss Russell, without being either a Patti or a Melba, sings very charmingly, and her reception by the Berlin music hall public was a cordial one; but correctly to gauge the musical predilections of this class of German audiences it is necessary to wait for another number of the same program—namely, the performance of Miss Ada Colley, a young Australian lady, gifted with a voice which is abnormal in its range, she being able by the employment of a kind of head-tone, which resembles a whistle as much as anything else to reach tones far above the celebrated high G of Miss Sybil Sanderson. The quality of this voice is very bad, and becomes in the highest register, as already hinted, a mere piping whistle. When Miss Colley sings the "Intermezzo" from the "Cavalleria Rusticana" without words, evidently endeavoring to imitate a violin, one becomes excruciatingly aware of "enjoying" the ugliest thing, esthetically speaking, that was ever produced, and the sad realization comes home to one again with terrible force to what extent the modern European has cultivated the moral side of his being to the exclusion of the esthetic.

Miss Ada Colley arouses a nightly enthusiasm at the "Wintergarten" which is, so far as I know, without example

and when she squawks out the Mascagni hand-organ music and one's whole spiritual and physical being is shuddering with excruciating agony, the audience rises as one man and the din of applause is simply deafening. Now, I do not want to draw the conclusion from this appalling fact that the Germans are not musical, but only that they are less so, particularly the masses, than we are taught to believe. In most ways the Germans are certainly the most musical people in the world; in a great many others they are the most unmusical. A conservatory student who engages himself at a small theatre as third bandmaster, or "choir repititor," at 100 marks a month or less, is required to read at sight badly copied orchestral scores, often corrected and altered to the point of illegibility, and he can do this, but unless he be an exception he may become a celebrated conductor without being able to distinguish between a true and a false note. There is no country in the world where so much music can be heard; there is no country in the world where so much singing and playing off the key is tolerated, nay, enjoyed. Here again the German national dulness of sense, which precludes finish and finesse, comes in.

The German stands alone as a creative musician; as an interpretive artist he falls far below the Slav, the Hungarian, or the Latin; for the fire, the caressing touch, the diablerie—in a word, the artistic finish is not his; that unfailing instinct for the "nuance" which is the soul of artistic expression. Only of the pre-eminent classic is he a masterly interpreter, the music which allows of the least individuality on the artist's part, like Bach and Beethoven.

The Englishman wants music, and likes to listen to it in evening dress, but is not very particular in regard to its quality. The American wants music, but he wants it well performed or not at all. The German must and will have music, be it good, bad or indifferent. Every German village of 5000 inhabitants has a brass band that plays Wagner, Weber and Bizet, but oh! "frag mich nur nicht wie!" Every German city of more than 25,000 inhabitants has its own theatre, with its dramatic and operatic companies, conventions with music and loss of generosity by the city or the State. There is no theatre in Germany which is not subventioned in some kind of way, from the great Court theatres of Berlin, Dresden and Munich, which cost the sovereigns of Prussia, Saxony and Bavaria hundreds of thousands yearly, to the little theatres of Dortmund or Bromberg, that receive at least free gas and remission of taxes. Is there a theatre in the United States or Great Britain which receives from city or State so much as the opera house of Bromberg? The Grand Duke of Baden, by no means a rich man as Grand Dukes go, spends over \$200,000 a year out of his own pocket to keep up his theatre, and thus enables Felix Mottl to realize in some degree his artistic aspirations. Who in America or England, outside of Henry Higginson, who founded and nurtured to maturity the finest of mod-

ern orchestras, can for a moment be compared with this petty Prince?

To return now to the quality of German music, it suffices to mention the hands, not the "little German bands" or even those torturing organizations with which the German steamship companies plague their passengers, but the celebrated military bands of the Fatherland, to prove at once how absolutely unmusical Germany is in regard to style, purity and accuracy of tone. To hear a Prussian life and drum squad go up the Friedrichstrasse and playing some of the fine old marches that Frederick the Great loved so well is enough to set one's teeth on edge and cause "each several hair" to rise up in indignation. I do not quite understand the construction of the German piccolo, but I know by long experience that it does not run high enough to touch the upper notes of almost all the music pieces required of it, so that it is a solemn and appalling fact that you may often hear a life corps in this country playing not a little off the key, but a whole half tone too flat! I doubt if such a state of things would be tolerated in any other country in the world.

The Rev. John E. Edwards thus writes concerning church music in Cape Breton:

"All but four of the Presbyterian churches in Cape Breton have services in the ancestral language. In Baddo-k and some other places the English service is immediately followed by one in Gaelic. Hence Charles Dudley Warner's expression, 'The double-barreled church' of Baddo-k. The Gaelic singing in the old tongue and style is unique, and not a little impressive. The precentors stand behind the pastor, and one of them fines out, 'precentors,' both words and tune. The congregation follows in unison, but with so many turns, quavers and holds that they spin out the line to three or four times the length of the precentor's rendering. The effect is weird, pathetic, sometimes thrilling, as one thinks that the same tunes were sung in the same way by persecuted Cameronians in the riots and caves of Scotland, interrupted, perhaps, by alarm or deadly shot. At times the music sounds like the dying swell of an aeolian harp, but it more often reminds one of the chanting of monks in an Italian cathedral. Martyrdom, Durdice and New London are among the favorite tunes everywhere sung, but are hard to recognize in their Gaelic form."

That delightful writer, Vernon Lee, wandered lately in a cemetery at Detwang. And she thus was introduced to the greatest of the Zahns, a musical family of the last century, and his name, according to the tombstone, was Georg Philipp Zahn.

"By dint of diligence and virtue," said his epitaph, "he was able to swing himself ever higher and higher through the high houses of counts and princes, until, in 1762, the Russian Emperor Peter III, had him called into his presence, where he performed to every one's satisfaction. And when, only two days later, the throne of Russia was ascended by Catherine II, (the epitaph delicately forbears allusion to poor Emperor Peter and what happened to him after listening to Herr Zahn) he was taken into her service as Kammer-Musikus. His instrument was the bassoon (die Fagotte), with which the homely piece of wood (unschöneres Stück Holz) he was able to move sensitive hearts to tears and to joyfulness. After eighteen years (continues the epitaph) of meritorious service, he received the grace of kissing the hand of the greatest Empress in the world on bidding her farewell. And in 1780 he returned to the home of his fathers, intending to consume the wealth he had amassed in the company of his brothers at Hohlbach. But he was killed, in 1781, by a stray shot in the Upper Forest." Such the music dictionaries and you will not find the name of this faithful bassoonist. And a century from now, how many favorites of today will be forgotten, as though they had never been!

Philip Hale.

Oct 31, 98

THE DECEITFUL FATHER.

"Papa, who owns this park?"

"We do, my son."

"We, the people. As a part of the public, Henry, we have the right to regard it as our property. The sovereignty of the people—"

"Hi, there," interrupted a rough, coarse voice, "get off the grass or I'll arrest you." The voice belonged to a policeman.

And little Henry was pained to know that his father had told him a lie.

For the rain it raineth every—Saturday.

"The success of the plug-tobacco trust is assured." Here's something to chew on.

It is to be regretted that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt used the phrase "tinned roast beef," but Anglomaniacs may thus be induced to cast their votes for him.

Admiral Dewey writes, "I have a great many pairs of shoes and never wear the same pair two days in succession." Lucky man as well as brave! He probably never wears slippers, which spoil the shape of the feet, but has a pair of old, easy boots always on the ice. Ten to one he also has a razor for each day of the month, for all pictures show him as rejoicing in a singularly clean shave.

We regret bitterly that our sex prevented us from being present at the

meeting of the Women's National Council at Omaha, Oct. 28. "Some interesting points were brought out, such as man's appropriation of trousers, which had been the invention of women when man was the warrior and did not have time to attend to any business." Every husband will subscribe to this motto, "I care not who invented trousers, as long as I wear them."

As a matter of fact, pantaloons, trousers, long small clothes, were of Venetian and Magifico parentage; for St. Pantaleon was in especial fashion at Venice, and so many Venetians were named after him that the other Italians called them in mockery Pantaloni. The Venetians wore long small clothes," says Southey; "These as being the national dress were called Pantaloni also; and when the trunk-hose of Elizabethan days went out of fashion, we received them from France, with the name of pantaloons."

And thus may husbands in these days when wives usurp male attire say with deep feeling

SANCTE PANTALEON, ORA PRO NOBIS!

If you consult the old Dictionaries, you will find strange definitions. Thus Flouret (1681) defines "Pantalones, a sort of Breeches now in fashion, and well known." Bayley (1736) says "Pantalons, a sort of garment, anciently worn, consisting of both breeches and stockings, and both of the same stuff." Even Webster (1828) gives the latter definition and adds "a species of close long trousers extending to the heels."

Then the Women's National Council discussed "the effect of short skirts on the morals." But is not cleanliness next to godliness?

Why does not Mr. Augustin Daly call his play "Roxane" instead of "Cyrano de Bergerac"? Nothing is too good for Miss Rehan.

Sala, speaking four or five years ago of the rarest of rare old port, said "such port as inspired Blackstone when penning his Commentaries; such port as you get at St. John's, Newfoundland."

How did this port find its way to Newfoundland? And is there any of it left today, port that is trusted and peer-winged? Somehow or other you do not associate naturally cod-fish with port.

Of course there is right here in Boston a drink known as "port wine," just as there is "sherry wine," and it is sometimes given to invalids; but one must be very sick to drink it without a protest.

If you are fated and worn out, and have exhausted all the other innocent dissolutions of life, just take upon yourself the duty of answering your own front door bell for one whole afternoon, and you will experience an entirely fresh set of the most unique sensations. There is nothing else in the least like it. The ringing of the bell sends a mild magnetic thrill right through your system. When you go to answer it you go to meet the Absolutely Unexpected, you go to meet the Incarnation of the Unknown. There is the door. On the other side of it lies—or for the credit of one's acquaintance we will say stands—you have not the faintest notion in the world what. All the emotions of the explorers of all time are concentrated in your bosom, as you pause irresolute upon the doormat, grasping the knob.

As a patron of art, you know, of course, the Discobolos, and you wonder why the fellow throwing the discus advances his right foot when the natural position is with the left foot forward. Dr. Trendelenburg in the last Jahrbuch solves the problem—at least to his own satisfaction. "The supposed athlete is no human athlete at all, but the god Hermes, patron of athletes, and he is not preparing to hurl the discus, but simply holding it in a characteristic attitude. This theory is placed almost beyond question by comparison of the statue with a coin of Amastris of Paphlagonia, where the god is represented exactly in the same pose as in the statue, and with a caduceus in the raised right hand."

Yes, this is very pretty, but why "characteristic attitude" when a discus thrower would not take the said position?

Turn from Frenchmen of today, wrangling, fearing the truth, extolling the military, loving it with a love deeper than that of La Grande Duchesse, and consider the happier Frenchmen of earlier centuries. There was Gratian du Pont, for instance, who spent his time in pleasing speculation. He insisted that every man at the Day of Resurrection will be a whole body, without blemish or deformity. He went further. "If every part of the body were separated into 1500 different pieces, they would all unite and become whole; Adam will regain the part from which Eve was made, Eve must, by becoming Adam's side, lose the female character;

in like manner will be with all other persons; every man will be like Adam, every woman like Eve. Therefore"—notice the inexorable logic of this close reasoner—"therefore woman will cease to be."

The advantages of an active life are shown by the example of Mrs. Ann Smith of Worcester, England, who is now in her 110th year. Born in a caravan she has spent more than 100 years travelling from fair to fair. She is still nimble, has 16 children, eats four meals a day, and smokes constantly a clay pipe.

Professor Virchow talked hard sense in London. These remarks are of more than local application: "We cannot understand in Germany the attitude adopted by your Parliament in dealing with the vaccination question. Make it either compulsory or entirely facultative, and then you have a theoretical standpoint. But as you have it now, with the conscientious objectors' clause, it is simply ridiculous. You give the man in the street the right to a medical opinion! Why, the objector thinks only of himself and what he imagines his own convenience. It is all very well for parents to arrange in a way for the future of their children, but they must not be given the right to expose them, nay, to condemn them to contagion. Take the case of a man with a sore leg, which, according to medical advice, must be amputated if the man's life is to be saved; he refuses to undergo the operation, and, well, if he prefers to die that is his own business. But suppose this leg contains the germs of a contagious disease; would the doctors be justified in letting the man mix freely with others and spread contagion? Or in the case of a fire, are the feelings of owners of adjacent houses to be consulted when it is necessary to sacrifice them, that the conflagration be circumscribed?"

My wife she is the worst of all, when we give genteel dinners, She uses neither knife nor fork, but pops in all her fingers, And when they hand the wine about, she tells the gents it stinks, Sir, Gets full her mouth, and squirts it out, and calls for treacle drinck, Sir.

We once heard Mr. Amos Bronson Alcott give it as his mature opinion that crime would become unknown and every workman would have a house and lot if in every home there were an edition of the complete works of Plato. Mr. Alcott, the eminent philosopher, made this statement many years ago in Cosmian Hall, Florence, Massachusetts, and he was listened to with great respect by an audience of rising young free-thinker and settled cranks; but there was no demand for copies of Plato's works at the two bookstores in Northampton.

Thus did he preach to deaf ears; and no doubt we shall undergo the same experience when we urge every wife and mother to procure at once a copy of "The Cook Not Mad, or Rational Cookery," a little book of 120 pages published at Watertown in 1831. The title page bears a motto: Gen. Chap. 27, v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Alas, it is not given to all to eat venison. Isaac craved it, Esau went after it and Jacob, the sneak, foisted on his dim-eyed father the savoury meat of kids. But stomachs are tenderer than they were in the early days of the world, and the solemn warning of Robert Burton rings in our ears: "All venison is melancholy, and begets bad blood; a pleasant meat; in great esteem with us in our solemn feasts. 'Tis somewhat better hunted than otherwise, and well prepared by cookery; but generally bad, and seldom to be used."

To return to our mutton. In these days of unbridled patriotism, or, if you prefer the word, jingoism—"The Cook Not Mad" should be the oracle of every Republican wife. We quote from the preface an irrefutable proof of our assertion.

Still further would the impropriety be carried were we to introduce into a work intended for the American Publick such English, French and Italian methods of rendering things indigestible, which are of themselves innocent, or of distorting and disguising the most loathsome objects to render them sufferable to already vitiated tastes. These evils are attempted to be avoided. Good republican dishes and garnishing, proper to all an everyday bill of fare, from the condition of the poorest to the richest individual, have been principally aimed at. Pastry has had more than usual attention.

Hurrah for the Republican pie and "railroad depot" sandwich! Hurrah for pork and beans and Cape Cod turkey! Hurrah for saleratus bread and hot biscuit! Down with the soups and other loathsome objects of vitiated foreigners!

And yet Mr. Sala had the pleasant remembrances of puchero—a dish that was flouted openly by the Chicago Times-Herald, which insinuated that the Spaniards loving this dish were thereby unable to war successfully

against can-fed Americans. Listen to Mr. Sala a moment. "There is beef in it; boiled beef: the French bouilli, in fact. There is bacon. There are garbanzos (broad beans), and charming little black-puddings, and cabbage, and delicate morsels of fried banana. It is very wholesome and very filling, and there is no use in your complaining that an odor of garlic pervades it, because the room and the tablecloth and your next neighbor are all equally redolent of the omnipresent 'ajo.'"

The name is derived from the utensil in which it is served. Puchero means pipkin.

The preface to "The Cook not Mad" says, "To meet the objections that may be raised against this little production on the ground of its containing many directions for getting up our most common repasts, let it be remembered that not a few young women enter upon the duties of the wedded life without having been scarcely initiated into the mysteries of the eating department, and, therefore, to them the most trivial matters on this head become of importance. The health of a family, in fact, greatly depends upon its cookery. The most wholesome viands may be converted into corroding poisons. Underdone or overdone food in many instances produces acute or morbid affections of the stomach and bowels, which lead to sickness and perhaps death."

If I give a dinner to my lord, and bid her make a good 'un, Perhaps she will make some pea soup, or else a great black pudding; And when the tea it is brought in, the tray she always flings, Sir, Stirs up the sugar with her fist, and then she licks her fingers.

One more extract from this patriotic preface that should be read by every wife at least once a week. "Without proper instructions a well-meaning wife will throw more out at the window than the husband can bring in at the door." Some over-genteel folks may smile at the supposed interest the wife, or female head of a family, must take in all these concerns; but, suffer the remark, where this is not the state of things, a ruinous waste is the consequence."

We are surprised to find Mr. Henry A. Clapp declaring that Beatrice is "the only fashionable lady" in all Shakspeare's heroines. Cleopatra, we are told by many, was all the rage until her premature death. We also regret that Mr. Clapp does not include Hostess Quickly or Doll Tear-Sheet among Shakspeare's ideal women. The playwright drew them with loving care, and neither Beatrice nor Rosalind is as true to life.

Mr. J. Melville Horner, Baritone, Makes His First Appearance in Boston—First of the Harvard University Chamber Series in Sanders Theatre by the Kneisel Quartet.

Mr. J. Melville Horner gave a recital last evening in Association Hall. He was assisted by Miss Annie Louise Holden, mezzo-soprano, and Mrs. Walton L. Crocker, accompanist. The hall itself was cold and drafty. There was a good-sized audience that was liberally applaudive.

Mr. Horner has an agreeable voice of good compass, a voice that is flexible and sympathetic. He has evidently studied diligently and intelligently, for he does many things well. He sings with his head as well as his vocal apparatus, and he has learned how to discriminate in emotion. But there is one mannerism that may be called justly a fault, and unless this fault be promptly corrected, it will injure him seriously. I refer to his constant use of an unmeaning and often impertinent sforzato—the trick of exploding on a tone when the tone on the contrary should be held firmly, whether quietly or vigorously. The common expression "pumping tone" might with justice be applied to some of his work last evening. He, however, showed that the habit is not chronic by his beautiful legato and sostenuto in the very first song, the amiable "To Music" by Schubert; and in this undistinguished song he was heard to his best advantage. The habit showed its head in Schubert's "Aufenthalt," which might also have been sung with greater breadth; it disappeared during the greater portion of Purcell's fine air "Let the Dreadful Engines," which was sung with much understanding, especially in the recitatives, and with an appreciation of

legitmal contrast; but it ran riot in Mr. Beach's "Haste, O Beloved," in Nevill's pretty "Rosary" and "Time Enough," and in Foote's "Song of the Forge." I did not care for Korby's "Mohács Field" with the cadence that brings to mind "I'm Muldoon, I'm a Solid Man"—indeed, I prefer the latter ditty; nor was Korby's "Play on Gipsy" sung with an authority that rammed the song home. The final songs by Barry, Resse and Chamnadio I did not hear.

Mr. Horner has a modest, manly bearing, and with the exception that I have noted—a variation of the objectionable habit, by the way, was his clinching and accenting an unimportant final note of a phrase when he should have released it quietly—his performance gave pleasure.

Miss Holden sang Tschalkowsky's "Adieu de Jeanne d'Arc," which is far, far beyond her present ability, and songs by Miss Lang and Massenet. She is not yet ripe for concert work, although even now, in a parlor, she may delight the company with a ballad.

Mrs. Crocker played with a visible display of emotion. She also often gave valuable assistance to the singers. Let me remind her that thundering on the piano with the aid of the damper pedal does not furnish the appropriate background for the exhibition by a bass-baritone of one of his lowest tones taken and held softly.

Philip Hale.

He retired some years ago on a handsome competency derived from the insurance-money he received on a rather shaky schooner he owned, and which turned up white lyn at a wharf one night, the cargo having fortuitously been removed the day after the disastrous calamity occurred. Uncle Wilyim said it was one of the most singler things he ever heard of; and, after collecting the insurance-money, he bust into a flood of tears, and retired to his farm in Pennsylvania.

Another good man gone wrong. Inasmuch as he was a "prominent citizen," and "universally respected" and "an earnest worker in the church," there is, of course, "much sympathy expressed for him," although he picked with both hands from trees that belonged to others.

J. H. wrote for the Pall Mall Gazette this quatrain on a recent marriage:

So pretty Miss Clemmons is now Mrs. Gould! The marriage has cost them a million—I'm told. She made a remark that's quite lovely—if true? "I don't care a dollar for Gold—without U."

That there are flourishing art classes in Sing Sing shows that exuberance of artistic temperament is as frequently chastened by jail-discipline as by the criticism of eminent reviewers.

It's a pity that the old Manila cone-shaped cigar is passing. The intelligent smoker could show easily his knowledge by lighting the right end.

To E. E.: Eugène Alexis Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," was born at Marseilles April 1, 1868. He studied law, and made his first appearance as a playwright in 1888 at the Cluny, Paris, with his piece, "Le Gant Rouge." "Les Romanesques," for which he received 4000 francs, the Toriac prize, given by the Academy for the best piece played during the year at the Comédie Française, was produced in 1894. "La Princesse Loïntaine" was performed in 1895.

Speaking of plays, we are reminded that a publisher of plays in this city received last week the following note:

"Mr. — will you Please inform me how a Spanard is dress in Battle."

Can anyone give the origin of "pernickety," or "pernickity," a New England and Middle State term for over-particular, fussy?

H. S. writes to the Journal: "As to Mr. Sala finding rare old port at St. John's, Newfoundland, the old globe trotter knew a good wine when he drank it, none better, and knew where to find it apparently. St. John's has always had an extensive trade with Mediterranean ports; supplying them with fish, the return cargoes, from Oporto especially, being salt, in which would be casks of port and Madeira wines kept in the cellars of the Messrs. Newman, which have always, I think, escaped the fires by which the old town in the past has been devastated, the wine would have ample time to acquire that crust, so dear to the old tippler. I'm sure it left its native place, the voyage across the Atlantic in the slow sailing vessels, gave the wine an added value to all lovers of what is good. And that's the connection port wine has with codfish—at least so I think."

"Kaiser William will not go to Jericho." And yet many of his subjects have wished him there.

A Berliner published lately with the sanction of William, a collection of hymns and chants for the use of the Pilgrim in the Holy Land; and nearly every hymn refers to the Kaiser. One chant begins: "In all my acts I rely

on the Most High to give me counsel." A hymn starts with, "We march in the name of God; we have need of His grace"—a surprising admission on the part of William. The collection is indeed complete; for we find in it "Deutschland ueber Alles," and a few drinking songs, as "Courage! Let us drink again the sparkling wine!"

And now for the dear children. Here are a few important facts that should be committed to memory. Knowledge will then add zest to hair-pulling in time of brotherly and sisterly discussion.

One hundred and forty thousand to 160,000 are common number of hairs on the scalp of a fair-haired man or woman.

Over three dark hairs take up the place of one red one.

The average crop on the head of a red-haired person is only 29,200 hairs.

Refrained people are the least apt to go bald.

But C. C. E. evidently does not believe in

HOME EDUCATION.

"If you can spare a few minutes, dear," says your wife, "would you mind explaining about decimals to Johnny? His teacher says he is a little behind the other boys in his arithmetic."

"Certainly," you say, laying down your cigar, and Evening Journal. You remember that mathematics is an exact science that does not change with time, and that as you went as far as the general calculus in college, there will be no difficulty with such elementary matters.

You see, Johnny, it's this way: Suppose you have a fraction like one-half, now that's the same as five-tenths, which is a decimal, or it can be fifty-thousandths, or, in fact, anything beginning with a five with zeros after it, and you've got to have a point in front of the five in order to know it's a decimal. Johnny looks blank and you tell him that your explanation is not lucid.

Well, perhaps you'll understand better if we take an actual example. Suppose that you have ten marbles, or no, a hundred red marbles, or, perhaps, a thousand would be better," Johnny beams at the idea. "Well, now, suppose you have away or lose 750 of the marbles."

Johnny looks astonished and asks, "The 250 that remain can be expressed decimally by putting a point between them—that is, of course, the 250 marbles would be a whole number, but they can be considered as a fraction of the whole you had, and—see here, now, what's the sense in Johnny's teacher charging me lots of money, and then expecting me to do all her work? Besides, probably my explanation would be a little different from hers, which might confuse Johnny."

"Perhaps it might, dear," says your wife.

Nov 3, 1898

THE PALE OPERATOR.

I see there a pale operator all absorbed in his work. Ever since I remember him, he has been sewing, and using up his strength. I stand and look at his face; his face is blanched and covered with sweat. I feel that it is not bodily strength that works in him, but the incitement of the spirit.

And tears fall in succession from day-break until fall of night, and water the cottons and enter into the seams.

How long will the weak one drive the heavy wheel? Who can tell me his end? Who knows the terrible secret?

How very hard to answer that! But one thing is certain: When the work will have ended him another will be sitting in his place and sewing.

You glance at these lines of Morris Rosenfeld; you say, "Dismal stuff! What's the use of printing it?" and you turn to the cheerful views of philanthropic Mr. H. M. Whitney.

Nearly 50 years ago "Alton Locke" was published—Kingsley's book, in which there was a careful study of a sweater's den; in which there were "low characters," many of them with decayed and decaying lungs. Blackwood's Magazine described it as "preposterously absurd." The London Quarterly said, "If Mr. Kingsley had really been a tailor, the style and sentiments of 'Alton Locke' would have excited little surprise or even notice." But men and women were moved mightily and for a time the sweatshop, the "schwitz-schapp," was the subject of investigation, and the condition of the poor tailor was bettered.

But today you pooh-pooh Rosenfeld's verses. It's not literature; crude, motive force, pity he hasn't more feeling for the right expression and the balancing of the phrase." Or you say, "I don't understand Yiddish or German, and however faithful Mr. Wiener's Englishing may be, the direct force of the original is necessarily lost, just as the rural poems of William Larnes suffer by translation from the Dorsetshire dialect." But this is not literature, man, this is flesh-and-blood. Read Rosenfeld's "Mein Jüngerle;" and when you read it unmoved?

You are naturally a sympathetic person. Some months ago you were shocked at the condition of the Cubans; you bought a large flag; you urged your neighbor's son—the son of a widow—to go to the war, and when he returned to die, you were prominent at the funeral.

But this is a t-shop, it is more real to you than the Black Horse at Calcutta or the T. J. Veece. You fanatically and honestly believe a belief founded on gentile indifference—that there are investigating committees and charitable societies that regulate all such matters, and at your club you deplore the "chronic discontent of the working classes."

"Mr. Barnet's extravaganza wears well; and by the way, to what known language does the word 'extravaganza' belong? Apparently to English stage slang, it being neither Italian nor Spanish."—Boston Transcript.

O sapient and polyglot reviewer, "extravaganza" is an adaptation of the Italian "estravaganza" (more commonly "stravaganza"), refashioned, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, after the Latin "extra." The word has been in reputable use in English for over a century, and we find in Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" this sentence: "The difference between the grandeur of an extravaganza and the grandeur of the sea or the sky."

Will gas be cheaper? It cannot well be poorer.

Ever thoughtful concerning the welfare of the little ones, we recommend to mothers for fireside reading about this little book published in Boston in 1831: "The Infernal Secret! or, the Invulnerable Spaniard, who was for many years termed the Terror of Madrid; containing an account of the Wonders of his Withered Arm, and his Connection with a horde of Desperate Banditti, whom he employed to Imprison and Subjugate those who refused to swear obedience to his Will: Also, of His Ubiquity! or Power of being in two places at once: His Hellish Compact with the Powers of Darkness! and His Awful Death at the Termination of a Century!"

A correspondent sends us a copy of "Nouvelle Méthode pour apprendre à parler français." It is published in Paris.

This work seems to us eminently practical. Nobody asks "Have you the boots of my uncle Jean?" nobody answers, "No, but yesterday your father gave me his boots when I was calling on your sister."

A few extracts may convince you of the truth of our statement:

Scene One. Enter the Casual Stranger. "Monsieur is a foreigner?" "I am." "My time is at liberty, so permit me to offer my services as a guide?" "I accept your offer with delight, provided always that it is not inconvenient to you." Scene Two. The Englishman alone on the Boulevards. Enter a young lady. He: "What do I see! a lady so graceful and attractive as you are all by herself! Walter!" (Soothing drinks are provided—a pause.) "Walter! a victoria." She: "From your gallantry, it is evident, sir, that you are a foreigner. Where will you take me?" He: "Wherever you please. What say you to dinner and the theatre?" She: "It is impossible to refuse so great a charmer."

Scene Three, and Last. The Englishman is strapping his portmanteau. To him enter Hotel Waiter with the Bill. "I regret to tell you that my expenses have been heavy, and I have not sufficient money left to pay you!" "That I regret" (we know this sympathetic mental "but I must keep your luggage till the bill is paid.")—"Gardez vos cheveux dessus, that will be all right. I will go at once to the Consul, and tomorrow you shall have the money."

They say Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck—in accordance with well-known American diplomacy—does not speak French, although as an agent he represents this country in Paris. He should procure this pamphlet at once.

Nov 4, 1898

The very song the blackbird sung
When Love and all the world were young
My year-old baby sings,
Sweeter than anything with wings.

A little song, with catch and trill
Made of few notes and little skill,
A song for dancing feet
Of babes and birds and all things sweet.

The baby dances as he sings
Sweeter than anything with wings,
And sways his golden head—
To the first song the blackbird made.

Mr. Fritz Thaulow, the painter who left town having "a high opinion of what he had seen in Boston—the Art Museum, the Tavern Club, and Mrs. John L. Gardner's residence in Brookline," is a Norwegian. As you probably know, the majority of the house-painters in Boston are Swedes.

The first number of the Savoy (Jan., 1896)—ah, why was that admirable magazine allowed to die?—contained an interesting picture of Mr. Thaulow and his family by Jacques L. Blanche. The painter has a cigarette in his mouth.

His wife is looking at a canvas on an easel; two children and a dog are looking away from the same canvas.

Professor Cunneen of Chicago proposes to teach the art of getting married. "How to go through the important ceremony properly and gracefully will be the object of the mock ceremonies which he proposes to inaugurate." Marriage follows close on the heels of divorce in Chicago, and you might reasonably suppose that the majority of the inhabitants are in constant practice; but even in that city there is probably a first time with all the attending awkwardness.

The clock in the workshop does not rest; it keeps on pointing, and ticking, and waking in succession. A man once told me the meaning of its pointing and waking—that there was a reason in it; as if through a dream I remember it all: the clock awakens life and sense in me, and something else—I forget what; ask me not! I know not, I know not, I am a machine!

Why does not some manager invite Sarah Grand and Charlotte Perkins Stetson to discuss together the Marriage Question on the lyceum platform? The former has contributed advice concerning the choice of a husband and the choice of a wife to the Young Woman and the Young Man, and Mrs. Stetson's "Women and Economics" was published lately in this city.

Mrs. Grand insists that a girl has less power to choose a husband than she has to choose a horse, for with regard to the horse external appearance is some guide; and she wishes that it were the custom in England for other people to choose wives for young men, "so often has one to look on while they make misery for themselves." She admits that young people should have opportunities of meeting—but not where "there are music and flowers and lights and champagne, talk and laughter; let them meet by daylight, when everything is ordinary and commonplace."

Mrs. Stetson's book is remarkable in many ways. Her wit is biting, her indignation is hot, her courage slaps the face of conventionality. Her opinions will shock the prude and the genteel person; but hundreds of good women will rise up and call her blessed. Here is no stale plea for "woman's rights;" here is no commonplace denunciation of the "monster, man."

"Marriage is the woman's proper sphere, her divinely ordered place, her natural end. It is what she is born for, what she is trained for, what she is exhibited for. It is, moreover, her means of honorable livelihood and advancement. But—she must not even look as if she wanted it! She must not turn her hand over to get it. She must sit passive as the seasons go by, and her 'chances' lessen with each year."

*** This she must bear with dignity and grace to the end. To what end? To the end that, if she does not succeed in being chosen, she becomes a thing of mild popular contempt, a human being with no further place in life save as an attachée, a dependant upon more fortunate relatives, an old maid."

Let us turn from this painful subject. Let us look at Mrs. Stetson in her lighter mood. "If the original prodigal had a mother, she was probably busy in cooking the fatted calf. If today's prodigal has a father, he is merely engaged in paying for the veal."

Mrs. Stetson's remarks about cookery are of special interest. "This great function of human nutrition is confounded with the sex-relation, and is considered a sex-function: It is in the helpless hands of that amiable but abortive agent, the economically dependent woman; and the essential incapacity of such an agent is not hard to show."

*** Each mother slowly acquires some knowledge of her business by practising it upon the lives and health of her family and by observing its effect on the survivors; and each daughter begins again as ignorant as her mother was before her. *** Only organization can oppose such evils as the wholesale adulteration of food; and woman, the house-servant, belongs to the lowest grade of unorganized labor. *** As cooking stands among us today, it is so far from being a science and akin to preventive medicine, that it is the lowest of amateur handicrafts and a prolific source of disease; and, as an art, it has developed under the peculiar stimulus its position as a sex-function into a voluptuous profusion as false as it is evil. *** Cooking is a matter of law, not the harmless play of fancy. Architecture might be more sportive and varied if every man built his own house, but it would not be the art and science that we have made it; and, while every woman prepares food for her own family, cooking can never rise beyond the level of the amateur's work."

There is hardly a page in this thoughtful and stimulating book that does not

tempt us to quote. Women should be grateful to Mrs. Stetson for thinking so nobly of them even when she is most unsparing in revealing the false position into which that sex has drifted and been driven. No reasoning man will criticize "Women and Economics" with merely "fudge" and "shaw."

The embarrassment of the front door is not confined to the inner side only. For it is not a little disconcerting, when you go to a house or flat, to be welcomed at the door directly by the callee, if one may so term the person you are calling upon. The conversation which was timed to commence in the drawing room has to be begun prematurely on the doorstep. Your hat has to be hurried off your head with indecent speed. Your arms are full of your umbrella and newspaper, and you are wearing your gloves. Yet you must dispose of all these things in a moment of time, that you may be free to shake hands with the callee, while your expression changes from a friendly indifference to an annoyed surprise, and thence by very slow degrees to the "normal," whatever that may be.

Admirers of "Cyrano de Bergerac"—in its original form and not in Mr. Daly's bungled, mutilated, pirated version—may be pleased to learn that a sumptuous edition will be published in Paris during the first quarter of 1899. It will be illustrated by Besnard, Flameng, Laurens, Léandre and Adrien Moreau. Forty copies on Japanese paper will be sold at 400 francs each. There will be sixty copies at 275 francs each, and 400 at sixty francs a piece.

Nov 5, 1898

With respect to garlic it may be truly said that in it lies the secret of the best cookery. He who understands the judicious application of the boon will always delight, as he who misuses it will disgust. As for the individual who does not employ it at all, he is not a cook, but an idiot.

They propose to run trolley cars in Japan. We sympathize in advance with Mr. Lafcadio Hearn. Fifty years from now it will be hard for any philosopher to be at peace, to think deeply without intense external annoyance. Even Buddha will be disturbed in his omphalic contemplation. Japan was once a country where a man could loaf and invite his soul. Now the Japanese have machinery and a navy and diplomats and foreign school teachers and all sorts of things that are considered by some as civilizing. Ichabod, Ichabod!

The Listener says: "You can't turn a man out of a club because with years he has taken on the habit of talking tiresomely."

Old Chimes once suggested—and we probably have spoken of this before—that the ideal club should have a Committee of Expulsion; that at least once in two years each member of the club should be called before this committee to give excuse if possible for a renewal of his membership. This plan if carried out would in 10 years reduce the membership to the Committee of Expulsion.

Mr. Hall Cain—the Manx playwright with the tailless coat—lectures on slumming, giving his observations in London and New York. This argues him to be active and agile, for as Sala well said, "the writer who is ambitious to be an efficient 'slummer' must look as carefully to his training and his general physical condition as though he were a pugilist or a professional pedestrian." Slumming in New York now includes a visit to Mr. Cain's play "The Christian."

G. L. G. writes to the Journal:

There was a young fellow named Tate
Took his sweetheart to dine at 8-8;
But I cannot relate
What this chappie named Tate
And his tête-à-tête ate at 8-8.

One more fact for the little ones.

The church at Llangollen is dedicated to Saint Collen-ap-Gwynnawg-ap-Clyndawg-ap-Cowrda-ap-Caradoc-Frech-fas-ap-Llwyn-Merion-ap-Ernlon-Yrth-ap-Cunedda-Wledig.

Women are said by the thoughtless to be more sensitively discriminating than men. Do you know of any women employed as tasters of tea and wine, or sorters of wool and the like? Galton claims that if the sensitivity of women were superior to that of men, merchants purely from self-interest would employ them in such discriminating work, and he adds, "though custom allows them (women) to preside at the breakfast-table, men think them on the whole to be far from successful makers of tea and coffee."

"Charles Reade's use of the English language was eccentric, not to say ludicrous." This from the gentleman's Magazine, which should be entitled the Gent's Mag if it advances other similar opinions.

And pray what are pages after pages of marvellous description in "The Clois-

for an "earth" and the account of the sea-fight in "Hard Cash," of the going down of the ship in "Foul Play," of the flood in "Put Yourself in His Place," of the death of Joseph in "Never Too Late to Mend," and the trumpet-toned "male of 'Christie Johnstone'." Merely "eccentric, not to say ludicrous English." Or read the book that Mr. Augustin Daly might now well read with profit—"The Eighth Commandment."

O the sledge-hammer directness when Roade waxed wroth! John Hollingshead remembers him sitting "at a table in the 'morning room' of the Garrick Club inlitting letters against 'pirates,' and 'literary skunks' of all kinds, with a sweet smile upon his face, and a slow and measured penmanship. Never was a volcanic eruption produced with less effort—less explosion. No one who looked at him, and did not know the man, would have imagined he was composing anything but a love letter or a few lines addressed to a child at school. He wrote with broad pens on broad paper with broad views. If he thought a thing rubbishy, he said so."

The Newcastle Chronicle does not understand why a vegetarian is also usually an anti-tobaccoist and a teetotaler. "There is surely some inconsistency here. Tobacco is purely vegetable product. So is alcohol. It is made from vegetables by a vegetable. One would imagine that a vegetarian, as a vegetarian, would rejoice at the popularity of the pipe and the beer jug."

The Chronicle should read Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "On Going to Church" from the opening sentence to this fine burst: "I have myself tried the experiment of not eating meat or drinking tea, coffee or spirits for more than a dozen years past, without, as far as I can discover, placing myself at more than my natural disadvantages relatively to those colleagues of mine who patronize the slaughter house and the distillery." This sentence is worthy of especial consideration: "Most of the activity of the Press, the Pulpit, the Platform and the Theatre is only a symptom of the activity of the drug trade, the tea trade, the tobacco trade and the liquor trade."

The Earnest Student of Sociology, who is now boarding in Dedham and at work on his "Life, Letters and Speeches of G. F. Williams" is much interested in certain news from Paris, but he does not allow it to interfere with the preparation of his *Magnum Opus*. Four or five noble French dames were accused of granting foreigners admission to their parlors in exchange for money. There was an investigation, and the result was as follows—we quote from the *Daily Messenger*: "Inquiries prove that the aforesaid grandes dames had not become such mercenary beings as they were at first painted; but knowing of the desire, especially among Americans, to be present at society functions in Paris, they had hit upon a novel way of increasing the subscription lists of French charities. They caused it to be announced that any foreigner wishing to be present at their receptions might do so provided he cared to subscribe a tolerably heavy sum to their charity list, the capability of paying the amount named, we presume, being taken as a nineteenth century guarantee of respectability. The offer, it is said, was largely taken advantage of during the last season, and in the case of one American had a peculiar sequel. This gentleman was present at a reception given by Mme. de Janzé, and left a matter of £20, thinking that the charity to which it would be devoted would be the help of his troubled countrymen in the late war. On hearing, however, that it was to go to the Spaniards, the gentleman reclaimed his money, a request which was refused."

Nov 6, 1898
Rosenthal.

Moritz Rosenthal, one of the greatest pianists now living, was born at Lemberg in 1862. His teachers were Mikuli and Joseffy. While studying with the latter at Vienna, he was also a student at the University of that city, and obtained the degree of M. A. Showing signs of unusual musical ability in his fourth year, he made his first appearance in public at the age of ten with his master Mikuli, when they played Chopin's rondo for two pianos. He was first known widely as a concert player in 1882. He visited this country in 1888 and in 1896—when he nearly died of typhoid fever. His first concert this season was at New York Oct. 26. He will give recitals here Nov. 16, 23.

As a master of technic, Rosenthal is today without an equal. He does astounding things with an ease that is ironical. It is claimed that of late years he has developed a depth of feeling and a musical intelligence that do not often characterize the performance of the virtuoso, as the word is now used.

As a man, Rosenthal is cultivated, witty, companionable. As a polemical writer, he is forcible, logical, satiric, biting. He is a man who finds pleasure in books, billiards, and—poker, an Amer-

ican institution which meets his warmest approval. He lives chiefly at Vienna, but his summers are spent at Ischi, or at Abazzio, near Trieste. At this latter place on the Adriatic he practises, they say, eight or ten hours daily.

ROSENTHAL

The Roumanian Pianist Thunders and Lightens at the Fourth Symphony Concert—Xaver Scharwenka's First Concerto the Stalking-Horse for His Technic.

The program of the fourth Symphony concert in Music Hall, last evening, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in F major.....Brahms
Concerto for Piano-forte, No. 1, in B-flat minor.....Scharwenka

Mr. Rosenthal.
Tone-Poem, "Don Juan".....Richard Strauss
Prelude and "Isolde's Love-Death," from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Scharwenka's concerto is not much over 20 years of age, and yet it has gray hair and the tiresome elegance of an old beau. When it was first played throughout Germany and in London, it made a sensation, and Von Bülow did not hesitate to say that it was equal to either of the concertos by Chopin in musical thought, and superior to either in orchestration; but Von Bülow was a mad wag, never to be taken seriously, not even in his commentaries on Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others.

The first movement suggests too plainly the E flat concerto of Liszt, which is, by the way, as fresh as though it had been written last spring; in the second movement, which is by far the best, we hear Liszt improvising on a Viennese waltz; and the last movement is a mixture of Chopin, Rubinstein and again Liszt. The elegance, the salon-elegance of this concerto is the only feature of the work that is tolerable and to be endured. Scharwenka's passion is swollen, turgid, unreal; and the pathos is like unto a conversation in which the lover, desiring to wring the heart of the adored one, says the wrong thing, steps on the pet dog and knocks over a vase of flowers.

I regret, therefore, that Mr. Rosenthal chose this concerto for his first appearance at a Symphony concert. In it he appeared frankly as a bravura-player, and while his bravura is wonderful, we have now all reached the age when we are no longer stunned by the athletic exhibition of a formidable pianist or dazzled to blindness by incredible and at the same time elegant velocity.

When you say that Mr. Rosenthal last night gave a remarkable exhibition of technical proficiency; when you add that in fortissimo he pounded—yes, pounded is the word, you have then said all that can be truly said, and thereby you do injustice to a pianist who is something more than a mere virtuoso. For outside of the opportunity for the display of strength, brilliance and velocity there is nothing in the concerto that appeals to either pianist or hearer; there is nothing that tests the mind or the soul of an interpreter. Mr. Rosenthal will give two recitals here this month. His performance then will show the true stuff of which he is made. It is enough now to add that his playing of the scherzo was marvelous for its ease and elegance, and that he was heartily applauded.

Nor is there much to be said about the orchestral numbers of the program. The third movement of the symphony was played delightfully, and the finale was unusually effective. It seemed to me that in the first movement continuity of thought was sometimes weakened by over-attention to detail. There was a brilliant performance of the Wagnerian excerpts, and Mr. Gericke prepared and gained his climaxes in masterly fashion.

And what will the future generations say concerning Richard Strauss's "Don Juan"? Is it the barren result of one-sided study of orchestration? Is it an attempt of a man with a fine ear for orchestral color to go beyond his masters, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner? Is he a composer who thinks orchestrally rather than musically? A composer who prefers to put anything or everything into a musical frame except music itself? Or is he the inventor of a new art, the originator of a new scheme, in which literature and instruments are to be combined to move the hearer by other means than by music as it is now understood?

It is easy to ask these questions; it is not easy to answer them, when you remember how that which once was regarded as madness and ugliness in music is now accepted generally. Wagner's music last night had the simplicity of an old and respected composer with worked slippers and long pipe, after the "Don Juan" of the adventurous and neurotic Strauss.

The performance of the orchestra throughout the concert was often extremely impressive, both in brilliance, beauty in phrasing, strength in contrasts, tonal color, and individual display. On the other hand, there were one or two disturbing slips, and the

attack of the wood-wind and brass was not always as precise as we expect under the stick held by Mr. Gericke.

There will be no concert Friday or

Saturday. The program for Nov. 18-19 will be as follows:

Overture, "Barbar of Bagdad".....Cornelius
Concerto for Cello in A minor.....Saint-Saëns
Mr. Schroeder.
Mozartiana.....Tschalkowsky
(First time.)
Symphony in D minor.....Volkmann
Philip Hale.

Mr. Reinhold L. Herman's "new" opera "Wulfrin," of which much has lately been said, was first produced at Cologne Nov. 23, 1896. The music was then said to be not without dramatic feeling, but the composer was declared to be without individual invention and a close follower of Wagner. "The orchestration is free from exaggeration," said one critic, "although it does not rise above the level of routine-work." (See *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, Dec. 4, 1896.)

The *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* of Oct. 21, 1898, published a long and kindly review of the performance of "Wulfrin" at Cassel Oct. 11 of this year. The reviewer, Otto Lessmann, says that the opera has been so thoroughly rewritten since the first performance at Cologne, that it may justly be described as a new work. He praises on the whole the libretto, which is founded by Ernst Wolfram on Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's story, "Die Richterlin," and he writes thus in substance concerning the music: Herman's music has often true dramatic force, although it is only moderately individual. "He leans heavily on Wagner; from 'The Flying Dutchman' to 'Parsifal,' there is no one of Wagner's works that does not throw its shadow on Herman's score. Nevertheless, the opera is to be taken seriously, for everything in it that is in imitation of Wagner is in harmony with the dramatic theme, and is therefore in a measure the composer's property."

As a rule, the declamatory style prevails, but when the opportunity offers for lyric effusion or artistically constructed ensemble, Mr. Herman does not neglect it. Thus, for example, at the end of the first act, a quintet with chorus is of great effect, in spite of the unmistakable sound of the bells from the Gralsburg. Lessmann praises certain choruses, a scene between Wulfrin and his step-sister, and a dream scene of Jutta in which a chorus of nuns is heard, from a distant convent. The opera was applauded warmly and the composer was called before the curtain after each act.

The plot is one that seems especially dear to Germans. Wulfrin, the son of Wulf by his first marriage, estranged by his father wedding Jutta, is called back by her to the family castle. He discovers that Jutta killed her husband, and furthers the suit of a certain Walramus for Palma his step-sister. Escorting the latter to the bridegroom's castle, they fall in love with each other, and angry at himself and her, he throws her against a rock. Thinking her dead, he carries her home, tells his step-mother of his love and attempt at murder, and goes to the Emperor to be sentenced. The step-mother dreams of her former love, Peregrinus, the father of Palma; she dreams of the dire necessity that made her wed the brutal Wulf. Groaning, she awakens Palma, who hears her mother's confession. Palma shrieks "Woe to you, murderer!" The Emperor condemns Wulfrin and Palma to death. Jutta accuses herself of the murder of her husband; declares that Palma is not his daughter, and is therefore not the sister of Wulfrin, and then she takes poison and dies. The Emperor orders the castle to be burned to the ground, and Palma is put in a convent to wait the return of Wulfrin from the Saxon war.

A pretty story! I doubt whether the venerable Handel and Haydn will produce the opera in concert form.

Until last month Mr. Herman's name was spelled in Germany with two "n's." I notice that in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* it is now spelled with one "n."

There are various opinions concerning Felix Weingartner's new and unpublished string quartet in D minor, op. 24, which was first played by the Halir Quartet in Leipzig Oct. 13, and by the same club in Berlin Oct. 16. The *Signale* praises it, calling it the best of the composer's works; yet it discriminates, mentioning "curious and eccentric" passages, a lack of individual invention, faulty style, etc., side by side with "much that is most successful" in display of science and harmonic scheme. The *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* finds that the musical worth of the piece did not respond to the passionate puffery that preceded its coming to Leipzig. It says the quartet is too labored, too anxiously searched out, superfine, and "not in true quartet spirit." This last reproach does not prejudice me against Weingartner's new work. Otto Lessmann in his *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* takes a more cheerful view. Weingartner is a free and sure master of chamber music in its ineffable purity. He makes no exorbitant, absurd demands upon the four instruments; he

does not try to turn them into an orchestra. His style takes its departure from the later Beethoven, but it is full of individuality; the themes are in sharp profile and of importance, standing in effective contrast; there is no thought of the academy; the themes move in an atmosphere of noble, vital invention, etc., etc. And we are not sur-

prised to find him calling the quartet one of the most important pieces of chamber music since the death of Beethoven.

At this same concert in Leipzig a new cello sonata (op. 19) by Georg Schumann was warmly received and praised highly.

Some say that the comic opera by Otto Lohse, husband of the late dramatic singer Klafsky, was not successful, after all, when it was produced at Hamburg.

August Enna's new violin concerto is said to be worth playing.

This was the program of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Theodore Thomas conductor, last night.

Symphony, "Jupiter".....Mozart
Aria from "Seraglio".....Mozart
Mrs. Sembrich.
Overture, "Eride of Messina".....Schumann
Tableau musical, "Le Printemps".....Glazounoff
Casta Diva.....Bellini
Mrs. Sembrich.
Phaeton.....Saint Saëns

A nine-year-old boy, Vernon Warner, played at Bournemouth, England, Oct. 15, Beethoven's concerto in C, a rondo by Hummel, and Chopin's Fantaisie Impromptu, which led Mr. Charles Stanford to say: "The last piece, also played with technical accuracy, was almost weird in its lack of emotion, and was a striking revelation of how little the character of Chopin's music depends on the mere tone-forms and mechanical phrasing, and how much on psychological intuition and personal feeling."

The Era (London) remarks: "The chief sensation in Paris variety circles just at the present moment is the entertainment given by Miss Lona Barrison, one of the Sisters Barrison, who were seen a year or two since at the London Alhambra. Miss Lona comes on the stage of Olympia in what may be called masher evening dress, with opera hat and eyeglasses. While singing, she divests herself of coat, waistcoat, collar, and tie, and by a clever device slips her trousers. We cannot say with the song, 'There she stands and waves her hands,' but while running about in a shirt just reaching her knees her affectation of shy reserve fetches the audience immensely. She eventually gets rid of the garment, the tail of which is embroidered with a large coronet and monogram, and after taking off her hat stands revealed in pink tights and scanty corage. While in this undress she goes through a clever equestrian act, in which she rides astride."

The first of the Music Students' Chamber concerts will be given in Association Hall Tuesday night, when Mrs. Marian Titus, soprano, will sing. Mr. Leopold Godowsky, the Russian pianist who now lives in Chicago, will play Dec. 6. He has not been heard here for some years. Unless I am mistaken, he appeared here during the season of 1884-'85, when as Master Godowsky he played at a Sunday concert at the Boston Theatre with Clara Louise Kellogg and others. I heard him at the Worcester Festival of 1896 when under discouraging circumstances he proved himself a pianist of unusual distinction. Among others who will appear at these Chamber Concerts are Mr. Baermann (assisted by Symphony Orchestra players), Jan. 3; Miss Marguerite Hall, Jan. 24; the Kneisel Quartet (two concerts), Feb. 7, April 18; Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, the pianist, Feb. 23; Henri Marteau, the well-known violinist, April 4; Albert Jonas (March 21), the pianist, who made a most favorable appearance at a Symphony concert a year ago, and probably Mr. Max Heinrich.

Speaking of a Promenade Concert Oct. 14, the *London Musical Courier* of Oct. 20 says: "Miss Edith Martin, a young lady from Boston, U. S. A., who has recently gained distinction in Vienna, contributed two hair solos to the already long program. These were arrangements of 'On Pinions of Music' and 'Benediction des Larmes' (Schubert), dedicated to Miss Martin by Prof. Zamara, her master."

Verdi's "Laude alla Vergine Maria" was sung for the first time at London Oct. 16 at Albert Hall. (It was performed for the first time in England at the Gloucester Festival.) "The interpretation made a real and profound impression upon the crowded audience. The public was held by the religious feeling of the piece, every page of which reveals the magnificence of Verdi's genius."

This reminds me that Verdi celebrated Oct. 9 his 85th birthday. "He spends hours in gardening and takes long

walks. He has an excellent appetite, eats plainly-cooked meat, green vegetables, and smokes two cigars with his coffee. He is strong in health and says that his head is still full of new melodies." And again the report is started that he is writing another opera, "Lear" or "Romeo and Juliet."

I suppose Mr. Johnston wishes this letter published, and I would not thwart him for the world:

New York, Oct. 31, '98.

Dear Sir—I wish to verify the statement which I inclose herewith. I have the contracts to show you if you do not believe it, that the lowest price I have sold Mr. Sauer for is \$1800 for three performances to one party, and the highest price is \$2000 for a single performance.

Yours very truly,

R. E. JOHNSTON.

The statement to which this passionate manager refers is to the effect that Mr. Sauer is engaged already for 32 concerts out of a possible 40; that Mr. Johnston is not "overly anxious" to secure many more engagements before his (Sauer's) arrival. But let me quote Mr. Johnston in his own words: "Naturally the incessant pounding and continual advertisement will be kept up."

This is cheering news. So far as the newspapers are concerned, there can be too much Johnston.

I notice that Mr. Perabo, assisted by Mr. Joseph Keller, 'cellist, and Mrs. Anna Taylor Jones, contralto, will give a concert in the lower Town Hall, Brooklyn, Nov. 16. But why does not this excellent pianist give a concert in Boston?

The program of the Second Harvard University Chamber concert at Sanders Theatre, Nov. 22, will be: Schumann, quartet in A major, opus 41, No. 3; Paine, Larghetto and Scherzo for piano, violin and 'cello, in B-flat major; Brahms, piano quartet in G minor opus 25. The Kneisel Quartet will be assisted by Mr. Harold Randall.

Mr. Jacob Moerck, in Kings County (N. Y.) Court, wishing that the name of his son, Rolf Moerck, be changed to Rolf Brandt-Rantzau, deposed that his son "has an unusual genius for music, which for many years has been cultivated to an extent which, in the opinion of his teachers and of the Conservatory of Music wherein he is receiving his musical education, will acquire fame." Mr. Moerck further deposed that Moerck was a common name in Norway, was plebeian and unattractive, and would be a detriment to the boy's musical career. The name Brandt-Rantzau, on the other hand, is one which, in the opinion of musical impresarios, has a sound more attractive and more musical, and will be more advantageous to the infant and of pecuniary benefit to him, and will establish his identity as a young man about to win a reputation." His petition was granted.

It is the old story. Mr. Higgins, the pianist, will not draw as well as M. Sambarsky, or a symphony by Moses Jones stand any chance with a similar work by Bolshakoff.

Mr. Carl Loewenstein has returned to his sweetbread.

Mr. Paur's troubles, in spite of the flattering press notices in New York, have only begun. It's a pity, for he is a manly man, and in works of the hypomodern school an inspiring and most effective conductor.

The "Lettres d'Ivan Tourgueneff à Mme. Viardot" give curious accounts of the novelist's likes and dislikes in music. In 1849 he wrote that he was trying to compose; that he sweated blood over the task, and he was not sure but that his piece was "monstrously impossible." He tried later to set "Vers absolument abracadabrants" to music as a safety-valve for his mind.

Nordica on account of sickness could not make her first appearance in Brussels at an Ysaye concert on the appointed date. Ellen Gulbranson took her place.

It is reported that Felix Weingartner refused a salary of \$15,000 to be conductor at a new opera-house with a capital of \$25,000 to be established in Berlin.

Schuch of Dresden, the conductor of the royal orchestra, was given a gold medal by the city on the 350th anniversary of the orchestra. This honor is rare, and no musician had ever received it.

Rio Janeiro was pleased mightily with "Andrea Chénier." Shall we never hear it in Boston properly given?

Mr. Nikisch was criticised and laughed at for conducting Wagner's "Kaisermarsch" in memory of Bismarck at the first of the Philharmonic concerts in Berlin.

Teresina Tua, having given concert in Russia, has gone back to Italy.

Varete Stepanoff, well known to students of the Lechitzky method, has moved from Vienna to Berlin, where she will give lessons.

New publications: Vincent d'Indy's Quartet No. 2 for strings, op. 45; concerto for piano in F by Arensky (new edition); Scandinavian Cradle-Song and Handel's Passacaglia arranged for violin by César Thomson; piano trio No. 2 in F sharp minor by Constantin Sternberg; Two-string quartets by Tartini, edited by Emilio Pente; suite No. 2 in E major for piano by Adele Aus der Ohe; twelve trios for organ, op. 189, by Rheinberger; Rhapsodie Suedoise for violin and orchestra, by Emile Sauret; Raymonda, ballet in three acts, by Alexandre Glazounoff; piano concerto in F sharp minor, op. 20, by Scriabine.

Mr. Timothy Adamowski is not afraid of introducing new works to Boston. Would that there were more like him! At the concert to be given by the Adamowski Quartet, Nov. 23, at Association Hall, the program will include a quartet by Statkowski, who, I understand, lives in Odessa, and 5 Novelettes by Glazounoff. These novelettes are op. 15 of a remarkable composer, who is known here, alas! by only one of his weaker orchestral works and two or three piano pieces. The novelettes are

1, Alla Spagnola; 2, Orientale; 3, Interludium in modo antico; 4, valse; 5, All'ungherese. The program will also include a quartet in A minor by Schumann.

Mr. H. G. Tucker will conduct two concerts of works by Bach at the Second Church, Copley Square, Dec. 9 and Good Friday evening, March 31. There will be a chorus of 50 voices, and an orchestra of 25 players, Symphony men. At the first concert two cantatas, selections from the Missa Brevis in A and the Christmas Oratorio will be performed. At the second, the St. John Passion, which was sung for the first time in Boston last season, under Mr. Tucker's direction.

Mr. Moritz Rosenthal will give a piano recital in Music Hall Nov. 16, Wednesday, at 2.30 P. M. He will play Beethoven's Sonata op. 109; Schumann's Carnival; four pieces by Chopin, including his own contrapuntal study on the waltz in D flat major; Schubert-Liszt's "Lindenbaum;" Davidoff's "At the Fountain;" and Rosenthal's "Carnival de Vienna," founded on themes of the Cagliostro Waltz, etc., by Strauss.

Blanche Marchesi is coming to this country later in the season. The following review of a recent concert published by the Pall Mall Gazette Oct. 21, is, therefore, pertinent:

Yesterday afternoon, at the St. James' Hall, Mme. Blanche Marchesi gave her first vocal recital of the present season, and once more proved herself to be in some respects a unique contemporary artist, in others an artist who must perforce take a second place. As a singer pure and simple, as a vocalist of absolute vocal excellence, she has many rivals, and some who stand quite superior to her. Her voice in itself is not of supreme excellence; it has a certain wiry quality, a lack of fullness and purity. This fact cannot be questioned. On the other hand, she has an amazing dramatic power, which she has the brains to put directly into her vocal utterance. In purely dramatic songs—in songs, that is, which give an opportunity for communication of character from singer to audience—Blanche Marchesi assuredly stands quite supreme. She has humor, she has a sense of tragedy, she has sentiment, she has a certain scolding quality, she has tenderness, she has passion—all these things apart from voice. But beyond, she has a voice of a definite excellence, which she perfectly well knows how to use, to attach (as it were) to each of these separate capabilities. To hear her sing a lullaby is to know how a lullaby should be sung. Thus, and thus only, in the translation of art—a child, you say, should be lulled to sleep. For she has the supreme distinction of taking the utterly common things of life out of life, and of showing through art how they should be in life. Again, to hear her sing that pathetic love-song in which the knowledge of her love must be withheld from her mother is to understand the art of coquetry in its most incipient and artless form. The little eighteenth century minuet "d'Exaudet," which she also sang, was, under her influence, a perfect jewel of intelligence and insinuation, and (despite the musical references to "Hansel and Gretel," and to Beethoven) her interpretation of Salvatore Marchesi's "Das Veilchen und das Mädchen" was full of charm and delicate attractiveness. It will be seen from this that we recognize this singer as an artist in her own way not to be surpassed by contemporary singers. As we have said, she has brains; she has a fine dramatic instinct; she has a good voice. When, however, she depends upon pure music that has no particular dramatic quality in it for her effects, she reveals a limitation which may not be surprising, but which, as we cannot help thinking, she acts unwisely in displaying to the public. Dvorak's "Die Stickerin," for example, has a certain amount of beauty, or, at any rate, a certain beautiful effectiveness, but it has absolutely no quality that suggests impersonation, or that could possibly inspire any artist into a specialized sense of characterization. Brahms' "Die Mainacht," also

sung yesterday by this vocalist, was another case in point. The song is, in its way, a masterly composition; but it is without the color of life. It stands as a perfect little essay in musical absolutism, and therewith neither it nor the Dvorak is suited for Blanche Marchesi's very individual and personal talent.

According to her mother, Blanche Marchesi was born in 1833, at Paris. She studied the violin, as well as singing, and in 1881 (March 11) played a violin solo at a concert in Vienna. She sang for the first time in Paris Dec. 19, 1881, at a "matinée musicale" given by her mother, and for the first time in public at a concert given by Count Beust, Dec. 20, 1881, in aid of the sufferers from the burning of the Ring Theatre, Vienna. In 1882 she again appeared as a violinist. Her first violin teacher was Arthur Nikisch, at Vienna, when he was a pupil at the Conservatory. Afterward she studied in 1878 with Dancila, and in 1881 with Colonne. Mr. Henry Haynie, in a note to "Marchesi and Music" (page 226), intimates that Blanche Marchesi made her debut in London in November, 1886; but she gave two recitals earlier than that date, for her second recital was June 25. She married the Baron Caccamisi.

A Norwegian pianist, whose name is not familiar to us, made her appearance in London Oct. 18. I again quote from the Pall Mall Gazette:

Yesterday afternoon at the Salle Erard, Mme. Hanka Schjelderup, a Norwegian pianist, gave a Grieg pianoforte recital with some assistance from Sig. Carlo Ducci. A very considerable improvement has been effected in this concert room whereby the exterior noises are really reduced to a minimum. We rather imagine, however, that in the case of Mme. Schjelderup that improvement was not particularly material, for rarely have we met with a lady possessed of such manual strength, such massive power. She rejoiced with a personal sort of gladness in her potency of method. Certainly such a method rather revolutionizes one's opinion of Grieg's music. We have been in the habit of admiring its moonlight quality, its delicate elusiveness, its combination of virility with a certain softness and remoteness of sentiment. Mme. Schjelderup made a vigorous attempt to change all that. To assert that she is a fine player would be to go too far. She belongs to that ultra-modern school of which Mr. Hichens writes with keen understanding when he says: "In modern times there has been too much continuity of noise among the pianists;" and again: "The modern pianist has

one dominant determination, and that is to keep his hearers wide awake at whatever cost; and he has the fixed idea that the thing which keeps people awake is, briefly, noise." If we turn to another side of the question, and ask if she altogether pleased us by her amazing force and determination, we must answer in the negative. Art is one thing, and physical strength is another. In Mme. Schjelderup's playing of yesterday we found too much of the latter and too little of the former. As a feat it was very wonderful; as an artistic expression of beautiful music it was as near uninteresting as anything of this class of accomplishment can be. The insensible gradations from light to shade, soft sound tenderly modulated, the caressing note, all these things seemed to be absent, and in their place we were given a stern, uncompromising technique, a splendid attack, a gigantic resource in the mere accumulation of sound.

Louis Marie Alexandre Gallet, who died in Paris of congestion of the lungs Oct. 15, was a well-known librettist. He was born at Valence, Feb. 14, 1835. According to a Paris correspondent, he "combined the writing of librettos with a post in the administrative department of the French hospitals. For some years he was director of the Lariboisière Hospital, whose doors he opened wide to a number of sickly and impetuous poets: MacNab, of the Chat Noir, Dezamy, etc. It would be wrong to rank him among the poets, but Saint-Saëns, I am told, exclaimed on hearing of his death, 'It is a part of myself that disappears.' He was also highly valued as a collaborator by Gounod, Faladilhé, Massenet, Bizet, Godard, Jodeliers and Bruneau. He was the only director of a French hospital who was liked by both doctors and patients. A tall, grave man, with a long iron gray beard and flowing gray hair, he might have been taken by those who did not know him for a philanthropist or an artist, and without being quite one or the other, he was nevertheless deserving of all the sympathy he received. He leaves behind him the memory of a sufficient and praiseworthy worker in both walks of life to which it had pleased Providence to call him."

He was a fertile librettist, surpassing even Mr. Harry B. Smith. I give a list of the best-known operatic librettos which he wrote or in which he collaborated: "Bizet's 'Djamilleh,' 1872; 'Saint-Saëns's 'Princesse Jaune,' 1872; 'La Coupe du Roi de Thule,' by Diaz, 1873; Gounod's 'Cinq-Mars,' 1877; 'Le Roi de Lahore,' 1877; Saint-Saëns's 'Etienne Marcel,' 1879; 'Le Chevalier Jean,' 1885; Massenet's 'Cid,' 1885; 'Patrie,' 1886; Saint-Saëns's 'Proserpine,' 1887; 'Ascanio,' 1890; Brumeau's 'Rêve,' 1891, and 'Attaque du Moulin,' 1893; 'Thais,' 1894; Cahen's 'Femme de Claude,' 1896; Hillemecher's 'Le Drac,' 1896. He also wrote the text for Massenet's 'Eve' and 'Mary Magdalen,' and Saint-Saëns's 'Deluge.' His 'Notes d'un Librettiste' is a delightful book, and his 'Musique During the Commune' is not without interest. He had been music critic of the Nouvelle Revue since 1880.

These remarks by Mr. Vernon Blackburn on the first of the Richter concerts in London, Oct. 17, are well worth reading:

The concert began with the overture to "Tannhäuser," which was played in a curiously formal manner. The time has now come, we suppose, after a lapse of a half century, when it is possible to look back upon Wagner in his "Tannhäuser" and in certain other works as one no longer modern, as a musician to be considered from an almost classic standpoint and to be played with carefulness and dignity. At all events that was Dr. Richter's attitude last night with this overture, and one had a pleasant elderly feeling in listening to work interpreted with this staidness, work which a brief time ago was thought to possess the very in-depth sentiment of freshness. The prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" followed this overture, and once again one could not help observing the same prevalent spirit. Let it be and make the old revelation, which comes to us all as a shocking novelty, that every work of art grows old, that not from the greatest conductor in the world can you expect the feat of preserving any modernity intact, that no natural law can be set aside, and that repetition is the destroyer of the bloom of all musical art to conductor, orchestra and audience. But here a singularly curious point comes in. Without aiming at any excess of subtlety, we may explain it thus briefly. The work of great art which is slowly stiffening into a classical form has neither the exciting quality of the purely modern work nor the grandeur of the enduring creation which has altogether lost its modern excitement. For this reason, it may be, the "Tannhäuser," the "Meistersinger" and the "Tristan" extracts did not seem last night to possess all the effectiveness which once they had in Richter's hands. On the other hand, the comparatively modern "Parsifal" selection and the nobly classic "Eroica" Symphony were as good as good could be. With the first one caught that feeling of ethereal spirituality which seems to belong to it as by right; with the second there was unfolded under this finely competent direction all that massive strength, that intimately essential power, that magnificence of resource for which Beethoven in the "Eroica" is recognized definitely and completely for the first time as himself in the history of music. These two experiences, then, were given last night by the great German conductor—the sensitive beauty of a purely modern work and the stately grandeur of a purely classic composition. Yet in the remainder of the concert, with his half failures, there seems to be indicated a lesson greater than either of those experiences. That lesson sang, like the nightingale in Teanyson's poem, "of what the world will be when the years have died away." We got a glimpse of Wagner, in a word, as he will stand before the world before very many years have passed over our heads.

Some one replying to this suggested cruelly that perhaps Mr. Blackburn, as well as Mr. Richter, was growing old.

Philip Hale.

Nov 7. 1898

"There is nothing so tiresome as a discreet woman," said Eugenia—"unless it be an indiscreet man," she added after a pause. I asked Eugenia what she meant by this rather surprising statement.

"Of course, I am thinking, mainly of conversational discretion," she said, "but I believe it holds good for every sort of discretion. The woman who picks her steps wherever she goes; who looks ahead and all round, and counts the cost before she acts; who is cautious and careful never to commit herself; who is never indiscreet enough to take the risk of acting on the impulse of the moment, is not worthy the name of woman."

"But when she carries her discretion about with her, and guards her tongue with it, she is not only, in my opinion, not worthy the name of woman, but tiresome and irretrievably dull. I never repeat anything anyone tells me, whether they tell me in confidence or not. I find it much safer," said one of these models of discretion to me the other day. Was there ever such a confession of dullness? Of course I fled from her at once."

Perhaps you read the other day that the tenor Mierzwinsky, who made a loud noise in this country in 1883, is now the hall porter at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Cannes. The statement appeared originally in some German newspaper without comment, just as Catulus contented himself with telling the last occupation of the Lesbia whom he once loved. The idea was like this: Once a tenor, the idol of the night, the comet of the season, the lodestone toward which all women were drawn, enormous salary, jewels, decorations; and now at the beck and call of Cockney Londoners and queer Russians. Sic transit, etc., to use the language of the ancient Romans.

Mrs. Hedwig von Mierzwinsky, the loving spouse of the once famous tenor, wrote at once to the *Signale*, a music journal, which had copied the statement, saying that her dear man was living in Paris at present and the whole story was "a big lie," that her "Imperial, Royal, Prussian and Austrian Chamber Singer husband" was not a porter, either head or hall; that he was about to sue the newspaper originally at fault for damages to the tune of 100,000 gulden. Now "gulden" has a rich and sumptuous sound, as though each piece falling to the floor would make a deep indentation; as though it were worth at least "seven dollars."

The sun of Mierzwinsky set some years ago. Suppose that he be today the porter—not a porter, but the porter at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* at Cannes. What an honorable, what a lucrative position! Far better to receive the heavy tips of grateful and extravagant travelers in return for slight favors and whispered information than to hang about a café dependent for liquid refreshment and tobacco on the bounty of gaping lion-hunters. After a great tenor has left the stage—or been driven from the stage—his chief duties are to receive a subscription fund and then die in the arms of at least a dozen friends. There was Mario, for instance; great singer and accomplished gentleman; he was supported by admirers in London; and six persons have each assured us solemnly that Mario died "in these arms—see, in these arms. We were alone. Poor Mario!" Look at Sims Reeves, singing at the age of eighty, and the object of a benefit-fund. A tenor as porter in a leading European hotel is sure of a fortune. Such positions in Berlin bring high prices. The porter has the habit of dying in a palace, and his daughters are rivals of the daughters of American pork-packers and wholesale dealers in canned goods.

Mierzwinsky—this is Monday and we spell his name with a "y," not an "i," just as Saturdays we always spell Hall Caine without an "e"—deserves such a high position, for he was in several ways remarkable. Not only was his lung power highly developed, not only did his high tones discourage the most athletic and ambitious cornetist; but in the duet with the mother in the second act of "Trovatore" he would sing for a page at a time a quarter of a tone flat, and the conductor could not distract or serve him. It's a great pity that he turned his attention to the music dramas of Richard Wagner.

Mr. Hall Caine knows of "hardly any scene more fit and proper to the clergyman than the theatre"—that is, when the piece is "The Christian."

This reminds us that the Reverend Mr. Walter Reynolds, B. A., of the Oldham-road Unitarian Free Church, Manchester, Eng'land, went to see Miss Jeannie Burgoyne in the part of Lady Godiva. Fired with enthusiasm he wrote her an extraordinary letter from which we make extracts. He began by addressing her as "Mdlle." Why "Mdlle"? Why not "Fraulein" or "Signorina"?

"Permit me to thank and congratulate you, not simply for your natural beauty and fine physical proportions, your statuesque-like form and graceful pose, but for the sweetness which you combine with your grace, for the splendid manner in which your talented representation of the character makes the noble overpower the ignoble; the exaltation of pure motive conquer the sensual. . . . If one may look upon the marble statue, gaze upon the life-tinted paintings of the human form divine, if artists may thus study to give ideal representations of such kind, yet keep their souls pure as the spring that bubbles on the mountain's side, so may you with pure and unstained soul galvanize such pictures with real life and retain a sweet and heart-rousing soul upborne by the pure, noble, and divine thoughts which prompt your ideal; and which—by your acting, I judge—evidently animate yourself when representing such on the stage. Theatrical life, I am aware, has not a spotless reputation. Therefore all the more do I feel constrained as a minister to write and encourage you in your successful effort in a most difficult task, to make nobility of motive and purity of soul outshine the lovely contour of your limbs and the statuesque yet natural excellence of your well-developed and most beautiful form. Surely so fair a temple must enshrine a pure and noble soul. . . . I believe a calendar of the Church nearest the theatre on the same side of the road, and I may inform you that you have inspired me with my subject, 'The Human Form Divine,' and that in the name I speak commendation of your representation of noble

chastity. But few attend our morning service, but I would be glad to find you amongst the same next Sunday."

Two questions are naturally suggested. (1) Did Mdlle. Jeannie attend the service and do the fair thing by the contribution box? (2) What did Mrs. Reynolds remark when the letter appeared in print?

Tremont Theatre.

"The Charlatan," a comic opera in three acts, libretto by Charles Klein, music by John Philip Sousa, was performed last night at the Tremont Theatre for the first time in this city. Mr. Paul Steindorff was the conductor. The cast was as follows: Demidoff.....De Wolf Hopper Prince Boris.....Edmund Stanley Gogol.....Mark Price Jellkoff.....Alfred Klein Peshofki.....G. W. Barnum Grand Duke.....Arthur Cunningham Anna.....Nella Bergen Katrinka.....Allee Judson Sophia.....Katherine Carlisle Grand Duchess.....Adine Bouvier

Mr. Klein's libretto is sadly devoid of originality, and his story is told in an incoherent way. The situations are old, and at times improbability goes far beyond the license given liberally to operetta; for even in the wildest humor of the librettists of Offenbachian Opéra-bouffe, and in the maddest fancy of Gilbert, there is always a logical sequence of events that intensifies the absurdity. Gilbert, indeed, might have written a text book on logic. Mr. Klein frankly made a book to fit Mr. Hopper, and an audience made up of Mr. Hopper's friends—they are many—do not care what the libretto may be, if it give their favorite plenty of room for his antics. The comic lyrics are the redeeming feature of Mr. Klein's latest work. They flow easily and suggest music. Outside of these his book is a poor thing.

I do not believe that Mr. Sousa's music in this operetta will please the public that has dined heavily as did the preceding operettas by him. The tunes are not as pronounced, and there is less noise. At the same time in certain respects "The Charlatan" is musically better. The music is less pretentious, less bombastic; there is a more satisfying harmonic construction, and the orchestration is more discreet. There is less of the mere bandmaster in evidence, and more of the painstaking musician. Do not think for a moment that I underestimate Mr. Sousa's marches. Some of them are most admirable, and, indeed, last summer I had the pleasure of assisting in a spirited performance of "The Stars and Stripes Forever," by an orchestra composed of grand piano, tambourine, cymbals, blower and tongs. But a comic opera should not be made up exclusively of march tunes, and in "The Charlatan" the march does not dominate. Perhaps the most effective number in this work is the bridal chorus that is sung behind the scenes, while Anna is hesitating and confiding her forebodings to Boris. The marches introduced in the course of the piece are not among the best of the composer.

All did their best in the performance, and yet it is only just to say that in spite of Miss Judson's pretenses and Mr. Klein's facial expression the show rested on the shoulders of Mr. Hopper. And here enters the personal equation. You think Mr. Hopper funny or you do not think him funny. If you like Mr. Hopper at all, you will of course like him in "The Charlatan," for he is today just what he was when he first appeared in comic opera. He applies the same methods to each character that he assumes. Whatever the name of the part may be, you see Mr. Hopper with his affectation of bluff and cowardice, his juggling, his pyramidal sentences. And, if you do not think that these characteristics entitle him to the name of comedian, you will not care for "The Charlatan." Yet if you do not, you will miss strikingly handsome costumes and pretty Miss Judson. I regret to say that Miss Bergen did not shine as comedienne or singer, and Mr. Stanley is, at his best, an athletic tenor.

How Mr. Hopper made a speech and presented the Boston Base Ball Nine with a pennant is told elsewhere by one who is more competent to deal with this subject. After the presentation and the speech of acceptance by Mr. Selee, Mr. Hopper recited, to the joy of the large audience that laughed and applauded throughout the evening, the immortal poem of "Casey at the Bat." Mr. Hopper has recited it until he now loses several of the fine points. The pathos is burlesqued, when it should be deep and sincere. The recitation, in short, was spasmodic and without authority. And yet Mr. Hopper is a base ball crank.

Philip Hale.

She is like one of those warehouses for storing other people's rubbish, about as interesting, and quite as uninteresting. Her one idea is to pack everything away inside herself and take great care of it. The result is that she wastes a great deal of discretion over rubbish not worth being discreet about. "Mum's the word," is her motto. But there is a want of discrimination in her reticence. She smiles and gives you to understand that she is full of important secrets, when, if the truth were known, her secrets are commonplace of the dreariest description. Occasionally she relaxes so far as, under promise of strict secrecy, to "tell you something." As a rule, it is something you al-

ready knew. If not, it is something of such indifferent interest that you cannot remember it, much less remember to keep it a secret. It finds its way, with other conversational rubbish into your next tête-à-tête with a casual acquaintance, and when next you meet the discreet woman you rack your brains to discover why she looks at you askance.

Explorers in New Zealand discovered lately two white women about 40 years of age, clothed like savage Maoris. "They spent a week endeavoring to induce the women to return, but they had become so accustomed to life among savages that they refused the aid of the explorers. They said they had been stolen when young women, had taken Maori husbands, and had grown to like their untrammelled existence, and were fond of their black husbands. They were fairly worshipped by the natives, and said they would not exchange their lot for that of society belles in an Australian city. They were once English college girls of good families. They refused to give their maiden names, but were known among their adopted people as 'The Chief's White Plume' and 'Sunshine on Rippling Water.'"

This is indeed a beautiful story, and we accept it without doubt or suspicion, for there is nothing surprising in it. These wives of Maori chieftains are not the first women who preferred savagery to afternoon teas and other social functions. When Dr. Johnson and Boswell visited Fort Augustus on their journey to the Hebrides, they were entertained by officers who had served in America. There was much talk about the Indians. Some time afterward Johnson referred to this talk, and reminded Boswell that one of these officers told them of a woman "whom they were obliged to bind, in order to get her back from savage life." Boswell said, "She must have been an animal, a beast." To which Johnson replied, "Sir, she was a speaking cat."

(The awful thought comes o'er us that we told this story a fortnight or so ago. But we cannot afford to strike it out. There was nothing in the newspapers yesterday except foot ball news, politics, and an account of the fire at Washington. We know nothing about foot ball, prudential reasons—low, sordid, commercial reasons advise us to silence concerning political matters, and you would not enjoy a complete history of the United States Capitol. As for repeating oneself—it is early in the week and the steam in the boiler is low. And what is the originality of any essayist who today finds a publisher and trumpeters but the adaptation of that which was said by Plutarch the Moralist, Montaigne, and the others long, long ago; only they said things with less self-consciousness. And you, Mr. Auger, whose lips curl with a sneer as you throw this paper aside, do you never repeat yourself? We heard you telling that tiresome story about Richard H. Davis in the restaurant for the twentieth time Saturday night at the Porphyry; that is, we saw you trying to tell it, for the conversation was loud and general the moment you began "I heard a good story about Davis, Richard Harding Davis, the other day; he went into a restau—" but the final syllable was lost in the din. And you, Mr. McCorker, are you ever weary of telling your wife that you might have married the daughter of a millionaire? Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cores, the ennui, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again. But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold! Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun.)

No, Dr. Johnson was wrong, brutally wrong, as he often was. He hated the country, trees, rocks, streams and the healthy coarseness of country life. He was a club savage who could not endure the thought of a savage with a club.

Are there no women in Boston today who would fain escape from the treadmill routine of their social duties, who envy the frank life of the white wives of these Maoris? Of course, the climate here is not favorable to such freedom in dress; and we do not necessarily recommend a journey to New Zealand, for some of our young citizenesses might be disappointed when they found no favor in Maori eyes, and were obliged to associate exclusively with whites. A romantic woman to whom nature has been generous, who is vexed by questions of "social position" and household cares, who thinks little of symphony concerts, Browning clubs, dressmakers and Lowell lectures should at once set sail. And what ambitious woman would not prefer to be known as "Sunshine on Rippling Water," or "The Chief's White Plume" than as Mrs.

Something-or-other Rogers or Mr. John Smith's wife. Some may say that there is no need of seeking Maoris when foot ball players are close at hand; but the wife of the most formidable foot ball player loses her identity so far as name is concerned.

E. S. C. writes as follows: "I noticed a day or two ago in the window of a pawnbroker's shop on Kneeland Street, a prominently displayed portrait of our only Democratic Congressman from New England, Mr. Fitzgerald, and close to it a large sign 'unredeemed pledges.' This irony made me think that the aforesaid pawnbroker is the uncle to whom you have so tenderly referred several times in your column."

Is not a spare bed of itself an insult to a fat guest?

MRS. MARIAN TITUS

Sang Last Night at the First of the Music Students' Chamber Concerts in Association Hall—A Varied Program and a Pleasing Display of Art.

Mrs. Marian Titus sang last night at the first of the Music Students' Chamber Concerts, and her program was as follows:

Titan's Cradle.....Liza Lehman
The Old Plaid Shawl (first time).....Battison Haynes
At Night (manuscript).....Max Zach
Berceuse ("Jocelyn").....Godard
Ah! Non Credea.....Bellini
Ah! Non Credea.....Bellini
Nymphs and Shepherds.....Purcell
Irish Love Song.....Margaret Lang
Loriel.....Liszt
Romanza (first time).....Humperdinck
Waltz ("Romeo and Juliet").....Gounod
Si Mes Vers Avalent des Alies.....Hahn
Chanson Provencale.....Eva dell'Acqua

This program was pleasingly varied. Of the songs sung here for the first time, that by Humperdinck gave the most pleasure. It is simple and melodious, not unlike a French romanza in character. The Scotch song sounded like a hundred and fifty other Kailyard ditties, and as Boston men have abandoned the use of the shawl as a protection in cold or rainy weather, the song aroused no parochial enthusiasm.

Mrs. Titus sang for the most part extremely well. Her legato and her bravura were alike worthy of warm praise. Her intonation was generally excellent. Her mastery of breath combined with her pronounced musical nature made her phrasing a delight, and in bravura passages her colorature was clean, fluent and without disturbing evidence of pedagogic concentration of thought. Gounod's waltz was taken too fast and was not well rhythmized, for in the exposition of the theme there was no reminder of the existence of a third beat. With this exception, there is little to be said in adverse criticism of her performance. And yet there might have been the suspicion that the singer is naturally cold, had it not been for the true emotion displayed in the charming song by Hahn. I confess that until Mrs. Titus sang this melody, I admired and applauded mentally, but I was not moved. Amina's woe seemed merely perfunctory stage feeling, and the Berceuse written for a purely fictitious character; but in Hahn's tune a woman sang of love as though she understood the full meaning of the word, and art was not above emotion.

It seems to me that this singer of indisputable talent would do well to cultivate the emotional side of her art and not devote herself entirely to technique. To be sure a singer must have a thorough technique before she can put fully and irresistibly her emotions into song. Mrs. Titus has now a well-grounded technique, for she has been admirably taught. May she not become the slave as well as the mistress of bravura! She that is known only as an accomplished bravura singer is in spite of high notes, cascades and fireworks, applause and encores, a dismal bore; for the chief mission of a singer is to move, not to excite gaping wonder. A mastery of bravura is a great aid in emotional singing, for the voice by such drill responds more readily to every demand made by the emotions. Mrs. Titus has it in her power to be something more than an agile and well-trained soprano. She showed this last night in the song by Hahn.

There was a good-sized and appreciative audience. The second concert of the series will be given Dec. 6 by Mr. Leopold Godowsky, the celebrated pianist.

Philip Hale.

"Every woman worth anything looks back upon indiscretions the result of impulsive folly or uncontrolled enthusiasm, the very thought of which makes her, in her calmer moments, blush all over. And certainly some of the most charming women we know are, in the matter of confidences, terribly indiscreet. Indeed, I believe their indiscretion is part of their charm. The indiscreet woman is a delightful companion. She has plenty to say of an amusing light description on all sorts of subjects. She is frequently impersonal in her conversation, but as a rule she is brilliantly personal and charmingly indis-

...She is you that of the... interest about other... you really want to know, and she never insults you, but and discrimination by legging you not to repeat them.

"Occasionally she tells her indiscretion by telling the actors in her story A and B. This adds a sort of spice to the indiscretion. It gives you the additional excitement of finding out who A and B are. So close is the social network that connects the social alphabet that as a rule you find no difficulty in unweaving A and B's anonymity. Now, considering that we all know the indiscreet woman when we meet her, just as well as we know the discreet woman, it is perhaps a little surprising that the former should have so much to tell. The fact is that her character is so well known we all tell her everything."

We quoted yesterday the closing sentences of Thackeray's Roundabout essay "De Finibus." We inserted quotation marks in choicest ink. Somebody up stairs omitted them. Probably a friendly compositor thought that the said sentences were too good for any outsider, and that the Journal should have the credit for the felicitous expression of thought. And thus were we revealed to the cold, sneering world as a plagiarist.

When Rosenthal crossed the Atlantic a fortnight or so ago, the women, young and old, were indefatigable in attentions. Each one wished to learn what he thought of Paderewski. "You know that in America we are devoted to Paderewski," was the chorus from morning coffee to late weisn-raubit. Rosenthal bore it all bravely, until a young woman from Chicago said, "You know, Mr. Rosenthal, we think Paderewski is the greatest pianist that ever lived. And then the Roumanian answered, 'Ah, yes! Paderewski is more than a star, he is a sun that rises—in the West.'"

Do not think, however, that Rosenthal is vulgarly conceited. He is, of course, conscious of his great ability; but he talks little about his own achievements, and he praises warmly the pianists that, according to his ideas, deserve praise. We do not think he would make the speech that Mr. Sauer made to a reporter in London: "I believe I have a very good eye for form and color, if not quite so good as my ear for music, and that I am generally right in the paintings I admire. I made my first great debut in Berlin in 1866. Since then I have been successful everywhere."

While Frederick Remington was in the West he observed a well-executed portrait in a dark room on the wall of a cabin, and asked whose picture it was. "That's my husband," said the woman of the house, carelessly. "But it is hung with fatal effect," urged the artist, who remembered the fate of his picture in the academy. "So was my husband," snapped the woman, and the artist discontinued the observations.—Denver Evening Post.

Mr. Dismal Dhlno, our old friend and admirer of the de Goncourts (especially Edmond), sends us a newspaper cutting which gives the pictures of four Yaghan Indians, with Absalom-like hair and ferocious expression. He writes this note: "I inclose portraits. A Sunday paper printed them, but omitted to state to what foot ball club the gentlemen belong. The marked improvement over such pictures in general as to intelligence and beauty arouses curiosity and endorses hope."

We hope that the eminent Shakespearean critic Professor Rolfe, Mr. Henry A. Clapp and Dr. Landis will not fail to attend the performance Saturday night of The Rag Time Plantation Specialty Company. "40 Colored Artists will appear in the Season's latest hit."

THE SHAKESPERIAN CAKE WALK
in character costumes
(copyrighted 1938)
SEE HAMLET DO A BUCK AND WING.

Milk can thieves are busy in houses near the corner of Boylston Street and Massachusetts Avenue. They show a touching confidence in the honesty of the milkmen.

The Atlanta Constitution tells of Miss Minnie Coleman, to whom Judge Andy did in court:

"I don't care anything for your non-alice, but you can't mix your interference with public propriety. The peer says you walked down the street saying you don't care for anything or anything, and you prefixed all 'don't cares' with a great big D." Judge Andy, I was only feeling tired world," was Minnie's reply. "Dere times, you know, when de best ob jets blue, and de ole airth loses all its pleasures. So last night I was one ob dem yumors, and maybe I did a little."

Have we not all felt like Mr. C. Jeanman? And have not office boys, wives, clerks, street-car conductors suffered because to us the world was out of joint?

Judge Andy's reply should strike home to us all. "The next time you feel like that, go off into the woods, and have it out all by yourself."

The late Mr. Forbes, in a codicil to his will, advised his heirs to use their property for public and private benefices under their own eyes, "my own experience having been that money can be much better used under the eye of the giver than by bequeathing it under attempted limitations to public managers or to trustees' management."

This is sound advice, and many public institutions and needy men and women would be happier today if the rich and charitably disposed had been willing to part with their money before death separated them from it.

And if any rich man is intending to leave us, say \$25,000 by will, we beg him to give us \$10,000 now and we'll not ask for more. Meat is absurdly, wickedly high on account of the Boston Market Trust, and we are in sad need of Burton's "Arabian Nights" (the unpurgated edition) and a brocaded silk waistcoat.

G. A. writes: "Must a Chateaubriand steak be a true Chateaubriand be cooked between two steaks?"

Ah, G. A., you have asked a hard question, one that the Queen of Sheba, Balkis, surpassed only by the peerless Miss Eustacia, would fain have asked King Solomon when she tested his applauded wisdom. Some say the name is in the sauce, not in the blankets of steak. And yet the cook-book at our elbow, the one approved of by many and edited by Mr. Sala, says: "Cut the fillet of beef one and a half to two inches thick; trim off all unnecessary fat, and skin; season with salt, pepper and salad oil, and let it lie in the seasoning for at least one hour before cooking; then put it on oiled straws, between two thin slices from the neck of beef, which can afterwards be used up in other ways, and cook for 12 or 15 minutes over a bright fire; etc., etc."

A corpse seems as if it suddenly knew everything, and was profoundly at peace in consequence.

Nov 10, 1898

The discreet woman, though one can pin one's faith on her reticence, is told little or nothing. The reason of this is that while the discreet woman is as unresponsive as a brick wall, the indiscreet woman is both sympathetic and receptive—so much so that she draws your confidence from you as with a magnet. Besides which she leads you on by herself telling you things—about other people. So that, though you feel the want of security for your confidence, you recklessly tell her everything. When you go away you may feel you have been foolish; but in all fairness you admit that you have had an enjoyable afternoon, and you take the earliest opportunity of going to see her again. Indeed, the indiscreet woman, though she comes in, at times, for a good deal of abuse, is undoubtedly popular. People wear away her doorstep going to see her at afternoon tea, and she is as a rule to be found surrounded by a crowd. Occasionally she makes a little mischief. But, after all, a little mischief keeps us going. It stirs us up, and produces that commotion and effervescence that are necessary to prevent social stagnation.

A few years ago the death of Max Alvary would have been felt as a personal loss by many women in this city. When he appeared here in the spring of 1889 as Loge, Siegfried, and Walter, his youth and vitality won all hearts, and for some time he was the rage, following Mr. Harry Montague and preceding Mr. Jean de Reszke as a stage idol. And truly was his Siegfried a most picturesque and at the same time manly apparition. He was in appearance, at least, the ideal forest youth that did not know the meaning of the word fear. And today in spite of Mr. de Reszke's far superior vocal art—for Alvary never knew how to use his voice properly—the Siegfried that dominates the memory is Alvary's, not de Reszke's.

When Alvary was here in 1895 he was the first Tristan in this city, and again he delighted the eye and showed himself eminent in Wagnerian histrionism, and, alas, he shouted and yelled, and bawled. He lost his temper in "Siegfried" that same week, and kicked the poor bird that would not fly, and he showed pardonable rage in "Tannhäuser" when the stage manager left him partly in the Venusberg and partly above ground. What wretched stage management in the performance of Wagner's operas as led by Mr. Danirsch have we all endured in this city!

Alvary sang still worse in 1896, and yet what a noble figure he was as Siegfried in "Götterdämmerung"! How simple and irresistible his dramatic methods! How unquestionable his au-

thority! Even then he was suffering from the horrible disease that was so long in killing him. After he returned to Europe he appeared in Amsterdam with Rosa Sacher. The next news was that he was in a hospital at Jena recovering from a severe surgical operation. And then the story is one of long suffering and mental depression. This last summer subscriptions were made in this country as well as in Germany for his support, and as a fund for his family. They say that this operatic tragedian played well his part in his own tragedy.

Simplificissimus is always in hot water on account of its treatment of the German Emperor. Only a short time ago one of its cartoons showed visitors in a picture gallery standing before a portrait of William the Silent. And this was the text:

"Who is this?"
"William the Silent."
"Nonsense; it doesn't look a bit like him."

Maurice Maeterlinck has dedicated his new book "La Sagesse et la Destinée"—a book of serene and philosophic thought, a book that is both an inspiration and a consolation—to Georgette Leblanc, saying: "This is really your work; there is a collaboration loftier and more real than that of the pen; it is that of thought and example. . . . It was enough that I heard your words. It was enough that my eyes followed you attentively in life; for they followed the movements, the gestures, the practices of wisdom itself."

Now, the Georgette Leblanc known to fame is a singer whose Carmen is said to be remarkable for the originality of the conception, the audacity of the performance, and the Byzantine finesse in detail. She also gives song recitals of a singularly personal flavor. Is this the woman whom Maeterlinck thus honors?

If so, perhaps he remembered the lines of Walt Whitman, "To a certain Cantatrice."

Here, take this gift.
I was reserving it for some hero, speaker, or General.
One who should serve the good old cause, the great idea, the progress and freedom of the race,
Some brave confronter of despots, some daring rebel;
But I see what I was reserving belongs to you just as much as to any.

If as some wisely think genius be simply a mental disease, the hospital or the asylum should be the home of the Muses. No doubt the hospital did much for the enduring reputation of Verlaine and Henley, but these are marked exceptions. And yet, as a writer in Cornhill shows, the hospital may well stimulate the fancy of the humorist. Thus one hospital Chaplain performed his duties in this fashion:

Chaplain: "Good morning, my friend. How are you?"
Patient: "A little better, thank you, sir."
Chaplain (inspecting diet board): "Ah, I see. They have put you on greens. You have much for which to thank your Heavenly Father. Good morning."

This was the same Chaplain who, noticing that a certain bed was empty, which had been occupied by a good old man, concluded that the patient had died. He improved the opportunity by sermonizing on the uncertainty of life and closed with, "God grant, dear friends, that we may all go whither this our brother has gone." Now "our brother" had been removed that morning to the erysipelas ward.

Nov 11, 1898

"I never maintained," said Eugenia, "that men and women were alike, physically, intellectually, or morally, though, as human beings, I think they should have equal rights. There is no reason that a man should not be as indiscreet as a woman, but he will be tiresome, and a bore. People will avoid him. As far as boon companions go, he will live in a desert. If he wants ears for his indiscretions, he will have to pursue them. They certainly will not run after him. I suppose the fact is that one likes the sexes to keep to their own province. It goes without saying that the conversational indiscretions we are talking of are purely personal, and as such pertain to the social and domestic world. Now, man's sphere of action is, speaking generally, outside the social and domestic, and it offends our sense of fitness that he should meddle overmuch with what does not concern him. That he should chatter about people when he should be concerning himself with things disturbs our established ideas of manliness. Besides, long habit has led us to depend on man's discretion. To find him betraying a confidence shocks us, and destroys our faith in human nature."

"The Music Commission has completed arrangements for the series of free chamber music in the different parts of the municipality."

It is said that Mayor Quincy hesitated for some time between strings and wind. Brass on this occasion did

not appeal to him. His natural inclination was toward strings—hence the Municipal String Quartet.

Will not the musical Mayor attend to the voices of the Boston newsboys? We do not say that these voices, like the "shrill-edged shriek of a mother dividing the shuddering night," should be trained by experienced teachers at the public expense, but they should at least be filed and sandpapered. We do not see how the sensitive ears of the Mayor can endure the horrid sounds—especially this week, when election returns rend the air.

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says that the voice of the Paris newsboy is "much more musical, as a rule, than that with which the London boy announces his wares." Boston newsboys are, for the most part, descended from old and haughty Polish families, and the voice of the Pole in Poland—or what was once Poland—is said to be irresistibly melancholy and musical. The Polish voices in Boston must have been warped on the journey.

"The Parisian newsboy frequently identifies himself with the opinions of the paper he sells. As a rule, your Parisian vendor sells but one paper, and is devoted to it soul and body—unless he can make more money out of another."

In this respect he is like unto the men that write for any newspaper.

"Lottie Collins's attempt at self-destruction is attributed to the alleged fact that domestic troubles have been preying upon her mind."

She should seek comfort in her art, which a British jury not long ago declared to be far above the adverse criticism of a reviewer, who made the mistake of supposing that he was hired to tell the truth as it seemed to him, in a well or out of it.

Is it not more likely that Lottie's fit of the blues is the reaction following the strained joy of her famous song and kick?

These comedians, young ladies and gentlemen, are a singular lot. Seventy years or so ago a man by the name of Ambrogetti made a profound impression in London by singing the part of the mad father in Paer's "Agnese." His acting was said to be "too horribly true to nature," and he anticipated the late Emma Abbott by "studying the part in a mad-house." He was a famous Don Giovanni, and in the performance of the last scene, when the Statue behaves in a most ungentelemanly manner by taking his host down to hell, one demon more than the regulation number appeared on the stage. Ambrogetti spoke to the prompter, who said there should be six. Ambrogetti saw seven. This happened night after night. At last he could stand it no longer, and left the stage. Some say he went to La Trappe and ended there his days; but this part of the story is disputed. At any rate, he left the stage suddenly, in the fullness of his power, and when he was the rage.

What a charming man Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is to be sure! He approves highly of Longfellow, and finds that "his noble nature was always timid about hurting the feelings of anyone." He honors Whittier; he cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Holmes; "and to think that Edward Everett Hale is alive and walking the streets of Boston today!" And the daily newspapers of Boston publish "real poetry—all of it; it is verse that would undoubtedly cause Longfellow and Holmes to institute inquiries as to the writer's identity."

"He fairly gushes about beauties of Boston." That's right, Mr. Riley, that's right. Lay it on with a trowel. You can't spread it too thick to please Bostonians. And some of them really believe that enthusiastic visitors—lecturers, poets, playwrights, painters, big lions with formidable roar and little lions with a suspicion of the mange are in earnest.

Nov 12, 1898

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Naturally kind and benevolent, we call the attention of young ladies—nor do we draw too strict lines; we include those who, as Artemus Ward said, are between 35 years of age—to a yearning soul in Connecticut. His "Personal Letter" was first received by the director of a large school in this city. Fearing that if the female pupils should read it, they would take the first train for the happier state, he sent the letter at once to a physician, a well-known specialist. The physician is a busy

man. He gave the letter to us, asking that we should publish it. We cheerfully yield to his request; but we refrain from publishing the name and the address of the writer. Any woman can obtain them by calling on us at the Journal office. We are here at 12 o'clock every other Tuesday. We solemnly assure our readers that the letter was written in good faith. We have seen the photograph of the writer, and he looks like a nice, clean old man.

"DEAR MADAM: Being a kind, healthy, well-to-do old Bachelor, aged 55 years, I have lost much by associating little with ladies, whose company greatly improves gentlemen. At my advanced age, my hearing and my memory are imperfect. Are you a kind, healthy, well educated unmarried Christian lady with good hearing and good memory? What is your age?

"Though I have never tried to play a tune on any musical instrument (being very fond of good sacred and secular music, especially of good sacred music) I have one organ of 5 octaves, one organ of 7-13 octaves, and one piano also of 7-13 octaves, three new choice musical instruments. Will you be my fine player on them, my sweet SOPRANO singer, my wise talker, my plain writer, my clear reader, and my good housekeeper? Without your fine playing I might well be without my fine instruments. But, with your fine playing, you and I would greatly enjoy their good music. Besides having many cheaper choice musical and other works, I lately bought for \$39—'—', a new comprehensive precious musical work—probably more complete than any similar work ever published."

Then follows a poem of five verses. We omit it; for we wish to give the old man every possible chance. We continue with his prose.

"Notwithstanding our great difference of age, if our mutual love be large, we may greatly gratify each other by walking with each other, by sitting with each other, by kissing each other, by arming each other, by embracing each other, and by sitting in each other's lap. As husband and wife of each other, if our mutual love be small, we would have little mutual happiness and little delight in each other's close company. Our mutual love should be large; and we should both be true Christians.

"In the 'Christian Herald,' Margaret E. Sangster well says: 'Men like petting, consideration and gentle thought. A man is always to the end of his life a big boy. He loves to be cared for; to have all his comforts seen to without fuss; he enjoys being constantly made much of.' If you be my kind wife you would give me motherly as well as wifely love and care.

"If you will be my loving wife you may, at my expense, soon take organ, piano and singing music lessons of good teachers.

"When my mother was living, with whom I resided during the last 16 years of her life, she selected clothes for herself and me. Now, if you will be my kind wife, you may at my expense select good clothes that appear well both for yourself and for me."

Then follows another poem; It is short; there are only two stanzas, and they may be sung to Nuremberg, Pleyel's Hymn, or Solitude:

"Try our married life and see
Happiness for you and me;
Though you're young and I am old,
Our delight could not be told.

Shall I be your happy choice,
Greatly making you rejoice?
Will you be my loving wife,
Till I leave my earthly life?"

And now again to prose.

"As soon as you have carefully perused this personal letter please to say whether you will or will not on its terms be my loving wife; some of its most important terms being for me to be fine playing, your plain singing, your clear reading, and your kind treatment.

Yours respectfully,

A communications addressed to "Dear X," in care of the editor of this column, will be forwarded at once to the author of the letter. We hope all responses will be hearty and frank. In one of Maupassant's stories a old clerk, breathing the spring in the Bois de Boulogne, seeing lovers all about him, remembers suddenly that he has never known love, and, crazed by the thought, kills himself. May no such horrid fate befall the good old man in Connecticut!

What did the Son of Strach sing
At the end of his poem to
The lady who
Lied his bones

A silent woman
Is a gift of the Lord;
And there is nothing so much worth as a
well instructed soul.
A shamefast woman
Is grace upon grace,
And there is no price worthy of a continent
soul.

Nov 13 1878

This criticism by Mr. Blackburn on a performance of Tschalkowsky's Pathetic Symphony, led by Mr. Wood, Oct. 29, in London, may be applied justly to that led lately by Mr. Gericke:

"With the other movements (the first, second and fourth) he was tremendously energetic, straight and intellectually keen; but here again he was also businesslike, and you must not be businesslike when you are engaged with the essential sorrow and the terrific tragedy of this wonderful symphony. It seemed to us that he took the fine darkness out of the music, and cleared the atmosphere with something of the instinct of the modern cathedral restorer, or say that he redecorated a hall in the Alhambra with gilt mouldings and with the whitest of marble mantelpieces. There was the beauty of the framework, but the whole lacked the feeling of the ancient and secular mystery of life and death, which seemed so terrible a question to this most articulate of modern musicians."

It was reserved for Mr. William F. Apthorp of Boston, Mass., to discover that the second theme of the first movement is "obscene;" that "blear-eyed" parosis meets us face to face "in the finale," and that the symphony "threads all the foul ditches and sewers of human despair." I am sorry that Mr. Apthorp can find nothing beautiful, grand or noble in Tschalkowsky's Pathetic Symphony.

My sorrow is for Mr. Apthorp, not for Tschalkowsky.

And what did New York think of Mr. Gericke?

The first concert of the 13th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York was given Nov. 9 in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Henderson, in the New York Times of Nov. 10, spoke as follows, after praising certain features and members of the orchestra:

When Mr. Gericke went away the Boston Symphony Orchestra was noted for the extreme precision and accuracy of its work and for the polished, elegant, and—it is only fair to add—somewhat icy classicism of its style. Nikisch was romantic in all his readings, and Paur strenuous and eager in his lyrical phrasing. The virility and richness, the brilliancy and the tonal verve of the orchestra, were developed at the expense of its old repose and smoothness.

In the performance of the three orchestral numbers played yesterday—Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," Brahms's Variations on Haydn's "Chorale St. Anthony," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—there was no lack of evidence of the presence of the old familiar mastership. It was evident throughout that hereafter we shall be asked to accept, in the place of the highly colored, palpitating, pulsating, insistent force of the Nikisch and Paur styles, a minor-like smoothness of translucent yet solid and closely knit tone, a perfect precision and unanimity, a legato as polished as that of a great singer, and an elegant cleanliness of utterance in all those minor details which have aforesaid been proclaimed in elaborate articulation. Mr. Gericke's readings yesterday were not lacking in strength, but no one could have accused them of heated utterance. Nevertheless, the refined style and technical flawlessness of the performance evoked and deserved hearty applause. Because Mr. Gericke's style is different from that of his predecessors, it does not follow that it is inferior to it. There are admirable reasons for praising and enjoying both.

The New York Tribune of the same date—the voice is probably that of Mr. Krehbiel—said:

The precision and the toned balance which distinguished yesterday's concerts have not been heard for several years, nor have the public been treated within the same time to so gentle, so finished, so caressing an accompaniment as Mr. Gericke and his men gave Mr. Rosenthal in the Chopin E minor concerto. The performance of the concerto was, indeed, a thing to be remembered, even in this day of pianistic perfection. As for the specific performance of the orchestra, let it be said now—we shall have the orchestra with us all week, and can discuss it at our leisure—that their euphony was admirable, and that all that there was to regret was the tameness of Mr. Gericke's reading of the C minor symphony of Beethoven.

I am surprised that there was no more attention paid to the death of Mrs. J. H. Long. Thirty or forty years ago she was a prominent singer in Boston, and her reputation for many years afterward was more than local.

She was often heard at Handel and Haydn concerts. Thus she sang in "The Creation" with Mr. Charles H. Adams Feb. 10, 1856. And in 1856, '57, '58, '59 she sang frequently, as in "The Messiah," Mozart's "Requiem," "Eli," "Elijah," "Israel in Egypt," "David," "Samson."

When she sang in "The Messiah," Dec. 29, 1861, Mr. Dwight described her as "uncommonly happy, whether in voice, or style, or feeling, and she was heard

with peculiar interest, having announced her resolution of retiring from the stage and devoting herself exclusively to teaching." Nevertheless, she sang again in "The Messiah" Dec. 28, 1862, with Annie Louise Cary, Castle and Rudolphsen. And at the performance of "The Messiah" Dec. 25, 1864, she again appeared. I again quote from Mr. Dwight's "History of the Handel and Haydn." "She took upon her the

entire soprano part with even more acceptance, more sustained ease, power, eloquence of delivery, more sweetness, evenness and reach of voice, more finish and maturity of style, than in the days when these great songs were thought to be hers by right among all our native singers."

Mr. Gino Perera, mandolinist, assisted by Mr. U. S. Kerr, bass, and Mr. Chas. A. Ridgway, pianist, will give a concert in Association Hall Monday evening. Mr. Perera will perform pieces by Wieniawski, Chopin, Bohm, Tschalkowsky and himself. I understand that he has lately moved here from Pittsburg and is a most accomplished player. Elsewhere on this page there is a note of the number of pieces for mandolin published last year in Germany alone. Will Agostino Pisan's new treatise "Il Mandolinista" be translated into English? It tells of the origin, of the chief makers, ancient and modern, and there is a complete bibliography of old and new instruction books. A chapter tells of the operas and plays in which this instrument is introduced: "Don Giovanni," Verdi's "Otello," Tascia's "A Santa Lucia," Spinelli's "A Basso Porto." Mr. Kerr will sing songs by Schubert and Couchois; Mr. Ridgway will play pieces by Schütt and Moszkowski.

Mr. Edward E. Holden, tenor, will sing songs by Gounod, Rogers, Bishop, Tosti, to the accompaniment of Miss Annie Louise Holden, at Mrs. F. H. Hanson's entertainment of Monologues and Recitals, in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening.

Mr. Theodore Byard, "the great English baritone," will "make his first appearance in America" at Steinert Hall Nov. 28, at the hour of 4 P. M., when he will be assisted by Mr. Kniesel and Mr. G. W. Proctor. He will also sing at Cambridge with the Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Byard has gained a reputation in London by singing in salons and at social functions. I find no record of his appearance at a concert of marked musical importance. I understand that he sings very well, and that he studied with Bouhy in Paris.

Mrs. Lillian Lord-Wood, pianist, assisted by Mr. Timothy Adamowski, violinist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall, Nov. 29. She will play a fugue by Bach in A minor, Beethoven's sonata, op. 57, pieces by Grieg and Chopin, and with Mr. Adamowski, Raff's sonata, op. 128.

Mr. Edward Brigham of this city will give a song recital before the Friends' School, Providence, Nov. 18.

Miss Edith Thompson will give a piano recital at Steinert Hall Dec. 8. Mr. Franz P. Kaltenborn, the New York violinist, will assist.

David Bispham, the baritone, will give a recital at Steinert Hall, Dec. 13. Mr. Harold Randolph, who will be the pianist at the Kniesel Quartet concert, Nov. 21, is at the head of the Peabody Conservatory of Baltimore, his native city.

Mrs. Helen Hopekirk and Mr. Emil Mahr will give a concert at the New England Conservatory of Music Wednesday night. They will play Brahms's Sonata in A major and Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, op. 30, for piano and violin, besides solo pieces.

The concerts of the Apollo Club will be as follows this season:

At the first concert, Nov. 30, the club will be assisted by Miss Sara Anderson, soprano.

The second concert, Jan. 18, 1899, will consist of part-songs, with the cantata for male voices, "Damon and Pythias" (E. Prout). Soloists from the club.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge, tenor, has been engaged as soloist at the third concert, March 22; and at the fourth concert, May 3, Miss Marie Brema, mezzo-soprano, will sing.

An eleven-year-old boy, Orlando Salvatore, who has been for two years in the orchestra at Messina, has written a symphony, which he conducted. Mascagni has offered him free instruction at the Pesaro Music School.

The subscription fund for the Liszt monument at Weimar is now about \$7250.

In the year 1897, in Germany, 7231 instrumental pieces, 4659 vocal pieces, and 384 books on music were published. Two thousand five hundred and forty-seven pieces were written for piano, 717 for string instruments, 262 for wind instruments, 555 for mandolin, 628 for

zither, 520 for full orchestra, 161 for salon orchestra, 21 for string-orchestra, 252 for wood wind, 101 for brass, 4 for xylophone, 3 for drum, 2 for the Jank's clavier, 3 for "Klinderinstrumente," 148 for the organ, 203 for harmonium, 2202 for solo voice.

Miss Dell'Erba, a young violinist who took the first prize at the Paris Conservatory this year, sits at the first desk with the concert master Thibaud in Colonn's orchestra, which celebrated its 25th anniversary Oct. 23.

Giordano's "Fedora" will be produced at the Lyric Theatre, Milan, this season. Bellincioni, who will play the heroine, has ordered from Paris "a superb dress for the first act, with a magnificent theatre cloak trimmed with ermine."

A paper "L'Armonia" devoted exclusively to mandolins and mandolinists has appeared in Bologna.

"Letters of Wagner to Emil Heckel" is a volume, just published, that will interest reasonable persons as well as raging Wagnerites. Heckel of Mannheim was the first to help Wagner in his Beethoven scheme, and in June, 1861 he formed at Mannheim the first Wagner Society. According to him, Wagner when he died had four operas planned in his head: "Luther," "Hans Sachs," "Frederick the Great" and "Duke Bernhard of Weimar."

Rimsky-Korsakoff has finished a new opera, "The Tsar's Betrothed."

At a competition held at Skien, Norway, for national dancing and singing the prize was taken by an old man 80 years who was especially agile in the dance.

Miss Miranda, a young Australian, met with success as Juliet at the Hague.

The Daily Messenger (Paris) says of Vincent d'Indy's music to "Médée," a tragedy by Catulle Mendès, produced the Renaissance Oct. 28: "The impression we had was not a favorable one. Heard faintly at a distance, it seemed somewhat monotonous and thin. In a concert room we would certainly have a more favorable opportunity of judging its merits."

Eugene Samuel, son of the late Adolphe Samuel, is the author of a pamphlet published lately in Brussels, in which he advocates a scale of six notes, each a tone apart from the other, with the seventh as the octave.

Miss Mary Pinero, sister of the dramatist, has been singing in concerts in England.

Benjamin Constant's portrait of Calvé will be sent to the Salon of next year.

Count Zichy, the one-armed pianist, has finished a new opera, "Meister Roland," which will be produced at Budapest and then at Berlin.

Mr. Edgar Bainton, a pupil of the Royal College of Music, played some variations and a rhapsody in G minor at a concert of the college Oct. 26. The pieces were praised in spite of "echoes from Chopin and Schumann."

Zelie de Lussan is singing a setting by Bemberg of Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue."

"Néron," a new ballet, music by Henri Hirschmann, produced at the Olympia, Paris, Oct. 31, is divided into three tableaux, the Neronian games, the Arena, and the burning of Rome.

Here is a special to the Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 31: "A feeling akin to consternation prevails at the present moment among opera-goers in America owing to news that M. Jean de Reszke will not join Mr. Grau's actual season. The facts of the case are that the famous tenor asked the impresario to release him from his promise, as family matters demanded his presence in Poland, or at least in Europe. But in answer to an urgent appeal the plans have been rearranged thus: That M. Jean de Reszke abandons the Chicago season and joins Mr. Grau only in New York for a three months' operatic campaign, sailing on the Wilhelm der Grosse about Dec. 12. Mr. Amherst Webber accompanies the eminent artist, but Mme. Jean de Reszke remains in Paris with her mother, the Countess de Gontale. Previous to the American journey M. and Mme. Jean will go on a short tour to Italy, stopping at Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples."

Ernest de Dohnányi, a pianist who was born at Kitzce (Joachim's birthplace), made his first appearance in London at a Richter concert Oct. 24, playing Beethoven's Concerto in G major. Some of the critics praised him to the skies. Mr. Runciman contented himself with saying, "His performance showed him to be a fair craftsman, but it had no striking points."

Mr. Edward A. Stugley, Jr., Secretary of the Cecilia Committee on Wage-Earner concerts, sends the following communication:

To the employers of labor in Boston and its suburbs:

The Cecilia announces that the plan of giving concerts at low prices for wage-earners, which was discontinued

to give place to the sym-
phonies in all details to its at-
tention. The price of tickets will
be 5 cents, all the seats being reserved.
The concerts will be as follows:
Dec. 2—S. Abat Mater and Te Deum by
Verdi, these being his latest works; the
cantata, "Sleepers, Wake!" by Bach,
and the grand aria from Tchaikovsky's
"Jeanne d'Arc," to be sung by
Miss Sara Andersen. This concert will
be given with an orchestra.
Jan. 25—Miscellaneous program.
March 13—"The Liberation of Faust,"
by Berlioz. The choir will be assisted by
current soloists and an orchestra.
April 26—Miscellaneous program.
In a few days an additional circular
will be issued, accompanied by forms of
applications for tickets, both for the
season and for the first concert only,
which intending subscribers are ad-
vised to fill out, sign and return at
once. Until then no applications for
tickets will be accepted.
Applications of those firms who desire
to subscribe for a certain number of
seats for the entire season will be filled
in full. Such applications accompanied
by payment for same will receive first
attention in the allotment of seats. Ap-
plications for tickets for single concerts
will be filled in full in the order of their
receipt up to the capacity of the hall.
Tickets will be issued to employers un-
der the same agreement in regard to
this issue that was in force hereto-
fore.

The Pittsburg Times of Nov. 4 paid
this glowing tribute to Mr. Victor Her-
bert, the new conductor of the Pitts-
burg Orchestra:
Herbert himself, as a director, has

not the grace of a Sousa or a Darn-
rosch. His style will not lend itself to
burlesque effectively. Herbert is a
broad-shouldered, powerful man, and he
injects all his powers into his work.
Not only his hands and arms, but his
head and body move in rhythmic sway
to the music. His method is to lead
literally, conducting ahead of his play-
ers by the fractional part of a second.
An orchestra is seldom seen so
perfectly under the control of its leader.
There is not that personal something
in Herbert that makes him the central
figure to the audience, but evidently
he has a magnetism for his men that
makes their music the all-important
centre of attraction.

In other words, Mr. Herbert conducts
all over. It also appears that he is
"a fractional part of a second ahead of
his players." And yet the reviewer was
evidently not in approbation and per-
sisting in the endeavor to paint the
purple phrase of praise.

Mr. Henderson spoke thus of Mr.
Emil Paur, Nov. 6:

Emil Paur's appearance a week ago
last night as a local conductor was
treated very gingerly by both public
and press. Again the New York Times
had the temerity to differ from its
contemporaries. It gave Mr. Paur no
praise, and declared that he had made
an orchestra of New York musicians
play as no local band had played in
years. Mr. Paur reads such works as
the "Eroica" symphony in a manner
designed to enforce certain leading
ideas of deliberate enunciation, care-
ful phrasing, and emphasized meaning.
New York orchestras have of late years
been chiefly distinguished for a mud-
diness in enunciation caused by lack
of unanimity, by practically no phras-
ing at all, except in solo passages, and
by little detail in matters of light and
shade. Mr. Paur's reading of the "Ero-
ica" need not be discussed at this time.
The fact that he made of his orchestra
a responsive instrument is a subject
for congratulation. I fervently hope to
see a considerable improvement in the
work of the New York Orchestra, and
also of the Philharmonic Society, under
Mr. Paur's direction.

And these words of Mr. Henderson
may well be pondered:

How many of those who are moved by
Mr. Rosenthal's performances are in the
habit of analyzing their own emotions?
How many of them can be quite sure
what it is that moves them? Introspec-
tion, with all due deference to the great
and amiable body of music lovers, is
not a common habit. It is one that re-
quires considerable cultivation. No
doubt many of Mr. Rosenthal's most
fervent admirers would be highly in-
censed if I were to tell them that when
they think they are almost moved to
tears by what they regard as the ex-
quisite tenderness of Mr. Rosenthal's
playing, they are simply in a state of
hysterical excitement, caused by amaz-
ement at the prodigious swiftness and
clearness of his work.

Mr. Rosenthal, by the way, was ap-
parently most successful in his per-
formance of Chopin's E minor concerto
with the Boston Symphony Orchestra
in New York.

In the first and second movements
he played superbly. He showed that he
could sing a lovely and tender cantilena,
when he felt one, and that he could
handle the lovely exfoliations of Chop-
in's melodic embroidery with unsurpass-
able delicacy and that charming touch
of intimacy which comes only when a
pianist is touched by music under his
fingers. The second movement in par-
ticular Mr. Rosenthal played with won-
derfully beautiful tone and touch. He
aroused great enthusiasm, and he did
it by legitimate and artistic piano play-
ing.

And this was written by that most
discriminating and honest critic, Mr.
Henderson.

Mr. Rosenthal will give the first of his
recitals here in Music Hall, Wednesday
afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. The program

will be as follows:

Sonata, Op. 105
Carnival
Berceuse
Etudes, Valse, Le Plus Majestueux
As contrapuntal study by Rosenthal.
Lindenbaum
At the Fountain
Carnaval de Vienne
On themes of Cagliostro Waltz, etc., by
Strauss.

The management makes the reason-
able request that the audience should be
punctual, for the concert will begin
precisely at half past two.

There was an analytical program fur-
nished for one of Mr. Elderhorst's
chamber concerts in London, Oct. 26,
the first of a series of 24. The notes
were occasionally amusing, as when the
audience, addressed as "dear reader,"
was told that the tragic slow movement
in Mozart's quintet is "so replete with
happiness that it seems to burst out
into smiles and laughter."

Emile Mathieu has succeeded the late
Adolphe Samuel as director of the
Ghent Conservatory.

Saint-Saëns's "Henry VIII." was per-
formed for the first time in Belgium at
Ghent, Oct. 26. The composer was pres-
ent.

Gaston Borch, a pupil of Massenet
and a Norwegian, has composed a
continuation of "Cavalleria Rusticana,"
and it was produced successfully at
Christiania. The title is "Silvio." Sil-
vio, the son of Lola and Turiddu, is in
love with Graziella, the daughter of
Lola and Alfio. Silvio avenges the
death of his father by killing Alfio, and
Graziella, learning that she is the sister
of her betrothed, goes mad.

Michael Banner, well-known as a vi-
olinist in this country, a student 16 or
17 years ago at the Cincinnati Con-
servatory, played in Berlin Oct. 29 in
one concert the concertos by Brahms,
Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Tone,
technic and interpretation were alike
praised.

Varette Stepanoff, well known to all
pupils of the Leschetitzky method in
Vienna, is now at home in Berlin,
where she will teach.

Miss Augusta Klous of Boston, who
has been studying for some time in
Paris with Vergnet, has been engaged
for contralto parts for the coming sea-
son of opera and concerts at Monte
Carlo.

Mr. Runciman of the Saturday Review
(London) and Musical Record (Boston)
frees his mind concerning new Russian
music as produced by Mr. Wood in
London. It must be remembered that
some months ago the talented conduc-
tor married a Russian:

As for this new Russianism, it might
be dismissed in a sentence were it not
that a number of new Russian com-
posers are trying to sail gayly toward
popular success on Tchaikowsky's
pathetic symphony. People, especially
the critics of the duller dailies, hear

loud noises on the drum and a great
deal of blarney of the brass in the Pa-
thetic symphony, and hear the same
things in an achievement of some un-
known Russian student with an un-
pronounceable and unspelling name;
and straightway they hasten to pro-
claim the unpronounceable as a second
Tchaikowsky. That easy method of
comparative criticism has already led
to some big blunders, and it will soon
lead to more. Tchaikowskys do not
grow on every bush. The secret of
Tchaikowsky's power, even of his popu-
lar success, was not his Russian blood,
but his share of that sheer musical
temperament, imagination, emotion,
which are bestowed by the good gods
on favored individuals here and there,
irrespective of nationality. The na-
tionality without the inventive power,
the emotion, counts for nothing, and
to try to make it count is a sure way
of coming to grief. Most of the new
Russians played by Mr. Henry Wood
have had nothing save their nationality
to recommend them. But there was a
good enough reason, or at least a good
enough excuse, for Mr. Wood's some-
what passionate flirtation with Rus-
sian music; most of us, had we been
so lucky as to be in his place, would
have done even as he did. Richter, on
the other hand, was a settled-down, re-
spectable married man before Mr. Wood
was born; and he certainly has not Mr.
Wood's excuse.

Richter, by the way, will conduct the
Manchester "Hallé Concerts," and some
say that he will leave Vienna to live in
that town; for Mr. Mahler, opera con-
ductor at Vienna, is greedy and wishes
the whole pie. Here is the story of the
Cowen-Richter affair as told in an edi-
torial article of the Pall Mall Gazette:

That was a significant scene at the
Leeds Festival, when, on the appear-
ance upon the Town Hall platform of
Mr. Frederic Cowen, till recently the
director of the Hallé concerts in Man-
chester, the Yorkshire choir received
him with an enthusiasm as striking as
it was unanimous. The Yorkshire
choir had made up its mind that Mr.
Cowen had been badly treated by the
Manchester authorities, and whether
the musician's settling of Collins's "Ode
to the Passions" had been good, bad
or indifferent music mattered not at
all. For the rumor was strong at the
moment—and the rumor has just been
indorsed as true—that Mr. Cowen was
no longer to direct the famous Lancashire
concerts, and that Dr. Richter,
probably the most competent conductor
of modern days, had been engaged to
take his place. The Leeds atmosphere,
however, was favorable to national en-
thusiasm. Here was an English choir
breaking all records of choral excel-
lence in its interpretation of the most
difficult concerted music in the world;
here was an English conductor, Sir

Arthur Sullivan, leading that choir (and
a magnificent orchestra to boot) into
baths of triumph, here was an English
audience contemplating the scene with
an almost fanatic reverence and with
intense delight. Men forgot the dena-
tionalization of art, and for the mo-
ment rested peacefully in the contem-
plation of their own countrymen and
countrywomen laboring with infinite
zeal to insure a unique success in the
annals of musical art. Then arose Mr.
Cowen, bearing his sheaves with him
in the shape of the most successful
original composition of the Festival,
and it is little wonder that again there
was an enthusiastic demonstration in
his favor. In a word, so patriotic was
the atmosphere, so electric was the
general sensitiveness, that it was felt
to be a truth beyond dispute that Mr.
Cowen's retirement, and Dr. Richter's
engagement were national matters, and
that this was a question in which the
resources of England entered into di-
rect rivalry with those of Germany.

The emotion of a moment has a brief
enough influence; and it may be doubt-
ed if many of these enthusiasts them-
selves knew the rights and wrongs of
the case. The question of nationality
scarcely enters into the dispute at all.
It is true that Herr Richter hails from
Hungary, and that, as we understand,
Mr. Cowen took his origin from Jam-
aica; but it is clear that, whether
one man comes from Mars or another
from Venus, that fact does not affect
the controversy in the least. Never-
theless, there is this to be said. Mr.
Cowen has undoubtedly done excellent
work, has labored conscientiously and
well in the cause of music at Manches-
ter, and has had some reason to ex-
pect that his work would not be over-
looked by generous employers. Those
employers have certainly done nothing
unjustifiable from any technical point
of view. Mr. Cowen, it appears, asked
for a renewal of his engagement for
the next season, and that request was
refused—a mode of treatment which one
would think carried with it a suffici-
ently broad implication of future proba-
bilities. For all that, there is certainly
a difference between technical obli-
gations and those looser ties of rela-
tionship between employer and artist
which Mr. Cowen may feel to have been
somewhat neglected in his case; other-
wise it is difficult to account for the
almost passionate resentment which
the rumor of his compulsory retirement
aroused in the northern counties. The
temptation to the Hallé concert au-
thorities at Manchester was strong in-
deed, and we cannot find it in our heart
to blame them for their decision, pro-
tected as that decision is by every tech-
nical safeguard. Sentiment, after all,
does not count with the history of art
very pointedly; and if it comes to a
question of mere comparison, Mr. Cow-
en naturally has no rivalry with Dr.
Richter. Moreover, Manchester may
well remember that the engagement of
the German conductor stands among
the most important events in the mod-
ern musical annals of England. It is
unlucky, of course, that the artistic
desire of any body of men should be a
very Juggernaut car to the lesser of
two artists, but the laws of this com-
plex modernity of ours are as cruel to
the individual as are any natural laws
of motion, gravity or impact. Richter
stands consummate in his own way. It
is possible to say that Motl is a greater
Wagner conductor than he; that
Strauss is a greater Mozart conductor
than he; that Lamoureux is a greater
Beethoven conductor than he, though
there are times when with each sepa-
rate composer he does the best work
of all. But as a conductor of every
kind of music, as a man who attains
a certain fixed supremacy with each
great composer, he has no contemporary
rival. He is probably the greatest av-
erage conductor of the century, while
in his appreciation of that most mod-
ern among moderns, Tchaikowsky, he
ranks above every living specialist. It
is small wonder that to secure the ser-
vices of such a man Manchester has
somewhat stolidly determined to abide
by technical rights and technical jus-
tifications. For Richter's engagement in
England assuredly will deserve the re-
cord of two octavo pages in the history
of our country, written by that future
Macaulay who is destined to know more
than two tunes—"God Save the Queen"
and another.

Philip Hale.

JAN 9 1935

